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KNIGHT WHEELS. ON

By IAN HAY, Author of The Right Stuff, A Man's Man, Happy-go-Lucky, &c.

BOOK J.-THE MISOGYNISTS.

CHAPTER I .- ENVIRONMENT.

THURSDAY morning was always an interesting time for Philip, for it was on that day that he received letters from ladies. On Mondays he used to write to them, from the dictation of Uncle Joseph. On Tuesdays he had an easy time of it, for Uncle Joseph was away all day interviewing East End vicars, and Salvation Army officials, and editors of newspapers which made a speciality of discriminating between

genuine and bogus charities.

Uncle Joseph was a well-known figure in the philanthropic world—that part of it which works without limelight and spends every penny it receives upon relieving distress, and knows nothing of charity balls and grand bazaars, with their incidental expenses and middleman's profits; and it was said that no deserving case was ever brought to his notice in vain. He would serve on no committees, and his name figured on no subscription list; but you could be quite certain that when Uncle Joseph wrote a cheque, that cheque relieved a real want; for he had an infallible nose for an impostor and a most uncanny acquaintance with the habits and customs of the great and prosperous brotherhood of professional beggars. Hard-worked curates and overdriven doctors, who called-and never in vain-at the snug but unpretentious house in Hampstead on behalf of some urgent case, sometimes wondered, as they walked away with a light heart and a heavy pocket, what Uncle Joseph was worth; for it was said by those who were supposed to know that his benefactions ran into four figures annually. As a matter of fact, his income from all sources was exactly seven hundred and fifty pounds a year, and none of this was spent on

Uncle Joseph had one peculiarity. He transacted no business with the female sex. was required of him, application must be made

by a man.

On Wednesdays Philip wrote—or more usually typed—more letters, but none to ladies. On this day he addressed himself to gentlemen, tersely informing such that if they made search in the envelope they would find a cheque enclosed, 'in aid of the most excellent object

Joseph used to sign these letters. This brings us round to Thursday again; and,

mentioned in your letter,' which it would be a

kindness to acknowledge in due course.

as already indicated, this was Philip's field-day. On Thursday morning one James Nimmo, the factotum of the establishment, used to arrive shortly after breakfast in a cab from an excursion into regions unknown with quite a budget of letters. They were all from ladies, and were replies to Philip's letters of Monday. Most of them contained cheques, chaperoned by lengthy screeds; some enclosed lengthy screeds but no cheques; while a few, written in a masculine hand, stated briefly that 'if my wife is pestered in this fashion again,' 'Yours faithfully' proposed to communicate with the police.

Although these letters were all addressed to Philip, Uncle Joseph opened them himself, ticking off the cheques and postal orders, and dictating the names and addresses of their senders to Philip, who posted them up in a big book.

On Fridays Philip wrote acknowledging the letters. For a boy of fourteen he was a very fair shorthand clerk, and could take down the sentences as quickly as Uncle Joseph could dictate them. His typing, too, was almost first class, and he possessed the useful, if risky, accomplishment of being able to write two

separate and distinct hands.

Saturday was a particularly delightful day, for then Uncle Joseph and Philip put all business cares behind them, and held high revel. Sometimes they went up the river, sometimes they went to Lord's, and sometimes they took the train into the country and tramped over the Hog's Back or the South Downs. It was upon these occasions that Uncle Joseph would discourse upon Woman, and wonder, with Philip, why she had been sent into the world.

'There appears to be no parallel to the female mind,' Uncle Joseph would say, 'in any of the works of nature. It seems almost incredible that God should invent such a wonderful piece of mechanism as Man—invent him for the express purpose of controlling and developing this marvellous world of ours-and then deliberately DECEMBER 6, 1913.

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stultify His own work and handicap His own beautifully designed and perfectly balanced engines by linking them up with others which are conspicuous for nothing but bias and instability. What a world this might have been, Philip, if all its inhabitants had been constructed upon a rational plan, instead of only one-half! Why is it, I wonder?'

Philip, who could not remember ever having spoken to a woman, except once or twice across a counter, would shake his head despondingly.

'Put it another way,' continued Uncle Joseph. What master-mariner, having set up a carefully designed, perfectly balanced compass upon the bridge of his ship, would then proceed to surround that compass—upon the steadiness of which the very life of the ship depends-with a casual collection of bar-magnets or soft iron What compass could be expected to point to the magnetic north for one moment in such a field of force? It would not even be a constant field of force; the magnets would come and go, or at least wax and wane in attractive power, altering the resultant intensity from year to year-from day to day, even. No compass could give a true bearing under such circumstances. And yet the Supreme Architect of the Universe has done that for us! He creates man, and having set him to direct the course of this planet, surrounds him with women! Philip-why?'

At this Philip would endeavour to look as wise as possible, but once more would find him-

self unable to contribute to the debate.

Uncle Joseph would nod his head. 'Quite right, Philip,' he would say. 'We don't know

why, and we never shall. All we can do is to bow to God's will, accept the situation, and adopt the best means at our disposal of mitigating our disabilities. There is only one thing to do. What is it, Philip?'

Philip was always quite ready this time. 'Avoid women,' he would reply gravely, 'at all times and in all places.'

After that they would talk about bird-migration, or high-tension magnetos—subjects affording easier and more profitable ground for speculation.

On the particular Thursday morning with which we are dealing, Philip and Uncle Joseph sat in the library prepared for business. Philip was installed at the broad writing-table with a reporter's note-book and a pencil. Beside him, ready for use, stood the typewriter. Uncle Joseph sprawled for the moment in an easy-chair, industriously perusing a copy of the current issue of the Searchlight, a weekly organ whose editor possessed an almost indecent acquaintance with the private lives of most of the rogues and quacks who batten upon the British public. He even went so far as to publish an annual list of their names, aliases, and addresses.

Uncle Joseph had figured therein more than once, but not as Uncle Joseph.

There was a knock at the door, and James Nimmo entered, carrying a cowhide bag. This he opened, and poured its contents upon the table—letters of every shape, size, colour, and scent.

'A heavy post this week, James Nimmo,'

commented Uncle Joseph.

'Imphm,' replied James Nimmo, who was a Scotsman. 'Could I get speaking with you, Colonel?' he added. He called Uncle Joseph 'Colonel,' because he was a colonel.

Uncle Joseph looked up sharply. 'Anything

wrong?' he asked.

James Nimmo looked at him, and, like the Eldest Oyster, shook his heavy head.

Uncle Joseph rightly took this to be a sign f assent. 'Where?' he asked.

'At Commercial Road.' As a matter of fact James Nimmo said 'Commaircial Rod,' but it will be simpler to transcribe as we go.

'I expected it,' said Uncle Joseph. He held up the Searchlight. 'These people say they

have been making inquiries. Listen.

"Do any of my readers happen to know anything of the Reverend Aubrey Buck? He appears to be devoting his undoubted talents to the furtherance of a crusade against what he calls 'The Popish Invasion of the English Home;' and to that end he is circularising the country with a passionate appeal for funds. A copy of this appeal has been forwarded to me by a correspondent. The head offices of the Anti-Popery League, from which this document emanates, are situated at 374A Commercial Road. Noting this illuminating fact, and failing to find any reference to the establishment in the Post-Office Directory, I last week despatched a representative to the Commercial Road to seek out and interrogate the Anti-Popish Buck. As I expected, 374A Commercial Road proved to be the small shop of a greengrocer - an 'accommodation address' of the most ordinary type-whose proprietor admitted that he was in the habit of taking in letters on behalf of some of his customers, but declined any further information. Enthusiastic but credulous Protestants should therefore be on their guard. The Reverend Aubrey is evidently an experienced hand, for his dupes are most judiciously selected, being entirely maiden ladies of independent means and advanced Evangelical views. From his epistolary style I cherish a shrewd suspicion that Aubrey is nearly related to my old friend Howard Glennie (Searchlight Rogues' Catalogue, No. 847), who " '-

'Man, he's a marvel, you felly!' observed James Nimmo admiringly. He was referring apparently to the editor of the Searchlight.

"Who, not long ago, as regular students of the Searchlight will recollect, spent a very profitable two years raising the small sum necessary to enable him to make provision for his aged mother before leaving this country for good, in order to devote his life to spiritual work in a leper colony—a colony situated in an island so distant that I was ultimately able to prove, to the profound chagrin of Howard Glennie, that it did not exist at all. The name of Aubrey Buck, I may add, does not appear in *Crockford.*"

Uncle Joseph laid down the paper. 'And

what do you think of that?' he inquired.

'We shall need to be getting another address,'

replied James Nimmo.

'We shall have to drop Aubrey Buck too,' said Uncle Joseph. 'However, we can't complain. We have done pretty well out of him. Let me think. I know! We will turn him into a retired University Don with paralysis in both legs, who has to do typewriting for a living. He shall send an appeal for work to every lady novelist in the country. Their name is legion. In nine cases out of ten they will send money instead of manuscript.'

'And if they do send manuscript?' inquired

James Nimmo dubiously.

'We will keep it for a week,' replied Uncle Joseph readily, 'and then return it, accompanied by a manly but resigned letter announcing that the paralysis has spread to the Don's arms as well, and he supposes there is nothing for it now but the workhouse. That ought to bring in a double donation. Tell your brother to move from Commercial Road to Islington. We have never had an address there. Were the other places all right?'

While James Nimmo proceeded with his report Philip sorted the letters on the table. The conversation did not interest him; he was accustomed to it. But the editor of the Search-

light would have appreciated it keenly.

Presently James Nimmo departed, and Uncle Joseph and Philip went through their correspondence. The letters were arranged into three heaps. The first addressed itself to 'Master T. Smith, care of the Reverend Vitruvius Smith, 172 Laburnum Road, Balham;' the other two were directed to 'The Honorary Secretary of the International Brotherhood of Kind Young Hearts, Pontifex Mansions, Shaftesbury Avenue,' and 'The Reverend Aubrey Buck, Head Office, the Anti-Popery League, 374A Commercial Road, respectively.

Most of Master T. Smith's envelopes contained postal-orders, some of them accompanied by lengthy epistles which blended heavy-handed patronage and treacly sentiment in equal proportions. Uncle Joseph read one or two aloud:

'MY DEAR LITTLE TOMMY,—I feel that I must send you something in response to your little letter, which has touched me to the depths of my heart.'

['Only five shillings,' commented Uncle Joseph, referring to the postal-order.]

'I hope your father is better, and will soon be

about his parish work again. The expense of his illness must have been very great, and I cannot wonder that you should have overheard your mother crying in the night, when she thought you were all fast asleep. Perhaps it was wrong of you to write to me for help without consulting your parents; but, as you point out, it would indeed be a splendid surprise if you could go to your father's study with a little money in your hand and say, "That is for household expenses, dear father, from an anonymous well-wisher." I think it was clever of you to spell "anonymous" correctly.'

['It was infernally silly of you,' amended Uncle Joseph, looking up for a moment.

'However'---]

'I feel, therefore, that I must fall in with your little plot. I am not allowed by law to send actual coin through the post, or you should have had a bright new five-shilling piece. ['This woman ought to be put into a home.'] So I enclose what is called a postal-order. If you sign your name on it and take it round to the nearest post-office they will give you five shillings in exchange.

'Do not apologise for your handwriting. I think it is quite good for a boy of ten. Give my love to your baby brother.—Your sincere friend,

JANE ROPER.

'P.S.—I wonder how you heard of me.'

'They all want to know that,' grunted Uncle Joseph. 'None of the silly creatures seem ever to have heard of directories.'

Master Thomas Smith gravely signed the postal-order which Uncle Joseph had pushed over to him, remarking that it was a good thing Miss Roper had not filled up the name of the post-office.

There were fifteen more letters in a very similar strain. They were not all read right through, but the name and address of the sender were always entered in the book, and the postal-orders were carefully extracted and filed. Their total value was found to be seven pounds ten shillings—this despite a disappointment caused by the last letter in the heap, which bore a small coronet on the back, and portended a cheque at least. It ran:

'MY DEAR LITTLE Boy,—I read your letter with great interest and indignation. It only proves what I have always said, that some of our noble clergy are shamefully underpaid. I do not send you any money, for to do so would be to insult a sacred profession, and I am quite sure that your little plan of offering a contribution of your own towards your household expenses, though creditable to your feelings, would meet with your dear father's deepest disapproval. I will do better than that. I have some little influence with the kind Bishop of your diocese, and if you will send me your father's full name and the name of his church

and parish—all I have at present is your home address—I will make strong representations to his lordship on your behalf. Indeed, I expect to meet him at dinner next week. I have been unable to verify your father's name in Crockford's Clerical Directory, which I always keep by me. But, you see, there are so many Smiths'——

['Quite so,' murmured Uncle Joseph in

tones of deep satisfaction.

'And the task is too difficult. However, if you will send me the details I ask for, I feel sure that the dear Bishop will make a searching inquiry into your father's case.—Your affectionate friend,

SARAH BRICKSHIRE.

'P.S.—I wonder how such a little boy as you found out my address.'

'Interfering old tabby!' observed Uncle Joseph testily. 'If she persists in this preposterous nonsense we shall have to change your venue, Philip. Now for the Kind Young Hearts!'

To judge by the contents of the second heap of envelopes, the International Brotherhood of Kind Young Hearts was an institution of variegated aims and comfortable income. pound note dropped out of the first letter opened, the sender, in her covering epistle, expressing her warm admiration for the character of a heroic (but unfortunately fictitious) individual named Dimitri Papodoodlekos-or something to that effect - an Armenian gentleman of enlightened views and stiff moral fibre, who, having been converted late in life to the principles of Wesleyan Methodism, had persisted, in the very heart of the Ottoman Empire and in the face of all Islam, in maintaining and practising the tenets of his newly embraced creed until summarily deported from his native Armenia by direction of the Sultan himself. The writer begged to enclose a small contribution toward the sum of fifty pounds which she understood the Brotherhood of Kind Young Hearts was endeavouring to raise, in order to set up the expatriated Papodoodlekos in a cigar-divan in Stoke Newington.

The next letter contained a postal-order for one pound, contributed by a warm-hearted but gullible female in Leicestershire, as a contribution toward the sum required to purchase a dresssuit for Samuel Mings, the Walthamstow garrotter, who, having recently completed a term of fifteen years' penal servitude, was now anxious to atone for past misdeeds by plunging into a life of intense respectability. Samuel, it seemed, had decided to follow the calling of a waiter at suburban dinner-parties, and, being a man of agreeable address and imposing appearance, had already booked several conditional engagements in the Golder's Green district. A second-hand dress-suit was now all that was requisite to ensure for him a permanent residence in the paths of virtue. It may be mentioned here that sufficient cash to equip Samuel with an entire Bond Street trousseau was yielded by this post alone.

But the begging-letter writer, charm he never so wisely, draws a blank sometimes. Presently Uncle Joseph picked up a large gray envelope from the heap. 'Man's handwriting,' he observed. From the envelope he extracted a letter and a cheque. A casual glance at the face of the cheque caused him to raise his eyebrows comically and whistle. Then he skimmed through the letter. 'Here's a fellow with a sense of humour,' he said. 'What a tonic after all these women!'

'Sir,—My wife, who occasionally permits me to take charge of her correspondence, especially when she is asked for money, has handed me your very interesting communication. I learn from it that the International Brotherhood of Kind Young Hearts is in need of funds for fifteen different objects, prettily described by you as "this week's List of Mercy." The list includes:

'(1) Appeal on behalf of an Armenian undesirable, who appears to have evaded the immigration laws of this country, and so planted

himself in our unhappy midst.

'(2) Appeal on behalf of a retired garrotter, who, before setting up in business as a suburban burglar, evidently desires to study the architecture and internal arrangements of the residences

of our wealthy bourgeoisie.

'(3) Appeal for a sum sufficient to send one thousand slum children to the seaside. This appears to be a laudable object, though it is perhaps undesirable to despatch children of that age and condition to the seaside in early December, as you apparently propose to do. It would, moreover, have established greater confidence in the minds of your clients if you had mentioned the name of the slum, the name of the watering-place to which you propose to send the children, and the nature of your arrangements for conveying and maintaining them there. But perhaps, as in the case of John Wesley, "the world is your parish."

'There are twelve other appeals of a similar nature, all equally hard to resist, and all equally entertaining. Subscribers, I note, are requested to place a mark opposite the particular item of your programme to which they wish their contribution to be devoted. I confess I find my sympathy excited less by some of the appeals than by the others. For instance, I fear I cannot support your view of the desirability of providing a one-armed protégé of yours, Albert Edward Skewby, with a hurdy-gurdy. In my opinion there are only two musicians in history—Bach and Tchaikowsky—and neither of these sounds to advantage on a hurdy-gurdy. Besides, Albert probably has another arm inside his waistcoat. You look and see. Neither can I

find it in my heart to support your Home of

Rest for Unwanted Doggies. Sausages are dear enough as it is, and if you are going to corner the market in this well-meaning but misguided fashion, I fear they will soon be out of my reach

altogether.

'However, some of your other appeals moved me deeply, and I confess I have experienced great difficulty in making my final choice. was strongly attracted at first by the case of the gentleman who has just terminated a protracted visit to an inebriates' home, and who, I gather, is anxious to raise a sum sufficient to enable him to qualify for readmission at an early date. I nearly succumbed, again, to your appeal on behalf of the lady who has recently been rendered a widow by reason of the hasty and ill-considered action of a band of African cannibals. second thoughts, however, remembering that the pangs of the good lady over the loss of her husband must be as nothing in comparison with those of the unfortunate savages who are probably still trying to digest him, I held my hand, and passed on to my final choice—the purchase of an annuity for the aged and badly used butler, Lemuel Bloote. (What fun it must be making up names like that!)

'Lemuel, I gather, has severed his connection with his employer—a nobleman to whose family and person the Blootes have been faithfully attached for more than forty years—owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding with regard to a valuable and massive service of Sheffield plate, unaccountably missing from the baronial strongroom. Lemuel naturally left the court without a stain upon his character, but wounded pride forbade him to re-enter the service of his aristocratic traducer. Too old to start life afresh, too self-respecting to beg, he has thrown himself, you say, upon the compassion of the International Brotherhood of the Kind Young Hearts. I cannot resist this appeal. I set my mark against the name of Lemuel Bloote, and beg you to be so kind as to accept my cheque on his behalf. I do not know how great a sum is required to purchase an annuity for a Bloote, so I leave the cheque blank. Kindly fill it up at your discretion. I make only one stipulation. I am a collector of Sheffield plate. If Lemuel has not already disposed of his stock, perhaps you will kindly put me into direct communication with him.

'Let me close with a word of advice. When you write your next batch of appeals, do not allow your sense of humour to run away with you altogether. I admire and respect a cheerful knave; but let there be moderation in all things.

—Yours faithfully, Julius Mablethorpe.'

The cheque was headed 'Bank of Expectation,' and bore the somewhat unexpected signature of the head of the house of Rothschild. It was drawn to the order of A. S. Windeller, Esq., and was dated the 1st of April 2013.

'I should like to meet that fellow,' remarked Uncle Joseph appreciatively.

'So should I,' said Philip.

His uncle looked up. 'Hallo!' he said; 'is your sense of humour beginning to sprout, Philip? You are growing up, my boy. How old are you?'

'Nearly fifteen,' said Philip.

'Well, you don't look it, but you possess certain attainments which a young man of thirty might envy. In many respects you must be considered backward. But you are an excellent secretary, you can keep accounts, and you are exceptionally well up in English literature and modern science. I have directed you to the best of my ability in the right way of life. At any rate I have kept you away from wrong influences. You are healthy in body and prompt in mind, and you are thoroughly inoculated against the female virus. Now that your sense of humour is developing, you should go far. But we are wasting time. Let us polish off Aubrey Buck's correspondence, and then I will dictate to you one or two new letters which I have drafted. Your attention appears to be wandering. What are you thinking about?'

'Nothing in particular, Uncle Joseph,' said Philip. He took up his pen briskly. But, for all that, he had been thinking about something in particular. Uncle Joseph's reference to the female virus had brought it to his mind. It was a little girl in a blue cotton frock.

(Continued on page 21.)

SOME BARGAINS IN BOOKS.

AROUND MY SHELVES.

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

Still am I busy books assembling, For to have many is a pleasant thing. BRANDT'S Ship of Fools.

IT is often regarded as a matter of despair by the book-collector that he cannot nowadays pick up the bargains with which earlier bibliophiles were able to crowd their shelves. The virtue of the 'twopenny box' is no more; the unconsidered trifles of the stalls have all fallen to the lynx-eyed Autolycuses. Even the lumberrooms of old country houses fail to reveal the treasures they once gave up to the rummager in their dusty recesses; and if, perchance, there be still such unexplored regions, it is ten to one but that

the saleroom claims them, and in the saleroom, 'tout se sçait,' as Montaigne remarked. when the Harleian Manuscripts were discovered hidden away in a false ceiling, when Mr Dyce picked up quarto Shakespeares for a few shillings, when the great Heber snapped up innumerable rarities for an old song, are gone with the Booksellers' Row of yesterday. Thus the depressed collector reads anew the tale of bargains secured in the good old days; and it is the commonest of common remarks that one can never pick up such things now. This to a great extent is true; but, like all generalisations, it admits of qualifications. Indeed, most of us can number among our bookcollecting friends several who point out with pride some treasures which have fallen to their guns; some woodcock, so to speak, which the other man has missed. One does not, of course, include in such small shoots (to carry on the metaphor) the millionaire who has battues, his two loaders (or book-agents), his battery of hammerless ejectors (otherwise his banking account) to bring down the quarry. Such men can't miss; their bag is always a heavy one—so heavy, indeed, that they probably hardly know what they have shot. No; the real collector is he who, like Charles Lamb, gloats over his prey, and only secures it after self-denial; to whom the acquisition of some rarity is a delight, and its contemplation a perpetual joy. To such as these, bargains, even rarities, are possible, and the book-lover may take heart of grace from some slight records of finds by one who is the least among this devoted band.

In earlier days I bought books because they were curious or had nice bindings, or for some such indefensible reason; now I purchase my literary pabulum as nourishment rather than as decorations. It thus happens that my trouvailles are largely to be traced to a period dating some twenty-or is it thirty?-years back (eheu fugaces /), although, like Stradivarius, I have 'an eye' still, and only last week picked up something. But this is a too recent joy to be transferred to cold print. What I mean to say is that these things, in spite of the grumblers, do still happen; you only require two conditions: a quick eye and a knowledge of what is what, and it is surprising how quickly you get into your stride in such matters. Once I collected first editions of Dickens-not very judiciously, I fear; but the result is a bookcase filled with the immortal works, together with a large number of what booksellers call 'Dickensiana.' I think I got most of mine reasonably, and I know I did not pay too much for the first Pickwick, with all the extra plates, and containing all those 'points' on which Mr Percy Fitzgerald and Johnson and Dexter and Kitton have waxed eloquent; while my Sunday under Three Heads was certainly a bargain. The shop at which I secured it has long since closed. How could it flourish when it permitted such a sacrifice?

But it is not about Dickens (whose books have, to tell the truth, been written up for all they are worth, intrinsically speaking) that I want to gossip for a little. I look through my shelves at random, and I find Bret's magnificent (1773) edition of Molière, with Moreau's plates, the masterpiece of that wonderful illustrator. My copy is in the original calf. This chef d'œuvre fetches a large price—a copy in morocco was purchased at Christie's for thirty-two pounds, and was on sale at a bookseller's later for one hundred and eightyfive pounds. Morocco binding, if original, makes all the difference, curiously enough, in the price of this book; but the humble two pounds I gave for my example, which is as fresh as when published, and has the starred pages, &c., may certainly be regarded as a bargain. So may my genuine first edition of the Eikon Basilike (1648), without printer's name or place of publication. My copy is not in very great condition, nor does it contain the rare errata slip; but a couple of shillings can hardly be called excessive for what is a very scarce volume. No fewer than forty-six editions of this much criticised work came out during the first twelve months, and this does not include three in Latin, four in French, one in Dutch, and one in German. I find several other editions among my books, one of the rarest being the French translation by Porrée, printed at Rouen by Jean Berthelin. Almack, the great authority on 'the king's book, knew of but two perfect copies, and he devotes five pages to the consideration of this edition in his monograph. My copy is bound by Rivière in whole morocco, and is curious for another This fine and careful binder has here wrongly lettered the book, which bears on its back this legend: 'Milton—Eikon Basilike. Trd. par Porrée.' A curious mixture of the 'White King's' book and that of its critic, whose Eikonoclastes is here dimly adumbrated!

The mention of Charles reminds me that I once collected books concerning that monarch and his times. Many of these are now priced much higher than they were in the days when I gathered them, and some of those fugitive tracts—I think the great collection in the British Museum, of which Macaulay made so much use, numbers some forty thousand—are of the greatest rarity. I picked up, for a shilling, I remember, the little four-sheet brochure entitled Mistres Parliament Brought to Bed of a Monstrous Child of Reformation, which was scarce enough even in 1809 to cause Grose to reprint it in his Antiquarian Repertory. Bound up with this I have His Majesties Gracious Letter from Breda, read in the House of Lords on the 1st of May 1660, promising reforms which were hardly fulfilled; and in the same volume is The Form and Order of the Coronation of Charles II., King of Scotland . . . as it was Acted and Done at Scoone, the first day of January 1651. This is the edition printed and published at Aberdeen

in 1660, before it was possible to publish it in Both these tracts cost me but a few London.

I paid a sovereign for Hobbes's Leviathan (1651); but, then, it is not only the first edition, but the first issue of that edition, as distinguished by the brilliance of the engraved frontispiece, the lines on the sword, and the correct spelling of the printer's name (Andrew Crooke) on the title-page; and, besides, has Faithorne's portrait of Hobbes inserted.

But a far greater bargain was Robert Parsons's Conference about the Next Succession to the Crowne of England (1594), which is not only a fine copy, very carefully rebound, but has the genealogical table which is nearly always missing. shillings and sixpence secured for me this rare and curious work, in which the author supports the claim of the Infants of Spain to the throne of England after the death of Elizabeth. It was published by R. Doleman, but its real authors were Robert Parsons, Cardinal Allen, and Sir Francis Englefield. The printer is said to have been hanged, drawn, and quartered, and it was so rigorously suppressed that it was made high treason even to possess a copy. Another book, of about the same period, which has a curious interest is Bizari Opuscula (1565), containing poems by this Italian, who dedicated one part of them to Elizabeth and another to Mary Queen of Scots, and thus determined to be on the side of the angels at any cost. My copy of what is a rare and valuable book once belonged to Lord John Russell, and cost me (I bought it in a lot with others) on the average one

I possess, too, a copy of Sturt's wonderful engraved Prayer Book of 1717, in a beautiful contemporary binding, and containing the movable circular dial which is nearly always missing, as collectors know. If I cannot claim this as a bargain, because it was a gift, it at least did not cost me anything. The history of this production is curious. It was wholly engraved on silver plates (containing one hundred and fifty of biblical subjects, portraits of George I. and the Prince and Princess of Wales, &c.), not a word being printed. At first it did not sell well, and it was therefore determined to take off a number of copies privately, and then to destroy the plates publicly. After this the hoarded copies were brought out gradually and sold one by one as particular favours, and the engraver was at length enabled to recoup himself for his expenditure of time and trouble.

Next to the Prayer Book, the Imitation of Christ comes appropriately. It was only recently that I picked up the rare Elzevir edition without date (a reproduction of the engraved title-page is given in Andrew Lang's The Library, in the chapter on Elzevirs) for a few shillings. Elzevirs, as collectors know, largely depend on their height in millimètres for their value. My Imitatio, I

am glad to say, is of a very satisfactory tallness, and is besides one of those productions of the famous press which is a rarity on its own account. not to be compared with the Pastissier François or the Aimable Mère de Jésus, of course, but still a rarity, and the day I snapped up my copy I consider a red-letter one. Speaking of Elzevirs, I purchased a good many, in Paris, in the 'eighties. These had belonged to M. Willems, who wrote a book on the subject, it will be remembered, and contain illustrative notes in his autograph. It was in Paris, too, that I picked up the counterfeit Elzevir edition of Péréfixe's Histoire de Henri IV. for a couple of francs, which, with my 1661 edition (bound by Bozerian) and that of 1664 in original vellum,

forms a pretty little group.

Another French book which is curious for more than one reason is a twelvemo volume entitled L'Art de Mettre sa Cravate, par le Baron Emile de l'Empése. This has a number of plates showing the various methods of tying the stock, and a coloured frontispiece of 'Le Baron' by Monnier. But its chief interest lies in the fact that it was printed, in 1827, by Balzac at the printing-press which he set up, and which is so graphically described in Illusions Perdues. It bears the imprint, 'Imprimerie de H. Balzac, Rue des Marais, N. 17;' and it cost me two-

pence!

Space forbids me to enlarge on the mouthwatering (so to term them) prices at which I have secured copies of books from private presses -Strawberry Hill, Lee Priory, &c.; but one I must specify—namely, the Translations from the German by Miss Cornelia Knight, lady-in-waiting to the Princess Charlotte, whose autobiography is well known. This was printed at the private press at Frogmore for Queen Charlotte, by E. Harding, in 1812. It bears a frontispiece of Frogmore Lodge, and is one of thirty copies issued for the use of the queen and her intimate friends. Of Pickering's Diamond Classics, too, I have a complete set, including the rarer of the two editions of Horace (with portrait instead of Stothard's plate subsequently used), and two copies of the Virgil, of which only a hundred escaped the fire at Corrall's printing establishment. For these two volumes I paid less than for many of the commoner ones. But, then, so many booksellers are ignorant of the value of books!

I have little room to speak of one of the most interesting byways in book-collecting-I mean such books as bear the autographs of former notable possessors. In this direction one has frequently a good chance of snapping up bargains, as such things often escape the eyes of booksellers who do know the intrinsic value of their wares. This was the case when I secured Bubb Dodington's Diary-a common enough book in itself, containing the Holland House book-plate, manuscript notes by the first Lord Holland, and in-

numerable marginalia, with a long account of Dodington contributed to the European Magazine for June 1784 by Horace Walpole, to whom the volume originally belonged—for four shillings. Also must I put down to a bookseller's oversight the fact that I bought Andrea Maffei's translation of Moore's Loves of the Angels—the identical copy which he sent to the poet containing a long letter of admiration. Moore, in his diary for June 1835, notes receiving it, 'accompanied by a letter from the translator addressed Per l'illustre e nobile Signor Tommaso Moore, and full of all sorts of flattering things about my divino poema.' Two shillings was hardly a high price to pay for this, was it? especially as it contains Moore's book-plate as well.

That various works I have by 'Orion' Horne should prove to be presentation copies is not so surprising, as that sadly forgotten writer was a great giver of his own productions; but a presentation copy by Matthias (almost as much forgotten as Horne) of his *Pursuits of Literature* is not so common. Mine was sent by him, with a Latin inscription in his unmistakable handwriting, to Beilby Porteous, Bishop of London,

who in a note on the title records receiving it; so that this volume, for which I gave sixpence, has a double interest in bearing the autograph of two celebrities. The Aldine edition of Aulus Gellius (1515), once belonging to Lord Byron, and bought by a former owner at the sale of the poet's effects on 6th July 1827; a volume of Marchmont Needham's Tracts, with Isaac D'Israeli's book-plate and autograph notes; Jeremy Bentham's copy of Rousseau's Contrat Social (the rare Amsterdam edition of 1762, there printed because prohibited in France and Switzerland), with his autograph signature; a presentation copy of Ion from Talfourd to the Lord Commissioner Bosanquet; Henry Thomas Buckle's copy of Harris's Lives of the Stuarts, having the book-plate and autograph of the author of Civilisation in England; and the Barbou edition of Juvenal which belonged to Henry Reeve, the editor of the Greville Diaries, and in which he has written: 'Juvenal raked up the rottenness of vice, but Persius cleft the putrid hearts of vicious men'-these are among the volumes which have come into the landing-net of a rather catholic-minded angler.

ROSEMARY COURT.

By FRED M. WHITE.

CHAPTER I.

MADAM sat in the rose-garden of The Court, darning a piece of fine old lace with the infinite pains that goes with all true artists. She sat there in the sunshine amidst the roses that she loved so well, and the perfume of them seemed to rise as if to do her homage. There were grass paths leading from all directions toward a sunken garden filled with wondrous turf, and in the centre of this were old flagstones and the quaint sundial which had told the time there for six hundred years. Amongst the immemorial elms behind was the house itself, a long, low Tudor structure of ripe brick, painted in wondrous blends of purple and orange and warm brown by the brush of old Time himself, the most perfect artist in the world.

It was not a great house in the common sense of the word; indeed, at one time it had been the residence of Dowager Mesdames St Bruyere before the castle had been destroyed by fire, and never been rebuilt for the cold, practical reason that the castle had been uninsured, and there were no funds available to restore its blackened glories. The reigning head of the House of St Bruyere for the time being accepted his loss with polished philosophy and exquisite goodnature, for his affliction was tempered by the knowledge that most of the family treasures and heirlooms, to say nothing of the priceless old furniture, had been saved. The Court was a

charming and delightful house, with its artistic simplicity blended and mellowed in the mortar of time with that nameless atmosphere which goes wherever the innate sense of the beautiful is found. It was a house full of ghosts and traditions and memories; not the ghosts that drag their chains, but the spectres of dead and gone St Bruyeres, fair women and brave men who had made history or writ their story on the pages of romance.

For at one time the St Bruyeres had been very great people indeed, beginning with old Brian of that ilk, who had been so prominent a figure in that highly successful argument between King John and his barons at Runnymede. It mattered little that the demesne of Rosemary Court to-day extended merely to a few farms and the house itself; for the fact remained that the St Bruyeres were still the salt of that particular earth, and that the ancient lady darning her cobweb-like lace in the sunshine regarded herself as the equal, if not the superior, of any monarch who ever sat upon a throne. It is a great thing, of course, to be the head of a House like this; but when one happens to have been born an Endellion as well, then one can understand a certain complacency of outlook and the calm assurance of one's unassailable position. For Madam St Bruyere—every reigning mistress of Rosemary Court was invariably called 'Madam'

-was a survival, a fast disappearing type of grandes dames. She inherited all the high traditions of the Courts of Old France. One could imagine her at Versailles or St Cloud in the time of the Louis, could imagine her as painted by Watteau or Bourchier; and even as she sat there now she made an exquisite picture in an exquisite frame.

She was quite old, seventy years of age at least, but there was no wrinkle on the olivetinged ivory of her cheeks, her dark eyes had all the fire and sparkle of youth, and the abundant masses of her white hair gleamed like spun silver in the sunshine. She looked as if untouched by the hand of care or trouble, as if there were no such thing as sorrow in the world. She looked like the absolute queen of this fair demesnewhich indeed she was; for, strange to say, the family property had never been entailed, so that it had gone from one generation to another, being for the time the absolute property of the head of the House. In the ordinary course of events Rupert St Bruyere would have been chief of the clan, with Madam an honoured guest under his roof; but until Madam was no more it was Rupert St Bruyere who was the pensioner. He made no demur, gave no sign of rebellion; he merely acted as a sort of second in command whose duty it was to carry out the mandates of his sovereign. He had his own ideas, of course. By some strange freak on the part of nature he had been endowed with a practical vein which caused him now and again to kick against some of the edicts from the throne. He took a keen interest in the land and its responsibilities, and was an expert in forestry; and, sooth to say, had little patience with the methods of some of the tenants. It was all very well that Giles or Hodge should be forgiven his rent again and again for the simple reason that there had been a Giles or a Hodge on that particular farm for centuries. This sort of thing was magnificent, but it produced no money for repairs or the upkeep of the estate, and it was only Rupert and the steward who could see the family revenues decreasing year by year. What Madam did with her money no one knew and no one dared to ask. She kept her own books and transacted all her own correspondence with the family lawyers in London. For all Rupert knew to the contrary, the Rosemary Court estate might have been mortgaged to the uttermost farthing. Beyond doubt Madam was a queen ruling over her small territory as if it had been an absolute monarchy.

She sat there weaving her needle in and out, to look up with a gracious smile presently at the neat maid in the mob cap who brought her a letter on an old silver salver. It was a letter bearing a French post-mark, and addressed to Madam St Bruyere in a crabbed, neat handwriting which suggested the scholar and recluse. In a slow, deliberate way Madam read her letter, and as she did so the warm ivory tinge on her

cheeks faded to a dull white, and for a moment or two she looked very old and tired.

With a hand that trembled slightly she struck a gong on the table at her side, and requested the answering servitor to bring Mr Rupert to her at once. He came a moment later, a tall athletic figure of a man, a typical St Bruyere, clean-cut and haughty of face, a little dreamy about the eyes perhaps, but the chin was firm and square, and the flexible lips suggested a sense of humour. He bowed over Madam's hand and lifted her fingers to his lips.

'I sent for you, Rupert,' she said. 'Something quite unexpected has happened. I should like to hear your opinion of this letter. Your advice, of course, I am not seeking. Please read

it aloud.'

Rupert took the thin sheet of paper.

'AMYANS, FRANCE

'Esteemed and respected Madame,-It is my sad duty to inform you that your daughter Madame Parcourt died, and was buried in my cemetery here three days ago. For some time past she has been here confined to her bed with a disease from which finally she succumbed. Of course I knew her as an actress charming and most distinguished; but it was not until the end that she realised what was coming and she told me her sad history. It is not for me, dear madame, to comment on the estrangement between you, for that is no business of mine. I understand that between you and your daughter since she left your roof to marry Monsieur Parcourt no communication has passed. In what you call the ordinary way, I would trouble you no further except to send you the effects that Madame Parcourt left behind her. I know her for a pure and good woman whose life has been one long unhappiness and sorrow. For many years she has made for herself here the annual vacation. All here knew her and loved her, as they now love the child she left behind her.

'And this is your daughter's secret. Cécile is nineteen now, and up till two years ago was educated here by the Sisters of the Convent of the Sacred Heart. She is a young lady the most lovable and beautiful. She is calculated any position to adorn. For some two years she has followed her mother's profession, but now that she is alone in the world all this must cease. I shall, therefore, dear madame, esteem it the great favour if you will favour me with my instructions, so that I may make arrangements for your granddaughter to come to you at once.

'With great respect, Madame, 'PAUL CARTIER, Curé.'

'Astounding!' Rupert exclaimed. 'I never dreamed of this. You want me to go over to Amyans and bring this girl back?'

'What! bring her here?' Madam asked. 'Bring the child of a strolling player to Rosemary Court? Have the old scandal revived afresh? You must be dreaming, Rupert. When I have got over the shock of this discovery I may ask my solicitors to provide for this child if she makes no claim.

Rupert's lips tightened. The inevitable hour was here at last. It had been bound to come

sooner or later.

'I cannot agree, Madam,' he said firmly. 'Beyond all question this girl Cécile must come

CHAPTER II.

MADAM ST BRUYERE laid a sudden hand upon her heart. Rupert could see the long, slim fingers trembling, and the uneasy shimmering of those old diamond rings. as if the painter's rag had been swept across a finely painted canvas, leaving a smear of chaos and ruin behind. For in those few quiet words Rupert had raised the flag of rebellion, and the red of it glowed faintly in his cheeks. For any one to be in direct antagonism to Madam was as the first swift step to Armageddon. Madam had ruled here all these years, none had ventured to question her slightest word, and yet with it all she had never lost the consciousness that it was a man's place to sway the destinies of that fair domain. She was surprised, shocked, and affronted; and yet at the back of that orderly, logical mind of hers there was sympathy for Rupert's point of view.

'Let us discuss it quietly,' she said. 'I have seen this coming for some time. Have you quite

made up your mind?'

Rupert's lips narrowed to a thin red thread. He sat there with his head thrown back, the outline of the old house a fitting background. There was a feeling in the air such as preludes a coming thunderstorm, though the sky was blue and clear.

'I think so, Madam,' he said. 'It could not be otherwise; I could not remain here if it were.'

'And what would you do, my boy?'

'I would go abroad. Since old Wymark died, and I took his farm into my hands, I have made a thousand pounds. With that I am sure I could see my way to success. Oh, can't you see that there is only one thing to be done? Your

grandchild must come here.

'I knew you would say so, Rupert. But surely you do not appreciate the terrible scandal. Your grandfather was a proud man and a brave one, but he never held up his head afterward. Just think of it! No girl in the world ever had a more careful bringing up than your aunt There was nothing a girl needed that Cecilia. she lacked. And I always thought that she was a true St Bruyere; a little too fond of gaiety, perhaps, but otherwise alive to the importance of her position. It was always my proud boast that I could trust my daughter anywhere; and yet the whole of the six weeks we spent on that

ill-fated visit to Scarborough that infatuated child was meeting the actor Reginald Parcourt daily, a mere strolling player, a man who for a mere wage played parts upon a travelling stage. It seems incredible!

Rupert smiled discreetly. On this point Madam's views would never change. An Irving on the one hand or a Bernhardt on the other could represent to her no more than a couple of acrobats clowning for coppers on a village green. Rupert had seen men and cities, and he could listen to all this with toleration.

'Parcourt was a man of good family,' he said. 'He had some of the best blood of Old France in his veins. The Marquis de Havant was a distant cousin of his. The man was a scamp, of course; but, socially speaking, there was nothing

against him.

'The man was a scoundrel,' Madam St Bruyere said, 'utterly without principle, and cast out from his family. Oh, I have no doubt that he was handsome and fascinating enough. How would my daughter have forgotten herself so terribly had it been otherwise? Ah, my boy, you cannot understand a mother's feelings. It all comes back to me now as if it had happened only yesterday. I can see your grandfather with that letter in his hand. We had just come down to breakfast. But I do not care to dwell upon it. Cecilia had gone off with her actor, and that letter was to say that they had been privately married the day before at a place which I think they called a registry office. Heavens, a daughter of mine in a registry office! Rupert, it is hardly a marriage at all.'

'The law recognises it,' Rupert said. 'Need we go into a theological discussion upon the point?

Legally speaking'

'Oh, I know, I know,' Madam said impatiently. 'In the eyes of the world everything was correct. And from that day to this Cecilia has been to me as one dead. I did not seek to know what she was doing, but I could not help hearing things: from time to time. Cecilia had gone on the stageherself. As was the case with all the St Bruyeres, her French was perfect. I understood that she became very popular in Paris. I did not want. to hear anything, and yet all the time I was hungering for news. And then there came that terrible scandal in which Parcourt and the Marquis de Havant were mixed up. I knew Parcourt was a bad husband, that he neglected his wife, and was actually cruel to her; and I knew from some of my gossips that De Havanthad fallen in love with Cecilia, and was following her from place to place to protect her from the man for whose sake she had sacrificed so much. Then I heard it said that Parcourt had threatened his cousin, and that friends had to interfere to-prevent bloodshed. You know what happened, You know that in a fit of madness De-Havant murdered his cousin and committed suicide after. And here was I, a lonely widow

who had done her best to live a life beyond reproach, the mother of the most notorious creature in Europe! It hurts me to speak of it. Never have I mentioned this dreadful subject before. I know that your father told you, and that you were forbidden to mention the scandal in my presence. How can I put any but one construction upon my unfortunate child's conduct? And now I am asked to find a home for a child, to take to my heart a girl, of whose very existence I was profoundly ignorant an hour ago. What am I to do?'

'I am more than glad you have spoken to me like this,' Rupert said. 'It was not for me to introduce the subject; but, now you have done so, let me tell you that you are entirely wrong in nearly all your facts. When I was in Paris in the spring I saw a good deal of the present Marquis de Havant, and he showed me the correspondence which had passed between his brother and himself with regard to Cecilia Parcourt. Madam, if you saw those letters you would say that Hugh de Havant was one of the noblest and finest gentlemen who have ever adorned the nobility of France. There were letters, too, from Cecilia Parcourt which brought the tears to my eyes. She was a desperate and unhappy woman who recognised in Hugh de Havant a true friend. That he had won her heart was beyond question; that she possessed his there is no doubt. The world would be a better place if it could see these letters, or some of them. What would you say if you were a man, and the woman you loved came to you in the dead of night pursued by a fiend who had sworn to love and cherish her? What would you do if you saw her with the blood streaming down her face? Oh, I can't go on! And that is why Hugh de Havant challenged Parcourt to a duel, and killed him next day in the woods at Fontainebleau like the dog he was. De Havant may have been wrong to take his own life afterwards, but who are we to judge? It was an act of medieval chivalry, his way of keeping clean and sweet the good name of the woman he loved

only too well. I cannot see the breath of scandal has ever really touched my aunt Cecilia. And even if it had, why should you vent your displeasure upon the head of an innocent child?

For a long time Madam sat there, looking with dim eyes down the avenues of the past, for Rupert had shaken her to the centre of her proud and—because of her pride—unnaturally selfish soul. He spoke, too, with the air of a man who had made up his mind to dominate the situation. Not for a moment did Madam doubt that Rupert had told her no more than the simple truth. But the old prejudices, the old shibboleths and social idolatries, were too strong to be overcome by mere force of argument. After all, this child was tainted with the stage; she had danced no doubt in the glare of the footlights for the amusement of the canaille in many a theatre. And this was the granddaughter of the chatelaine of Rosemary Court!

'I hardly know what to say,' Madam murmured. 'For the first time in my life I am in need of advice.'

'No advice is needed at all,' Rupert said.
'Unless that child comes here I cannot possibly remain. She must come here, Madam; she must be assured of a warm and a generous welcome. Do not forget that some of the proudest blood in England and France flows in her veins. And with that I have finished.'

Again there came no reply from Madam St Bruyere. She looked up, and saw the old house in the distance; she saw the swallows under the wide brown eaves, the moss-grown sundial, the Dutch garden with its red tiles, where dead and gone St Bruyeres had gossiped and made love in the dim, dead centuries; and into her heart there crept once again the mother-love, the desire to see again the daughter whom she had lost and mourned so passionately.

'When shall you go to Amyans?' she whispered.

The tears were in her eyes as Rupert raised her hand and kissed it.

(Continued on page 25.)

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE SEPTGO HINGTL. THE ADVENTURE OF THE 'FEMALE DEMON.'

By W. F. BATTEN.

PART I.

IT has occurred to me that some of the many readers of Chambers's Journal might like to know how the sanguinary secret society of the Seven Pirate Captains was suppressed, and its chief leaders brought to justice. It will also incidentally afford yet another instance of 'truth being stranger than fiction,' as well as that 'murder will out.' I must, however, before commencing my story, briefly explain how I came upon the scene.

In the early 'seventies of last century, the Admiralty, being seized with a sudden fit of economy, had sapiently decided that it would much decrease the coal-bills of the little and slow old gunboats attached to the China squadron if they were ordered to cease cruising after pirates; 'My Lords,' in the innocence of their hearts, believing that the Chinese Government—if politely requested to do so—would gladly take over this troublesome and coal-consuming

work! Besides, I personally had an account to settle with these murderous desperadoes for the massacre, under most revolting circumstances, of the officers and crews—including the captain's wife and the stewardess on board one of them—of two European sailing-vessels that had sighted Hong-kong in company with our own when I first arrived in the colony.

This I had not forgotten a few years laterabout the time of the coal-saving order-when I found myself in charge of the John Adams, better known as the armed water-police chop, then the headquarters of that force in Hong-kong Harbour. The crew of the *chop* consisted of some sixteen Europeans, armed with Snider carbines and sword-bayonets, who were in charge of the patrol-boats and about one hundred and thirty Chinese lukongs (boatmen and sailors) who composed their crews; these carried boardingpikes, certain picked men having revolvers. There were also a small sailing-vessel of about seven tons and a native craft of about three times that size; a long, smooth-bore, brass six-pounder and two three-pounders composed their armament. There was at this time but one official steamlaunch in the colony, which was for the use of his Excellency the Governor and of the harbour-master, the late Captain Thomsett, R.N.

It happened just then that the after-effects of a severe attack of malarial fever, combined with fever and ague, had compelled me to apply to the chief of my department, Captain Dtransfer to the little seaside town of Stanley, at that time the sanatorium of the island. Stanley Harbour lay toward Myers' Bay, famed for the numerous piratical attacks that took place off or near it. Before I left headquarters, however, my attention was called to the Piracy Record by a fresh case just reported; and whilst searching this volume I was suddenly struck by the fact that for several years past the majority of the piracies reported, and all the more sanguinary ones, seemed to have been committed by the same class of craft and in the same way; the pirates, after murdering every soul on board, usually scuttling the vessel in order to leave no clue behind them. But though 'dead men tell no tales,' men left for dead, when the sinking craft had been sighted by a passing vessel in time to take them off, could and did; hence the existence of a Piracy Record. These reports of piratical attacks had in the last two or three years numbered nearly fifty a year, and of course there were many others unreported when not a single soul had survived.

No sooner did I obtain my transfer to Stanley Harbour than I commenced my investigations, there being but little official work for me to do there. During the season the harbour was much frequented by native craft, especially fishing-vessels, whose crews certainly saw almost all that went on both in colonial waters and on the adjacent coast of China, and as certainly never

would speak of it—a state of things I intended to alter. This was because pirates leave fishermen severely alone, lest the large armed vessels of their 'guild' should avenge any wrong done them.

I had not been very long at Stanley before a Shantung seaman who was an experienced pilot was brought to my office in the barracks ashore by my interpreter to report that he had been kidnapped by the Hingti pirates, and detained for several months on board one of their vessels. because they needed a pilot who knew a part of the coast with which they were not familiar. This report was the direct result of my having gained the confidence of his class, the tankurs (seafarers), probably the most ignorant, taciturn. superstitious, and obstinate type of humanity in all the seven seas; otherwise wild horses would not have dragged him to the Harbour Office. He stated that the pirates having ventured to anchor close to Cape d'Aguilar, he had chanced the sharks and swum ashore in the dark. the man declared, and probably truly, that his life was in danger from the pirates, who would silence him at all costs, I took him as an extra hand into the harbour department boat, thus securing a most important witness and much valuable information as to the pirates' lurkingplaces and methods.

This man's story was certainly a most astonishing one, for he declared that the two leaders of the Hingti (the Brotherhood of the Seven Pirate Captains) were a 'female demon' and a Macao-Portuguese, a 'small official.' Their craft, he stated, always attacked in pairs, two or four vessels together, but these never contained less than a hundred pirates; whilst this dangerous secret society could, with the snake-boats that put off from the land, muster altogether two or three hundred men at least. Two of the seven craft were usually refitting or cleaning and oiling their bottoms on shore, whilst the seventh was engaged in lawful pursuits only, and thereby was enabled to act as a spy without being suspected. Indeed, the other six vessels, when not out on a piratical cruise, had merely a crew of half-a-dozen on board, a couple of these men having their wives and children with them; and as these six men were never engaged in any armed attacks, they had no fear of being identified. Neither was there a scrap of plunder or a sign of armament ever to be seen on board; and their papers were always found to be in order. Thus, in the event of these vessels being stopped and searched by the commander of any British or Chinese gunboat, as sometimes happened, they could not be detained.

Needless to say, their appearance when engaged in a piratical attack was quite different from that which they presented on other occasions. This type of vessel was also very fast, and when full of men the craft could be propelled in a calm by means of their sweeps or long oars at considerable speed; whilst in light winds they never ventured more than about a dozen miles from the shore, so that on the first sign of a gunboat's smoke on the horizon they could slip into some convenient creek, and remain hidden there until the enemy had passed on and were out of sight. Hence these vessels ran little risk of capture in the ordinary way.

By patient questioning I extracted from the Shantung man the additional information that the 'female demon' was a very good-looking young woman, who had fairly earned her title by her daring and cruelty. She steered her own vessel, led the boarders, and superintended the massacre that always followed a capture. These acts, however, were not the cause of the terror that this young woman-believed to be a Macao-Portuguese half-caste-inspired. It arose from certain supernatural attributes which rumour had conferred upon her. Her confederate was also a half-caste, a 'small official' from Macao, named or nicknamed Semala; his officialdom consisting in his holding the post of pilot on board his Excellency the Governor of Macao's small gunboat—the Camoens, if I recollect aright -which post Semala doubtless found a very useful one in carrying on his non-official calling. The irony of the situation consisted in the fact that he was at times actually steering the Camoens on a cruise after himself or to recover his own plunder! But I have doubtless said enough to enable the reader to understand how this infamous confederacy in crime had been enabled for so long to run a successful course at the cost of many hundreds of lives and many hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of

When, greatly owing to Captain Dinfluence, I succeeded in obtaining the required permission from his Excellency Sir Richard Graves MacDonnell to act outside colonial waters, I quietly made all my preparations at Stanley, out of sight of the pirates' spies. On pretence of removing my furniture and stores from Victoria, forty picked men were sent from the John Adams by water, and a six-pounder and two three-pounder guns, with small arms and ammunition, were smuggled out as 'furniture.' Stores and provisions for a six days' cruise were laid in at Stanley, where I also recruited a dozen good men who knew every inch of the coast for a hundred miles or so, and who, as ex-smugglers, would be quite at home in a tough fight. I likewise took my gig and her crew, the former to be concealed under light stuff on the native trader's deck. Still, all told, this was not a very large

force to pit against the pirates.

However, I could rely on my men, who were all volunteers; and I reckoned greatly on the advantages that good discipline, superior weapons, and the effect of a surprise would confer. any rate, unusual risks had to be run if success were to be attained. So I arranged with an old acquaintance, a native merchant, to charter, on my account, the new Stanley 'fast-boat,' thus called because she was built for speed in light winds, and in a calm could be propelled by sweeps. The old one had been at times chartered for a like purpose, and had actually carried wealthy traders and valuable cargo up-coast, so that this would arouse no suspicion. Indeed, the old 'fast boat' had more than once shown a clean pair of heels to the pirates. On this occasion I intended that my men, in disguise, should be the 'wealthy traders,' and the bales of valuable cargo dummies, with some light stuff to hide the guns and the gig on deck; whilst, as my native friend had taken no pains to conceal the fact that the Fortunate Venture, as she was called, had been chartered by some wealthy traders, I had little doubt about her being attacked when she reached the waters the Hingti pirates infested. My good understanding with the tankars, too, enabled me to come to terms with the owners of two smart new fishing-craft, which were to be better armed and manned than usual, and were just to keep us in sight whilst apparently fishing, so that if disaster befell they might be able to pick up some of the piecesin other words, give the married men with me a chance of being saved.

Fortunately all three vessels were lucky enough to get clear of Stanley Harbour after dark without exciting any unwelcome curiosity. Then, as my men were completely played out with many hours of hard work, I merely retained half-a-score of them on deck to handle the sails and keep a lookout, and sent all the rest below to get three or four hours' sleep whilst we were in the neighbourhood of Hong-kong. Thereby we very nearly came to grief, for when we were passing Cape d'Aguilar there suddenly shot out from the black shadow of the high cliffs—the only warning the swirl of the seas flung from the sharp stems and the creaking of straining cordage—first one swift craft and then a second. As they swept past us they shaved our sides so closely that I feared they intended to run on board us; but in a flash, long before I could rouse my men, they had disappeared, completely engulfed in the

surrounding inky blackness.

Mad at being so nearly caught napping, I turned to the Shantung man, who was at the helm, and asked him if he had been able to recognise the strangers. 'Hi' ('Yes'), he remarked with a grin. 'My can savey he belong that Hingti.' 'Then why did they not attack us when we were so obviously unprepared?' I demanded. 'Because he was no ready either; he only look see if this ship come.' 'So they were watching for us off Cape d'Aguilar, then?' 'Yes. Now he have see you he go catch plenty more men. My think you more better take care to-morrow night, captain.' I thought so too, though I said nothing.

The next day passed quite uneventfully, the

Fortunate Venture holding well on her course with a beam wind. Our acquaintances of the previous night made no sign, though I felt sure that we were being shepherded somehow either by them or their confederates, but at a distance at which we could not distinguish their vessels from other craft.

I intended to anchor that night in what I had been told was the usual lurking-place of these pirates, the tiny landlocked harbour of Samun, the largest of a group of islands, mere lofty rocks, situated off the shore at Myers' Bay farthest from Hong-kong, from which it was distant about thirty miles. This rocky group used to be called the Ladrones' or Thieves' Islands by the Macao-Portuguese. Indeed, their inhabitants lived by piracy, smuggling, or coolie-catching for the barracoons at Macao; and I subsequently found that the only path which led into the interior of the island was commanded by six-pounder guns, because the pirates had storehouses there!

Samun's tiny harbour was indeed a veritable death-trap for the unlucky trader who entered it or was driven in by stress of weather. It seemed to have been scooped out of the rocky cliffs, and had a narrow main entrance from the

open sea, and another, a mere rock-strewn passage between cliffs, which was known only to the islanders and their piratical and smuggling associates. This passage led to the side of the island which faced the shore of the mainland, and it was through this tunnel-like passage that the piratical craft silently glided during the very darkest hour of the night, that which precedes the dawn, in order to surprise their prey whilst at anchor in the harbour. Samun was also a capital coign of vantage from which to watch for any European ship that was unfortunate enough to get becalmed so near the land on a dark night.

I had purposely timed our arrival for sunset, and just as darkness set in I let go the fish-hook (the native wooden anchor) in the very centre of the little harbour. The Fortunate Venture then only swung by a light grass cable, which could be severed by a single stroke of a sharp axe should we need literally to 'cut and run' to sea at a moment's notice. Then, after the men had been given their evening meal, all except the lookouts were allowed to lie down at their

stations on deck.

(Continued on page 29.)

SOME CONGO PESTS.

THE DRIVER ANT.

By the Rev. JOHN H. WEEKS, Author of Congo Life and Folklore, Among Congo Cannibals, &c.

THERE are some advantages in living in a country like the Congo. You can grow your own bananas and oranges; you can live an unconventional life, and need not trouble about visiting-cards; the house 'boys' have no difficulty in carrying out the bulk of your furniture on Saturday morning, and stowing it on the front veranda, while they wash the house through with bucket and broom; and one is never troubled with the drawing-room chimney smoking, for, in the first place, you will be extremely fortunate if you have even a sitting-room, and, in the next, there are no chimneys in the house, as fires are not required in a climate where the temperature never falls below sixty-seven degrees in the shade. These are a few of the compensations that reward the white folk for living near the equatorial line.

But there are some disadvantages that break the monotony of life; and although disagreeable at the time, they are subjects for conversation and laughter afterwards. It is midnight, and you are enjoying a sound and dreamless beautysleep, when you are aroused by the slapping of the cockroaches on the bamboo walls of your bungalow. It is not the first time you have heard these ominous sounds, and experience tells you that the ferocious driver ants have made an attack on your house. They have fastened on some unfortunate cockroaches that are now trying to shake off their enemies by flinging themselves against the walls, or, what is more probable, in blind panic at the attack they are trying to escape, and unheeding where they are going, and not gauging the distance and force of their flight, they are thus banging the walls.

On a small table by my bed I always keep a pair of thick woollen stockings, and, reaching out for these, I draw them up well over my pyjamas, and thus equipped I am ready to meet the emergency. The stockings are too thick for the ants to bite through, and the wool is too rough for them to climb easily—a very maze in which they become bewildered-so they are quickly caught and killed before they reach the thinner material of the pyjamas. I pass out of the bedroom, across the dining-room into the study, which is also our reception and drawing room, and light the lamp. Returning, I carry out my wife, and then our two small children, and place them on the home-made sofa, and cover them with a rug kept handy for the purpose. They rest perhaps doze off to sleep again, and I sit and read to pass the time away while the ants are busy clearing every living thing before

Just stand at the door of the bedroom, and by the light of the lamp left burning on the table

watch the scene. The walls are covered with ants; they drop from the roof on to dressing-table and washstand; they swarm over the mosquito-curtain, the wardrobe, and the trunks. The floor is almost brown with them. No living thing can stand against their onslaught. Lizards are being dragged away, beetles and cockreaches are being carried off, the rats and mice are scuttling away, and in two hours that room is as free of insects, lizards, beetles, and mice as if it were built only yesterday. scavenger ants are a blessing in disguise; but we should appreciate their kindly offices more highly if they would visit us at a more seasonable hour. During fifteen years of life among one of the cannibal tribes on the Upper Congo we had many visits from these ants-more than twenty; but we never knew them to come at any other time than between the midnight hour and 2 A.M.

Soon after two o'clock we return to bed, for the ants are now busy in other parts of the house, so they will leave our bedroom alone, since they never sweep through the same room twice in a visit, knowing well from instinct that they have swept it all too clean on the first foray for it to need a second.

In the morning, when we go to lay the table in preparation for breakfast, we find that the main army of ants has disappeared with their loot, but a regiment has been left behind in possession of our larder. The legs of the shelves holding our food are always standing in water; but the driver ants have sacrificed thousands of lives to form bridges; the tins of water are full of ants, and over the dead bodies of their comrades the living ants, laden with food, are passing to their nests, and others are hurrying forward to secure their loads. The meat left from the previous day is one moving mass of ant life. It seems chaos in miniature; but you can see the heavily laden ants struggling from beneath the others with their loads of meat. There is no malingering in their efforts to get at the food—not to eat it, but to carry it away to their own larder.

In despair, we take up the dish and make a dash for the open, where we deposit it on the ground. We have tucked our shirt-sleeves up well above the elbows, and as with the right hand we carry out the dish the ants attempt to rush up the arm, but we sweep them back with the left hand. How fortunate it was that we turned up our sleeves! Otherwise the ants would have run under the cuffs and swarmed over our bodies in an incredibly short space of time, and we should not have been able to strip quickly enough. I reckon that the man who has unwittingly stepped among some driver ants will undress more expeditiously than any other man on earth, for the strong jaws of every ant are an incentive to speed. It is marvellous that these ants, born and bred in Central Africa, should know the intricacies of European garments; but they make for the joints of its armour instinctively, and get to work directly they touch flesh.

We place the dish of seething ants on the ground, and make a clucking noise. The fowls hear the call; and, hurrying from all quarters, they set to work on the ants. Some of the ants escape to tell the tale of the huge enemies that attacked them with ruffled feathers and much cackling, but the majority fall an easy prey to the fowls. Everything is carried out from the larder, even the shelves and tins of waternow transformed into overflowing tins of ants-in which the legs stood; and when the cupboard is washed out with carbolic and water, then, and not till then, have we got rid of our troublesome night visitors. Troublesome? Well, not altogether, for we know it will be some time before we shall see another cockroach in the house, and for a week at least we shall not hear the lizards drop from the ceiling with a thud on to the table or floor, the beetles (heavy, hard-shell fellows) will not creep out of the thatch to fall with a sharp crack on the boards below, and it will be a week or more before the rats and mice will find sufficient courage to return to their old haunts and renew their forays on the candle-box and eggbasket.

On one occasion, while our house was being rethatched, we went to live in the schoolroom. It was well adapted for its purpose, but was unsuitable for a dwelling, as its single room had to answer for all purposes—study, dining-room, bedroom, &c. But we had not occupied our temporary quarters very long before we had a visit from the driver ants. We were aroused by the usual sounds, but now there was no study in which we could take refuge while the ants swarmed the place. Drawing on my thick woollen stockings and lighting the lamp, I considered what was to be done, when my eye fell on the dining-room table. The very thing! In a few minutes the legs of the table were standing in plates of paraffin, some blankets were spread over the table, and my wife and children were laid upon it, and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

For more than two hours that night I walked around that table sweeping the ants away with a long broom for fear they would rush the moats of paraffin, and by making bridges with their bodies allow their comrades successfully to storm the table and turn its occupants into the cold night air. My sweeping operations were varied by picking off the ants that fell from the ceiling on to the improvised bed, or from my own head and neck, or by chasing an occasional ant that had mastered my woollen stockings, and was rewarding itself by digging its mandibles into my flesh. Ugh, how they nipped! What fierceness they put into every grip, what tenacity into every snap of their jaws! They held on as though they had lived and trained for nothing else than that

one bite, for only death made them relax their prey. It is some years since that night, but the memories of its discomforts linger with me still; and although I smile when I recall the figure I must have cut, in the lamplight, walking round the table with a long broom, yet the smile fades away when I remember how some ants, escaping observation, crept under the bedclothes and aroused the sleeping bairns by their savage bites.

At the back of our station we had a large, rough house in which, every night, we locked our goats and sheep to guard them from leopards and pythons; but neither locks nor bolts can keep out driver ants when a place comes in their line of march. Many a night have I heard in the distance the cries of the goats and sheep; and, knowing what they were suffering from the attacks of their savage little foes the driver ants, and their utter helplessness, I have left my warm bed, and, with a lantern in hand to show the path that I might not step on a snake, have gone and released the animals from their How they rushed out of the opened door, pens. stamping with their feet to shake off their enemies! I am sure that if they could have spoken they would have called out 'Thank you!' as they crowded pell-mell into the open field, where there was a possibility of escape from the ants. I can imagine no death more horrible than torture by driver ants; yet that was sometimes the agonising death allotted, under certain circumstances, to persons charged with witchcraft—to be securely fastened and thrown into a nest of driver ants. I am glad to use the past tense, for this does not happen now within the sphere of Christian influence on the Congo.

Driver ants are often to be met in their marches about the country in search of food. I have known them to be three days and nights hurrying across our station in one direction, and at exposed points, such as paths, the soldier ants -fierce fellows more than half an inch long-. made living tunnels with their bodies that the workers might journey in safety. Drop anything on the line, and the soldiers instantly scatter in all directions to discover the cause of the assault, and unless you have withdrawn two or three yards from the line of march they will find you, and attack you with such savage determination that they will quickly put you to rout. However, discovering nothing, they re-form the living tunnel, and the working ants, who in the meantime have not stopped for a moment their ceaseless journey, pass on with their loads. When the ant army has passed, you will notice that the hard earth is beaten smooth with the tread of their countless feet.

While itinerating about the country you will meet these ant armies, and the man at the head of your caravan will shout, 'Nsongonia!' ('Driver ants!'), and make a jump to clear the line of march of such a spiteful army; and every member of your caravan, including yourself, will jump on

coming to the point where the driver ants are crossing the path. If you are astride a donkey it will be wise to alight and hurry your animal over the line of driver ants, since if you remain on his back you will soon know that the beast has stepped right among the drivers, for they are not only making him frisky and uncertain in his movements, but they are biting you voraciously under your tunic. There is no cry more heeded on the road than the shout, in the native tongue, of 'Driver ants!'

Yet without the driver ant tropical Africa would be more unhealthy than it is, and possibly unfit for human beings. By a wonderful instinct these scavenger ants track the carrion—be it a dead lizard or something of larger growth—and in a short time it will have disappeared, and there will be nothing left to taint the air. That your house should happen to come in the line of march is unfortunate for you at the moment; but when the small visitors have gone your feelings are more those of gratitude than abuse, and the only quarrel you are inclined to pick with them is that they prefer the night rather than the day in which to perform their sweetening operations on your house.

A REMINISCENCE.

LET us take the quiet path that we took so long ago,

When a scarlet winter sunset flushed the sky;
And our footsteps lightly scattered the newly fallen
snow.

Which we thought was summer rose-leaves—you and I.

A frosty moon was rising, and the keen east wind blew cold,

And the open gate of home was far to seek;
Ah! young love heeds not distance, and the story
that I told

Brought a glow of warmth and colour to your cheek.

We had come to gather holly for the pictures in the hall

From a coral-berried tree on yonder hill;

But we made such sweet excuses to watch the shadows fall

That gray twilight found us empty-handed still.

And we knew the church-clock erred when it chimed the hour of eight

As we loitered home together through the gloom, So I snatched a blissful moment—and a kiss beside the gate

Where to-day we saw a Christmas rose in bloom!

You sigh, then sweetly say, 'Though our union has been blest,

Yet the golden morn of youth was very fair.'

Dear, the years must claim their toll, but I think
I love you best

Now that Time has sprinkled silver on your hair. E. MATHESON.



INDUSTRIALISM AND THE LAND PROBLEM IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

By A. NEWLANDS, M. Inst. C. E., Chief Engineer, Highland Railway.

TO-DAY the question of the extent to which emigration is depopulating the country districts of Great Britain is exercising the minds of all thinking men. Much alarmist nonsense has been written on the subject, and pictures of deserted villages and waste countrysides have been graphically drawn as coming realities; but while much of this can be discounted, it is none the less a fact that in certain country districts the flood of an abnormal emigration is having a very unsettling effect on their social and economic life.

In 1911 the number of emigrants who left Great Britain was almost twice what it was in 1880, and the total for 1913 is estimated at three hundred thousand. As many as three thousand persons have been known to leave Scotland in one day, and yet writers on the subject who try to see a silver lining in the cloud tell us of the benefits thus reaped by our colonies, and say that, except in Scotland, the rate of emigration is not higher than the natural increase in the population of the United Kingdom justifies.

We in Scotland, however, object to any such qualification; for, in so far as the Highlands of Scotland, at any rate, are concerned, we know that the leakage is quite abnormal, that it is more than a mere surplus drift, and much more than our Highland counties can legitimately afford. Taking the county of Inverness, the largest in Scotland, we find that the census return for 1911 gives the population at eighty-seven thousand two hundred and seventy-three, or two thousand eight hundred and thirty-two less than in 1901, and the lowest return for the county since 1811 -that is, one hundred years ago.

The beginning of the trend of emigration from the Scottish Highlands goes back to the period when, after the 1745 rebellion, owing to the failure of the Jacobite rising, the feudal system under which the Highlanders held their lands from the chief in return for their support of his standard in time of war came to an end. strong form of civil government took the place of the old heritable jurisdiction of the chiefs, who found that their claims and rights could

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arms in the hands of a powerful retinue of

Following on the break-up of the feudal system came more settled conditions of social life, with improved means of communication and encouragement and development of agriculture; and it was soon found that the outruns for black cattle and the miserable patches of undrained and unmanured land hitherto worked by the clansmen could be put to much better use from the financial standpoint if utilised for the grazing of sheep. It is on record that a large tract of hill-ground in Glengarry let to the men of Kintail for the summer grazing of their black cattle for fifteen pounds a year was inspected by a sagacious sheepfarmer from the Lowlands, who offered three hundred and fifty pounds a year for it. This golden opportunity was not thrown away by the chiefs, and they accordingly took into their own hands the various tracts of their property which hitherto had been held by the 'tacksmen,' or These 'tacksmen,' who sublet the large tenants. lands they held to the clansmen, were often kinsmen of the chief, and owed allegiance to him as members of his clan. Accordingly they resented the action of their superior in taking the lands under his own management, and, smarting under a sense of injustice, they emigrated, with their families and their followers, to America; and so we find that from 1772 to 1792 sixteen vessels with emigrants left the western shores of Inverness and Ross-shire, with some six thousand four hundred persons, taking with them about thirtyeight thousand four hundred pounds sterling.

The emigration thus begun continued for many years, and, being fostered and encouraged by agencies and shipping speculators, attained such proportions that during the American War of Independence there was enrolled in Carolina the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment, recruited largely from natives of Skye and Mull who had emigrated there. Even as emigrants, their native loyal instincts asserted themselves, and, as Chatham said, 'they served with fidelity and fought with valour' in the interests of the British monarchy.

The extent of the emigration at the time we no longer be successfully asserted by force of | speak of eventually reached such proportions that [All Rights Reserved.] **DECEMBER 13, 1913.**

the estate-owners became alarmed, and by common consent a meeting was convened in Edinburgh in 1784, which resulted in the institution of a Highland Society. The Duke of Argyll was the first president, and under seal of His Majesty George the Third the Highland Society at Edinburgh was granted a royal warrant for a charter Under this warrant the on 17th May 1787. society was empowered to purchase lands, tenements, &c., not exceeding five hundred pounds sterling of yearly rent, and to receive legacies, donations, &c., which sums, along with three thousand pounds granted by Government, and the annual subscription of four hundred and ninety-six members, were to be lent and employed for the furtherance of the objects of the society. Prizes were also offered for essays on agricultural and industrial subjects.

The laudable ambitions of the society did not, however, materialise, except that some impetus was given to the fishing industry. Had trades and manufactures been introduced into the north at that time before the southern districts of Scotland occupied the field, a general and permanent amelioration of the condition of the people of the

Highlands might have been effected.

About the end of the eighteenth century we find a complete reversal of the foregoing policy in operation. The epidemic of emigration had spent itself, and the people, although gradually becoming congested in the crofting townships, seemed disinclined to emigrate, notwithstanding that the continued development of the sheepfarming business, requiring little labour, had made it the less necessary for them to remain. To make room for the sheep they had been encouraged, sometimes forced, to take up crofting lands on the seaboard, and it was hoped that while cultivating the land they would also engage in the fishing industry; but so long as they were able to eke out a miserably bare living from potato-growing on the crofts and the herringfishing on the sea-lochs, they seemed to have settled down to a lethargic, hopeless existence, with the consequence that the population rapidly increased, the crofter allowing the cottar or squatter to settle on his land, and congestion to become general.

This condition of things eventually reached a crisis, and emigration as an amelioration of their miserable existence was again forced upon the people, so that in 1802 about three thousand persons left the Highlands, and in 1803 it was estimated that some nine thousand persons were about to leave. The Government now stepped in; and, realising the necessity for maintaining a population in the Highlands, if for no other reason than that the requirements of military and naval efficiency demanded it, they sent the famous engineer Telford to the north to report, among other things, on the causes of emigration and on a means of preventing it, on the feasibility of constructing a sea-to-sea canal along the line

of the Caledonian Valley, on methods of improving the means of communication by the making of roads, and on the improvement of fisheries, all of which it was hoped would provide employ-

ment for the people.

Telford advocated the adoption of this policy, and two sets of commissioners were appointed, one to supervise the construction of the Caledonian Canal, and another to deal with the improvement of Highland roads, bridges, and the fisheries. The Caledonian Canal was begun in 1803, but dragged through a weary period of construction and improvement until 1822, when it was finally finished at a cost to the Government of one million three hundred thousand pounds. The sum of two hundred and fifty-two thousand pounds was spent by the commissioners on Highland roads and bridges, a like sum being contributed by the proprietors whose estates had benefited by the new works. As a means of alleviating distress these works did a certain amount of good, but not to the extent that had been anticipated, for it was found that the Highlanders had an objection to a form of employment which entailed their leaving their homes for long periods; and emigration was only partially arrested.

We now arrive at the period about the middle of last century when even the Scottish Highlands came under that spell of industrial development to which the whole nation had awakened. invention of the steam-engine had supplied the necessary stimulus to this awakening, railways were being built all over the country, and ready employment was found for our surplus Highland population. For the past sixty years we find, therefore, that the Scottish Highlands have been a great nursery for the supply of human raw material required for the demands of industrial life in the south and for the requirements of our military and naval forces, and for either of these purposes the fine physique and sturdy independence of the mountain-bred Highlander stamps

him out as in the front rank.

Having now reviewed the economic position in the Highlands for the past one hundred and fifty years, let us look at the outstanding features of it to-day. Industrialism has developed to such an extent that it has become the sheet-anchor of the nation, and threatens to strangle agriculture, not-withstanding that the latter is still our premier industry. The land, except in so far as it can be burrowed into in search of mineral wealth or utilised for industrial expansion, is in danger of becoming of second-rate importance; and with regard to its capacity to feed the people of the nation, it is not being cultivated to anything like the extent that it might be.

How has all this economic change affected the Scottish Highlands? Briefly, it amounts to this, that owing to the manner in which industry has centralised itself into great and squalid hives in the south, the conditions of employment and of

social life open to the Highlander there have no attraction for him. He prefers the more precarious and restricted opportunity of employment in his own district, where his wife and family are; or, better still, the offer of a free and independent life in our colonies presents to him an attractive prospect, and so he ultimately forms another unit in the emigrant band.

As a rule, a development of industry in any nation tends to diminish emigration, although at the same time it encourages immigration. The peculiar feature of our industrial development, however, has been the manner in which our industries have been located at certain favoured centres. This is a feature in the development of all nations; but in respect that Great Britain has been the pioneer in industrial development, this characteristic is more marked in our country. At the present day the pressure and expansion of industry demands more room. The conditions under which the foundation of our industrial life was established, and under which it was fostered and developed, now no longer exist. A state of congestion has arisen by a slow process of natural growth in our large centres of industry, and at the present day its evil effects are so acute as to be a very severe restraint upon, if not a menace to, all future development. These effects are manifest in the scarcity of workers, and in the revolt of industrial life against the conditions under which it exists and toils; and, in spite of legislation and governmental control and supervision, an existence satisfactory to the workers in these great centres does not seem to be any nearer of attainment.

From the employers' standpoint the outlook is equally depressing. The expense and scarcity of suitable factory and workshop sites, a rapidly increasing taxation, a rising wage-bill, the restraint of the afore-mentioned Government supervision, and the distractions due to combinations of labour are all adversely affecting the profits to be made in industry of every character, and are a very serious tax on production.

It lies in the Wherein lies the remedy? creation of an environment suitable and advantageous to employer and employed alike, and such an environment is possible only in certain rural districts. Just as it was the invention of the steam-engine that gave the initial stimulus to our industrial life, so it was the presence of coal (which meant steam for the engine) which in certain favoured localities was the means of our infant industries taking root there. Such localities as combined the advantages of a coal-supply with facilities for shipping scored over others less fortunate. Originally coal was very cheap; now it is very dear, and likely to become dearer; and in a much higher ratio the cost of factory sites and rents and taxation in the neighbourhood of the coal areas have also increased.

Cheap power is a necessity to the manufacturer to-day more than it ever was, and science and

invention have made most strenuous exertions in the direction of attaining higher boiler and engine efficiency, with a view to the reduction of power costs. Electricity as a motive-power has, moreover, come into the field, and electricity generated from water-power offers under ordinary circumstances power to industrial life at probably one-half the cost of power raised from coal. It is here that the Scottish Highlands have something to offer. Nowhere else in Great Britain are possibilities of electric energy from waterpower capable of attainment to the same extent as in the Highlands, where one million horsepower awaits development. Even if the power available be put at five hundred thousand horsepower, it represents, on a comparison of the cost of an equal amount of power from coal at ten shillings per ton, an annual value of one million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

The case of Italy is analogous to that of the Highlands. Italy is a country destitute of coal, with about one-tenth of her area barren rock and one-third mountains, and yet she is rapidly coming to the front industrially, and may soon rival Belgium. It is by harnessing up her small streams and her rivers that she is counterbalancing her barrenness in coal. Germany—notably Bavaria—although rich in coal, is doing the same, a 'State office for the development of water-power and supply of electricity' being one of the youngest and sturdiest Government departments there. It is the same in Switzerland, in Canada, and in the States; indeed, wherever water-power is available it is being rapidly utilised. It is only the characteristic, stubborn conservatism of the British capitalist—who, because he began with coal, refuses to try anything else-that accounts for the fact that hitherto so little has been made of the hydro-electric possibilities of our country.

The example of our Continental and oversea competitors, coupled with the difficulties and expense which are already beginning to throttle our industries in the congested centres where they now exist, is, however, serving as nothing else can to direct attention to our hitherto despised water-power possibilities. It is in the high mountain-ranges of the Highlands, where the maximum rainfall in Scotland is recorded, and where there are at high elevations innumerable great lochs to act as ready-made storage reservoirs, as well as many steep and rapid rivers, that the greatest hydro-electric possibilities of this country are to be found.

Then there is the land in the Highlands. The land problem in the Highlands presents certain unique characteristics. Except in the rich agricultural districts, such as Easter Ross, much of the land in the Highlands is poor. A great deal of what at one time supported a simple and contented peasantry is hilly and lies at a considerable elevation, where, owing to climatic conditions, the ingathering of the crops in good condition is rarely assured.

These drawbacks to agricultural occupation of the Highlands are, of course, not of yesterday, and it was under the conditions enumerated that generations of Highlanders lived out a hardy and contented existence. To-day economic developments and the march of progress, coupled with improved education and more particularly with better facilities for travel, have entirely altered the situation. The whole question has been under the consideration of the Government for many years. We got the Crofters Act in 1886, assuring fixity of tenure and compensation for improvements; and the Crofters Commission, which dealt with the question of fair rents, has just been wound up after completing a term of twenty-five years' service, and has been superseded by the Land Court. What is the net result of these efforts to improve the situation? In their twenty-five years of service the Crofters Commissioners dealt with over twenty-two thousand applications for the fixing of fair rents. They inspected about two million acres of land, of which two hundred and thirteen thousand acres were They reduced the rents by twenty-two thousand pounds annually, which on the total acreage inspected represents a reduction of twopence halfpenny per acre, and on the arable land two shillings per acre. Does it follow that these petty reductions to a crofter occupying perhaps ten acres of arable land and a share of hill represent the difference between misery and comfort to him? Remember that the rents fixed by the commissioners were the 'fair and reasonable' rents which in their view the crofters were bound to pay to the proprietor for the land they held. As a comment on their final report, we find the commissioners confessing that while they doubtless established the relationship between landlord and tenant on an equitable basis, they regret that any measure of improvement in the lot of the crofters has been brought about as much by assistance received from sons and daughters who had prospered in the cities in the south or who had emigrated as by the result of the commissioners' labours. Then we have the Congested Districts Board, who by the purchase of suitable land and letting it out to crofting applicants have superseded the private landowner. The experience of this board is a most unfortunate one, for we find that they have been unable on one of their properties to collect more than a very trifling proportion of the rents due to them; and indeed the difficulty of rent collection is one of the most embarrassing problems they have to deal with.

Enough has been said to show that agriculturally land in the Highlands will never again do what it formerly did in supplying the simple requirements of an equally simple and contented peasantry; but associated with an industrial development from the utilisation of its water-power the land could not fail to be extremely valuable. The geographical location

of the North of Scotland and the natural advantages of the country render such a development highly attractive. The fine, indented seaboard, the fact that no part of the country is more than twenty miles from the sea and the line of the Caledonian Canal, the existence of an efficient railway system, and the communication afforded by good roads, all serve to meet the requirements of modern industry.

If the Government is to do anything to retain a population in the Highlands, it must associate a policy of industrial development with its land policy. A Royal Commission ought to be appointed to investigate and report on the water possibilities, just as is being done in other countries. Thereafter Government funds should be available for the development of several of the areas most favourably reported on; or, if preferred, Government grants free of interest for, say, twenty years should be available for the encouragement of development in the hands of private enter-The power would be transmitted to the seaboard or to the neighbourhood of the railways, The financial assistance and distributed there. suggested would serve to tide over the lean period necessary for the power demand to grow until the scheme itself paid interest on its capital cost. The land required for the factory and workshop sites could be acquired under the powers already possessed by the Board of Agriculture or by the Development Commissioners; or if these powers are insufficient, they can be amplified.

The whole policy is as feasible as that which provides funds for the construction of light railways; and if industrial development grew to an extent which justified railways, these would soon be built without Government assistance. Distance has now been annihilated, and our Scottish Highlands are as accessible for the import and export of raw and finished materials as any other part of our country. It surely has an advantage over the inland centres of industry in the Midlands of England; and if the Government were to inaugurate an industrial-cum-land policy on the line sketched out, our industrial interests would welcome it. The decentralisation of industry is imperative—indeed it has already begun; and for the reasons given the Highlands have possibilities such as no other part of the country can put forward. A home-life re-established in a fine, healthy Highland environment, with employment readily available and supplementing the living on the croft, and with the opportunity for cottage industries, as in Switzerland, as well as the profit and recreation possible owing to the possession of land, would commend itself to employer and employed alike; and in addition to improving the physique of the race, it would go a long way to check emigration and re-establish the old Highland home, and to abolish what is nowadays a festering sore in our economic life—namely, 'industrial unrest.'

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER II .- LE PREMIER PAS.

HAVING disposed of the Reverend Aubrey Buck's correspondence—it was not so bulky as on previous occasions, for evidently the paragraph in the Searchlight had dealt its originator a mortal blow—uncle and nephew sat down to an excellent luncheon, cooked and served by James Nimmo. No woman ever crossed the threshold of the house in Hampstead.

James Nimmo had originally been a ship's steward, and his conversion to misogynistic principles had been effected comparatively late in life. Always a man of thrifty disposition, he had shirked the responsibility and expense of matrimony until he had attained the ripe age of forty. Then he fell a sudden and abject captive to the charms of a damsel of Carnoustie, half his age. The match was struck, but it was stipulated by the girl's parents that the wedding should not take place until after James Nimmo's next voyage.

Before sailing the prospective bridegroom handed over to his beloved the greater part of his savings, to be expended in the purchase and outfitting of a suitable establishment—to wit, a bijou villa in Broughty Ferry—in order that the honeymoon might commence without unavoidable

delay upon his return.

Eight weeks later James Nimmo sailed into the Tay, to find his turtle-dove flown. Alarmed possibly by the unrest produced in the real property market by recent legislation, the lady had forborne to purchase the bijou villa. Having no house, to spend money upon furniture was obviously a work of supererogation. Lastly, inspired perhaps by a yearning for a wider field in which to exercise her undoubted talents, the affianced of James Nimmo had decided to emigrate to Canada. This decision she promptly put into execution, departing without undue ostentation in the steerage of an Allan liner, and taking with her her parents, James Nimmo's savings, and a young carpenter of steady habits and good wage-earning capacity whom she had married three days previously.

Six months later James Nimmo made the acquaintance of Uncle Joseph on board a P. & O. liner, homeward bound from Bombay. James was deck-steward on that voyage, and Uncle Joseph's attention was first attracted to him by the extreme coldness, not to say hauteur, with which he attended to the wants of seasick lady passengers. James Nimmo, on his part, noted with grim approval the whole-hearted fashion in which Uncle Joseph, who was a presentable bachelor of thirty-six in those days, boycotted the long row of chairs in the lee of the deckhouses, and confined himself to the smoking-room

or the windward side of the ship.

One hot night in the Red Sea a chance remark

of Uncle Joseph's unlocked the heart and loosed the tongue of James Nimmo, and before dawn the whole of the tale of the fickle beauty of Carnoustie had been told, for the first and last time, to mortal man.

At Tilbury James Nimmo resigned his post and abandoned the service of the sea in order to follow Uncle Joseph. Since that day they had never been parted. All this had happened more

than ten years ago.

Philip had been added to the household at Hampstead a few days after Uncle Joseph had landed at Tilbury—in fact, it was on Philip's account that Uncle Joseph had come home—and from that moment he had lived and breathed in a society exclusively masculine. He still retained recollections of the period when petticoats ruled him, but they were very faint, for his nursery days had ended abruptly at the tender age of four.

Sometimes, though, he had visions. He saw dimly a stout, autocratic, but on the whole goodtempered being whom he called Nanny. He saw more dimly a big, silent man, who occasionally took him on his knee and fed him furtively with the tops of eggs, and made laborious conversation. And most dimly of all he saw a lady, very dainty and sweet-smelling, who always appeared to be talking. When she talked to a group of other ladies and gentlemen she seemed to smile and sparkle like some pretty jewel. But when she was alone with the big, silent man she neither smiled nor sparkled, and her voice sounded shrill and hard. Philip had a vague recollection that on these occasions the room always seemed to grow darker.

The pretty lady took little notice of Philip, but Philip took sufficient notice of her to be able to realise one day that she was gone. Nothing else about the house seemed changed except that. Philip still played in the nursery, and went out walking with his Nanny; he even received the tops of eggs from the big, silent man, who seemed to grow more silent and less big as the days went by. But the pretty lady never came back. Once Philip ventured to inquire of the man what had become of her, but the question was not answered, and the man seemed to grow even smaller than before; so Philip, fearing lest he should fade away altogether, refrained from further investigations.

Not long after this Philip was taken to see the man in bed, and he noted with concern that the man had shrunk away almost to nothing. Philip was lifted up, and the man kissed him, which he had never done before, and said something which Philip did not understand, but which made Nanny cry. Philip cried too when he was taken back to the nursery, and Nanny endeavoured to comfort him by giving him an egg with his tea. But Philip would only eat the top. The man would have been pleased if he had known this; and perhaps he did, for during the hour of Philip's tea-time he passed on to a place where people know everything, and—which is far better—the reason of everything.

After that came a period when the windows were darkened and people came and went in great numbers throughout the house. Philip had a new black velvet suit, and rather enjoyed the stir and bustle. But when this émeute was over the days grew very dull, for Nanny and Philip and one or two maids seemed to have the house to themselves. Everybody appeared to be waiting for something. Even the glories of the black velvet suit began to pall, and Philip was genuinely relieved when one day a carriage drove up to the door and a gentleman stepped out and rang the bell with an authoritative peal. Most gratifying of all, the gentleman was shown straight up to the nursery, where he shook hands with Philip and directed the boy to address him as Uncle Joseph. The gentleman strongly resembled the Man, except that his back was stiffer, and he held his head more proudly, and spoke in a staccato and commanding voice.

It was Philip's last day in the nursery, for Uncle Joseph took him away that very afternoon. Non sine pulvere, however. For a most unexpected and memorable conflict arose between Uncle Joseph and Nanny. Philip, who sat on the window-seat an interested witness, never forgot that spectacle. He had seen Nanny cross, and he had seen Nanny cry; but he had never before seen Nanny cross and crying at the same time. Her voice rose higher and higher, and then broke. Philip heard her say, 'That lamb!' several times; and Uncle Joseph replied, in a very steady, resolute voice, 'Never again! Never again to one of your sex!'

After that events moved rapidly, and Philip remembered little more than a hurricane of tearful farewells from Nanny and the maids, and a long journey in the carriage to the house in Hampstead. Here he was introduced to James Nimmo, who provided him with an excellent tea, and then washed him (with surprising skill) and put him to bed. After a few days Philip, with the happy adaptability of extreme youth, grew so accustomed to his new surroundings that it would have embarrassed him extremely to have his face washed by a lady.

Now, after ten years, the visions of his nursery days came but rarely. The pretty lady he had almost forgotten. Once a whiff of scent, emanating from a houri who passed him in the Finchley Road, brought her memory back to him, but only for a moment. Poor, cross, faithful Nanny was a mere shadow. The Man dwelt most strongly in his recollection, but he

was becoming inextricably merged with Uncle Joseph.

James Nimmo and Uncle Joseph divided Philip's upbringing between them. Uncle Joseph taught him to read and write, while James Nimmo instructed him in the arts of cookery and needlework. By the time he was ten Philip could make an omelette, repair a rent in his own garments, or 'sort'—to use James Nimmo's expression—a faulty electric bell.

Uncle Joseph broke to him the news that the world was round, and initiated him into the mysteries of latitude and longitude and the geography of continents and oceans. James Nimmo's discourses had a more human and personal touch. He spoke of far-reaching steamer-tracks as if they had been London thoroughfares, alluding to mighty liners with no more emphasis than if they had been so many motor-omnibuses—as indeed they are. He criticised New York, Colombo, or Melbourne in no mere scientific spirit, but from the point of view of a thrifty Scot ashore for a few hours' pleasure.

Neither was Philip's literary education neglected. Uncle Joseph cultivated his intellect, while James Nimmo enriched his vocabulary. From Uncle Joseph he learned to enjoy the masterpieces of his native tongue, and to express himself in direct and cogent English; but it was from James Nimmo that he picked up such colloquial patois as 'ashet' and 'gigot' and 'besom.' He also referred at times to 'the morn's morn,' and was accustomed to inquire of his uncle, 'Are you not for another cup of tea?' or 'Will I open the window?'

It was to James Nimmo, too, that Philip owed his first introduction to poetry. James was in the habit of referring constantly to a friend of his, apparently deceased, whose full name Philip never rightly ascertained, but whose invariable appellation was 'Rabbie.' Rabbie, it appeared, was the only real poet who had ever existed. His soul was the soul of Scotland. Rabbie had never penned a line which did not get home to his countrymen; conversely, no Scot could ever be overtaken by a great thought or conceive a moving sentiment without finding that thought or sentiment already expressed in perfection in some work of Rabbie's.

James Nimmo could quote whole stanzas of him, and kept a store of apposite tags and passages from his works upon the tip of his tongue. He was addicted to the recital of lengthy selections from an intensely respectable poem entitled 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,' and would throw off shorter masterpieces—'The Twa Dogs,' 'Scots Wha Ha'e,' and 'Auld Lang Syne'—in their entirety. Most of these performances Philip secretly considered rather dull, but he made an exception in favour of a curious little poem about a mouse, which James Nimmo used to recite with great tenderness and a certain

pathetic effect. Our affections must have an outlet somewhere. Old maids cherish pug-dogs; perhaps it was the same instinct which softened the sere and yellow heart of James Nimmo towards the 'wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,' whose schemes had gone agley too, and whose efforts to found a home for itself had met with no better success than his own.

The fact that Rabbie was subject to human weaknesses of any description, or had ever experienced any passions other than those arising from patriotic fervour or political animus, was concealed from Philip for many a year. Once only did James Nimmo lift a corner of the curtain.

'He went tae his grave at seven-and-thirty,'

he mentioned one day.

'Why?' inquired the ingenuous Philip.

'Because they had drained the life oot o'him,' replied James Nimmo, his face hardening. 'I mind a vairse he yince wrote. It micht ha' been his ain epitaph:

As father Adam firrst was fooled—
A case that's still too common—
Here lies a man that wumman ruled,
The deevil ruled the wumman!'—

a summary of the life and character of Scotland's national bard which his most ardent admirer will admit errs a little on the side of leniency toward Rabbie, and ingratitude toward a sex which, all things considered, had no special cause to bless him.

After luncheon Uncle Joseph disposed himself to slumber for half-an-hour, while Philip, who, in common with his kind, always felt particularly energetic when distended with food, practised

high-jumping in the garden.

At two the pair went out for a walk. If it happened to be a Thursday—as it was to-day they repaired to a large bank in Finchley Road, where the notes and gold which had come out of the morning's envelopes were handed over to a polite cashier. Uncle Joseph was a well-known When he strode in on Thursday figure here. afternoons the cashier always sent in a hurried message to the manager; and that financial Janus would emerge, smiling, from his temple behind the glass screens and come round to the front of the counter and shake hands with Uncle Joseph, and engage him in agreeable conversation, while Philip watched the cashier licking his thumb and counting bank-notes with incredible rapidity. After entering the numbers of the notes in a big book, the cashier would seize the bag containing the gold and silverquite a number of Uncle Joseph's subscribers used to send actual coin in registered envelopes; they were of the type which does not understand postal-orders and mistrusts cheques-and pour it in a jingling cascade upon the counter. having counted it by playing lightning arpeggios upon it with his fingers, he would sweep it up in a brass coal-shovel and fling it contemptuously into a drawer already half-full, hopelessly mixing it with other people's money from the start. To Philip, like most of us, banking was a mystery.

The manager and Uncle Joseph then shook hands, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of want of confidence in the weather. After that Uncle Joseph and Philip walked to Swiss Cottage Station, where Uncle Joseph departed alone by the underground to another bank, in the Edgware Road this time. Here he deposited a bundle of cheques and crossed postal-orders. The majority of these were drawn to the order of the Treasurer of the International Brotherhood of Kind Young Hearts, though a fair proportion bore the names of Master T. Smith and the Rev. Aubrey Buck.

Out of consideration for the manager of the bank at Hampstead, who, had he been asked to place sums of money intended for such a diversity of people to the credit of a single individual, would undoubtedly have become greatly confused -and deeply interested—Uncle Joseph kept a separate account at the Edgware Road bank for all contributions to his benefactions which did not arrive in the form of notes or cash. These he invariably endorsed, 'Everard James, Secretary.' The same name was inscribed upon his pass-book. It was understood in the Edgware Road bank that Mr James was general director of a large philanthropic institution, and the fact that he paid in so many cheques endorsed by other people was doubtless due to the circumstance that these were minor officials of the same organisation—as indeed they were.

Philip usually devoted his solitary walk home from Swiss Cottage Station to a minute inspection of the shop windows in Finchley Road. On this particular Thursday afternoon, though, he began to run. The soundness of his physical condition may be gauged from the fact that he ran up Netherhall Gardens, a declivity much in favour with prospective purchasers of motor-cars out on trial-trips, and in corresponding disfavour with would-be vendors of the same. He ran on past the newly built Tube Station, up Frognal, and presently reached the outskirts of Hampstead Heath. It was half-past three, and the

red wintry sun was sinking low.

Suddenly he paused, and then stopped dead. He was conscious, deep down within him, of a recurrence of the sensation which had stirred him on the previous Sunday as he walked over this part of the Heath with Uncle Joseph. On that occasion he had noticed a little girl sitting on a gate. She had smiled at Philip as he passed, a wide and friendly smile. Philip had not returned it, for Uncle Joseph had noted the smile and improved the occasion at once.

'You see, Philip!' he said. 'The hunting instinct already! That child has never seen you before; she will never see you again; she would not care if you went to perdition to-morrow, though she would feel intensely gratified if she could be certain that you had gone there on her

account. She is nothing to you, or you to her. But you are a man and she is a woman. So she smiles at you. It is the first and most primitive of the arts of attraction. There is nothing behind the smile, nothing but an undeveloped predatory instinct. And that is what Man has to struggle against all the days of his life, to the detriment of his own and the world's progress.'

Long before Uncle Joseph had concluded these timely observations the little girl was out of sight. 'Predatory' was a new word to Philip.

He made a mental note of it, and resolved to question Uncle Joseph as to its meaning on a more suitable occasion. Meanwhile he felt that he had had an escape—an escape and a warning.

Still, here he was, four days later, back in the same danger-zone. And there, sitting on the same gate, with the setting sun glinting on two long, honey-coloured pigtails, sat the little girl.

'Hallo, Boy!' she said, and smiled again.

Philip gave her a severe look.

(Continued on page 35.)

PEARLING IN AUSTRALIAN WATERS.

By J. O. BYRNE.

THE finding of even a moderately valuable pearl in Australian waters starts a fever of excitement among the northern coast fishers. A late find in Torres Strait, made by a native diver, sold for three hundred pounds. The native was thrifty and religious, and he expended the money in buying the boat he had previously hired, and paying off the balance of debt owing on his village church.

The lucky diver is not always fortunate in the price he gets or in the use to which he devotes the proceeds. A West Australian pearl marketed for ten thousand pounds brought the fisherman only ten pounds; another, about the size of a pigeon's egg, and on first examination reported to be a wonder of the pearl world, was lost, and the fisher and his friends are unable to say what has become of it. Many Australian pearls have been sold for from seven hundred to one thousand pounds each; but the find serves as a fresh stimulus to diving activity whether the finder receives little or much.

The most important pearl-fisheries are on the north-west and north-east of the continent, and the rise and fall of workings would, if recorded, resemble a weather-chart of a variable season. On the north-west side the business is principally in the hands of white men; on the north-east it is nominally carried on by whites, but in reality by coloured labour. Broome, the centre of the north-western industry, is now thriving rapidly; but Thursday Island, the centre of the north-eastern trade, is tending toward Oriental contentment with small profits. At Port Darwin, the most northern point, the work is almost wholly in the hands of Asiatics.

The business was originated by white men, and pearling in Australian waters is not yet fifty years old. A little over forty years ago a few intrepid adventurers, finding themselves in Torres Strait, examined their new surroundings, and decided to give pearling a trial, as some of them were expert divers. When they had carried this on for a time they bethought themselves of turning over the diving branch of the work to the coloured people who hung about. There were

aboriginal Australians, Malays, Rotumah men, Loyalty Islanders, and Japanese at hand, and the white divers proceeded to instruct them in the art. In a few years there was no demand for white divers, and the coloured man had a monopoly of the work. Legislation in the interest of white divers has been passed, but the results are still uncertain.

Australian pearls are of many shapes and colours, and in the trade have names to distinguish them. Pearls under ten grains are sold by the ounce, above that by the grain. Colour has a deal to do with the value. The white pearls go mostly to Europe, and the yellow ones to India. In Australia an ounce of good white pearls will fetch up to one hundred pounds, but sometimes realise only a fifth of that amount. The yellow pearls may be rated on an average at about half the value of the white ones. The seedpearls used for cheap jewellery can be had for one pound per ounce, and discoloured pearls for seven shillings and sixpence; but if the discoloration is peculiar the value is sometimes enhanced. the discoloration consists of a bar or a tip the price may run very high. For the lowest class of seed-pearls there is a constant demand among Oriental physicians and apothecaries, who grind them into a powder and administer it to patients as curative of many ills.

At one time-before the diving-dress became general and supervision the thorough business it is now-divers were suspected of much ingenious dishonesty, and the suspicion was often well founded, as they sometimes secreted a pearl when opening the shells; but supervision has practically put an end to that. Some boat-owners keep the shells in water, take them ashore, and open them at leisure with their own hands; others stand over a couple of Kanakas who do the work on board. The idea that the Rotumah 'boys' and Japanese—both among the best divers—can tell a pearl-bearing oyster by touching the shell is still widely prevalent; and it is alleged that when the touch so advises, the diver thrusts the oyster into the crevice of some rock, from which it is afterwards taken out and appropriated as his own

property; but as a rule the suspicion is groundless. Divers who are on bad terms with their employers or are about to hire a boat of their own may come upon a nest of oysters, and on returning to the boat declare that there is nothing below; but even that trick is becoming less effective day by day. The glass-bottomed boat is coming into use in pearling waters, and the master of such a boat is able, if the water be fairly clear, to inspect the sea-bottom while the diver is at work.

Diving makes peculiar demands on the mental and physical systems of the men engaged. Some declare that during a part of his time below the diver's mental condition borders on insanity. grudge against, or a suspicion of, those above becomes suddenly magnified in the diver's imagination, and he signals to be pulled up, resolved to have revenge there and then. However, when he reaches the deck the imaginary wrongs vanish or shrink into common, everyday disagreements. On the other hand, men prone to violence have become peace-loving and docile by a course of diving.

At a depth of eighty feet a diver cannot see very well, his movements are slow, and breathing begins to trouble him. At every foot deeper he thinks how slight a mishap may foul the life-line, and all his thoughts tend to centre on himself and his hazards. At such times the inadequacy of his pay appears to him as a huge grievance—he gets six to twelve pounds a month, which seems an insignificant reward; but when he comes to the surface and rests a few minutes all is again

Sharks, which are supposed to be a great terror, give the average diver little concern; he is more afraid of the sea-eel of north Queensland. diver is perfectly safe on the sea-bottom, because man-eating sharks are not ground-feeders; if they see him they wait till he rises for a breath of air, and then they try to intercept him, but the diver and his long knife nearly always win. The diver's worst enemy in the deep is the giant | fascination.

This large creature, from five to seven mollusc. feet across the shell, lies with extended jaws waiting for prey. The diver drops out of his boat with a heavy stone attached to his feet, and if a leg touches the bivalve its jaws close on it with a snap, and the man must amputate the limb or perish, as he is held with a tenacity that it would take several horse-power to loosen, and the mollusc is anchored to the bottom with a cable of its own stronger than a three-inch rope.

The Australian pearl coast is creviced with gullies and ravines, deepening in the holes to eighty fathoms. Worse than sharks or the giant bivalves, from a physical point of view, is the water pressure at more than twenty fathoms. The diver who goes deeper is in peril. Even at a less depth he is in imminent danger of contracting what he calls 'rheumatics,' but is in reality incipient locomotor ataxy. When a diver comes up after even a twelve fathoms immersion every crease of his under-garments is found to be reproduced on his skin, owing to the pressure of the water. While below, the body is reduced in bulk by the weight of the water; but as the lungs and heart are not so well protected as the brain and spinal cord, the result is undue expansion of their capillary vessels.

Over two thousand miles of the Australian coast skirts pearling waters. Right round from Cape York to Shark's Bay divers snatch finds of value from time to time in waters ranging from four fathoms to twenty fathoms. Under the Commonwealth 'White Australia' law, the indenturing of Asiatics for diving purposes ceases on 31st December 1913. Under the new regulations the Government will supervise the divers' hours of work, their food, their sleeping accommodation, their wages, and their state of health. Old hands think that rigid rules applied to such

an adventurous pursuit will not work.

There are of course other industries allied to the search for pearls, but the pearls are the great

ROSEMARY COURT.

CHAPTER III.

MONSIEUR PAUL CARTIER, the curé of Amyans, was happy for the moment amongst his beloved roses. He was bending over a plant with the loving care of a mother who has discovered some hidden charm in a favourite child. His long, slim fingers caressed a golden bloom here and there; he frowned as he removed a speck or two of green fly with a camel's-hair brush. No astringent soap and water ever defiled the glossy foliage of the curé's roses; these barbaric methods were not for an artist such as he.

There were hundreds of roses in the straggling garden, with grassy paths here and there; the soft air was heavy with the fragrance of them. From bush to bush Paul Cartier moved deliberately, much as a schoolmaster might have done amongst his pupils. His fine face, lined in thought with the passing of the years, was lighted up by a pair of gray eyes introspective and benign, as befits a scholar and recluse who lives only for his books and his flowers. His long gray hair was partially covered by a velvet cap, all in odd contrast to the linen wrap he was wearing. From the small cottage in the background there came the drowsy hum of the handloom, for Jeanne, the cure's housekeeper, was weaving cloth wherewith to make her master a

new Sunday coat, which in her opinion he sadly needed. But there, what else could you expect from an improvident old man who spends all his stipend upon roses and listening to stories of distress from the most improvident? Thus Jeanne spoke of her master, and frequently to his face. Not that any one else would have been permitted such a liberty, for in her secret heart she had the greatest admiration for him, and nobody was better served.

In spite of the golden glory of the afternoon, in spite of the fact that the new China roses were doing exceptionally well, there was a suggestion of a cloud on the cure's brow, and ever and anon a little sigh escaped him. He seemed to be listening for something. Presently it came in the shape of a very gallant young gentleman of whom the curé approved at the very first glance. Because, you see, though Paul Cartier lived in a cottage and grew roses, there had been a time when the Church had marked him out for preferment, and courtiers and politicians had prophesied that Cartier would go far. Ah, well, that had been long ago, and long since forgotten; but Cartier knew a gentleman when he saw him, and when his eyes met those of Rupert St Bruyere he smiled.

'I think you will do, my young friend,' he said sotto voce. 'Nothing of the petit maître about you.' Then he went on aloud, 'I am pleased to see you. Mr St Bruyere, is it not?'

'I came in response to your letter,' Rupert said. 'Also I sent you a telegram this morning. It is exceedingly good of you to take all this trouble, sir.'

The curé bowed courteously. Decidedly this young man would do. His French, too, was excellent. There was nothing the matter with the curé's English, so far as that went. They conversed in the two languages indifferently, which was not without its charm.

'Will you honour me by coming into my cottage?' Cartier asked. 'I shall be pleased if you will lunch with me. I see from the signs made by my excellent housekeeper that the meal is ready. Just a poulet and salad, with a compote of my own fruit to follow. And a glass of sauterne—yes, the last but one of three bottles which I reserve for great occasions. A present to me, sir, from a cardinal archbishop, one of the princes of our Church. For, mark you, this is a special occasion.'

The cottage was on a tiny scale, but everything was scrupulously clean and neat. Cartier sat at a plain deal table doing the honours of his house with a simple dignity and charm. The cloth was coarse and evidently of home manufacture, but dazzlingly white and sweet-savoured. On it was a service of coarse blue Delft, in pleasing contrast to some quaint old silver and glass of Venetian ware which was almost priceless in its way.

Rupert St Bruyere ate with appetite which clean life and clear conscience brings; he was

perhaps not altogether conscious of the exquisite simplicity of that simple meal. He sipped the sauterne, imprisoned sunshine as it were, and listened as the curé told his story.

'It is here, my young friend,' Cartier said, 'where my apology should come in. It is but three days since I wrote to you a letter which you should have received six months ago. I made no mention of the fact in communicating with your esteemed grandparent, but it is like this. It is six months since Madame Cécile Parcourt died in the arms of my faithful Jeanne. I was present at the time, and ministered the last rites of the Church. It was my duty, seeing that I almost alone knew that unhappy lady's history, at once to write to her friends. But, you see, I did not know who these friends were. I had quite forgotten Madame Parcourt's maiden name. She had come down here for a holiday when that fatal illness seized her. I understood that all her papers and possessions were in Paris. You see, we did not know how near the end was, for that came with painful swiftness. Then there was a deal of official delay—what you call red tape—before I was allowed to see these documents. More than five months had elapsed ere I was in a position to proceed; and when the time came I began to realise what that dear child had become to me. I could not find it in my heart to part with her. I beg your pardon! Oh yes, there was a little money; indeed there is some of it left still. It was all wrong of me to hesitate, and I will ask you to forgive me. When you see Cecilia you will understand.

'She is here with you?' Rupert asked.

'Oh no, but in the village, truly. She stays with a worthy lady, the widow of an officer. You will see her presently. We have a charming old custom in this village which we call the Feast of Roses, and this is our fête-day. It is equivalent to what you call Queen of the May. And Cecilia is our Rose Queen. Ah, a charming and delightful picture! All in white, and roses in her hair, and round her throat the dazzling jewels that her mother wore when she charmed all hearts at the Comedie Française. A little theatrical if you like, for see you, monsieur, they are but stage gems; still, one makes allowance for youth, and those stones are not so bright as the eyes of the wearer. We do not take the same views quite of life here as you do in your grayer climate. You see, we know the value of colour, and how to weave it into our daily existence. Ah, but you will forget all this when you see the child. I pray you not to imagine anything theatrical or tawdry about our dear Cecilia. For she has been well brought up. She has always known that her ancestors have been of the most distinguished.'

'But I understood,' Rupert said hesitatingly, 'that she had taken up the same—er—profession'——

'It was contemplated. Cecilia has appeared in one or two minor parts. Monsieur St Bruyere, in spite of your proverb, it is possible to touch the pitch and remain undefiled. That you will see for yourself before long. In many ways Cecilia is a child yet, "standing with reluctant feet where womanhood and childhood meet." I know something of your poets, you see. They are all my friends.' He waved his long, slim hand to indicate the crowded book-shelves with which the room was lined.

A big bee droned in through the open window. From somewhere in the hazy distance there came the sound of fresh young voices raised in a sort of harmonious glee. The music came nearer and nearer; then Cartier rose and led his guest

into the garden.

Beyond the sweet-briar hedge that formed a boundary to the garden a youthful procession was passing. It was composed of girls, for the most part village maidens between the ages of eight and eighteen, all clad in white, and all decked in roses from the deepest crimson to the palest yellow. They sang light-heartedly and danced along the road; sang that same quaint, haunting melody their forebears had sung any time for the last few hundred years.

The bigger girls were grouped round one taller than themselves, who walked in the centre of them all. The mellowing sunshine of the waning afternoon fell on her fair hair, and seemed tenderly to touch the pure white beauty of her face. There was laughter on her lips—red lips parted to show the white, even teeth

within.

Outside the gate the procession paused for a moment, and the tall girl, with a wave of her hand, broke from her bodyguard and came up the flag-stones between the herbaceous borders to the spot where the men were standing. She floated along light as a thistledown adrift upon the wind. Her white diaphanous drapery barely concealed the exquisite outline of her form; the spun-gold glory of it. She was a child, and yet a woman, smiling and innocently happy, still carrying herself with a certain dignity that spoke of birth and breeding.

'Oh, my child,' the curé said softly, 'here is your cousin Rupert St Bruyere come to take you

home.

The girl's face clouded, and her eyes were full of tears.

CHAPTER IV.

MEANWHILE the smooth wheels of life seemed to be turning with the same leisured ease at Rosemary Court. So far nothing had served to disturb the high serenity of the household and its mistress, who sat in the sunshine in the rose-garden working at her lace as if the

passing days were hers, and hers alone; and yet behind that placid serenity a struggle was going on. So far the household knew nothing of the impending change; indeed, Madame St Bruyere herself had not grasped the inwardness of it yet. She had quite made up her mind to take this grandchild under her roof; she would fit some niche somewhere, and the serenity of existence at Rosemary Court would doubtless do the rest. No girl, however wayward or ill-trained, could ever resist such an atmosphere as that. The child must know she was on probation; she would have to learn the moral of the story which her mother had written across her own wayward life, and once that was committed to heart she might possibly become a St Bruyere in something more than name. Naturally, she would not expect to be welcomed with open arms; naturally, she would come with a humble and contrite heart to the sanctuary.

The contemplation of this line of policy pleased Madam, and she expanded in the contemplation of it; yet at the same time it left her vaguely uneasy and dissatisfied. It was very well to be a grande dame and chatelaine of historic family; but, then, every woman cannot claim to rule her own heart, and Madam was conscious that deep down somewhere was a longing to see this girl, a keen desire to trace in her some likeness to the

daughter whom she had lost.

Rupert had written merely a few lines to say that he had met his cousin, and was bringing her home in a day or two. He made no comment whatever; there was a certain amount of business to be done, and when that was finished he was returning home. It was just as well, he said, that everything should be cleared up, and that Cecilia should start afresh with no constant reminders of the past.

With this for the moment Madam had to be content; and yet she was feeling a long way from being satisfied. As she sat there bending over the filmy lace she looked pale and drawn; there was a haunting shadow under her eyes, and an uneasy movement at every sound as if she dreaded some unwelcome intruder. In her black silk lap lay two letters which she had torn into tiny fragments. A moment later there came a servant from the house bearing a salver on which was a visiting-card. It was an unusual hour for callers, and Madam's brows knitted slightly as she surveyed the card through her long-handled glasses.

'Tell Sir Charles I will see him here,' she said.

What could the man want? she wondered. Why had he ventured to intrude here after all these years? His very presence here was an outrage. Of course he was Sir Charles St Bruyere of Winstay Manor, and a man of unimpeachable lineage; but his claim to call himself head of the House was a gross impertinence. On Madam's part, at any rate, this claim had been the source

of a deep and lasting offence. In her eyes it had been almost a sacred matter. For twenty years now she had seen nothing of this man, and here he was calling upon her as if he had been guilty of no more than some trivial fault.

He came down the tiled path with that long, striding swagger of his which Madam remembered so well. Had he been another man she would probably have approved of him, for he, like herself, was a survival, and a type as extinct as the Camberwell Beauty is extinct among British butterflies. Not that he was a butterfly so much as a hawk. Beyond question he was a beau. He brought with him faint memories of Tom and Jerry, and the old roaring, swaggering days when the First Gentleman in Europe held riotous sway at the Brighton Pavilion, and all men of fashion strove to live up to him. But he was a fine figure of a man, this Sir Charles St Bruvere. Despite his seventy odd years, he was as upright as a dart. His hair was dyed; so were his flowing side-whiskers, and under his prominent chin his short beard was oiled and curled. He wore a long frock-coat of the sort that fitted tightly over his hips, and he still clung to the high collar and enormous stock which had been in favour in the days of his youth. His tight trousers were strapped over his boots, and the great wide-brimmed beaver hat was set jauntily on the side of his head. On the whole, he resembled an elderly, well-preserved hawk, very satisfied with life and still knowing how to appreciate it.

With a certain graceful, swaggering, easy insolence he took Madam's hand and raised it

to his lips.

'This is an unexpected honour,' she said coldly. 'And, pray, to what am I indebted for this pleasure?'

'Not a day older,' Sir Charles said as he dropped graciously into his seat. 'Gad, it's a queen you should have been, Marcia!'

Madam frowned severely. This was the only man who, for the last forty years, had dared to call her by her Christian name. 'I thank you,'

she said. 'But why are you here?'

'Egad, always direct to the point! Never forgiven me yet, I suppose? I came down here to do you a good turn. It's a sensation I haven't experienced for half-a-century. Upon my word, Marcia, there isn't much difference between us after all. We were both brought up in the same school; we have the same contempt for the middle classes. Only you prefer to shut yourself up here, and I'm in the world as much as ever. No use cutting off your nose to spite your face. When I turned my back on Newmarket and Crockford's I'd got just a thousand guineas in the world. I might have been living now in one room at Winstay, feeding myself on rabbits—a succulent food, my dear Marcia, but slightly monotonous. So I went into the City and made money, and I suppose I am worth a quarter of a million to-day, with not a soul to leave it to bar young sobersides whom you keep tied up to your apron-strings.'

'All this is very interesting,' Madam said

languidly.

'Oh, wait a bit! I was about to say there are ways of making money other than in the City. For instance, art dealing is by no means a losing game if you have a natural gift for judging pictures and furniture. I have that gift. Like you, I was born in an atmosphere of the rare and beautiful; in fact, it is second nature to me. And when those American cousins of ours came over, inviting Lazarus and Moses to rob them of their mighty dollars, I took a hand in the sport; not to rob them, of course, but to see that they had what they paid for. this end in view I took a shop in Bond Street, and placed there a man I could trust. In five years' time, under my nom de plume, I had achieved a rare reputation on two continents. And, incidentally, I had made a hatful of money. And I had learned a few family secrets too.

The bored, proud look had faded from Madam's face. The ivory pallor of her skin had given place to a dead white like the centre of a rose.

Sir Charles could see her hands trembling.

'Shall I go on, Marcia?' he asked.

'If you please,' Madam said almost timidly.

'Many thanks! Let me see; we were discussing family treasures, which mean family secrets. Now, if I remember rightly, this place was christened Rosemary Court back in the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds to celebrate the fact that old Timothy St Bruyere's two boys married the twin daughters of a swashbuckling old General who had made his money in the army in Flanders. These twin heiresses were christened respectively Rose and Mary; hence the pretty conceit of renaming this house Rosemary Court. Eventually all the money found its way into the St Bruyere coffers. And now I come to the point. Sir Joshua painted those two beauties, and it was one of his finest efforts. I am not going to ask how it was that the picture was not made an heirloom, and I am quite content to acknowledge that you, as head of the House, have a perfect right to dispose of the picture if you choose. But why, my dear Marcia, do you choose? Nobody knows your pride better than Why, you would rather cut your right hand off than sell an ancestor. In your eyes it would almost amount to murder.'

'I have yet to learn,' Madam said, 'by what right'----

'Oh, if you are going to take that tone there is no more to be said! You can admit or deny as you please that you sent the picture to Hammerstein's in Bond Street, and asked them the value of the painting with a view to a purchase. In so many words, I am Hammerstein of Bond Street. I opened the letter and dictated the reply. Hang it all, Marcia! my family pride

is not buried in the City yet. I could have bought the picture a bargain. If you want to raise money on it without sale'——

But Madam had risen to her feet. 'Come and see me again,' she whispered; 'and do

not think me inhospitable if I do not ask you'----

She turned away and walked slowly toward the house.

(Continued on page 40.)

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE SEPTGO HINGTL

PART II.

WHILST I was in consultation with the Shantung man as to the advisability of risking a run on shore to see the principal shopkeeper, who was an honest trader, and in whose house lights were still burning, my attention was drawn to flashes of phosphorescence in the calm blackness of the water, which seemed to be rapidly approaching us! Soon a small black object developed into a human head; next the arms and shoulders appeared, and, aided by the legs appertaining thereto, scaled our ship's side with cat-like agility.

My hand went to my hip-pocket as I demanded what the intruder wanted; whilst the Shantung man's exclamation of surprise and alarm is not 'No shoot! no shoot, capitan!' translatable. cried our solitary boarder, a smart-looking lad enough, with the salt water streaming from his 'My belong flend; my father—he naked body. all the same tepo before—makee send me say more better you clear our chop-chop, 'cos too much lallalong [pirates] have got this side. Savey?' The lad then went on to tell me that his father had been tepo or headman before the pirates got the control of the place, and he eagerly assured me that if I would come ashore he would give me all the information and assistance he could. Of course I went.

However, the very valuable information I obtained does not concern the present story; but I may mention that as it was considered unsafe for the youth who had swum off and warned us to remain on the island, I got him taken on as a lukong on my return. As soon as I got on board again I carefully examined the guns and small arms, and had an awning damped and stretched over our deck, turtle-back fashion, so that if a volley of stink-pots preceded the rush of boarders from the piratical craft those ugly missiles would roll off it harmlessly into the sea; for those horrible projectiles, when properly made and skilfully thrown, are very deadly in their effect, as their poisonous fumes will clear a deck, whilst a composition they often contain, if it falls on a man, will burn away the flesh from the bones.

The guns had been double-shotted, and I now had them crammed to the muzzle with tins of iron gingal bullets which I had found would burst at just about a hundred yards range. I next told off a dozen of my men who were good shots with a Snider carbine to keep watch, whilst my coxswain was stationed at the grass cable with a sharp axe.

Then, having done all I could, I sat down against the foremast to take on perhaps the most nerve-trying of all ordeals-watching and waiting in darkness and silence for eighty or a hundred desperadoes to spring upon the deck from some swiftly moving, phantom-like craft that had crept up alongside out of the surrounding blackness. Nor was this rendered any the more pleasant by the reflection that if I had miscalculated or blundered, some sixty lives might be needlessly But at last, in that dreary hour before sacrificed. dawn which the pirates usually chose for their attacks, just as an almost irresistible feeling of drowsiness was creeping over me, a whispered, 'Have got, capitan,' from the Shantung man-who was credited with a cat-like capacity for seeing in the dark—roused me to quick attention. At first I could see nothing in the darkness, then almost dense enough to be felt, nor hear anything but the lapping of the water against our vessel's sides. However, I passed an order quietly, and the men rose and silently stood at their stations. None too soon, though, for again there came those swirling sounds of parting water and creaking cordage that had been the sole warning of the pirates' approach the previous night. But my coxswain dealt a heavy blow with his sharp axe, and the severed grass cable by which the Fortunate Venture had been riding went flying over the bows at lightning speed. The men at the ropes and halyards hauled with a will, the great sails groaned and creaked, and, catching a light breeze as they rose, our craft gathered way and glided through the smooth water toward the entrance just in the very nick of time to dodge the rush of two narrow, wicked-looking craft whose long hulls and lofty sails now stood out from the surrounding blackness, their bows crowded with pirates, who had missed their chance just by a ship's-length to spring on board us.

As they sped past, savage yells, foul oaths, and threats were borne back to us across the silent night. Then suddenly there came a flash and a loud report, followed by a tearing and rending sound overhead, and a shower of splinters flew on deck from smashed rails and 'sideboards.' That was enough for me. I quickly hoisted the colonial flag, and, sighting at a hundred yards, gave the order to fire, the straining tackles of the heavily charged guns and the metallic ring of the Snider reports being answered by crashes and cries on board the nearest pirate, which very

soon sheered off to a more respectful distance, a second shot from their after-gun, as they did so, pitting our deck with their mixed shot (Chinese grape) and scoring sundry white blazes on our varnished teak sides.

Then, before any snake-boats from the shore could take a hand, I ordered the Shantung man, who was at the helm, to steer her out to sea—a very ticklish job, by the way, in the darkness, intensified as it was by the deep shadow of the high rocks, for any but those who knew the narrow channel.

The pirates quickly followed us, and were only a quarter of a mile or so astern when we had cleared the entrance. Outside, the blackness of night had begun to give way to the gray light of early dawn, and that was all in favour of our superior weapons and discipline. My one anxiety, indeed, now was as to the whereabouts of the other two piratical craft, said to be larger and more heavily armed; and this decided me to

force the fighting then and there.

Whilst the vessel that we had peppered so liberally seemed inclined to 'hang in the wind,' I had the Fortunate Venture headed for her consort, apparently the more dangerous of the two. Up till now I had seen no sign of the 'female demon' or of Semala, the Macao-Portuguese 'official;' for certainly, so far as I could distinguish objects by the light of the cluster of 'demon' candles burning before the altar in the pirate's stern, only tankars had been handling her. So I gave orders to bout ship and run the more distant pirates on board; and a slant of wind, then veering with all the signs of a coming blow, favouring us, we ran up alongside her, and managed to jam our stem into the overhanging woodwork on the pirate's quarter; so that, her after-sails fouling ours, no stink-pots could be thrown from them.

The Hingti men meanwhile made no attempt to prevent our closing. When, however, in the dim light of early dawn, I saw the reason, I confess that I felt disposed to pinch myself and rub my eyes to make sure that I was awake. For, to the evident dismay of my men-as I saw with disgust—there appeared at the pirate's helm a good-looking young woman whose long black hair, worn in a fringe on her forehead, hung down her back in a broad plait that reached to her waist. Her complexion, even in that imperfect light, was brilliant with Chinese face-powder and rouge. Her costume consisted of a blue silk jacket over a white silk one, loose blue silk trousers, and European shoes; whilst jade and silver bangles, anklets, and ear-rings contrasted oddly with a Chinese double-barrelled pistol and a long, broad-bladed dagger worn in her sash. The flame of the demon candles on the roof of the joss-house aft, near which she stood, fell upon two very serviceable steel-headed spears, one of which doubtless she intended to use for our benefit; a helmsman who stood beside her, without touching the tiller-ropes, doubtless accounting for the other.

Quickly pulling myself together, I snatched up a Snider carbine from the hatch and covered the 'female demon' at point-blank range; but for the life of me I could not pot that young woman in cold blood, savage murderess though she might be. So, lowering the carbine, I turned, and instead pulled the lanyard of the bow gun, sending its contents clean through the pirate's side, and the next minute we went rasping and grinding along it, my men putting in a volley from their Sniders at point-blank range, though as they did so I heard their muttered misgivings as to the 'female demon' having turned my carbine's muzzle aside by her 'spells'!

When the smoke of the discharge cleared off

When the smoke of the discharge cleared off I saw by the light of our lanterns and the pirate's demon candles this female desperado hounding on her men to rush our deck, only to be quickly beaten back, with my men climbing across in hot pursuit. Then for a minute or two the pirates held their ground, till discipline and better weapons told their tale. Then, despite the curses and threats of their nearly frantic leader, they sprang over the rail and swam for the shore, the flashes of phosphorus in the water making capital marks for our Sniders. Some seven or eight of the pirates, who had thrown down their spears and bolted below with their leader and another woman, were trapped like

rats in the dark hold.

Then, as I hauled down the triangular red flag under which the pirates had fought, and hoisted the colonial one in its stead, I saw the other Hingti craft crowding on all sail to get clear, she having by this time made out our real character. So, as it was useless to attempt to follow up the pirates who had escaped into such a hornet's nest in Chinese territory as Samun, I contented myself with putting a dozen men on board the captured vessel, and ordering the helmsman to stick as close to the stern of the Fortunate Venture as he could. Then hoisting every scrap of sail that would draw, we commenced that most unsatisfactory of all pursuits, a stern chase of an enemy that was our match in speed and had a start of over a quarter of a mile. The breeze, too, as we got from under the shelter of the land, first freshened and then started to blow heavily, whilst the nasty sea that quickly rose compelled me to have the guns secured. The light sails had all come off our vessel by this time, and the great fanlike mat ones had to be lowered to half their usual spread in both ships. Still, though we held our ground, I found that I could by no means decrease the gap that separated us; the vessels were too evenly matched for that. Once, when I had dropped their helmsman with a Snider bullet, I thought we had them; but the smartness of the second tankar at the pirate's tiller saved the situation; whilst, although halfa-dozen of my best shots never left off pumping lead into the stern of the pirate craft from the coigns of vantage forward into which they had jammed themselves, the long chase continued without either craft ever seeming to gain a yard Apparently the pirates were on the other. making for some rendezvous in the vicinity of Hong-kong, or else they expected to fall in with another pair of their vessels on the course they were then steering. So hour after hour passed without any change, the only happening being that the pirates got a broadside from a passing mandarin junk and a similar compliment from a very large armed trader that had apparently recognised their craft. Neither vessel's fire, however, crippled them, most of the shot apparently falling short.

I now began to fear that I should lose the chase in the darkness that suddenly sets in after sunset. It came as a complete surprise, therefore, when, just off the mainland of China, and close to Koulung, we found the pirates were deliberately running their craft ashore, and as she grounded jumping overboard with their weapons and as much of the plunder their vessel contained as they could carry and wade to shore with! Three or four of their number, with the master, who incautiously attempted to get a sampan loaded with bales of silk and cotton ashore, were cut off by my men. But I dared not fire on those who had reached the sandy beach, lest we should shoot some unlucky villager or farm labourer, several of whom stood stupidly staring at this unexpected and unwelcome invasion of their quiet little However, we soon got the beached craft off the smooth sand on which she had been run; and the two vessels, with the dreaded 'female demon' and some of her smartest tankars, besides a considerable amount of plunder, mostly silk and cotton goods, constituted a pretty good haul, considering the risky nature of the job. Indeed, had the pirates not been taken so completely by surprise, the capture might very well have been the other way about! Shortly afterwards the 'female demon,' the other woman who was in her service, and the rest of the prisoners were duly brought before the Hon. C. May, Senior Magistrate of Hong-kong, and were committed by him for trial before Sir John Smale, the Chief-Justice, at the Supreme Court. But the Chinese Government claimed the prisoners on some points of jurisdiction, and then came the most extraordinary part of this affair. stead of the 'female demon' being beheaded with the rest of the pirates at the executionground in Canton, report had it that a very rich man, 'attracted by her spells'-these being doubtless her good looks-bought her from the mandarin in whose custody she then was for a very large sum in silver, in order to make her his wife! Of course there used to be no difficulty, in many cases at least, for any one sentenced to death who could afford to pay for a substitute in finding one; and on this occasion no doubt mandarin, mistress, female servant, and payer of the sum the substitute required to insure her spirit's happiness in the next world and that of any near relatives in this, were all equally satisfied with the arrangement. Still, it seemed to me then, as perhaps it may do to the reader now, that the wealthy purchaser of the 'female demon' for 'her weight in silver' was likely to get a very bad return from his investment. Of course as to these latter proceedings I have only the local gossip to go by; but, then, in the official yamens of Far Cathay very little happens without some 'bird of the air carrying the matter' to folks outside them.

THE END.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

By G. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW.

THERE is something suggestive, something dignified and reserved, in the very name of those great stone mausoleums which are the burial vaults of the Parsees—the Towers of Silence—not beautiful with the dew and freshness and divine peace of our own 'God's Acres,' but typifying the austerity and seclusion and loneliness in which all human souls must die.

The Towers of Silence in Bombay lie above the town, and from all the terraces of the pleasant garden can be seen the surrounding sea and the ships coming and going with the tide. The grounds are carefully and well planted, and there are broad, shaded walks, where at intervals notices are posted up saying that strangers must go no farther, for round the Towers the ground is considered sacred, and only the dead and the mourners are admitted into its privacy.

The ground, certainly the most beautiful spot in Bombay, was bought by the Parsee community on their first arrival from Gujerat more than two hundred years ago. They brought with them the sacred fire which is never allowed to go out, and which is enshrined in the little temple near the gates, where the first part of the funeral services is performed. From a narrow window in the walls the light ever shines steadily on the dusky shadows of the Towers.

There are always three circles in the Towers—for men, for women, and for children—and they are spoken of as the Circles of Deeds, Words, and Thoughts—a sort of poetic breath from the grim tragedy of those impassable and silent watchers of the dead. All are alike in their

death, rich and poor, young and old; there is no distinction of rank or riches. 'Naked came ye into the world, and naked shall ye go out of it,' is literally interpreted; and when the bier, with its shrouded carriers, passes the last resting-place—a slab of marble in the broad, straight path—the poor mortal leaves behind his social rank and all his worldly glory, and stands merely a naked soul before an unbiassed Judge.

When the last death-struggle commences, and there is, humanly speaking, no hope of life, the death ceremonies begin; and all these ceremonies are intended for the greater protection of the living and the least chance of contagion from the dead. A line is chalked round the bed on which the sufferer lies, and no one except the hired attendants may pass the line. They, dressed only in white linen garments, perform all the last sacred rites and offices, and lay the body on the light open bier on which it is carried to the gardens. Even the hands of the bearers are covered, so that there may be no fear of contact, and the mourners walk behind the bier, the women being very seldom present.

After a prayer on the steps of the temple, the body is carried down the broad path to the large slab of stone which stands about a hundred paces from the Tower. On this it is laid, and the face of the dead uncovered by the bearers so that the relatives and friends may look for the last time on their loved one from a little Then the bier is slowly carried on to the Tower, the little door is opened, the bearers pass in with their burden, and are seen no more. With long iron hooks they drag the clothes, fashioned for the purpose, off the body, and then, leaving the dead in his own circle, they pass out by another door, and returning to the temple, either hang up their white garments for future use or burn them.

The funeral I saw was that of a child—a little Thought that seemed too small and frail for such a tremendous sepulchre; but one feels with comfort that a Winged Thought cannot be contained in any Tower of Silence, and the blue sky leaning so closely over it makes it appear a very little step to heaven.

I cannot bear to speak of the vultures which ring the Towers. It almost seems a desecration of the silence and the sacredness of death to see the hideous means which takes the place of the gentle acts of nature when dust returns to dust. But here, too, the Parsees plead the advantage of their method from a sanitary point of view. Perhaps they are right; but one feels glad that the mourners did not hear the flappings of those heavy wings.

The Towers are costly buildings, and are generally built and presented to the community by wealthy citizens. There is a good deal of masonry both above and below the ground, but they are not of a great height, and have only the one small door of entrance. Above it, rather to

the right, is a small round aperture, so arranged that the light of the sacred fire penetrates through it into the very innermost circle of the Tower. One Tower is reserved for suicides, but it is a small one, not often used, for the Parsees are a generous race in their dealings with each other, and would not willingly see any one in trouble without lending a helping hand.

One of the most curious features of a Parsee funeral is the presence of a 'four-eyed dog,' as it is called, which is always made to look upon the corpse, and is then led in front of the procession as far as the last resting-place. The origin of the custom seems to be rather obscure, and the popular idea is that the dog shows the spirit of the dead the path to heaven. But I believe there is a very old Persian superstition that the dogs of this breed—they are always white, with yellow spots on the face near the eyes—exercise a curious mesmeric influence on human beings, and could discover at once if death were really present or not.

No doubt the happy dead sleep very quietly in the Silence of the Towers, those grim and faithful guardians of mortality. That great Old World community has kept its religious and national customs intact in the midst of an alien race since they were given to them by Zoroaster himself when the world was young. For the Deeds and Words and Thoughts of all the past generations keep alive the sacred fire as surely as the care and watchfulness of their living descendants.

THE QUEST.

WE went across the hills at dawn,
At night we passed the seas;
Through clouds and mists we travelled on
Beyond the battling breeze.

We stayed not foot by land or shore; We spanned great floods; we chased The flaming sun that glimmered o'er The desert's golden waste.

A thing of loveliness and light, Fair, fleeting, lured us on; It lurked within the sea at night, It haunted us at dawn.

It trembled on the mountain's peak,
It sang across the wood;
Though still through misty years we seek,
The charm doth still elude.

Yet here and there in that long quest, A magic moment brings A subtle sense of something blest, A breathless beat of wings;

And, seeking still, we wander on If so perchance there be That vision in the melting dawn, That light upon the sea.

MARY M. CURCHOD (MYRA).

ALGIERS.



WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS

By Sir HENRY LUCY.

WANDERING through a silent street in a tranquil town in Kent, I came upon rare treasure trove. I found it when turning over some musty papers in a bookseller's shop, entered by stumbling down an unsuspected step, the customer, when he rises from his astonished knee, banging his head against a low-beamed That is a detail.

My prize was a copy of one of the oldest provincial newspapers printed in the English tongue -none of your reprints, as is the pleasing custom with weekly newspapers celebrating their fiftieth or one hundredth birthday. My paper—the Kentish Gazette, price threepence, published on Saturday, 18th January 1783—is the actual sheet thumbed by men and women, some of them dead these one hundred and thirty years. The yellow, faded sheet of four pages measures twelve inches by eighteen. It carries at its head the coats of arms of the county of Kent and of the city of Canterbury. It is numbered 1520; and, being a bi-weekly, its first appearance is thus carried back some fifteen years earlier than the date it bears.

At the time of its appearance George the Third was king. The Earl of Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, ancestor of the leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords to-day, was Prime Minister. William Pitt was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Preliminary peace negotiations had been recently signed with the United States, which had been at war with the mother country since the solemn promulgation of the Declaration of Independence.

Boldly displayed at the top of a column on the front page is an advertisement which runs 25 follows:

On Saturday the 4th of January, 1783, was published, Ornamented with a new and beautiful Frontispiece,

> NUMB. I. Of MR. CHAMBERS's

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UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY

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The parliamentary session had not yet opened; but Ministers, notably young Pitt, were hard at work preparing their programme. 'The Chancellor of the Exchequer is attempting a reformation in the management of the Customs which will at once tend to expedite business and save money to the nation. In the pursuit of this plan he holds conferences continually with most of the senior officers, and gives such instructions for extraordinary accounts as amount to something more than a mere official knowledge.'

Other work the Chancellor had in hand was the state of the National Debt, hoping 'to contrive some plan by which it might be put into a regular course of Payment.' He also contemplated dealing with the question of Parliamentary

DECEMBER 20, 1913.

Reform. The urgent need of this is represented by an interesting table set forth in the Kentish Gazette, which shows that not less than fifty-six members of the sitting House of Commons had been returned by three hundred and fifty-four voters. In two boroughs, Newton in the Isle of Wight and Old Sarum, a single voter returned two In Marlborough, the constituency members. consisted of two free and independent electors, who sent to Westminster a member apiece. Malmesbury and Buckingham, each represented by two votes in the House of Commons, counted seven electors. Brander, long since wiped off the parliamentary slate, had eight voters; Camelford and East Grinstead each ten; Boffiney, Banbury, and Gatton eleven.

The Budget was still afar off, but it was stated that the Chancellor contemplated 'new taxes on dogs and old bachelors.' The dog-tax we have long been familiar with. Up to the present date

old bachelors go free.

In addition to trouble with the United States, Britain was at war with France and Spain. The consequence was great activity at the Admiralty. 'Within this month past,' we read, 'the navy board has contracted for upwards of six thousand five hundred tons of shipping, and are still in want of near thirty transports more, either to convey homewards our transatlantic troops and stores, or to forward out others, to make a peace more sure than it appears in common reason to be at present.'

Commerce at sea was possible only under the protection of men-of-war. 'On Thursday an express arrived at the Admiralty from Portsmouth with the agreeable news of the safe arrival at Spithead of his Majesty's ships the Arethusa, of thirty-eight guns, Sir Richard Pearson; the Eolus, of thirty-two guns, Captain Collins; and the Merlin sloop of twenty guns, Captain Lumsdale, with the fleet of merchantmen from Newfoundland and Lisbon under their convoy.'

Crews were supplied by the agency of pressgangs. 'The press was so hot on Friday night that they took every sailor they could meet,

not withstanding their protections.

Amid these pressing anxieties the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty found time to devise a new uniform for officers. Mr Winston Churchill, always ready to consider suggestions, will read with interest the following particulars which received the gracious approval of King George. The full dress of an Admiral was thus ordained: 'A blue Cloth Coat, with White Cuffs; White Waistcoat and Breeches; the Coat and Waistcoat to be embroidered with Gold, in Pattern and Description the same as that worn by the Generals of his Majesty's Army; three Rows of Embroidery upon the Cuff. The Vice-Admiral's Ditto; with Embroidery the same as that worn by Lieutenant-Generals; two Rows of Embroidery on the Cuff. The Rear-Admiral's Ditto; with Embroidery the same as that worn by Major-Generals; One Row of Embroidery on the Cuff. Buttons the same Pattern as now in use.'

For undress, Admirals wore 'a Blue Cloth Frock, with Blue Cuff and Lappels; embroidered Button-holes like those now in use, from the Top to the Bottom of the Lappel, at equal Distance, and three on the Cuff. Vice-Admiral's Ditto; with Button-holes three and three. Rear-Admiral's Ditto; with Button-holes two and two. Plain White Waistcoats and Breeches. Buttons of the same Pattern as are now in use.' It was considerately provided that flag-officers would be permitted, if they pleased, to wear their old uniforms to the end of the current year.

His Majesty was personally inclined to be a little dressy. On the Thursday evening preceding publication of my copy of the Kentish Gazette, the King and Queen, accompanied by His Royal Highness, and attended by an imposing suite, including the Lord-in-Waiting, Gold Stick, and the Vice-Chamberlain, honoured Drury Lane Theatre with their presence to see Venice Preserved. His Majesty was dressed in a suit of sky-blue laced with gold; Her Majesty in a blue silk, richly ornamented with gold flowers. 'His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales wore a most superb dress, of purple velvet embroidered with silver in the stile of infinite taste and magnificence.'

'Mrs Siddons,' we learn, 'who performed the Character of "Belvedera," was much indisposed previous to going on the stage; and it is with extreme concern we inform the public that after the curtain dropped at the end of the 5th Act, this excellent woman was so very ill as not to be capable of walking to her dressing-room without support. Notwithstanding her disagreeable situation, she went through the part as if inspired. Our amiable Queen was so affected at her performance, that his Majesty seemed alarmed, and often diverted her attention from situations and passages that were likely to distress her.'

Readers of Fanny Burney's life at Court, with its vivid thumb-nail sketches of amiable, fussy King George, with his eternal 'What?' What?'

will realise this domestic scene.

Among miscellaneous paragraphs we get glimpses of domestic doings in England at the close of the eighteenth century. Here, for example, is Henry Spencer, whose name is displayed in large type, forasmuch as he ran away and left his wife and family chargeable to the parish of Lenham, was at the date 'about 36 Years of Age, about six feet high, round-shouldered, wears his hair rather curled, a thin Visage, and fresh coloured. Whoever will apprehend the said Person, or give an Account to the Parish Officers of Lenham aforesaid where he is, so soon as he can be brought to Justice shall receive Half-a-Guinea Reward.' Had it been possible for Henry to live to this day he would have been one hundred and sixty-six years old, and, I trust, a reformed character.

'On Friday morning the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Cavendish was safely delivered of a son and heir, at Burlington House, to the joy of that noble family.' This would be an ancestor of our lately dead and ever-respected eighth Duke of Devonshire, better known as Lord Hartington.

The highwayman and the burglar were, like the schoolmaster in Lord John Russell's time, 'abroad in the land.' 'On Monday evening last, as Mr Macro, of Barrow-hall, near Bury, was returning home on foot, about eight o'clock, he was stopt near his own house by a single highwayman on a brown horse with a waggoner's frock on [the highwayman, not the brown horse, who, with an oath, demanded his money. Mr Macro, seeing a horse-pistol in his hand, immediately struck at it with his walking-stick; but, missing his aim, the highwayman fired at him, and providentially only grazed his cheek It was so and singed his coat on his shoulder. near his own house where he was attacked that the report of the pistol was heard by his family. The man, as soon as he perceived that Mr Macro was not wounded, rode off with great haste into the open fields without his booty, which would have been considerable, as Mr Macro had been at the "Red Lion," collecting the tythes of the parish. Mr Macro went the next morning to the place, to see if he could find out any marks of the person being that way, when he discovered the track of a horse with a bar-shoe, which he traced to "Kentford Bull," where he found it in the stable, and the rider in the kitchen, whom he apprehended, and proving to be a suspicious person belonging to a gang of smugglers, brought him to Bury gaol; and there appearing upon his examination strong circumstances of his guilt, he was detained in custody.'

'Friday morning, between one and two o'clock, five villains broke into the house of —— Hanfon, Esq., at Low Layton in Essex, and after continuing therein about two hours, carried off a great quantity of linen, wearing-apparel, &c., to a considerable amount. It is greatly to be regretted that two men-servants, who slept at the top of the house, although alarmed when they first entered, and having a blunderbuss and gun loaded in their bedroom, with plenty of ammunition, never made the least opposition.'

The current price of wheat was six shillings and fourpence for eight gallons, coals thirty-seven shillings and aixpence per chaldron, fat mutton fourpence to fourpence halfpenny a pound. Three per cent. Consols stood at sixty-two pounds ten shillings, a fact testifying to the deplorably low state of British credit when George the Third was king.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER III.—SAMSON AND DELILAH.

THE little girl continued to sit upon the top rail of the gate, with her heels on the second, and her long black legs tucked up beneath her. She had taken off her jacket, and was using it as a cushion to mitigate the hardness of her seat. She was dressed in a blue cotton frock, which was gathered in round her waist with a shiny red-leather belt. At least Philip considered it red; the little girl would have explained that it was cerise.

She also continued to smile. Her teeth were very small and regular, her eyes were soft and brown, and some of her hair had blown up across the front of her tam-o'-shanter, which matched the colour of her belt.

Philip stood stock-still, and surveyed her a little less severely.

'Hallo, boy!' said the little girl again.
'Hallo!' said Philip in guarded tones.

'I saw you on Sunday,' the little girl informed him.

'Yes, I know,' said Philip coldly, and prepared to pass on. With the mention of Sunday, Uncle Joseph's warning had recurred to him.

'Don't go,' said the small siren on the gate.

'I think I will,' said Philip.

'Why?'

Philip hesitated. Uncle Joseph had trained

him always to say exactly what he thought, and never to make excuses. But he experienced a curious difficulty in informing this little creature that he was leaving her because she belonged to a dangerous and unscrupulous class of the community. It was the first stirring of chivalry within him. So he did not reply, but began to move away rather sneepishly.

The little girl promptly unlimbered her sternchasers, and the scornful accusation rang out,

'You're shy!'

Into an ordinary boy such an insult would have burned like acid; but Philip merely said to himself thoughtfully, as he walked away, 'I wonder if I am shy.' Then presently he decided, 'No, I'm not. I can't be, because I wanted to stay and talk to her.'

He walked on a few yards, and then paused again. Boy nature, long dormant, was struggling vigorously to the surface. 'I won't be called shy!' he said to himself hotly. He turned and walked quickly back.

The little girl was still sitting on the gate, studiously admiring the sunset.

Once more Philip stood before her. 'I say,' he said nervously, 'I'm not shy.'

The little girl looked down languidly. 'Have you come back again?' she inquired.

'Yes,' said Philip, scarlet.

'Why?'

'I wanted to tell you,' pursued Philip dog-

gedly, 'that I wasn't shy just now.'

The little girl nodded her head. 'I see,' she said coldly. 'You were not shy, only rude. Is that it?'

The greater part of Philip's short life had been spent, as the reader knows, in imbibing the principle that a man not only may, but if he values his soul must, be rude to women upon all occasions. It is, therefore, regrettable to have to record that at this point—at the very first encounter with the enemy-Philip threw his principles overboard. 'Oh no,' he said in genuine distress, 'I didn't mean to be rude to you. It—it was a different reason.'

The little girl made no reply for a moment, but stood up on her heels and unrolled her cushion to double its former width. 'Come up here and tell me about it,' she said maternally,

patting the seat she had prepared.

Philip began to climb the gate. Then he

deliberately stepped down again.

'Aren't you coming?' asked the little girl, with the least shade of anxiety in her voice.

'Yes,' said Philip. 'But I'll come up on the other side of you. Then I shall be able to keep the wind off you a bit. It's rather cold.

And he did so. Poor Uncle Joseph!

Now they were on the gate together, side by side, actually touching. Philip, feeling slightly dazed, chiefly noted the little girl's hands, which were clasped round her knees. His own hands were broad, and inclined to be horny; hers were slim, with long fingers.

The little girl turned to him with a quick, confiding smile. 'Now tell me why!' she com-

manded.

'Why what?' asked Philip reluctantly.

'Why you went away just now.'

Philip took a deep breath, and embarked upon the task of relegating this small but dangerous animal to her proper place in the universe. was-it was what Uncle Joseph said,' he explained lamely.

'Who is Uncle Joseph?'

'He—I live with him."

'Haven't you got a father or a mother?' A pair of very kind brown eyes were turned full upon him.

'No.'

'Poor boy!'

To Philip's acute distress, a small arm was slipped within his own.

I have a father and a mother,' said the little girl. 'You may come and see them if you like.'

Philip, who intended to cut the whole connection as soon as he could decently escape from the gate, thanked her politely.

'Only, don't come without telling me,' continued his admonitress, 'because father isn't always in a good temper.'

Philip thought that he might safely promise

'Now tell me what Uncle Joseph said,' resumed the little girl. 'What is your name?' she added, before the narrative could proceed.

'Philip.'

'Philip what?' 'Philip Meldrum.'

'Shall I call you Phil?' inquired the lady, with a friendly smile.

'Yes, please,' replied Philip, feeling greatly surprised at himself.

There was a pause. Philip became dimly conscious that something was expected of himsomething that had nothing to do with Uncle Joseph. He turned to his companion for en-Her face was slightly flushed, and lightenment. her eyes met his shyly.

'What is your name?' he inquired cautiously.

'Marguerite Evelyn Leslie Falconer,' replied the little girl in tones of intense relief.

'Oh,' said Philip, 'do they call you all that?' 'No; I am usually called Peggy. Sometimes Pegs.'

Why?

Miss Falconer sighed indulgently. 'Peggy is the short for Marguerite,' she explained. 'Didn't you know?'

'No,' said Philip. He was about to proceed to a further confession, when the little girl said graciously, 'You may call me Peggy if you like.'

Here Philip, whose moral stamina seemed to be crumbling altogether, took his second downward 'I shall call you Pegs,' he said boldly.

'All right,' replied the lady so designated.

'Now tell me what Uncle Joseph said.'

'Uncle Joseph,' began Philip once more, 'was with me on Sunday, when you were sitting here.'

'Was I?' inquired Peggy with a touch of Then she continued inconsequently, hauteur. 'I remember him quite well. Go on.'

'He saw you,' continued the hapless Philip,

'when you smiled at me.'

Miss Falconer's slim body stiffened. 'O-o -o-h!' she gasped. 'How can you say such a thing! I never did!'

Poor Philip, who had yet to learn the lesson that feminine indiscretions must always be accepted without comment and never again referred to without direct invitation, merely reiterated his tactless statement. 'But you did,' he said. 'Or perhaps,' he added desperately, for Peggy's eyes were almost tearful, 'you were only smiling to yourself about something.

To his profound astonishment, this lame suggestion was accepted. Miss Falconer nodded. Her self-respect was saved. 'Yes,' she said,

'that was it. Go on.

'And when Uncle Joseph saw you smilingto yourself-he said that women always did that. He said they couldn't help it. It was a-a prebby-a prebby-something instinct. can't remember the word.'

'Presbyterian?' suggested Miss Falconer help-

fully. 'Our cook is one.'

'Something like that. Yes, I believe it was that,' said Philip. He was quite sure it was not, but he was anxious not to offend again. 'He said it was due to a-a Presbyterian instinct. He thinks women ought to be avoided.'

'Why?' asked Peggy, deeply interested.

'He doesn't like them,' explained Philip. He Half-an-hour ago he spoke quite apologetically. would have set forth the doctrines of Uncle Joseph as matters of fact, not of opinion.

But Miss Falconer did not appear to be offended. She seemed rather pleased with Uncle 'I don't like women much myself,' she Joseph. announced. 'Except mother, of course. I like little girls best, and then little boys.' She squeezed Philip's arm in an ingratiating manner. 'But why doesn't Uncle Joseph like women? They can't do anything to him! They can't stop him doing nice things! They can't send him to bed!' concluded Miss Falconer bitterly. Evidently the memory of some despotic nurse was rankling. 'Did he ever tell you why?'

'Oh yes-often.' 'What does he say?'

'He says,' replied Philip, getting rapidly into his stride over long-familiar ground, 'that women are the disturbing and distracting force in Nature. They stray deliberately out of their own appointed sphere in order to interfere with and weaken the driving-force of the world-Man. They are a parry—parry—parrysitic growth, sapping the life out of the strongest tree. They are subject to no standard laws, and therefore upset the natural balance of Creation. They act from reason and not instinct. No, I think it is the other way round: they act from instinct and not from reason. They have no breadth of view or sense of proportion. They argue from the particular to the general; and in all argument they habitually beg the question and shift their ground if worsted. They cannot organise or Their own direct; they only scheme and plot. overpowering instinct is the Prebby—Presbyterian instinct—the instinct of plunder—to obtain from Man the wherewithal to deck their own persons with extravagant and insanitary finery. This they do not to gratify man, but to mortify one another. A man who would perform his life's work untravelled—no, untrammelled—must avoid women at all costs. At least,' concluded Philip traitorously, 'that is what Uncle Joseph says.'

Miss Falconer puckered her small brow. dently she declined to go all the way with Uncle Joseph in his views. 'I don't understand it all,' she said frankly; 'but some of it sounds pretty silly. Is your uncle Joseph a nice man? Do you like him?

'Yes,' said Philip stoutly. 'He is very kind

'He sounds a funny man,' mused Peggy. 'I shall talk to mother about him. I must go now. It is getting dark.' She slipped off the gate, and Philip perceived, for the first time, that for all her youthfulness she was half-a-head taller than himself.

'Where do you live?' inquired Philip, forgetting his previous intentions.

'Over there, where the lamp-posts are. Goodnight, Phil!'

'Good-night, Pegs!'

The children shook hands gravely. desired most ardently to ask the same question; but Philip was restrained by his principles (now returning hurriedly to duty), and Miss Peggy by maidenly reserve. But each secretly made the same resolution at the same moment.

Philip found his uncle smoking a pipe in a big arm-chair before the study fire. He was jotting

down calculations on a blotting-pad.

'The opposite sex has its uses, Philip,' he said. 'To-day, thanks to the sentimental credulity of a number of estimable but credulous females, we have raked in forty-seven pounds ten. With that sum we shall be able to do some real good.'

'How are you going to spend it this week,

Uncle Joseph?' asked Philip.

'Considering the season of the year, I think the best thing I can do is to devote practically all of it to Christmas benevolences—chiefly of the coal-and-blanket order. I have no quarrel with the very young, and I don't like to think of any child, male or female, going hungry or cold on Christmas Day. You can do a lot with fortyseven pounds ten, Philip. For about fourpence you can distend a small stomach to its utmost capacity, and you can wrap it up and keep it warm for very little more. What a blessed thing it is that these misguided females have some one to divert their foolish offerings into wise channels! This very week, but for us, forty-seven pounds ten would have dropped into the banking-account of some professional beggar, or gone to bolster up some perfectly impossible enterprise, such as the overthrow of the Church of Rome or the conversion of the Jews.

Uncle Joseph paused and laughed whimsically. 'There is a touch of humour about it all,' he said. 'It would appeal to the editor of the Searchlight. I must tell him all about it some day—when I go out of business! Yes, we'll stick to coaland-blanket charities at present, Philip. After Christmas I want to tackle the question of emigration again. Now get your writing-pad. I want to dictate rough copies of the letters for next Monday.'

Uncle Joseph filled a fresh pipe, and began to stimulate his epistolary faculties by walking about the room. Philip silently took his seat at the table.

Aubrey Buck must go, was Uncle Joseph's t announcement. 'Let us make a start first announcement. upon his successor. His name shall be Arthur Brown, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Trinity is so big that it is very hard to trace all its late Fellows, especially if their name is Brown. John's is good too, but we did very well with a Johnian missionary to Central Patagonia a couple of years ago, and we must divide our favours impartially. Now take this down:

'Dear Madam,-Not long ago I was, like yourself, a personality in the world of letters. Not of letters such as this—which (between you and I) it is with the utmost repugnance that I have brought myself to sit down and address to a fellow-scribe '-

['That's a purposely turgid and ungrammatical sentence, but she won't know. It

does me good to dictate it.']

'but of the great world of Literature, where the rarest spirits assemble and meet together'-

['That's out of the Prayer Book, and fits in rather well there.']

spirits that live as gods, and take sweet counsel

together.

'That last bit is King David; but she will probably think it is Ella Wheeler Wilcox.']

'The busy life that you lead, as one of the protagonists of modern thought'-

['She won't know what a protagonist is,

but it will please her to be called one.' 'deprives me of the hope that you can possibly have found time to glance through my poor works. Yet, believe me, even I have had my little circle. I too have walked in the groves of the Academy with my cluster of disciples, striving to contribute my mite to the sum-total of our knowledge.

['Now we might come to the point, I

think.']

But my course is run, my torch extinguished. Two years ago I was attacked by paralysis of the lower limbs'

['Always say "lower limbs" when talking

to a lady, Philip.']

*lower limbs, followed by general prostration of the entire system. I am now sufficiently recovered to don my armour once more; but, alas! my occupation is gone. My Fellowship expired six months ago, and has not been renewed.

My pupils are dispersed to the corners of the earth. Entirely without private means, I have migrated to London, where I am endeavouring to eke out an existence in a populous but inexpensive quarter of the town—the existence of a retired scholar and gentleman, save the mark !-

['That's a good touch, Philip!']

'by clerical work.'

['No, don't put that. She will think clerical means something to do with the Church. Say "secretarial" instead.']

'Have you any typing you could give me to do? I hate asking, and I know that you know I hate asking; but there is a subconscious, subliminal bond, subjective and objective '-

['I don't know what that means, but it sounds splendid.'

'that links together all brothers of the pen; and I venture to hope that in appealing to you, of all our great brotherhood, I shall not appeal in vain.'

['We had better wind up with a classical quotation of some kind,' concluded Uncle Joseph. 'She will expect it from a Don with paralytic legs, I fancy. Reach me down that Juvenal, Philip. I have a notion.

Yes, here we are.']

'Possibly you may ask, and ask with justice, why the University has done nothing for me. I did make an appeal to the authorities; butwell, a man hates to have to appeal twice for a thing that should by rights be granted without appeal at all, and I desisted. The University is rich and respectable; I am worn-out and shabby. What could I do?

Plurima sunt quæ Non homines audent pertusa dicere læna.'

['Get that down right, Philip. She may take it to some educated person to get it translated.'

'What does it mean, Uncle Joseph?' asked Philip, carefully copying out the tag.

'It means, roughly, that a man with patches on his trousers cannot afford to ask for much. Now to wind up."

'So I pray you-not of your charity, but of your good-comradeship-to send me a little work to do. The remuneration I leave to you. I am too destitute, and possessin,—Yours fraternally,
'ARTHUR BROWN.' too destitute, and perhaps too proud, to drive a

'Put "Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge." You can add the Islington address when James Nimmo has fixed it up. Then type it out. Do about seventy copies. I have been it out. Do about seventy copies. I have been going through the lady members of the Authors' Society, and have picked out most of its female geniuses. Now for next week's list for the Kind Young Hearts! Three or four of the old items can stand, particularly Popodoodlekos; he is a very lucrative old gentleman; but the others must come out. I shall not send the revised list, though, to your friend—what was that humorist's name?

'Mr Julius Mablethorpe,' said Philip. 'That's the man. Now I think of it, I have read some novels by him. I shall not send him the revised list, but I am grateful to him, all the same, for one or two useful hints. scheme for sending children to the seaside ought not to have gone in at this time of year. foolishness of the average female philanthropist is so stupendous that one grows careless. Instead, we will substitute a League of Playground Helpers, a band of interfering young women whose primary act of officiousness shall be to invade the East End and instruct slum children in the art of playing games scientifically and educatively. There's a great rage for that sort of thing just now; though how one can make a mud-pie, or play hop-scotch, or throw kittens into a canal scientifically and educatively beats me. Still, the idea is good for a few postal-orders.'

The list was completed, to a running accompaniment of this sort, and Philip began to put

away his writing materials.

Uncle Joseph glanced at the clock. 'There is just time for one more letter before dinner, he said. 'I am going to ring the changes on Tommy Smith a trifle. Next week, I think, instead of writing to grown-ups, he must send an ill-spelt but touching appeal to some little girls. About a dozen will do—the children of wealthy or titled widows. The difficulty will be to get hold of the brats' Christian names. However, we will work it somehow. We might say "Little Miss So-and-So," or, "The Little Girl Who Lives with Mrs So-and-So." Either will look childish and pretty. Just take this down, and we'll see how it sounds:

*DEAR LITTLE GIRL,—I am only a little boy

about your age, and my Daddy does not know I am writing to you.

['Put in spelling mistakes as usual.']
'My Daddy is a curate. We are very poor, and he has been ill for months. I often hear my mother crying in the night when she thinks we are all in bed asleep. I have no sister of my own, only a little baby brother. How I wish you were my sister. Then you might help me to earn some money for my father. Shall we pretend to be brother and sister, and then'-

'Hallo, Philip, old man! Getting tired?' Philip had stopped writing. He was gazing dully, fixedly, and rebelliously at the paper before him. His pencil dropped from his fingers.

For nearly three years he had been a faithful secretary and a willing amanuensis. He had performed his duties mechanically, without even considering the morality of his conduct or the feelings of his correspondents. Now, suddenly, he hated Uncle Joseph and all his works. 'Why?' he wondered.

(Continued on page 53).

MODERNISING THE MIDDLE EAST.

By HERBERT PICKLES.

PHE Baghdad Railway is slowly approaching completion; but owing to two great natural obstacles—the Taurus and the Amanus mountainranges-at least four or five years must elapse before the line is open for through traffic. But progress has been delayed by difficulties much more serious than those arising from physical features. Negotiations are in progress between the Governments of Germany and Turkey, and between each of these and that of Britain, with regard to the final section of the railway which joins the city of Baghdad to the Persian Gulf. Two other European Powers are also interested in the new line. These are Russia, whose influence is predominant in the northern part of Persia, and France, whose 'great interests in Syria are severely threatened by the Baghdad enterprise,' says the Gaulois.

The building of the railway is a German scheme, and its inception dates back to 1899, when a German company obtained a concession for the construction of a line from Konia, in Asia Minor, by way of Baghdad to the Persian Gulf. Konia was already in touch with the Bosporus by rail. The distance by railway from Konia to Baghdad is nine hundred miles. The first section has been constructed as far as Burgulu, and a company has been formed to carry it five

hundred and twenty miles farther.

Britain, France, and Russia opposed the scheme, but the work was commenced in 1903, and opposition to it has come to be regarded not only as useless, but also as unwise and unjust. The Potsdam agreement of 1910, acknowledging the rights and privileges of Russia in Asia Minor, won the support of the Russian Government. Britain was in a more difficult position. There was the probability that British investors would provide part of the capital required for the project; whilst, though Britain would make use of the railway if completed, she by no means required it as a commercial route to the Middle East. Opposition on this ground would be 'dog-in-themanger' policy, and, in addition to being foolish, would be certain to prove unsuccessful.

Our attention, therefore, became concentrated on the Persian Gulf, where we have had interests for two centuries, and British opposition developed into an endeavour to secure that the final section of the railway should be under The attitude assumed by British control. Britain during the early stages of the Baghdad scheme was probably the chief factor in producing the strained relations between Germany and ourselves over a number of years.

An important step was taken by Germany, however, in 1911, when she renounced her rights over the final section in return for the right to construct a branch line round the head of the Gulf of Alexandretta. Control of the final section thus became a matter for adjustment between Britain and Turkey. Negotiations are not yet completed, but they seem likely to be entirely successful, for the Turkish Government 'recognises the British Protectorate over Koweit (on the Gulf), and concedes the eventual right of the construction of a railway from Bassorah to Koweit;' and 'two British delegates at least

shall be appointed to the directorate of the Baghdad Railway in order to supervise all transactions and prevent discrimination in the

treatment of goods.'

The completion of the railway will provide means for a romantic journey. The centres of modern civilisation will be linked with the 'Cradle of the Human Race.' Communication will be established between Mesopotamia, a land of dead cities, and the west of Europe, the centre of life and commerce. No land has had a more glorious past than this, which contributed to the wealth of Babylon, Nineveh, and Baghdad; whilst no land has experienced such utter ruin. Babylon has disappeared. The very bricks of which its walls were built have been carried away, and many may be seen, stamped with the seal of Nebuchadnezzar, forming part of modern buildings in Baghdad. Nineveh exists merely as a ruin, a ruin partly excavated after interment for over two thousand years. For these there is no resurrection; but the third may yet regain some measure of the wealth and influence which were its portion under the rule of Haroun al Raschid.

In its palmiest days, a thousand years ago, Baghdad was the centre of Eastern trade and culture. Trade routes from Persia and the Far East, from the Levant and southern Europe, converged upon this city and made it the great mart of Asiatic products. The same convergence of roads has probably operated in later times, and gifted Mesopotamia with the mixture of tribes

and antagonistic creeds by which it is now characterised.

To-day Baghdad is but a shadow of its former self. Its population of two millions has dwindled to two hundred and twenty-five thousand. The desert rolls almost up to the walls of the city, for the elaborate system of canals which rendered the land capable of supporting a teeming population has been neglected. The physical conditions have not changed, however. The land which the Chaldeans transformed into a fruitful garden can be made once more to blossom as the rose. What irrigation has done in the Punjab, which lies in the same latitude, and in Egypt, which is somewhat farther south, may well be accomplished in Mesopotamia.

The building of the Baghdad Railway is the first step in the great work which Sir William Willcocks called the 're-creation of Chaldea.' Irrigation of the land and development of its resources will follow the establishment of good means of communication with other regions. Three million acres is the area of the land which will be available for the raising of crops when it is irrigated. The cost will be great, but it will be justified by the results. Mesopotamia will become one of the world's great granaries. The land will wake from its sleep of centuries. cities will arise, and great ports may be established on the Persian Gulf. New markets will become available for the world's manufactures, and a field of emigration will be provided for the teeming population of India.

ROSEMARY COURT.

CHAPTER V.

IT was one of Madam's customs that a wood-fire should be kept burning in the great square hall, where the sun seldom penetrated, so that the sombre oak was half-hidden in the brown shadows. Here on winter afternoons tea was always served, and here Madam had spent some of the happiest days of her placid existence. She needed no shaded lamps now, for the air was warm and the sun outside blazed down upon the sleeping gardens. In that dim atmosphere it was possible to lie back in one of those deep, carved-oak chairs and be half-hidden in the gloom. It was here that Madam St Bruyere was seated on the afternoon of the day Rupert was expected home. As a rule she hated idleness; she was not one of those old ladies who can spend hours before the fire seeing the past in the glowing coals. But to day, now that she had finished her tea and the tray had been removed, she sat very white and silent, watching the feathery ash in the fire drifting up the wide,

open chimney. And Madam was not happy.

For perhaps the first time in her life she doubted her own judgment. She had reigned here many years now, and none had ever ventured to question the wisdom of her sway. It was her boast, too, that she had never made a mistake, which perhaps accounted for the awe in which most people stood of her. But now she was not so sure. She had a perfect right to do what she liked with her own, and if she chose to sell the picture which had given Rosemary Court its name, there was none to say her nay. She had her own reasons for the sacrifice; and it had been a sacrifice, as many a restless night could tell. But hitherto, like the Centurion, she had only to say go, and they went-which was very well so long as the imperious word was said openly and in the face of all men. But this she had not done. The picture had been removed from its sanctuary in her own apartment and sent to London almost by stealth as it were. She had intended to do this thing in such a way that her right hand should not know what her left was about. And now Sir Charles St Bruyere, of all men in the world, had discovered her secret. It seemed almost incredible that the famous Sir Joshua should have found its way into his

possession. And she could not harden her heart to tell him the truth. He would not betray her, she felt sure of that. There was no sympathy between them. She detested the man and his methods-in her eyes he had degraded the House by his commercial pursuits; but neither she nor anybody else could point to anything that shadowed Charles St Bruyere's good name. He had been wild as any hawk, he had been in scores of foolish escapades, but he had never forgotten what he owed to his ancestors. It was perhaps his shrewd cynicisms and ill-concealed contempt for the domestic virtues that made Madam most dislike and fear him. And now she would have to tell him the truth, she would have to confess to her folly, the extent of which she was only just beginning to realise.

She was a very woman after all. As such the policy of procrastination appealed to her. She would postpone the evil day till after Rupert's return; and he might be back at any moment now. Perhaps if she told him everything he could find some way out of the difficulty.

When she was turning these things over in her mind the hall door opened and Rupert came in.

in.
'You have come alone after all?' Madam asked.

'No,' Rupert replied. 'I heard that you were here, and I know this is the hour when you do not care to be disturbed. Besides, Cecilia is a little overwrought with her journey and the excitement of seeing you for the first time. She said she hoped you would not mind if she rested in her own room till dinner-time. I handed her over to one of the maids.'

Madam made no comment. On the whole she did not appear to be displeased. In its way this maidenly awe of her was a compliment. She turned slowly toward Rupert. 'Is it too much to hope,' she said, 'that the child is presentable? You understand what I mean.'

'Perfectly, Madam,' Rupert said gravely. 'Cecilia is exceedingly beautiful; indeed, she is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen.'

'And so a dairymaid might be,' Madam said impartially.

And exceedingly graceful,' Rupert went on. 'No pains have been spared over her education, nor has she been allowed to forget that she is a St Bruyere. I don't think you will be disappointed, Madam. I would rather not say any more. It would be far better for you to form your own impressions of Cecilia.'

Although the flowers were adew under the golden evening sky, the curtains in the drawing-room were drawn and the shaded lamps alight. It was one of Madam's fancies to dine, even in the height of summer, by the light of the wax candles in the big silver sconces. She sat in her favourite arm-chair, a charming picture in black and white, playing with some fancy-work. She was wondering idly what this girl would be like.

She would present herself in sombre black, of course; she would naturally '----

And then all these pictures were swept away by the entrance of a tall, slender figure clad entirely in white. The dress was almost Grecian in its simplicity, yet on that slim, exquisite figure it gave the impression of a studied art which had in its very plainness a striking note of originality. Her arms and neck were bare, and about her throat was a string of pearls, the only ornament The lamps gleamed on the which she wore. piled-up masses of her hair, and seemed to make dark pools of purple in her eyes. She came forward quite easily and naturally, and without the smallest tinge of embarrassment in her manner. Her lips parted in a smile, the smile of one who is welcome everywhere, and who looks quite naturally for a welcome in return. She bent over Madam's chair and touched the smooth white forehead with her lips.

'Oh, you are perfect!' she cried. 'To think that you should be my grandmother! But then everything is perfect here. This is the house one dreams about. And you were not angry because I did not come to you at once? I was tired and had a headache. And I was a little nervous too. I see now how silly that was of me. Just as if anybody would be afraid of a dear like you!'

She dropped into a chair and smiled up at Rupert, who was standing by the fireplace, with the light of perfect understanding on her lovely face. She had come straight through the icy barriers of cold and reserve much as a butterfly might flitter between the bars of a prison. She should have come, figuratively, on her knees; she should have taken Madam's hand and kissed it with broken words of gratitude for the priceless boon of sanctuary.

From the depths of her heart Madam tried to conjure up some of that grim austerity and cold aloofness which had won her the respect and admiration of her friends. She wanted this daughter of a play-actor to feel her position, and perhaps in time earn for herself, in tears and humility, a modest niche in that proud household. But here she had come and taken smiling possession as if it had been a right, and as if she were conferring a favour upon all and sundry at Rosemary Court.

'Why are you not in black, child?' Madam

'I have never worn it,' Cecilia said simply. 'My dear mother hated it. And when she died she made me promise that I would wear no outward mourning for her. Ah, ciel, as if there were any need for it! As if I did not mourn her day and night in this poor, sad heart of mine! There was never a woman like my mother. It was nothing but good she taught me. It was a sad wrench for her when she had to send me to school, but she knew that it was all for the best. And she always knew that

some day I should come back here. And in time I shall know how to thank you.' She stopped,

and her voice trembled slightly.

Madam St Bruyere was moved, despite herself. She wanted to be hard and critical; she wanted to make this inconsequent child understand the exact position of affairs. Yet she was something of an artist-you could not live in the atmosphere of Rosemary Court without feeling the artistic influence—and the beauty, the pathos, the sweet simplicity of this girl were not lost upon Madam. She saw the blue-gray eyes raised appealingly to Rupert's dark ones, and then she saw something that made her withered heart beat a trifle faster, and her black silk mittened hands clench upon her lap. She saw, too, a certain proud defiance on Rupert's face, and just for a moment she was back again in the dim and distant past, when Godfrey St Bruyere had come riding up the path leading to her father's house to tell her that she must make up her mind. Ah, well, that was fifty odd years ago, and in those times-

'Dinner is served, Madam, if you please.'

Rupert bent and held his arm to Madam. She motioned him to go in front and escort Cecilia to the dining-room.

'I wonder,' she whispered to herself, 'what they would say if they knew what a wicked old woman I am.'

CHAPTER VI.

T seemed almost as if Rosemary Court had been awaiting the advent of Cecilia. In some strange, pleasing way she seemed to fit into a vacant place which no one had noticed before, though now the loss seemed to have been recognised all along. There was no gradual thawing of the ice which Madam imagined to have been frozen about her heart all these long Before the first dinner was finished, before the wax candles in the Cellini sconces had burned a third of their length, Cecilia was in indisputable possession of the citadel. She was so natural, so unaffected, so unconscious of her own beauty and charm, that Madam could find no fault and see no flaw in this perfect flower. She sat in her accustomed place listening and watching; she began to trace a certain likeness to her own dead, wayward child. It seemed as if the hand of time had put the clock back for twenty odd years, and taken as many years off her own life. She could see the same eyes, the same halfhumorous, half-pathetic droop of the lips, and the same red-gold glory of her hair. Madam probably would have refused to admit it, but she slept that night the happiest sleep she had known

It was the same with all of them. It was pleasing to see how one by one they came under Cecilia's sway. At first Madam waited for the friends and neighbours who, she knew, would

be sure to call, assame with curiosity to see the new-comer; but a little later it became quite the custom to take Cecilia with her when repaying these social obligations. The old scandal was not forgotten—scandals die hard in country places—and Madam was conscious of the fact. Therefore it was a source of secret pride to her to note the impression that Cecilia was making. Therewere luncheons and tennis-parties, and a little later an invitation to a fancy-dress ball at Gilray Castle, given by the duchess of that ilk. This was the one star in the social firmament to whom Madam bowed the knee.

'I am very pleased, my child,' she said; 'and I am very glad that the duchess has taken a fancy to you. If you will be guided by me in

your choice of a costume'-

'Oh, but I have already made up my mind,' Cecilia said sweetly. 'Do you know, I have the very dress for it. I was going to wear it in a poetic play, in a part which Rostand had written especially for me. A most beautiful story, Madam.'

Madam moved uneasily in her chair. Those constant allusions to the theatre troubled her. She did not realise that Cecilia's brief acquaintance with the footlights accounted for a good deal of her popularity. For here was a girl, mark you, who had actually played with distinction on the boards of the most famous theatre in Europe. Madam felt a pang at her heart.

'You're not regretting it?' she asked almost

fiercely.

'Oh no, no!' Cecilia cried. 'At first, yes. For, you see, I had my dreams. But since I have come here, no; I shall never want to go back to the stage again. After this lovely old house, so full of peace and restfulness, the stage seems so artificial. I'm going to this dance as a "summer night." I have a blue dress all cloudy and light, and I shall wear with it my mother's stage jewels. Now if you frown like that I shall think that you are offended. What does it matter so long as there's no pretence? Ah, you smile again. You shall come with me.'

'I think not,' Madam smiled. 'I have not been out in the evening for over twenty years. I cannot break my rule now even for you, Cecilia. I will find you an efficient chaperon, and you and Rupert can tell me all about it afterwards.'

Perhaps Madam St Bruyere had expected something a trifle theatrical and bizarre in Cecilia's costume; anyway, she gave a sigh of something like relief when Cecilia floated into the drawing-room before dinner in her ball-dress. She was clad in billowy waves of blue, edged here and there with black. Her wondrous hair was piled high above her head and entwined with a mass of glittering white stones, doubtless intended to represent the stars of a summer night. There were pearls about her neck, and more diamonds about her wrists. Madam smiled in approval.

There was nothing extravagant or daring here.

It was a beautiful and refined picture drawn in soft and subtle colours all blending together in one perfect harmony. As Cecilia stood there, with the deep filbert-brown of the old oak panelling behind her, she was a vision of grace and loveliness beyond compare. And two people were watching her with their souls in their eyes. Madam had seen the expression on Rupert's face; she was thinking of it now when she was alone, and mourning for what might have been.

'Let them enjoy themselves while they may!' But I shall never live to see she murmured. that dream fulfilled. What a ruin I have made of everything! If I had only known; if I had only gone to my child in the hour of her need! But these are vain regrets. To think of

the things one might have done!'

All heedless of what they had left behind them, Cecilia and Rupert had given themselves over to the enjoyment of the moment. first time that Cecilia had been out, yet there was about her no trace of shyness. To her it was a dream of pure delight. From the first moment she entered the banqueting-hall where the dance was in progress she triumphed. Yet with it all she seemed to be utterly unconscious of success. She danced in an ecstasy of enjoyment. She was childishly pleased to find her programme full, for on this point she had expressed her doubts to Rupert as they drove along.

He laughed quietly. 'You need not fear,' he

'My doubt is how many dances you are

likely to have for me.'

And here she was under the shaded lights, surrounded by an atmosphere of roses, under the approving eyes of the duchess herself. There came a moment later on when she found herself She was conscious that a late-comer was regarding her through a gold-rimmed eyeglass with critical approval. In a man younger or less distinguished-looking the criticism would have been impertinent. Then the tall man in the oldfashioned evening-dress and embroidered shirtfront came and sat beside her.

'My age must be my excuse,' he said. I have only just arrived. My dear child, I am a sort of relation of yours, a kind of uncle on the other side of the House. In other words, I am Sir Charles St Bruyere. And I want you to forgive me for not having as yet called to pay my respects to you.'

'I have heard Madam mention your name,'

Cecilia replied. 'You are not very good friends with her, Sir Charles ?'

Sir Charles chuckled. He sat there appraising Cecilia as if she had been some rare and valuable picture. And she had his entire approval; there was not one flaw in this exquisite painting.

'I hear you are getting on all right with our dear Marcia,' he laughed. 'But don't you remember me? When you were a tiny tot I used to come over to Paris and see your mother sometimes. Ah, well, the memory of youth is short. I hear that Madam is proud of your success; she would have been prouder still had she been here this evening. That dress of yours is a positive inspiration. I am an old man, and therefore privileged to say these things. whence came all those wonderful jewels?

Cecilia laughed innocently enough. 'I am afraid they are meant to deceive, 'she said. 'For you know, Sir Charles, that stage queens always wear stage diamonds. These belonged to my dear mother. She wore them the last time she appeared in Paris. They are no more than good paste at the best; but I have never liked to get rid of them just because they belonged to my mother. I like to think of her the last time I saw her wearing them; that beautiful mother of mine whom everybody loved and respected.'

'You will follow her example some day, I

suppose?'

Oh no. Since I have been here I have learned that there is a better life than that. a little time Rosemary Court has taught me many lessons. So I shall pack my paste diamonds away in their cotton-wool, and only bring them out on great occasions such as this.

'Quite right,' Sir Charles said approvingly. 'Only, don't part with them, because you never know when the wolf is coming to the door, and in that unhappy event even stage diamonds are useful, especially when they happen to be the property of a charming and distinguished actress who has made a reputation in two continents. If ever you do want to part with them, bring them to me, my dear. Ah!

Sir Charles sighed resignedly as Rupert came hurriedly forward, his face white and anxious.

'We must get back at once, Cecilia,' Rupert 'I have had a most alarming message from home. Madam has had some sort of paralytic seizure. A motor is waiting for us outside.'

(Continued on page 58.)

THE 'SCREW' RAILWAY.

By W. O. HORSNAILL, A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.LE.E.

ONE might reasonably suppose that underground travelling has become so perfect in the form of our latest tube-railways that no great improvements would be possible in the future; yet a new method has recently been invented

and tried, which, if practicable on a large scale, will take us from point to point more quickly and comfortably than we are at present accustomed to travel.

The new system is similar to a moving plat-

form, in that the passengers step on and off whilst the carriages are in motion, and a train is always slowly passing each platform. On the other hand, the carriages, which are close together in the stations, separate and run at a high speed between stations, so that they move from station to station much more quickly than a continuous platform limited to a speed at which passengers can board or alight.

The subways will be only just below the surface—hence the delays owing to lifts and stairs will be avoided; and, the stations being only a quarter of a mile apart, very little walking will be entailed to reach any particular spot above-

ground near the line of route.

The carriages will not be connected to each other, although they will pass through the stations close together, and only six or eight passengers will be accommodated in each. may imagine, therefore, a row of small carriages moving through each station continuously at about three miles an hour, whilst the passengers step out on to the first half of the platform and enter from the last half. At the same time, other carriages will keep coming up and joining on behind, their speed between stations being about twenty-five miles an hour; but they are slowed down before reaching the platforms. Similarly, the carriages in front will detach themselves one by one as they get up speed again; hence they will be a long way apart in passing through the tunnels.

Of course safety devices will be provided to prevent any possibility of passengers being squeezed or otherwise hurt, and these appliances have already been invented to complete the

system.

The carriages are made to run exactly as described by an enormous screw which revolves in a small subway between the rails. This screw is in the form of a tube about two feet in diameter, and has a spiral rail attached to it, the distance between the spirals being varied according to the speed required. Thus at the stations the turns of the spiral rail are only one foot apart, whilst in the tunnels they widen out to eight feet. Fixed under each carriage are two little rollers which roll on the spiral rail;

hence for every revolution of the screw the carriages are moved forward one foot at the platforms and eight feet in the tunnels. With this arrangement it is only necessary to revolve the screw the correct number of turns a minute to run the carriages at three miles an hour through the stations, when they will speed up to eight times as fast in the tunnels, where the turns of the spiral are eight times as far apart.

The screw is revolved by an electric motor at each station, and it is in one length between stations, supported by rollers. At the ends of each length the spiral rail is broken for a few feet; but this does not matter, as each carriage is pushed over the gap by the one following.

There are, of course, two lines of rails and two screws, running opposite ways; whilst at each terminus there is an ingenious contrivance which automatically guides each carriage round a loop on to the other line ready for its return

journey.

In between the rails is a wide slot through which the arm carrying the rollers passes to the screw, and this slot is used to guide the carriages and keep them straight by means of little wheels having vertical spindles fixed to the underside of each carriage. The latter being guided in this way, there is no need for flanges on the wheels, which are therefore flat and run upon flat rails; and as such small carriages are very light in weight, it will be practicable to make the rails of rubber or some soft material which wili be silent. In any case, very little noise will be made compared to the ordinary train, owing to the lightness of the vehicles and their distance apart in the tunnels. Moreover, it will be impossible for carriages to collide or to escape their guide-wheels and come off the line; and as the speed and position of each vehicle is exactly controlled by the screw, no drivers, brakes, or signals will be needed; whilst conductors will be replaced by automatic contrivances for controlling the doors.

The first cost and working expenses have been very carefully gone into by the inventors, who are confident that the figures will compare favourably with those for the ordinary tubes, whilst a larger number of passengers can be handled.

HIS FATHER'S LEGACY.

By W. H. WILLIAMSON, Author of The Traitor's Wife, A Family of Influence, The Stolen Bride, &c.

WHEN Thomas Higgins died people shook their heads; not because death came to Thomas Higgins, as it will come to all, but because of Reginald Higgins. Thomas had made his way from nothing to be the possessor of halfa-million of money. Reginald, his only child, had been educated as the heir of wealth. Mrs Higgins had died six years ago, and Mr Higgins lived in The Towers at Stimslow, about a dozen

miles from Manchester, amidst costly pictures, costly furniture, and costly gardens—everything costly and little satisfying; for the only child of the household, the son to inherit all the wealth Thomas Higgins had accumulated, was a wastrel.

As Thomas amassed money he lavished it on his son. Reginald went to Oxford with an allowance of five hundred a year, and came back loaded with debt and bare of scholastic attainment. And of course cotton did not attract him. He could not bear the sight of a cotton-mill. Spindles and looms-ugh! He wouldn't mind motoring—that was all right! So a rich and indulgent father set him up with ten thousand

pounds in a motor business.

Reginald lived in London. You must have relaxations even in business, and what was there to do in Stimslow and Manchester? London for Reginald! He said Leicester Square, Piccadilly Circus, and the Strand were pictured on his heart. He married while he was in London. His wife was in the ballet at the 'Empire,' and helped him to run through the ten thousand pounds in the business at the rate of five hundred a month. When it was spent she died, her pirouetting over.

Reginald crawled home, and his father forgave. But Mr Higgins could not keep Reginald in Stimslow and Manchester, so he made him an allowance of five hundred pounds a year, and Reginald lived in his beloved London.

Perhaps it was natural that people should

shake their heads.

Reginald walked through The Towers with a tickling sensation. This was his! That was his thought. All these things belonged to himpictures, ornaments, carpets, furniture, silver, bricks and mortar, land, motors, horses-his! And half-a-million into the bargain at the very least.

He felt grateful to his father for having piled up this huge fortune for him. Twenty thousand pounds a year at least—after five hundred! Wouldn't he have a time! The guv'nor must have been smart, all the same, to pile up all that.

There were a few relatives and many friends at the funeral, and when it was over Reginald felt magnificent as he stood alone in the breakfast-room. What should he do with The Towers -sell it, or keep it?

Mr Green, the solicitor, was shown in.

- 'Come in, Mr Green,' said Reginald. 'Have a cigarette?
 - 'No, thank you.'

'Cigar ?'

'I think I would rather get through the business first, if you don't mind, Mr Reg-Mr Higgins.'

Just as you like. Business, eh?'

'The will.'

'Of course. I hope the guv'nor didn't chuck away money on those beastly charities and rot of that kind. I don't want to bother with details, if you don't mind. What there is to pay out you can pay, can't you? You'll act for me as you did for the guv'nor, eh?'

'Thank you. I shall be glad to do all I can for you. But it is a curious will, Mr Higgins.'

'Oh, I suppose I'm all right?' A sudden

shock seized him. Suppose his father had not left him all!

'Well, suppose I read you what your father said. After leaving sundry legacies to relatives and servants, which will amount, I think, to something like fifty thousand pounds, the will reads: "And to my son, Reginald Higgins, I give and bequeath the residue of my estate, on condition that he obtains from the Head of the Monastery of Charkhlik the choicest portion of my wealth. I desire my son to make a journey to this monastery, and there claim his right. For this purpose the sum of one thousand pounds is to be given him. He must make the journey viâ Kashgar and Karaul, and arrive at the monastery within twelve calendar months of the date of my funeral. I desire that his companion shall be Harold Bright, who has journeyed over the road, and that there shall be no other companions save servants. I give and bequeath to the said Harold Bright one thousand pounds if the journey is begun, and an additional sum of ten thousand pounds if he and my son reach the Monastery of Charkhlik. If my son does not reach the aforesaid monastery within the time fixed above, then I desire that the residue of my estate shall be equally divided between "-Here follows a long list of charities,' added Mr

Reginald had thrown his cigarette down. 'What!' he stammered; 'was the guv'nor mad?'

'Quite sane, Mr Higgins.'

'But is that a joke, or what?'

'It is no joke.'

'Do you mean—but it's—— You know, I don't understand the blighted rubbish at all! Isn't this all mine?'

'On conditions.'

'Conditions! That I go to some miserable monastery! Where is the wretched hole?'

'On the frontier of Tibet.'

'The frontier of-- Great Scott!' Reginald looked furious. He felt angry and impotent, which adds fuel to anger. 'Can't I send somebody? Can't Harold Bright go alone?'

'Is this any of your doing?' he asked savagely, hoping for a victim on whom to pour his wrath. Mr Green shook his head. 'The idea was

entirely your father's.'

'But what the devil have I to go to a blighted monastery for? Have I to become a Buddhist,

or a fire-worshipper, or what?'

'Nothing of that, Mr Higgins. You have simply to go and claim from the Head of the Monastery at Charkhlik your fortune, and I believe you would not be satisfied with what is left if you did not get the portion there. If you do not go to Charkhlik you get nothing.'

'Nothing! I've got The Towers, surely?' 'Nothing. All is residue after the specific

legacies.'

'Well, I'm jiggered! Whatever— You

know I can't take it in. Can't I touch a

'A thousand pounds if you will go.'

'Well, I'm' Reginald sank into a chair, and it took him quite a considerable time to realise the kind of will his father had left. He swore considerably. He made Mr Green read the will again, explain it, discuss it, and even then did not thoroughly accept it.

Mr Green suggested that he should come again in the morning, bringing Mr Bright with him, and then they could talk over the matter calmly.

Reginald looked most unhappy.

He realised what it meant in the morning.

Harold Bright was a man about three years older than Reginald, and had travelled for Mr Higgins on business concerning cotton, curios, and other things, acting when in Manchester as Mr Higgins's secretary. He was a healthy, clean-shaven, clean-bodied man, and Reginald liked him.

Bright knew the terms of the will, and re-

explained them.

'And it really means,' said Reginald, 'that you and I and a pack of dromedaries are to go tramping to that twopenny monastery; otherwise '-

'Otherwise!' Harold smiled.

Reginald swore copiously, and wished to know how he could get to the blighted place. Could you motor? Suppose you'd get broken down every other mile! And he'd be months out of town just when the new piece was coming on at the 'Satiety,' with Kitty Mewler in it. Impossible!

The others let him talk. It had to be. So

had the journey.

Reginald refused to budge for a week, but then he saw dallying was no good. To a monastery on the confines of Tibet he had to go, or else he got no fortune. He gave in. Of course Harold had all the arrangements to make; and a fortnight after the funeral of Thomas Higgins, Harold and Reginald were on the road to Tibet.

Reginald was somewhat interested in the beginning of the journey; but he wearied quickly of the train. Harold refused to stop. Reginald pleaded for a 'night or two' in Paris, and almost screamed for Vienna; but Harold said 'Charkhlik,' and pushed on. Reginald wished to know if he was to be considered as a 'bally commercial, or what?'

Harold said, 'If you go straight to Charkhlik you will make nearly half-a-million pounds, so you can consider yourself a "bally commercial" or not as you please; but you are not going to riot or get drunk while you are with me on this journey.

Reginald cursed Harold, cursed his father, cursed railways, Russians, monasteries, and in particular the Monastery of Charkhlik on the frontier of Tibet.

Boredom was mild language to describe

Reginald's attitude when he reached the Caspian and then journeyed through Turkestan. sighed for drinks; he sighed for Leicester Square and the 'Satiety,' for little cafes, little suppers, little chorus-girls or principals—for all the fleshpots of London. 'To think of me,' he said, 'in this God-forsaken country!' He pictured himself as a kind of oasis moving through the land.

The journey to Kashgar tried him terribly. He said he would go mad. He railed against the will in most fiery terms. Whatever possessed his father? Was he dotty? Did he know this place? It was surely handed over to the devil to finish, and he'd scamped it in his devilish way. He would go back-chuck the money-

it wasn't worth it.

But the little caravan moved slowly on to Kashgar. After Kashgar troubles began. The sun was terribly hot; gnats abounded; movement Reginald wondered if the whole was slow. thing were a trick, a conspiracy on the part of Green and Harold to drive him mad, or kill him, and get the fortune.

Harold appeased him by detailing the destination of the residue. The list of charities made

Reginald irreverently mad.

But at the end of a month he merely droned his discontent. Harold seemed a very nice sort of chap. He read portions of David Copperfield and Shakespeare in the evenings, and Reginald

began to let his fury abate.

Then the travel became diverse. The country was gigantic. If you felt bored in London you could go into a club or a 'pub,' and say something to somebody; but here, amidst the vast, untenanted plain—well, what was really the good of being bored? You had to endure it.

The funeral was on July 19th. In December Reginald was in winter quarters at Karaul. They had travelled over frozen streams, by deserted plains, through poor villages, near nomads on the march.

But now came serious travelling. There were Harold and Reginald, two natives, eight camels, and two horses.

Reginald was beginning to forget Leicester Square. Truly this land was in nowise like it. Bare of houses, bare of people, bare of vegetation -sand, sand, sand.

As Reginald saw into what they were moving he said, 'Oh!'

- 'What is it?' asked Harold.
- 'I ask, what is it?'
- 'Sand—just sand.

Reginald had nothing more to say.

The caravan marched in single file, treading down the sand, so that the last two horses, on which Reginald and Harold rode, marched on comparatively firm ground. Great mountains of sand rose up, and the travellers marched between them. When they camped they dug for water, and found it salt.

They came to level plains—plains of sand.

'Margate without the jetty this,' said Reginald. Harold smiled. It was the pleasantest remark Reginald had made.

Night came, and the temperature dropped to zero.

Reginald nestled in his furs, and said to Harold in the morning, 'This would give the Serpentine beans, wouldn't it?'

'It will give us beans if we don't take care,' said Harold, pleased that Reginald took it so well.

They marched on till they came to great mountains, and the guides led them through Reginald and Harold had to climb; riding horses was impossible. This was no A fall meant serious injury, if child's-play. one escaped death.

'Worse than climbin' 'buses this!' said Reginald.

The guides stopped with blank faces; they had missed the path, and were in a cul-de-sac.

'But we must go on,' said Reginald.
'We must turn back,' said Harold.
'After comin' so far?'

'We must find the road.'

They turned back, creeping along their old trail, silent, disheartened, and anxious. They crept down the mountain-sides, and the guides stopped and discussed and went on.

A sandstorm arose. They turned up their coat-collars, bent their heads, and slowly went on. But the sand rattled against them pitilessly. It was in their eyes, in their ears, in their Reginald was spitting at every stride. mouths.

'I shall be blind soon if this goes on,' he said,

but not petulantly.

Harold decided to camp till the storm passed. But the food was sandy, and when they lay down they lay down on sand.

Reginald elept very well considering. But it was the next day that tried them. cold dropped in the night to minus fifteen degrees.

The guides found the right path, but made another discovery: fuel was short. What they had taken for fuel turned out to be something

They were over sixteen thousand feet above sea-level.

Harold said, 'This is different from Regent Street, Reg.'

'Yes. Just think of me in this place!'

'And there are risks.'

'What of?'

'Starvation.'

'We must chance that.'

'You don't mind?'

'Oh, what's the good?' said Reginald, smiling.

'Good of what?

'Of swearing.'

'Not much,' said Harold with a grin.

The guides were on in front. The light on the snow-capped mountains was wonderful in its wealth and lavishness.

'Isn't that beautiful?' said Harold, pointing to the mountain snow, rose-coloured tapering to purple, and near them sparkling like crystal.

Reginald seemed also to be impressed by the picture. This panorama was theirs—theirs only. It was not like the scenes in Switzerland, visited by parties daily, almost hourly, made positively vulgar by the crowd. Here there was nobody. Not a living soul passed this way once a year perhaps. It was majestic! This beautiful snow, mantling the mountains, shedding itself profusely and wantonly on all the peaks for miles and miles and miles, was there for them only. When snow lay on a mountain it seemed as if it must A pretty woman veiled or shut up was not more incongruous than a snow-covered peak without a human being to admire. And down from this scene of beauty the eye could travel to the plain beyond. A brown patch seemed to come creeping to the snow, and the snow had retreated timidly, clustering with perfect security and pride only on the heights.

'Nobody gets the spirit of these places when

they paint 'em,' said Reginald.

Harold looked. 'No. Very few.'

'Just imagine shouting here!

'Yes; and think of shouting in Leicester Square.

Bother Leicester Square!' said Reginald with

Harold seemed content to agree.

They risked part of their precious fuel in making a fire that night, because a warm meal was essential.

Reginald watched the sun set. 'I can scarcely stand it,' he said.

Harold nodded.

'Look at the colours!'

'Yes.'

'Every shade. Oh!'

'What?'

'Nothing. So beautiful!'

After a pause Reginald said, 'Never saw anything like it-never! I've been to Switzerland, Saw all the stuff they chuck at you. Peuh! suppose it was the company. Look at that red; it's simply gorgeous.'

'Heavenly.'

'Yes, heavenly.'

'And just for us!'

'Just for us. Here it's the genuine thing, too. In Switzerland—I don't know—seems commoner. Well, you don't go through Switzerland like this, do you?'

No.

They reached the plain the next day, and travelled over the hard, dry ground, having the luck to find some dead branches and vegetation, which gave them a fire.

But the dry earth yielded no water. This became a serious thing. Reginald prospected, and struck the spoor of some wild animals. He

was delighted at his discovery, and the spring was a joy to them all.

The march grew monotonous again on the plains, for the sandy wastes were ever before them. But Reginald found something enticing

in the journey, and never complained.

They went through passes between the mountains; they crossed rivers, and were nearly drowned. They thought more than once they would never live to see another day, for they were menaced by flood and starvation in varying degrees; but at last they came to their haven.

It was in March of the following year that

Harold, putting his hand to his eyes, said, 'There

it is.'

'What?'

'The Monastery of Charkhlik.'

'That!'

'Yes.'

Reginald nodded. 'What an eight months we have had!

'Do you regret them?'

'No.

'Good! Better than Leicester Square?'

'Better than what?'

'Leicester Square.' Harold laughed.

'Confound Leicester Square!' said Reginald. Harold said, 'Your father would have been

pleased to hear you say that.'

'Yes; wish he could hear me, dear old chap! I used to say Leicester Square was engraved on my heart; but after this I wouldn't have it scribbled on the sole of my boot!'

Harold laughed. 'Wonderful! Wonderful!'

'What is?'

'Here we are.'

They arrived at the monastery, and were met by the lama, who knew Harold, for they had met in Tibet when Harold entered it from the Indian side. When Reginald was introduced, the lama, a kindly man, looked at him searchingly. It seemed as if he would read Reginald's Then he left them, saying he would return in a moment, and came back with a sealed letter, which he gave to Harold.

'Mine?' asked Reginald, pointing to himself.

The lama nodded.

It was addressed, 'To My Son.

'The guv'nor's writing,' said Reginald, and broke the seal. This was the letter:

'MY DEAR BOY,-Money in the hands of a fool is as bad as a loaded weapon. You have disappointed me. Perhaps it was my fault, perhaps the fault of us both; but, in any case, I will not help my boy to be a mere wastrel. If I leave you a fortune at the present moment you will ruin not only yourself, but many other people into the bargain. Spongers will come to you, rogues will come to you, the world, the flesh, and the devil will come to you so long as you have any money. Just so long, which would not be very long. And with the money gone, you ruined body and soul, what use is that experiment in life? Besides, it has been tried too often. I would rather leave you penniless. A person without money works, and he who works may always look the world in the face without shame. It does not pain me to think of you as a clerk at two pounds a week, as a mechanic, as a chauffeur—as anybody doing a decent day's work for the purpose of living as decently as one can. If you have ambition and determination and ability you will not always occupy a humble position.

'But I will not think of you as a wastrel. Only the meritorious deserve power, and money is power in these days. Hence my will. I hope that a journey through wild and difficult regions will do something for you. I trust and pray it will. To my old friend Para Bingh I have entrusted two things—a letter and a phial. He shall judge. Harold Bright I can trust implicitly, and he will let Para Bingh know by a glance how you have acquitted yourself in your journey. If well, you will have the letter; if you sigh still for inanities and folly, thenmay God forgive me; but, better for the world -the phial.

'I write this in my deep love for you. You are all I have to live for that is mine. I have seen you grow from a golden-haired baby that crept into the hearts of your mother and me, as babies do creep into parents' hearts; and I have watched you grow to manhood with a grief you cannot at present understand. And now I leave it all on the knees of the gods. How will you turn out? Will it be victory? Will the desert have done what I hope? Or- God bless you, Reginald, my dear, dear boy! If you receive this letter you will have won, and I, as I write, know I am speaking to a new Reginald,

Reginald had tears in his eyes. He bit his lip, but managed to murmur, 'What was in the phial?'

the son I wished for.

'Poison,' said Harold, and he nodded toward Para Bingh, who was now pouring it on the fire in the stove.

'MORE BLESSED.'

I WANT to do thee good! In the old days I was content—as loving children are—
To watch and wait thy coming from afar;
To haste to meet thee on thy homeward ways, To rest beneath the sunshine of thy gaze, And feel in truth that naught on earth could max

My perfect joy. Nor sun nor moon nor star Were lacking if I lived beneath its rays!

But now I crave a wider, deeper bliss.

I long to give, as God's true givers should,
My very all; to press love's loyal kiss
Upon thy feet. Ay, my heart craves but this:
To serve thee humbly, as a poor slave would
Who loves his lord. I want to do thee good!

KATE MELLERSH.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

Robert Scott, whose body is to lie undisturbed in those wild Antarctic wastes, just as it was laid there when the blizzard raged. It is for its effect upon other lives that the value of any one life is to be judged; and by such a reckoning as this it is certain that the value of Scott's is enormous, though the strong part of it began less than fifteen years ago, and closed before the man was forty-four. He invented little or nothing. He carried out no great public works. He made no fine speeches, and confined himself to writing such books as were the plainest and simplest records of work. He made no great flights in aeroplanes, built no bridges, commanded no armies or ships in time of war. He made no millions of money; indeed he did not. This man did none of those things which usually get men looked upon as great and earn adulation for them. His was a simpler, grander greatness, that will endure and shine the better when ages have gone by. He only, with some others, trod a weary, toilsome, painful way to the extreme south of the world; and when he reached the polar summit about the plains of snow he found that he was not the first to be there, and made then a more weary, more painful march backward as far as he could go. Some good scientific work was done in the meantime; but it is not that which

THERE need be no mourning now for Captain

The reason why Scott must be a vast influence now and an influence for ages hence is because of the supreme manliness of character that he exhibited throughout his life and in the moments of his lonely death, because of the simply towering nobility and beauty of his character, and the sweetness of it—for that is one of its most splendid features. In the

counts so much in the reckoning of the value of

Scott's Last Expedition, as is the title of the two books, one of them written by the hero

himself, that have just been given to the world

by Smith, Elder, & Co., as the final record of the grand achievement. What does count is

the manner of life and death, the thoughts and the deeds, the greatness and grandeur of the

soul, the magnificent inspiration that they must

yield to every man whose own soul is still alive.

greatest men there is always this element of sweetness, of softness, of gentleness, the remains of the nature of the little child who, with all his innocence and trust in good, has not been lost in the bitterness of the world. When the nature of a man of fame is wanting in any trace of this gentleness, the man misses the best point of greatness, the humility of it. The soul of Scott was full of it. In the majestic simplicity and truth of his character one feels that there is something at which Nature herself might step back to admire in pride for her own perfection Those who were his friends knew of this splendour of him, and rejoiced in it; the whole world may gain some knowledge of it as it is, without intention, revealed in these two books which I have mentioned. They are the story of the brave fight and the noble death, and they are an epic of British courage, a poem of the splendour of man. And there is the gentleness, the simplicity, the human sweetness in it all that will appeal to every reader as scarcely any other book has done or ever will. One would be sorry for him who could rise from the reading of these volumes without feeling the better for it, somewhat humiliated, much strengthened in his determination to do the better thing, to live the stronger, sweeter, more unselfish life.

Of the man and his work, and even of the end of it when the first brief news came up from the South, there has been something written in these pages before; but there is good reason, even a personal one to the readers of this Journal, for something more to be said. I had the honour, privilege, and enjoyment of Scott's friendship and confidence for many During his last days in London I saw much of him, and one morning there came a note asking me to come round and see him to say good-bye. In a long conversation he told me for the last time of many of the hopes and beliefs that he held about the great work that lay before him as he rarely, if ever, had expressed them before. Some things that he said were never to be written or spoken about afterwards. But he told me that he felt that he would reach the Pole, and almost suggested that he would not care to return home if he did not. And he

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mentioned some things that might be done if news of his expedition were not received when it was expected, and fears were felt for it. then it was 'Good-bye. And you will come to meet me when I come home again?' his association with the readers of this Journal there is this to be said, that he was one of them, and the last letter that he wrote to me when he was even then away down South, and on the very eve of cutting himself off from inhabited land, had reference to something that was printed in it about his expedition, and it was probably the last reference he ever made to anything of the kind, for he was shy and reserved in such matters. He said: 'I have just seen an article in Chambers's Journal concerning the expedition, and write to thank you for it. . . . I have often thought of our parting on the steps outside my office, and of the ripening of our friendship which preceded it. I am not ardent in desiring popular appreciation, but was touched by the kindly, generous feeling that underlay your article. . . . I am glad at such a time as this to be able to write good reports to my friends. The expedition flourishes. All preparations have worked out with extraordinary accuracy. We have re-examined, re-counted, re-sorted, restored everything during our stay here, and have found all in good order. More satisfactory still is the spirit of enthusiasm which exists amongst the members of the expedition. I have never seen it equalled. We ought to do good work with such material, and we start with high hopes. Good-bye.—Yours very sincerely, R. Scott.'

* * *

Let us glance, then, at a few of the passages that he wrote in the deathless diary that was found under his shoulders eight months after he had fallen asleep in the Antarctic snow. It is the record of the work that he went out to do, and the story is told simply, beautifully, as surely no story of the kind was ever told before, right up to the moment when the dying hand could write no more. The complete work is in two volumes, the first one being the journals of Scott himself, and the second the reports of the journeys and the scientific work undertaken by Dr E. A. Wilson (who died with him) and the surviving members of the expedition. Of the doctor it is written in the commander's diary: 'Words must always fail me when I talk of Bill Wilson. I believe he really is the finest character I ever met; the closer one gets to him the more there is to admire. Every quality is so solid and dependable; cannot you imagine how that counts down here? Whatever the matter, one knows Bill will be sound, shrewdly practical, intensely loyal, and quite unselfish. Add to this a wider know-ledge of persons and things than is at first guessable, a quiet vein of humour, and really consummate tact, and you have some idea of his value. I think he is the most popular member of the party, and that is saying much.' Wilson's striving and his work were splendid, and his sufferings at the end were keen; but naturally it is Scott's work and words that claim chief attention now.

* * *

The early work of the expedition, and all the commander's many intensely interesting observations upon it, and the life that was so cheerfully, courageously led by him and his party during the long, dark Antarctic winter, must be passed over, though nearly everything in the world and something beyond it seem to have been thought about and discussed as they only could be by men who felt themselves to be going to grips with the infinite and the eternal. The pathos of their situation is deeply impressive. One day Scott seems for a moment to begin to wonder whether he is getting rather too far on in life for great work of this kind. With his grand optimism he was proof against a sentiment once expressed by Anatole France that 'the twilight of youth is the most melancholy hour of life. It needs either courage or stupidity to pass through it without becoming rather morose.' But he could appreciate it. He wrote: 'We both conclude that it is the younger people who have the worst time. . . . Wilson (thirty-nine) says he never felt cold less than he does now; I suppose that between thirty and forty is the best all-round age. Bowers is a wonder, of He is twenty-nine. When past the forties it is encouraging to remember that Peary was fifty-two!' Scott himself was forty-three. Above everything he was always proud that he was a sailor, and he liked to go on such great work as this in the way of a sailor. He told me once that while modern inventions and resources must be utilised to the full, he wished, if he could go near to the Pole, to go there in something like the simple manner of the great explorers of old, depending so much, like the handy sailor-man, on their own fine strength and grand resource. So in his diary, on the eve of his departure on the great lonely journey, he writes: 'It is not often I have a sentimental attachment for articles of clothing; but I must confess an affection for my veteran uniform overcoat, inspired by its persistent utility. find that it is twenty-three years of age, and can testify to its strenuous existence. It has been spared neither rain, wind, nor salt sea-spray, tropic heat nor Arctic cold; it has outlived many sets of buttons, from their glittering gilded youth to green old age, and it supports its fourstripe shoulder-straps as gaily as the single lace ring of the early days which proclaimed it the possession of a humble sub-lieutenant. Withal it is still a very long way from the fate of the "one-horse shay." He writes again: 'My afternoon's walk has become a great pleasure; everything is beautiful in this half-light, and the

northern sky becomes redder as the light wanes.' At the end of this chapter there are a number of quotations from writers that have attracted him, and one is this from Stevenson: 'Every durable bond between human beings is founded in or heightened by some element of competition.' On the last day of October 1911, when all was ready for the plunge, he wrote: 'We shall all get off to-morrow. . . . The future is in the lap of the gods; I can think of nothing left undone to deserve success.'

* * *

The chosen party went away. They moved on with their animals and sledges well and cheerily, hopefully. Little by little, surely, persistently, the inevitable hardships came and were surmounted. The weather troubles were most exceptionally bad, even for the high Antarctic. After four days' delay he wrote on 5th December, at noon: 'We awoke this morning to a raging, howling blizzard. . . . The ponies -head, tail, legs, and all parts not protected by their rugs-are covered with ice; the animals are standing deep in snow, the sledges are almost covered, and huge drifts above the tents. have had breakfast, rebuilt the walls, and are now again in our bags. One cannot see the next tent, let alone the land. What on earth does such weather mean at this time of year? It is more than our share of ill-fortune, I think; but the luck may turn yet. I doubt if any party could travel in such weather, even with the wind; certainly no one could travel against it. Is there some widespread atmospheric disturbance which will be felt everywhere in this region as a bad season, or are we merely the victims of exceptional local conditions? If the latter, there is food for thought in picturing our small party struggling against adversity in one place, whilst others go smilingly forward in the sunshine. How great may be the element of luck! No foresight, no procedure could have prepared us for this state of affairs. Had we been ten times as experienced or certain of our aim we should not have expected such rebuffs.' And the downright bad luck that dogged the enterprise, and one remark of Scott's in this quotation, lead a reader to turn back a few pages to look again at a letter of his dated two months before, which is quoted in the diary, wherein he refers to Amundsen, who was then on his way polewards, and who got to the goal before him: 'I don't know what to think of Amundsen's chances. If he gets to the Pole it must be before we do, as he is bound to travel fast with dogs, and pretty certain to start early. On this account I decided at a very early date to act exactly as I should have done had he not existed. Any attempt to race must have wrecked my plan; besides which, it doesn't appear the sort of thing one is out for. Possibly you will have heard something before this reaches you. Oh, and there are all sorts of possibilities! In any case you can rely on my not doing or saying anything foolish; only I'm afraid you must be prepared for the chance of finding our venture much belittled. After all, it is the work that counts, not the applause that follows.'

* * *

Through the first three weeks of December the journey on-pulling the sledges, for the dogs had gone-was successfully made against the uttermost trials. The Beardmore glacier was crossed, and on the 22nd day of the month the party that started out was reduced to eight for 'the summit journey to the Pole,' the others regretfully returning. 'This, the third stage of our journey, is opening with good promise. We made our depôt this morning, then said an affecting farewell to the returning party, who have taken things very well, dear good fellows as they are.' The next night: 'To me for the first time our goal seems really in sight. We can pull our loads, and pull them much faster and farther than I expected in my most hopeful moments. I only pray for a fair share of good weather. There is a cold wind now, as expected; but with good clothes and well fed as we are, we can stick a lot worse than we are getting. I trust this may prove the turning-point in our fortunes, for which we have waited so patiently.' This was how Scott spent his last Christmas. In the morning they were hard on the march, with sundry adventures among crevasses. At night, in his tent, he wrote: 'I am so replete that I can scarcely write. After sundry luxuries, such as chocolate and raisins at lunch, we started off well, but soon got amongst crevasses, huge snowfields, roadways running almost in our direction, and across hidden cracks, into which we frequently fell. Passing for two miles or so along between two roadways, we came on a huge pit with raised sides. Is this a submerged mountain-peak or a swirl in the stream? Getting clear of crevasses and on a slightly down-grade, we came along at a swinging pace—splendid. I marched on till nearly 7.30, when we had covered fifteen miles (geo.), seventeen and a quarter (stat.). I knew that supper was to be a "tightener," and indeed it has been-so much that I must leave description till the morning.' That Christmas supper consisted of four courses -the first, pemmican, full whack, with slices of horse meat flavoured with onion and curry powder, and thickened with biscuit; then an arrowroot, cocoa, and biscuit hoosh, sweetened; then a plum-pudding; then cocoa with raisins; and finally a dessert of caramels and ginger. After the feast it was difficult to move. and I couldn't finish our share of plum-pudding. We have all slept splendidly, and feel thoroughly warm, such is the effect of full feeding.'

On 29th December Scott describes the marches as terribly monotonous; and on 3rd January the advancing party was still further reduced to five,

three men being then sent back. The diary of 11th January says: 'I never had such pulling; all the time the sledge rasps and creaks. have covered six miles, but at fearful cost to ourselves. . . About seventy-four miles from the Pole. Can we keep this up for seven days?' Yes, they kept it up. 15th January: 'It is wonderful to think that two long marches would land us at the Pole.' Alas! for all that followed, though they landed at the Pole.

On Tuesday, 16th January, when the party had made their sixty-eighth camp from the time of leaving their base, and when they were at a height of nine thousand seven hundred and sixty feet, and the temperature was minus twenty-three degrees, the following melancholy facts had to be stated in the log of this heroic journey: 'The worst has happened, or nearly the worst. marched well in the morning, and covered seven and a half miles. Noon sight showed us in lat. 89° 42' S., and we started off in high spirits in the afternoon, feeling that to-morrow would see us at our destination. About the second hour of the march Bowers' sharp eyes detected what he thought was a cairn; he was uneasy about it, but argued that it must be a sastrugus. Half-an-hour later he detected a black speck ahead. Soon we knew that this could not be a natural snow feature. We marched on, and found that it was a black flag tied to a sledge-bearer; near by the remains of a camp; sledge-tracks and ski-tracks going and coming, and the clear trace of dogs' paws-many dogs. This told us the The Norwegians have forestalled whole story. us, and are first at the Pole. It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions. Many thoughts come, and much discussion have we had. To-morrow we must march on to the Pole, and then hasten home with all the speed we can compass. All the day-dreams must go; it will be a wearisome We are descending in altitude—certainly also the Norwegians found an easy way up.' The next day they got there. 'We started at 7.30, none of us having slept much after the shock of our discovery. . . . We followed the Norwegian sledge-tracks for some way; as far as we make out there are only two men. In about three miles we passed two small cairns. Then the weather overcast, and the tracks being increasingly drifted up and obviously going too far to the west, we decided to make straight for the Pole according to our calculations. . . . The wind is blowing hard, $T. - 21^{\circ}$, and there is that curious damp, cold feeling in the air which chills one to the bone in no time. We have been descending again, I think; but there looks to be a rise ahead; otherwise there is very little that is different from the awful monotony of past days.' On the following morning they reached the Pole exactly. A little way distant from it they found the tent which the

Norwegians had left behind them, with the record of five men having been there just over a month previously. In it, among other things, there was a note left by Captain Amundsen asking the finder to forward a letter to King Haakon. Scott himself left a note there to say that he had 'visited the tent with companions.' A grim variation this on the ceremony of signing the visitors' book! 'We built a cairn, put up our poor slighted Union-Jack, and photographed ourselves-mighty cold work all of it.' About half a mile south they espied an old underrunner of a sledge sticking up in the snow, which seemed to be intended to mark the exact spot of the Pole as near as the Norwegians could fix it, a note attached indicating that the tent was 'There is no doubt two miles from the Pole. that our predecessors have made thoroughly sure of their mark, and fully carried out their programme. . . . We carried the Union-Jack about three-quarters of a mile north with us, and left it on a piece of stick as near as we could fix it. . . . Well, we have turned our back now on the goal of our ambition, and must face our eight hundred miles of solid dragging; and good-bye to most of the day-dreams!'

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* This great tragedy has all the elements of perfect dramatic construction. The crisis of the story to which all the action had been leading up came when the black flag of Amundsen was seen above the polar snow. From that moment, the plot being fully revealed, there was a quick and simple descent, one and then another of the characters disappeared from the stage, Evans and splendid Captain Oates, and then in that awful silence the curtain fell, and the play was done. Scott himself cut down the last act to fifty pages of the nearly six hundred that are given to the full story. Troubles very soon beset the conquerors of the Pole. They were as cheery as they could be; they were brave always. Little bits of comfort were gathered from random thoughts. Scott stops in his diary once to make the reflection, when they were nearly three weeks backward from the Pole: 'It is satisfactory to recall that these facts give absolute proof of both expeditions having reached the Pole, and placed the question of priority beyond discussion.' The pathos of it! With a terrible certainty the gloom of their impending fate gathered about them. On 2nd March it is written: 'We are in a very queer street, since there is no doubt we cannot do the extra marches, and feel the cold horribly.' Two days later: 'Things looking very black indeed. . . . We are in a very tight place indeed, but none of us despondent yet, or at least we preserve every semblance of good cheer, but one's heart sinks as the sledge stops dead. . . . Providence to our aid! We can expect little from man now except the possibility of extra food at the next depôt!' Nearly a fortnight afterwards it was 'tragedy all

along the line. At lunch the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on, and we made a few miles. At night he was worse, and we knew the end had come. Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates's last thoughts were of his Mother; but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not —would not—give up hope to the very end. He was a brave soul! This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morningyesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, "I am just going outside, and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard, and we have not seen him since. I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In the case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food, and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment; but Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. He died a natural death, and we did not leave him till two hours after his death. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death; but, though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman.'

On the 29th of March, when they had been confined for several days to their tent by a blizzard that was howling across that awful Southern waste, food having given completely out some time before, the last words were written in the diary: 'Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W. and S.W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. . . . We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far. It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.—R. Scorr.' And then in a separate line underneath the signature was the last lone cry-'For God's sake look after our people.' A few letters to relatives and friends and a 'Message to the Public' had been written. To his old superior officer, Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Charles Bridgeman: 'I fear we have shipped up; a close shave. I am writing a few letters which I hope will be delivered some day. . . . I want to tell you that I was not too old for this job. It was the younger men that went under first. . . . We could have come through had we neglected the sick.' To another: 'The Great God has called me, and I feel it will add a fearful blow to the heavy ones that have fallen on you in life. But take comfort in that I die at peace with the world and myself-not afraid.

And there, some time later, those great men, finest jewels of their race, were found asleep for ever. Eternal snow lies upon their bodies now; God has taken their souls to His own everlasting care.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER IV .- HEREDITY.

ON Tuesday morning Uncle Joseph went away to the City as usual, and Philip was left to his own devices. Monday had been a heavy day, for all the new appeals had been copied out and sent off. All, that is, except three. Master T. Smith's elaborately ill-spelt epistles required time for their composition, and each of course had to be copied out by hand, for it was not to be supposed that the Smiths possessed a typewriter. So, when after breakfast Uncle Joseph discovered on the bureau three stamped and addressed envelopes still awaiting enclosures, he directed Philip to indite three additional copies of Master T. Smith's celebrated appeal for a little sister, and post them with the others.

When Uncle Joseph had gone Philip set about his task, but with no great zest. As a rule he took a professional pride in his duties, and, moreover, extracted a certain relish from his uncle's literary audacities. The reader will possibly have noted that at this period of his career Philip's sense of humour was much more highly developed than his sense of right and wrong. But during the past few days something very big had been stirring within him. Some people would have called it the voice of consciencethat bugbear of our otherwise happy childhood. Others would have said with more truth that it was Heredity struggling with Environment. As a matter of fact it was the instinct of Chivalry, which, despite the frantic assurances of a certain section of our sisters that they stand in no need of it, still lingers shyly in the hearts of men, a survival from the days when a woman admitted frankly that her weakness was her strength, and it was a knight's glory and privilege to devote such strength as he possessed to the protection of that weakness.

Philip no longer found himself in sympathy with Uncle Joseph's enterprises. It was not the enterprises themselves to which he objected, for he realised that no one was a penny the worse for them, while many were considerably the better. But all the newly awakened heart of

this small knight of ours rebelled against the idea of imposing upon a woman. Philip felt that Uncle Joseph must be wrong about women. They could not be what he thought them; at least, not all of them. And even if Uncle Joseph were right in his opinion, Philip felt positive of one thing, and that was that no woman, however undeserving, should ever be hardly treated or made to suffer for her own shortcomings. And to this view he held tenaciously for the rest of his life.

At the present moment it caused him acute unhappiness to be compelled to sit down and pen sloppy effusions to little girls with whom he was not acquainted, asking them to be so good as to consent to become his sisters, or as an alternative send a postal-order by return. But he was loyal to the hand that fed him and to the man who had been his father and his mother for the greater part of his little life. He wrote on, steadily and conscientiously, until the three letters were copied out and ready for the post.

But it is impossible to do two things at once. You cannot, for instance, write begging letters and think of blue cotton frocks simultaneously. In copying out the last letter, Philip, owing to the fact that his wits were wandering on Hampstead Heath instead of directing his pen, was

guilty of a clerical error.

The residence of Master Thomas Smith, it may be remembered, was situated at 172 Laburnum Road, Balham; though over-zealous philanthropists, bent upon a personal investigation into the sad circumstances of the Smith family, might have experienced some difficulty in piercing its disguise as the shop of a small tobacconist. Now Philip, instead of writing out this address at the head of the sheet of dingy silurian notepaper upon which T. Smith was accustomed to conduct his correspondence, absent-mindedly wrote 'Holly Lodge, Hampstead, N.W.'—a lapsus calami which was destined to alter the whole course of his life, together with that of Uncle Joseph, besides bringing about the dissolution of an admirably conducted little business in the begging-letter line.

After this he folded the letter and fastened it up in the last envelope—which, by the way,

was addressed to

The Little Girl
Who Lives with
Lady Broadhurst,
Plumbley Royal,
Hants—

and sat down to luncheon. It was a cold and clammy meal, for it was washing-day, and the only hot thing in the house was James Nimmo, who, in the depths below, entangled in a maze of moist and clinging draperies, was groping blasphemously in the copper for the blue-bag. Washing-day was James Nimmo's day of humiliation. Uncle Joseph had offered more

than once to have the work sent out to a laundry; but James Nimmo persisted in doing it himself, though the lamentable behaviour of the maids next door, what time he hung the crumpled result of his labours out upon the drying-green, galled him to the roots of his being.

After luncheon, Philip, calling downstairs through a cloud of steam that he was going out to the post, took up the letters and his cap and ran out of the house, down the short gravel-

sweep, and up the road.

Twenty minutes later he might have been observed diligently scouring Hampstead Heath in search of a blue cotton frock and a cerise leather belt.

'Hallo, Phil!' remarked Miss Falconer, hastily crumpling up her handkerchief into a moist ball and stuffing it into her pocket. Her back had been turned, and she had not noticed his approach.

Philip climbed up on the gate beside her.

'Tell me what you have been doing since I saw you last,' commanded Peggy at once.

'I have been helping Uncle Joseph,' said Philip rather reluctantly. He was not anxious to be drawn into details upon this topic.

'Uncle Joseph!' The little girl nodded her head with an air of great wisdom. 'I have

been talking to mother about him.'

'What did you tell her?'

'I told her what you told me about his not liking women; and I asked her why she thought it was.'

'What did she say?' inquired Philip, much interested. Of late he had been giving this point a good deal of consideration himself.

'She said,' replied Peggy, evidently quoting verbatim and with great care, 'that there was probably only one woman in the world who could give an answer to that question, and she never would!'

'What does that mean?' inquired the obtuse

Philip.

'It means,' explained Peggy, adopting the superior attitude inevitable in the female, however youthful, who sets out to unfold the mysteries of the heart to a member of the unintelligent sex, 'that Uncle Joseph was once fond of a lady, and she threw him over.'

'But I don't think that can be true,' said Philip deferentially. 'Uncle Joseph isn't fond of any ladies at all. You have only to hear him talk about them to know that. He thinks they are an incu—incu—something. Anyhow, it means a heavy burden. They are Parasites, too. He says the only way to do one's work in life is to keep away from women. How could he be fond of one?'

'I expect he didn't always think all those things about them,' replied Peggy shrewdly. 'Men change with disappointment,' she added, with an air of profound wisdom.

'How do you know that?' inquired Philip

respectfully. Such matters were too high for him.

'I have often heard mother say so,' explained Peggy, 'after father has been in one of his tempers.'

Philip pondered. Here was a fresh puzzle. 'How can your father have been disappointed?' he asked. 'He is married.'

'It wasn't about being married that he was disappointed,' said Peggy. 'You can be disappointed about other things, you know,' she explained indulgently.

'Oh!' said Philip.
'Yes. Haven't you ever been disappointed yourself, wanting to go to a party, and not being allowed to at the last minute, and all that?

'Oh yes,' agreed Philip. 'Not parties, but other things. But I didn't know grown-up people could be disappointed about anything. I thought they could do anything they liked.'

Hitherto Philip, simple soul, had regarded disappointment and hope deferred as part of the necessary hardships of youth, bound to melt away in due course, in company with toothache, measles, tears, treats, early bedtimes, and compulsory education, beneath the splendid summer sun of incipient manhood. Most of us cherish the same illusion; and the day upon which we first realise that quarrels and reconciliations, wild romps and reactionary dumps, big generous impulses and little acts of petty selfishness, secret ambitions and passionate longings, are not mere characteristics of childhood, to be abandoned at some still distant milestone, but will go on with us right through life, is the day upon which we become grown-up. To some of us that day comes early, and whenever it comes it throws us out of our stride, sometimes quite seriously. But in time, if we are of the right metal, we accept the facts of the situation, shake ourselves together, and hobble on cheerfully enough. In time this cheerfulness is increased by the acquisition of two priceless pieces of knowledge-one, that things are just as difficult for our neighbour as ourself; the other, that by far the greatest troubles in life are those which never arrive, but expect to be met half-way.

It is the people who grow up early who do most good in the world, for they find their feet soonest. To others the day comes late, usually in company with some great grief or loss, and these are most to be pitied, for we all know that the older we get the harder it becomes to adapt ourselves to new conditions. Many a woman, for instance, passes from twenty years of happy childhood straight into twenty years of happy womanhood and motherhood without speculating very deeply as to whether she is happy or not. Then, perhaps, the Reaper comes, and takes her husband, or a child, and she realises that she is grown-up. Her life will be a hard fight now. But, aided by the sweetness and strength of memory, accumulated throughout the sunny years that lie behind, she too will win through. There are others, again, to whom the day of growing-up never comes at all. They are the feeble folk, perpetually asking 'Why?' and never finding out. Still, they always have to-morrow to look forward to, in which they are more fortunate than some.

Meanwhile Miss Marguerite Falconer was explaining to the untutored Philip that it is possible for grown-up people to suffer disappointment in two departments of life—the only two, she might have added, that really mattered at all—Love and Work.

'How was your father disappointed, exactly?' asked Philip.

'He painted a big picture,' said Peggy. 'He was at it for years and years, though he was doing a lot of other ones at the same time. called the other ones "wolf-scarers," because he said there was a wolf outside on the Heath that wanted to get in and eat us, and these pictures would frighten any wolf away. I used to be afraid of meeting the wolf on the Heath myself'-

'You were quite small then, of course,' put in

Philip quickly.

Miss Falconer nodded, in acknowledgment of his tact, and continued: 'But nurse and mother said there wasn't any wolf really. It was a joke of father's. He often makes jokes I don't understand. He is a funny man. And he didn't use the pictures to frighten the wolves with really; he sold them. But he never sold the big picture. He went on working at it and working at it for years and years. He began before I was born, and he only finished it a few years ago, so that just shows you how long he was. Whenever he had sold a wolf-scarer he used to get back to the big picture.'

'What sort of picture was it?' inquired Philip,

deeply interested.

'It was a very big picture,' replied Peggy.

'How big ?'

Peggy considered. 'Bigger than this gate we are sitting on,' she said at last. 'It was called "The Many-Headed." Father sometimes called it Deemouse too-or something like that.'

'What was it like?'

Peggy's eyes grew quite round with impressiveness. 'It was the strangest thing,' she said. 'It was a great enormous giant, with heads, and heads, and heads! You never saw such a lot of heads.'

'I expect that was why it was called "The Many-Headed," observed Philip sapiently.

'What sort of heads were they?'

'They were most of them very ugly,' continued 'They were twisting about everywhere, and each one had its mouth wide open, shouting. Dad kept on putting new ones in. There always seemed to be room for one more—like sticking roses in a bowl, you know; only, these heads weren't like roses. After a Bank Holiday he nearly always had two or three fresh ones.'

'Why?'

'He used to go out then on the Heath—to study the canal, he said, and get fresh sketches.'

Philip, who was inclined to be a little superior on the subject of London geography, announced firmly that there was no canal on Hampstead Heath. 'Only in Regent's Park,' he said. 'Besides, why should he sketch a canal?'

It was Peggy's turn to be superior. 'Canal,' she explained, 'is a French word, and means people—people with concertinas and bananas, who sing and wear each other's hats, and leave paper about. Dad would sketch them when they weren't looking, and then put them into the picture. Oh, I forgot to tell you that the giant had great huge hands, and he was clutching everything he could lay his hands on—castles and mountains and live people. He had a real king, with a crown on, between his finger and thumb.'

'What about the disappointment?' asked

Philip.

'The disappointment? Oh yes, I forgot. Well, at last the picture was finished and sent away, in a lovely frame. But it came back. One afternoon I went into the studio, and there was father. He was sitting very quiet and still on a little stool in front of the picture. He never moved, or looked round, or said, "Go away!" when I came in. I was so surprised. For a long time he had been having a lot of bad tempers, so when I saw him sitting so still and quiet I was quite frightened. I went and stood beside him, and looked at the picture too. Then he saw me, and said, "It has come back, you see, Peggy!" He said it two or three times, I think. "There are eight years of a man's life in that picture, eight years of a man's body and blood and bones! And it has been sent back—sent back by a parcel of promoted house-painters who daren't let such a piece of work hang on their walls because they know it would kill every filthy daub of their own within reach!"

'Then he asked me what we should do with it. I said—of course I was quite small then that I thought if he took it and showed it to the wolf it would frighten him away altogether. That made father laugh. He laughed in a funny way, too, and went on so long that I thought he would never leave off. At last he stopped, and made a funny noise in his throat, and said, "No, we won't do that. I will show you a more excellent way." He said that two or three times over, like he did before. Then he got up, and went and pulled a big sword and dagger out of a rack of armour and stuff in the corner, and said, "Now for some real fun, Peggy!" and we cut up the picture into little bits. Father slashed and slashed at it with the sword, and I poked holes in it with the dagger.'

'What fun!' said Philip, the chord of destruction thrilling within him.

'Yes, wasn't it? I remember I cut the king with the crown on right out of the picture, with the giant's finger and thumb still round him. I kept it for a long time, but I lost it at last. When we had slashed the picture all to bits, dad tore it out of its frame and rolled it up into a bundle and threw it into a corner. Then he went out for a long walk, without his hat. When mother came home she cried. It was the only time I ever saw her cry. I didn't know till then that grown-up people did. I cried too. I was little then.'

'Has your father painted any more pictures?' asked Philip, diverting the conversation.

'No, never. He only paints wolf-scarers now. I tell him what to paint.'

Philip's eyebrows rose, despite themselves.

'Yes, I do!' maintained Miss Falconer stoutly. 'The other day he said to me, "Here, Peggy, you understand the taste of the Hoypolloy'—that's another French word for people—"so give me an idea for a pot-boiler." He calls wolf-scarers pot-boilers sometimes; I don't know why. And I said, "Well, I think it would be nice to have a picture of a little girl in a lovely frock, with a new doll, showing it round the dolls' house and introducing it to all the other dolls." He laughed and said, "That's capital. I bet a sovereign they put that one on the line." When I asked what line, he said, "The clothes-line." He is a funny man,' concluded Peggy once more.

They sat on for some time, discussing adult peculiarities. Finally Philip announced that he must go, for Uncle Joseph would return at four o'clock, and expect him to tea. As they parted Philip inquired awkwardly, 'I say, Pegs, will you tell me? I couldn't help wondering about something just now.'

'What was it?' inquired Peggy graciously. Philip asked his question too bluntly.

Miss Peggy's small frame stiffened indignantly. 'I wasn't ever doing any such thing,' she announced in outraged tones.

Philip, whose knowledge of the sex was improving, had the sense to withdraw the imputation and apologise at once. Then he waited.

'Perhaps I was, just a little bit,' admitted Peggy presently.

'What was the matter?' asked Philip gently.

'It was father. He boxed my ears after lunch for making a noise. I was only singing, but he is in one of his bad tempers just now. He will be all right in a day or two.'

Philip, much to his surprise, found himself trembling with indignation. 'Does he do it often?' he asked between his clenched teeth.

'No, not often. Besides, he can't help it. Men are just like children, mother says. You have to make allowances for them. I always try to remember that. The daily work of half the women in the world is to make allowances

for some man or other, mother says. Good-night, Phil!

'Good-night, Pegs!'

The little girl ran off through the gathering gloom, turning to wave her hand before she disappeared.

Philip walked slowly home, pondering in his heart yet another (and quite unsuspected) aspect of the relations between men and women. There were two sides to every question, it appeared. His education was proceeding apace.

(Continued on page 72.)

SOUTH AMERICAN REMINISCENCE.

By Colonel STANLEY PATERSON, F.R.G.S.

MANUEL GASPARRO DE HERRERA and Pedro Antonio Ximenes were buen amigos, and very proud hidalgos as well. True, Pedro's occupation entailed the compounding of pills in a drug-store, while Manuel displayed draperies and lingeries to the soft glances of the mantillaclad beauties of their small Spanish-American town; but these were mere accidents of life which a pure-blooded hidalgo could afford to despise.

A ready revolver discountenanced any impertinent remarks regarding the very Negroid-Indian type of our heroes' physiognomy or the significant darkness of their skins. Even in this ready-to-draw-and-shoot country, these two were noted for their celerity and accuracy; though where they had learnt the art is a mystery to me. Every evening the two friends-attired in their best store clothes, wide Panamás, and beautifully curled mustachios, beneath which protruded a huge Spanish cigar-would walk down the Estrada de Caballo just as the sunglare faded, and saunter into the little plaza on the bank of the great river in which stood the cantina, with its imposing rows of iron chairs and tables, whereto gathered the rank and fashion of the town to gossip and sip seductive cocktails while enjoying the cool night-breeze from the river.

Hither one evening came the bone of contention. She was a little, olive-tinted thing with flashing eyes and soft, full lips, and she coquetted with both at once behind her fan as only a Spanish señorita can do to perfection. Then the two friends quarrelled—not seriously at first, I have heard—till one night each thought he was master, and, with male instinct, wanted her all to himself; then words were used that, between hidalgos, could only lead to blood issue.

Next morning they met on the way to their respective places of business, and I fear used words that I should blush to repeat to you even in Spanish; then, with a polite sweep of sombreros, they parted to drown fate in pills and lingerie.

Evening came, and we all gathered as usual; but no Manuel, no Pedro. No, not till the last possible spectator had arrived did we see anything of them. Then it was dramatic enough. From each end of the eighty yards wide plaza appeared a magnificently dressed figure sweeping

As quick as thought, out came sixa bow. shooters, and the two ran towards one another, firing rapidly. I, foolish foreigner, jumped up to intervene, but was held back by strong hands. My neighbours at the back row of tables placidly smoked on, making bets as to the winner; while those in the front row, nearer the line of fire, beat a hasty retreat behind the cantina. Only a few of the bolder ones, tilting over the iron tables and using them as shields, peered gingerly over the top or round the edges. It was all over in ten seconds. The two men had run towards the centre of the plaza firing fast, and having exchanged their last shots at arm's-length, they fell in a heap together.

Some few of the onlookers ran to see what had happened, but the majority sat still, smoking. Two of the garda de ville swaggered out of the

cantina and took charge of everybody.

I raised poor Manuel, but one glance told me he would sell draperies no more. Three small holes, one low down in the breast, one on the point of the chin, and one full in the centre of the throat, told their deadly tale. Pedro was alive, but had fainted. Manuel, the better shot, had aimed for the heart to kill; Pedro to hit and stop anyhow; and luck was with him, for two bullets in the left side, one above and the other just below the heart, one in the arm, and two holes through his loose jacket as well, told how narrow had been his escape.

Next day the big hall in the governor's casa was crowded to hear the trial of Pedro. Spaniards are nothing if not dramatic; therefore inquest and trial took place at the same time. At one end of the hall sat his Excellency, surrounded by every official who could squeeze in, and guarded by twenty ragged soldiers, another detachment of thirty standing at the back of

the hall.

Stretched on a table immediately in front of the governor lay the body of poor Manuel, still in his blood-stained clothes, his blanket poncho hung on a chair alongside. Between two carabineros sat Pedro, pale, wan, and bandaged.

All this was impressive, and, until the Government attorney had finished his indictment, even striking. Then, to our British ideas of courts of justice, all was chaos. Who was judge, jury, or witness I never discovered. All spoke at once, and every one ventilated his opinion freely,

moving about in the court, conversing with the prisoner, and often indecently uncovering the corpse. After about an hour of this the jefe civil, or chief magistrate announced that Pedro was sentenced to a year's imprisonment; and, smiling feebly, the wounded man was carried off to the prison hospital.

A few days later I departed on an expedition to the mountains. Returning to the little town, after an absence of some seven weeks, just as the plaza was filling for the evening gossip, I saw Pedro, even more gorgeous, and with a bigger cigar than formerly, surrounded by an admiring crowd of youths.

The next morning I went to the drug-store and purchased something quite unneeded. Pedro, with the air of an emperor, was compounding pills as usual. Yes, gracias à Dios, he was now well, and suffered little discomfort from his wound; but cui bueno, that Manuel's successor was flirting desperately with the señorita, and he could not shoot him also so soon-no, not just so soon, could he? Ah, the prison? Well, his friends had a few pesos (dollars); therefore as soon as he could leave hospital the governor pardoned him, and he went back to his pills.

So they do things in the West.

ROSEMARY COURT.

CHAPTER VII.

THE shadow of the wings of death had lifted from Rosemary Court, and Madam was about again, though, alas! never to be Madam St Bruyere as of yore. All her old imperiousness had gone, and the way in which she had become dependent upon others had something pathetic in it. She was well enough to sit out in the garden and do a certain amount of work, but not for long. She seemed to be watching Rupert in a helpless, appealing way, as if mutely asking his forgiveness for some unspeakable wrong. If Cecilia noticed this, she said nothing. She was the only bright thing about the house now; she had been a veritable angel of light and cheerfulness in the sickroom, and nothing seemed to dim the brightness of her smile or the radiance of her What she had become to Madam only that poor broken woman knew. But the most grim and silent of them all was Rupert. was very busy, he said; there was so much to look after now. He was under the impression that Cecilia knew nothing of the trouble that oppressed him. He had a good deal to learn yet about women, had Rupert St Bruyere.

It was one sunny August afternoon that Madam had elected to remain in the seclusion of her room when Cecilia surprised Rupert in a comparatively idle moment. 'You are just going to sit here,' she said, 'and tell me the cause of

all the trouble.'

'We all have our worries,' Rupert said

evasively.

'Ah, but this is no ordinary trouble. think that because I am young and frivolous I have no feelings. The long face is not good for the invalid. Did not the doctor say that I was a born nurse? You think perhaps I am not worthy to be taken into your confidence. I lie awake at night and worry over that. Rupert, I want to help. I want to show my gratitude for all the kindness I have received. And if I am a burden to you in this house'-

She paused with quivering lips. Here was a

new and pleasing side-light on Cecilia's character. Her blue eyes were steadfast and earnest now; and, besides, she was talking to a man who was aching for sympathy. He took her hands and held them firmly.

'I have been wrong,' he murmured. 'And yet, Heaven knows, I have tried to act for the best. Cecilia, a little time ago I had hoped to ask you a certain question.'

'You have already done so,' the girl said demurely. 'Not in so many words perhaps,

but your eyes'-

'But I am ruined,' Rupert cried. 'We are all ruined. This old house will have to go. shall be compelled to sell it for less than half its worth. The farms have been allowed to get into a poor condition; the tenants have grown slack for want of proper handling. Of course you know that Madam is absolute mistress here. I suppose she had a dim idea of what was going to happen, for she has been speculating for years. The property is mortgaged to the last penny, and there are debts beside. Nothing less than fifty thousand pounds can save the situation. The house will have to be sold, and I must go abroad and make another start.'

'But you have money saved,' Cecilia urged-'quite enough to take a farm here. Madam told me as much quite proudly. It would be a great wrench to you to leave Rosemary Court; but there are worse troubles. I would come along with you and Madam, if you would have me, and work like any dairymaid. Oh, I am not afraid of work! You will let me have my own way, Rupert? Of course I could go back to the stage again; but I have learned to love this place.'

'But all my money has gone,' said Rupert. 'It required every penny to keep the roof over our heads and to hold on till we could sell the property at a fair price. If I could possibly raise sufficient capital to stock a farm it would be different matter. And I would never let you

then, Cecilia.'

He bent over her suddenly, the light of love and affection in his eyes. It was only for a moment, and then he saw the answering reflection in her own. She held out her hands to him and swayed, with a little cry, into his arms.

'You might have known! Oh, you might have known!' she whispered. 'Just as if there could have been anybody else but you. I seemed to feel it from the first moment when we met in the dear old curé's garden at Amyans. I wanted to come, and yet I was afraid. And no girl could have been happier than I have been at Rosemary Court. And then gradually, as I realised that you were getting nearer and dearer to me——Oh Rupert! are you going to leave me to do all the lovemaking? If you only knew'——

The tears and smiles chased across her lovely April face; then Rupert kissed the quivering red lips passionately. There was no help for it; his stern resolutions were swept away in a flood of tenderness, and he could see no trouble or sorrow in that golden moment. But what did it matter, what did anything matter, so long as he had this glorious creature by his side and her kisses were still warm upon his lips? There must be a way out somewhere.

'Well, I have done it now,' he said half-humorously, half-sadly. 'When the trouble came I resolved to put you out of my heart; but I suppose you crept back when I wasn't looking. Dearest, we are two penniless lovers, with all the world before us. That I am a St Bruyere is a boast unlikely to put a penny in my pocket. If I had guessed this, if I had been conceited enough to believe that you really cared for me, I would never have parted with that thousand pounds. With that I could have made a home for Madam and your own sweet self. But it is useless to talk like this.'

Cecilia declined to take this gloomy view. Into her brain there crept the germ of an idea which sooner or later might resolve itself into a practical scheme. But of this she said nothing for the moment. She would keep it for a pleasant surprise for later on; and if she failed, then nobody would be disappointed. She would discuss the matter with Sir Charles. It was no far cry from Rosemary Court to Winstay, where that eccentric genius lived, and he made little of the journey with his big car. He had fallen into the habit lately of coming over most afternoons to inquire after the invalid, and beg a cup of tea at Cecilia's hands. He would have repudiated the suggestion; but, like everybody else, he was one of Cecilia's devoted slaves. He came at an opportune time the following afternoon, for Madam was resting in her room, and Rupert had ridden over to one of the outlying farms. Sir Charles looked quizzically over his tea-cup at the girl's radiant face.

'So you have got something to tell me?' he asked. 'Oh, you need not shake your head! It's only once in a lifetime that a girl's eyes

shine with the light that gleams in yours. I suppose it is Rupert. Well, he is a good fellow; though just lately I was afraid that he was going to make a quixotic ass of himself.'

'I think he would have if I had let him,' Cecilia said demurely. 'Sir Charles, I am positivelly afraid of you. Your intuition is almost uncanny. You have guessed the trouble here?'

uncanny. You have guessed the trouble here?'
'My dear child, I have known it was coming for years. I knew it when that picture—
But this is gossip. So there is no money, and you are all going to be turned out of this delightful paradise. Question is, what's Rupert going to do?'

Cecilia told the speaker quite candidly. Rosemary Court would have to go, of course; but could Sir Charles see his way to do anything?

'Well, candidly, I can't,' he said. 'You will be much happier if you win through for yourselves. I was once in love myself. I was a young fool in those days, and deemed every woman to be an angel. When I lost everything I went to the adored object and told her. I went for sympathy, and—well, I didn't get it. When my fortunes began to mend she would have whistled me back again, but the scalded dog had learnt another call by that time. I rather fancy that I was very much cut up for the moment.'

Sir Charles yawned as he replaced his eyeglasses; but behind this elaborate cynicism Cecilia's instinct told her that she was listening to the tragedy of a spoilt life.

'I understand,' she said. 'You are not so hard as you pretend to be. And you're perfectly right. Now, Sir Charles, I want you to help me to help them. They have been very good to me, and up till now the kindness has been all on one side. This thousand pounds has got to be found, and I will find it. You told me on the night of the duchess's dance that those stage diamonds might be worth something, especially as they belonged to my mother. Do you think it would be possible to sell them for the sum we need?'

Charles St Bruyere smiled. There was something about him at that moment intensely sympathetic and human.

'It is a pretty idea,' he said, 'and charmingly conceived. This is a secret for the moment, I suppose? Give me your gems and I will see what I can do with them. Oh yes, I can get you the sum you need for the stones, and perhaps a little more.'

CHAPTER VIII.

THE burden of grief lay all the more heavily upon Madam's shoulders because of the kindness and sympathy of all those about her. There had been no recriminations and no reproaches, nothing but a desire to make the best of the calamity. It seemed almost incredible

that this stately old lady, with her apparent aloofness from the world, should have been familiar all these years with the vulgar jargon of the City. But all that was past and done with now; everything had gone, and it was necessary to face the future. Meanwhile to all outward appearances life at Rosemary Court was going on the same as usual. The servants went about their appointed tasks; the velvet lawns were rolled and shaven day by day; the roses were still blooming in the garden.

The candles in the silver sconces in the diningroom had been extinguished, and Madam was
seated in her customary corner in the long oakpanelled salon. She looked older, more white
and fragile, and at the same time more soft and
womanly. It was sad to see the pathetic way
in which she turned to Rupert for advice. Even
Cecilia came in for her share of the burden.
They were seated there, under the shaded lamplight, discussing the future, as they did every
night now. Cecilia lay back, shading her eyes
as she listened. There was a smile upon her
face despite a certain restlessness which she was
evidently at some pains to disguise.

'Oh, nobody is to blame,' she said. 'It was all done for the best. If Madam had been successful'——

'Ah, if /' Madam sighed. The word was a tragedy in itself. 'I have not been successful. I have ruined myself and everybody that I loved. If we could sell the old place'——

'So we could if we had time,' Rupert said sorrowfully. 'If we had a little breathing-space it would not be a very difficult matter to find a purchaser who would give what the estate is really worth. That would afford me a margin quite sufficient to take over one of the farms and stock it properly. But it is useless to speak of that. No interest has been paid on the mortgage for over a year, and I am afraid that any moment the mortgagees may give notice of foreclosure. Salvation does not lie that way.'

Cecilia listened with eyes that sparkled strangely. 'May I ask a few questions, Rupert dear?' she said. 'May I try to be businesslike? How much money would you need to get rid of the people who are troubling you so?'

'Fifty thousand pounds. In addition to that we should want a patient mortgagee who would not mind waiting for his interest and be prepared to—— Oh my dearest girl! the fairies are all dead now. I am beginning to doubt whether Cinderella ever had a fairy godmother. It is only business men who have money nowadays, and it is because they are business men that they would not look at the romantic mortgage I have in my mind. All the same, there is nothing the matter with the security. Have you got anything on your mind?'

Cecilia laughed. It was the first time anybody in the house had laughed for days. But then she was always bright and smiling. Looking at her with loving eyes, Madam murmured that she filled the house with sunshine.

'Why not?' Cecilia said. 'Why not myself? Why should I not sell my mother's diamonds and sink the money in the property? It would be what you call a good investment. And, besides, you would not feel under the slightest obligation to me. I would come to you and demand my interest on the moment. You would find me a grasping creditor, the most greedy and ferocious.'

'Oh, that would be all right,' Rupert laughed. 'We could take the money from you in circumstances like that; but these are the things that only happen in books, little sweetheart.'

'Not always,' Cecilia said demurely. 'Now let me tell you a little story. You have both heard of Countess Vittoria Lubinski, the great

singer and prima donna.'

'Perhaps the greatest of all time,' Madam murmured. 'And she was one of us, too. She had royal blood in her veins. In my young days it was one of my delights to go and hear her sing. And she was the personal friend of more than one sovereign. Oh, a grand specimen of a woman! She came here to stay once many years ago, when your mother was quite a child.

Why do you laugh, Cecilia?'

'I was wondering where the difference lay between a great singer and a great actress. But then that is a subject upon which we shall never agree. Still, I am glad that you loved and honoured Vittoria Lubinski, because it gives me courage to tell my story. Now you must know that for years, indeed up to the day of her death, the great singer was the best friend my mother ever had. They met whenever it was possible; they wrote to one another regularly. And not long before the end came Countess Lubinski gave certain things to my mother. Amongst these gifts were the stage jewels which you saw me wear on the night of the duchess's dance. My mother wore them frequently in certain parts. And they were imitation, mind you. It was always Countess Lubinski's fancy never to appear in real gems. The newspapers commented on the fact over and over again. But the countess only laughed; she was quite satisfied, for she had no worry or bother over her gems, and there was no chance of her being made a mark for thieves. Everybody knew that my mother was accustomed to wear those famous stage jewels, and I was quite easy in my mind when I put them on for the dance.

'What does all this lead to?' Rupert asked.

'I am coming to that,' Cecilia went on. 'At that dance Sir Charles St Bruyere admired the jewels. He knew their story before I told him. He told me in his humorous way that they had a sentimental value, and that if I needed money he could sell them for me. Now please don't laugh. When this trouble came I was so anxious to find Rupert the thousand pounds he

needed to take his farm! I saw Sir Charles here one day, and he was quite sure he could get that money. Oh, you cannot tell how it pleased me! And now I have heard from Sir Charles, and he has sent me the cheque. He has also written me a letter, which I will read to you.'

Her voice was low and unsteady now, and her hand as she unfolded the letter shook strangely.

Then she read as follows:

'My DEAR CHILD,—There are some lucky persons who are destined to pass their lives in an atmosphere of romance. These people are invariably and nearly always picturesque. To be picturesque is the next best thing to absolute genius. Now I dare say you will wonder what this is leading up to, but I must tell my story in my own way.

'On the night of the duchess's dance I made a discovery. I stumbled quite by accident upon the hitherto unwritten chapter of a charming little romance. It flattered my vanity to know that I am still astute enough to distinguish between the false and the true, and I did so, as

you will see presently.

'Now for many years I had the honour of enjoying the friendship of Countess Vittoria Lubinski. I knew all her charming conceits and moods. I knew the jest connected with her stage diamonds, but I never happened to be near her when she was wearing them. This same remark applies equally to your dear mother. My first close acquaintance with the stones was at the duchess's ball. When you asked me to sell them for you, I said that they might fetch more than a thousand pounds. And I was a true prophet, as you will see by the enclosed cheque.

'For that incomparable singer had deceived us all. I rather fancy that your mother knew, and doubtless would have told you had her end not come so suddenly. For, you see, the countess never wore sham jewellery. She adopted this little scheme to save herself from trouble and annoyance and danger from the thieves who always have a predatory eye upon the valuables of famous people. It is just as well that these things should be sold, because they are always a source of anxiety, and now you will be in a position to furnish the farm for cher Rupert. A thousand congratulations.

'I shall come over to-morrow to offer my feli-

To-night you will prefer citations in person. that no stranger intrudes upon the sacredness of the family circle. With all respect, yours sincerely. CHARLES ST BRUYERE.

P.S.—Cheque for £52,000 (less commission) enclosed.'

A long silence followed. The tears were running down Madam's face; she was weeping unaffectedly.

Rupert's face looked just a little stern and hard in the subdued light. 'Marvellous,' he said at length. 'I suppose I must congratulate you, Cecilia. Of course what you said just now about redeeming the mortgage was a mere figure of speech. You will quite see that it is utterly impossible for me to take it.'

Cecilia rose from her seat and placed her hands upon Rupert's shoulders. There was an unsteady smile upon her lips, a great light burning in her eyes. She spoke almost in a 'Tell me that you no longer love me,' whisper.

she said.

'Oh, how can I? It is only now this thing has come between us that I am beginning to realise that I have lost everything.

'And you call that speaking like a man of

honour?

'Could a man of honour behave in any other

way, Cecilia?

'Yes, he could, you silly boy!' Her face was very close to his now; the white arms were tightening about his neck. 'You said just now that these things only happened in books. You said if I could find the money I could take up the mortgage. And you said it would be a desirable investment for anybody's money. Oh my dear boy, I don't want to make a business matter of it. For you have all been very good to me, and it would break my heart to leave this old house now. And if you tell me that you love me any the less because I am in a position to help, if you want to rob me of the sweetest and happiest moment of my life-Oh Rupert! Rupert!'

They were all alone as far as he was concerned; the world seemed to resolve itself into himself and the girl who lay in his arms. Then the hard look faded from his face as he kissed her. And after that there was no more

to be said or done.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

DEVICE FOR PREVENTING THE TELESCOPING OF RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

THE extreme liability of the carriages used upon British and Continental railways to telescope, as revealed by recent disasters, is dis-

turbing to our peace of mind. Apparently the speed of the following and colliding train, and consequently the force of the impact, matters little, inasmuch as in the London disaster at Waterloo the telescoping action was as destructive as in the Aisgill collision. The tendency to

telescope is due to the method of attaching the body of the carriage to the trucks. In order to secure the minimum of vibration and maximum of comfort when running at high speed, and in order to ensure that sharp curves will be taken safely, the cars are mounted on bogie trucks, the connection being by means of a central or 'kingpin,' which acts as a pivot, thereby allowing the wheeled truck to take up all oscillation. under-frame of the coach is heavy and substantially made, and is so designed that the shock arising from a severe impact is absorbed; but although the momentum of the trucks can be arrested by the application of the brakes, there is no means of effecting the same object with the body. result is that in a collision the body rides up and becomes detached from the truck, driving its way through the coach in front and reducing it to matchwood. Recently a very ingenious and simple device has been adopted by the carriage engineering department of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, whereby telescoping is effectively prevented. The hole which receives the pivot or 'king-pin' connecting the truck and body is enlarged, and two heavy flange keys are inserted. The upper flange of each piece grips the bolster of the body, while the lower flange in turn engages with the bolster of When the 'king-pin' is driven home the truck. it forces the flange-pieces apart, so that the flanges obtain the maximum hold. Accordingly, when a collision occurs the body of the coach cannot ride upward because of the flange-keys, and the greater the wrenching force exerted the more tightly the two are gripped together. Consequently, as the trucks are pulled up at the moment of impact by the severe action of the Westinghouse brake, the momentum of the body is also arrested. The impact is absorbed by the under-frame of the coach, which is made especially strong and massive for this purpose; while the weight of the wheeled truck, varying from four to six tons, assists in maintaining the vehicle in a vertical position. There is another advantage possessed by American passenger-coaches which might well be adopted on this side. the construction of the fastest expresses steel alone is utilised. The floor of the coach is built up of steel beams and cement, assuring extreme solidity and strength. Such a practice, of course, increases the weight of the vehicle, ranging from forty-five to sixty tons, which is about twice the weight of a British coach. In this country there appears to be an aversion to steel coaches, except on the underground railways, as the dead-weight of the train is thereby increased considerably; but this objection has been met in America by the use of more powerful locomotives. An average American express train weighs about six hundred tons; a British train of equal passenger-carrying capacity weighs less than two hundred and fifty tons. The employment of steel coaches in America and Canada has reduced the dangers arising from collision very appreciably, many accidents having occurred recently without causing any ill effects to the passengers, although severe enough to reduce a wooden coach to splinters. This improvement by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada is the first practical attempt to overcome the danger of telescoping, and it has proved so successful that it is now being extensively adopted. The invention, in combination with the all-steel carriage, has rendered high-speed railway travel immeasurably safer than is possible under the present British practice.

THE ELECTROLYTIC PRESERVATION OF FOOD.

In the last issue of the Journal we described a handy and inexpensive electro-blanchisseur which has been designed for domestic use. inventor of this apparatus, Mr J. T. Niblett, M.Inst.E.E., has since discovered a new field for its application which should render it far more useful in the household, in hotels, restaurants, hospitals, and other institutions, and also to the shopkeeper—namely, the preservation of food. As a result of elaborate experiments and searching tests, an electrolytic solution produced by this means has been found to act as a firstclass preservative. Mr Niblett extended his investigations over a wide field, and the results certainly have proved somewhat startling. Possibly the edible which is most susceptible to rapid decomposition is fish, especially crustaceans and mackerel. The fish used in the trials were procured from Billingsgate Market, and thus were as fresh as it is possible to obtain them. They were exposed in a room which was indifferently ventilated, and where the variations of temperature were somewhat extreme. It was found that whereas the fish sprinkled with fresh water in the manner generally practised by the fishmonger became unfit for human consumption within two or three days, those treated in a similar manner with a diluted solution of electrolysed common household salt and water retained their freshness, sweetness, and attractive appearance for twelve or fourteen days. But a more startling result was observed. The fish which had been sprinkled with ordinary fresh water, and in which putrefaction had already set in, were submitted to the electrolytic solution, and they immediately lost all unpleasant odour, and were restored to an apparently fresh condition. Of course it must not be assumed that the fish were restored to their original condition; but decomposition was arrested effectively, the antiseptic killing the germs of putrefaction already cultivated, and so rendering the fish quite wholesome and fit for food. Shellfish, such as oysters, mussels, whelks, &c., which are known to be particularly susceptible to contamination with sewage and disease germs, were preserved for a considerable time by periodical immersion in the solution; while lobsters, crabs, prawns, and similar fish

were found to lose all taint and were restored to freshness under the treatment, meat and vegetables being similarly benefited by the application of the antiseptic. The outstanding advantage accruing from such treatment is that the appearance of the article undergoes no change whatever; neither is the flavour impaired in the slightest degree. In fact, it is impossible to tell whether the comestible has been preserved in this manner or not, the electrolytic solution being absolutely harmless, odourless, and colourless. In treating fish it is only necessary to use a solution comprising one gallon of concentrated antiseptic to a few gallons of water; and as the electrolytic solution can be made for one penny per gallon, the cost is trifling. When the preservative loses its electrical activity only common salt remains in solution, and this in itself is a feeble antiseptic, while its presence in small quantities in foodstuffs is distinctly beneficial.

A MOVABLE CROWBAR.

It may be thought that the average crowbar is incapable of much improvement, but an inventor has succeeded in effecting a distinctly ingenious modification of it. The tool is mounted upon two very wide runners, the wheels being placed near the foot, while the shape of the toe is altered; and it can either be employed for the conventional operation of prising, or it can be utilised for carrying loads. The outstanding advantage of the runners is that, owing to the shape of the toe, the crowbar is not liable to slip when in use, while the rollers provide a fulcrum which cannot capsize. At first sight, when ordinarily used, it might be thought that the runners would be a disadvantage; but the rollers maintain a constant tendency to run toward the load which is being lifted or prised. The improved tool is a distinct time and labour saver, and by its use breakages are less likely to occur.

PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT TYPEWRITERS.

The automatic machine has come to be regarded as a necessary adjunct of modern life, and one of its most novel and useful applications is found in many American hotels. This is the penny-in-the-slot typewriter. Any resident in a hotel can secure the exclusive use of the machine in a private room by the insertion of the requisite coin. Clockwork mechanism governs the time paid for, and upon its expiry, or when the machine is left unused, the typewriter becomes automatically locked, and cannot be operated upon until another coin is inserted. The adoption of this system has released the American hotel manager from one of his greatest perplexities, because the typists retained for the benefit of the residents are frequently overtaxed in a rush. The penny-in-the-slot idea places this machine on the same basis as the telephone. It is proposed to introduce the machine into Britain, where doubtless it will be welcomed, as the average hotel is deficient in typewriting facilities required by commercial travellers and other business men. The system enables the machine to be installed in public places, such as railway stations, theatres, restaurants, and upon trains, boats, &c., the company owning the patent machines maintaining them and collecting the money paid.

A SAFE HAMMER-HEAD.

The hammer is a useful tool, but its use is not quite free from danger. The flat, highly polished surface is apt, unless a blow is delivered squarely, to glance off the nail, and when the nail is of cast-metal its head is liable to fly off and inflict nasty injuries. One firm had innumerable accidents from this cause, some of the men being permanently injured. Thereupon hammer-heads having scored faces were adopted as an experiment, and the casualty list immediately shrank to insignificant proportions. Owing to the success of the experiment, the polished-faced hammer has been abolished in that firm's factory except for special classes of work. By roughing or scoring the hammer-face the liability to glance off is reduced very appreciably. In rough work, such as laying floor-boards, building fences, and making packing-cases and crates, the possibility of the woodwork receiving the marks of the scoring is immaterial. The fact that this type of hammer has proved so conspicuously successful and safe should serve to prompt British manufacturers to introduce it to the market, especially as a hammer is often used by unskilled hands, and invariably with cheap nails, which are apt to fly, chip, or break when struck in the wrong way.

A DANISH DOCTOR ON FOOD VALUES.

Dr M. Hindhede, director of the laboratory for nutritive research of the Danish Government, has written a book, of which an English translation is published, entitled Protein and Nutrition: an Investigation (London: Ewart, Seymour, and Co.). He brings forward evidence supported by facts that the value of protein as a food has been much overrated, and that men as well as animals can live on half the amount prescribed and accepted as necessary by scientific authorities. From their own figures and experiments he claims to disprove the deductions of Vort, Attwater, Hutchinson, M'Kay, Chittenden, and other dietetic authorities. He founds on personal experiment and his own experience. Dr Hindhede, who is the son of a farmer in west Jutland, Denmark, was born in 1862. It was his observation of the wonderful working ability of the Jutland farmers which set him in opposition to the claims of the advocates of so-called strength-giving foods. He studied medicine with distinction, and settled down for twenty years amongst the west Jutland farmers as a doctor. Here he began to propagate his views as to the overrated value of protein in the feeding of milkcows, and recommended a smaller quantity of oilcake and more turnip fodder. His experiments led to his appointment at the head of a Government laboratory, with five assistants, exclusively for the study of human nutrition. Very little meat is eaten in his own home-some days none at all; and he brought up his children to eat plenty of oatmeal porridge, bread, and potatoes, and sparingly of meat and eggs. Good potatoes he calls a palatable and easily digested food. Some one said, 'The best recommendation of your ideas is that your children are so physically robust and mentally active.' He came to the conclusion, which was held by Dr Keith, whose Plea for a Simpler Life was discussed in these pages, that we are all more or less guilty of overeating, and that a vast number of common ailments are due to over-He says that a natural sense of health and well-being springs from his regimen, with a perfect appetite and pleasure in work. The moral of the book is that the richly albuminous food-stuffs are by far the most expensive, and that it is, therefore, sheer extravagance to squander the housekeeping money in a superabundance of protein unnecessary for body-building. Dr M. Hindhede is neither a vegetarian nor a foodfaddist, but approaches his subject from the scientific side. The vegetarian, however, will find a good deal of comfort in many of his conclusions.

DEADENING THE NOISE ON COBBLE-PAVED ROADS.

While the granite sett is a highly serviceable road material, it has the drawback of being extremely noisy. In Germany, where cobblepaving is common, a novel and completely effective means of diminishing the noise has been adopted. The spaces between the blocks are cleaned out for a depth of about one inch, and then asphalt is poured over the surface. The molten material enters and fills the spaces, and also forms a skin upon the top of the stones. The thickness of the coating may be varied as desired, but not more than an inch is necessary as a rule. Before the asphalt has cooled it is given a sprinkling of sand and its surface is smoothed. In this manner cobbles may be transformed into a carefully prepared asphalt roadway, deadening all noise, and presenting a surface which so far has proved to be extremely durable. The operation can be completed very quickly, so that there is very little interruption of traffic, and repairs can be carried out expeditiously and cheaply.

STREET-CLEANING BY ELECTRIC TRACTION.

The Aberdeen cleansing department, under the superintendentship of Mr Alexander Findlay, has introduced some interesting and useful devices for cleaning and watering the streets and removing snow by electric traction. For street-sweeping, two of the department's large rotary brushes are fitted on to the electric street car. One of the brushes is placed immediately behind the car

by means of a double stay attached to the drawbar of the brush. The second brush, which runs to the near side of the first one, is arranged in a more complex fashion by means of a bar which runs at right angles off the rear of the car, for the purpose of drawing and keeping it running straight, and is further controlled by a chain attached to the side of the bogie, and another chain back to the stay at the rear of the first brush. The full width that the brushes will sweep is fourteen feet, but this can be reduced, if necessary, to any width down to seven feet. The brushes were originally made for horse haulage; but the work is more expeditiously and thoroughly accomplished when they are attached to the street car in the manner described. The sweeping is done in the morning before the ordinary car service begins. The electric watering-car has a carrying capacity of two thousand gallons, and is fitted with Warwick's patent watersprinklers, two at each end of the car. The width of the spread of water is twenty-four feet, and the flow of water can be regulated so as to make it light or heavy, broad or narrow. The cost of streetwatering by electric traction is sevenpence per mile, an estimated saving being effected of one shilling and sixpence per hour as against watering by horse haulage. The method adopted to clear snow from the side of the rails is to fix a wing to the side of the car, which acts as a snow-plough, and in this way snow can be removed eight feet from the side of the outside rail. This works well with a light fall of snow, but in case of a heavy fall is not of so much use.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

INVOCATION.

THE curiew peals no longer, yet ring down
Your star-sown curtain, Night, about us all;
Muffle the noisy drums of life that call;
Silence the garish clamour of the town.
Let us have respite for a while to drown
The tedious laughter of our carnival;
Let it be dark, to hide the tears that fall
From some sad worker or some unmasked clown.

We do not ask for pity, only sleep,
That we may meet the morrow brave and sane;
Deliver us from the relentless eyes
That watch all day and yet would pry again.
When courage, tired out, unarmoured lies,
Oh, make the silence safe, the darkness deep!
C. FARMAR.

* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps

should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIFTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE TILERIES STACK.

By C. EDWARDES.

CHAPTER I.

JIMMIE BISHOP'S appearance in Hen Lane this May evening would have been a puzzle to certain Bidston minds, except on the one assumption that he had given up that London actress with whom he was now said to be in love, and had ascertained from Mary Ridley that she was willing to content herself with as much of his heart as the actress had left undamaged. Even then it argued him a bolder fellow than he was reckoned to be by Bidston folk who had known him as growing boy and young man. He might be making his fortune in London with —of all incredible tools!—his pen, and Mary might be as forgiving as the most exemplary of Christians; but what about Mary's father, Phineas?

Old Phineas the chimney-jack was a hard nut. More than twice in the last few months he had voiced his intentions, in the 'Tilers' Arms' and other free-speaking spots, of running up to London by a half-day excursion, and killing, or half-killing, Jimmie. This done, he would be back in Hen Lane at 4 A.M. the next morning, a satisfied father-and dash the consequences! There would not be much left in Mr James Bishop for simple Bidston to exult about when he (Phineas) had done with him. That Gaiety Theatre dancing-wench, or whatever she was, would never, after his interview with Phineas's fists, want to kiss him again. And as for his brains-if they were the part of him responsible for his printed tales—their sense, if not their substance, would be knocked silly for a long while to come. A little, sallow-faced whelp like Jimmie Bishop play the butterfly with his Mary's heart! Not much. Indeed, not at all, without suffering warmly for it. Jimmie Bishop, only son of the late Squint Bishop, a humble Bidston grocer with uncertain eyes, who had died bankrupt; and himself only a pound-a-week reporter on the Bidston News until his impudence and conceit egged him to London, where the devil had since prospered him!

Such was big Phineas's rating of the young man who proceeded, with a costly-looking small Gladstone bag in one hand and a new book in the other, from the Bidston railway station this agreeable May evening, and after a smiling 'How do, old chap?' to this and that tradesman at

the shop doors in the main street—there was nothing doing at that hour—reached the Chormley Arms Hotel, and went up its five broad steps with the ease of a first-class 'commercial.'

He carried himself and glanced about him as if it were a sort of private triumphal progress in his native place. But he stopped to talk to no one. His 'How do's?' were shed like royal favours. It was evidently just the same to him whether or not his saluted fellow-townsmen saluted in return.

His passing was almost an excitement in two or three quarters. For instance, there was Mr Perry, the tailor. In his 'newspaper' days Jimmie had composed several quite original 'front page' advertisements for Mr Perry, who now, having sighted him from his window, ran to his door and cried, 'It's never you, Mr Bishop, is it?' Jimmie waved his book, but answered the question no further.

Thereupon Mr Perry turned and met the scornful stare of Mr Griffin, the provision merchant. Mr Griffin's prompt shoulder-shrugs were as effective as an invitation, and Mr Perry joined him to exchange a few words.

'All there—that bounder!' commented Mr Griffin sourly.

'What did he say to you?' asked Mr Perry with friendly eagerness.

'He said, "Well, Griffin, how are you?" as if—took me in his stride—as if his miserable father hadn't welshed me out of thirty-five pounds odd. Confound his swank! Must be doing well for himself, if appearances count.'

'Just what I was thinking, Mr Griffin,' said the tailor. 'He's a snip of real Bond Street, from my point of view. Did you see the colour of his hat? Purple beaver! Some style about that. Fortune's wheel's an astonishing thing. I always thought him a clever chap. But I must be getting back.'

Mr Perry had glimpses of possible profit from Jimmie. On the other hand, Mr Griffin had none. But before the tailor was again by his window-pane fashion-plates Jimmie was disappearing under the colonnaded portico of Bidston's chief hotel, with Lord Chormley's heraldic arms in dusky scarlet and gold above it.

There was nothing in the least like 'swank' eserved.]

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about his behaviour in the hotel vestibule. 'I suppose I can be accommodated for the night?' he said in a plain, matter-of-fact way to the young lady official; and a maid was at once summoned to show him a first-floor room. It was a top-price room, furnished with every reasonable provincial luxury, and he took this also in his stride.

'It will do admirably, thank you, if the bed's a spring, as no doubt it is,' he said when the maid tarried as if for a remark. 'Dinner at seven, please.'

Then, however, he made a discovery.

'Be blessed,' he exclaimed to the dimpling girl, 'if it's not Minnie Dart! Here, shake, Minnie! Up to this healthy sort of athletic exercise nowadays, are you?'

As mites these two had attended the same Church school of St Stephen in Pigeon Street, played in the street together, contrasted chilblains and parents. Little more than this, but such memories cling.

'I'd not have known you but for your voice,' said the girl, evidently appreciating his graciousness.

'Not?' said he. 'Oh, that's rubbish! I'm not so changed, am I?'

'You're as different as light from dark, except

your voice,' she replied.

'Does that mean as different as good and as bad? I hope you don't mean that, Minnie. Let's look at myself.'

He gave the chambermaid's hand a parting squeeze and turned with a laugh to the dressing-table. But instead of viewing his own face and its perhaps most striking decoration—a shapely brown moustache with soaring ends—he gazed through the window, and exclaimed, 'Hello! what are they doing to the Tileries stack?'

Straight in front of him, a needle of brick and stone, with a gossamer frill of sticks at the summit, lifted some two hundred feet of its height above the opposite housetops about half a mile away. But for his rather absorbing emotions he could scarcely have missed noticing it in his walk from the railway station. It was a Bidston landmark for miles.

'They're repairing it,' the girl told him. Then a bell rang. 'And that's for me. I must go.'

'Just a moment!' he said, with an imperative note and a sudden air to match. 'How's every one? The Ridleys—are they all right?'

'I believe so, sir,' replied the girl, in her best chambermaid manner.

But Jimmie laughed at this also. 'Hang your "sirs"!' he said. 'It's Mr Ridley's job, I suppose, up there? My word! it must require some nerves. And yet—— Look here, Minnie, has anything been happening to them in Hen Lane?'

'Not that I know of,' answered the girl. But a second ring of the bell hurried her to the door. 'I shall get into trouble with Miss Lester. Dinner at seven, I think you said?' 'Seven or eight, I don't care which. Say halfpast seven.'

She nodded playfully and left him.

Alone, he consulted his watch, tossed the things out of his bag on to the bed, and began to pace the room. He made several turns up and down, frowning, but with interested eyes for the tall chimney whenever he turned in that direction. Then he stopped and wrote rapidly in a notebook; after which he made his toilet and went downstairs.

As it chanced, he was the only guest in the hotel that evening; but he was glad of it, and made more notes in his book between the soup and the fish, and the fish and the chops.

He was engaged with the chops when a blackbearded face peeped into the room, and then he was greeted, with contemplative mien, by Mr Westcott, the sub-editor of the Bidston newspaper.

'I heard you were down, Bishop,' said Mr Westcott. 'You are looking well. I'm glad to see you again.'

see you again.'

Jimmie reciprocated the gladness, and hoped

his old chief would join him at table.

But Mr Westcott could not do that.

'A couple of minutes' feast of the eyes is all the indulgence I can give myself to-night,' he said. 'To-morrow, perhaps, you will help us to a column or so for Saturday about a certain talented and rising young townsman. You're a scoop, Bishop, that we cannot afford to overlook.'

'Oh,' said Jimmy lightly, with a comely blush, 'that's all bosh, Mr Westcott. Besides, I'd rather not. I'm not at all a big gun yet. My stuff sells well enough, but it's got to be heaps better before I've any claim to a pedestal. You must let me off that, please. Do have a glass of wine or something.'

'Nothing, thank you.' The sub-editor put up his pince-nez. 'Excuse me, I want to have a better look at you. So you are not in Bidston for homage, admiration, and the round-eyed gaze of respectful envy! What, then, Bishop?'

They smiled together. A year ago Mr West-cott's habitual verbosity and dryness had seemed to Jimmie a fairly choice brand of humour. He didn't think much of it now.

'I want to freshen my local colour for a story, that's all,' he said. 'I'm returning to town to-morrow.'

'Indeed! Is that your programme, then?'

'It's the main item-yes.'

'The main item, Bishop!' The sub-editor rose with a grave expression. 'You're not married, are you!' he asked abruptly.

'Married, sir? Heaven forbid!' said Jimmie. But he coloured guiltily now. He saw what his old chief was driving at. Mr Westcott was deacon of the Hen Lane chapel, to which the Ridleys belonged.

'Well, my boy?' Mr Westcott said, gently prompting, yet with a certain judicial look in the eyes, as if he had a right to be inquisitorial.

He also laid a firm, almost as it were fatherly, hand upon Jimmie's shoulder.

'Well what?' muttered Jimmie, fidgeting under the pressure.

'What about Miss Ridley, Bishop?'

'Oh,' said Jimmie, seeming slightly annoyed, 'that's all over! I wrote and explained to her in November. I---- See here, Mr Westcott, you know as well as I do what a jealous old god literature is. Art and literature—they're both in the same stall. You've got to give your lifeblood to them if you mean to do anything worth doing. Greedy gods, both of 'em!' He seemed relieved after this little speech.

'You wrote to her in that strain?' suggested

Mr Westcott incredulously.

'More or less. I felt I had to, you know.

She was quite reasonable about it.'

'She would be,' said Mr Westcott very dryly. 'Poor fellow! If that's your attitude towards life and a most exceptional girl, you have my sympathy. I presume your stage friend has got

you fettered fast, eh?'

'Fettered fast!' cried Jimmie. 'My dear sir, nothing of the kind. I hope I'm consistent, whatever else I may be that's not so grand. Kitty Wing-that's her home name-she and I have each other's measure to the very barleycorn. She's just fodder for my inkpot, and knows it. She has no delusions in the matter. I give her a good time when she's on a loose end, and it's convenient to me, and she tells me some of the tricks of her trade for my pen's use. She 's capital experience, and not particularly expensive. Now you see, I hope, sir?

'Good heavens!' ejaculated Mr Westcott. He walked jerkily to the sideboard. 'As far

gone as that, are you, Bishop?'

'Far gone! What on earth do you mean? We've both got level heads, that's all about it. She's as decent a lassie as you could find.'

But Mr Westcott didn't wait for his testimonial about the London Kitty. 'I repeat that I'm sorry for you, Bishop,' he said, taking his hat. 'All I will add is—mind what you are about in Bidston. We're ordinary human beings here still, most of us, and I wouldn't be in your shoes for a trifle if they take you within reach of Mr Ridley's hand. But I don't suppose they will. Good-night.'

Jimmie started to his feet and flushed violently this time. 'I say, Mr Westcott!' he cried, as the sub-editor left the room. And then, 'Oh, very well, very well! See you to-morrow, I dare say. Old Puritan!' he muttered, smiling

uneasily, and returned to his dinner.

But the 'old Puritan' had given him food for reflection of more importance than the spoon-meat before him, and he was immediately busy with it.

A clock in the room told him that it was past eight, and he remembered that it was Thursday, and that from Mary's childhood she and her mother had attended the Thursday evening service at the Hen Lane chapel, whose ugly fivewindowed face sealed the south end of the street like a dead-wall. A vision of Phineas Ridley also came to him-the sandy-headed giant whose chin-beard, rough tongue, and habitual scowl he had already used with good dramatic effect in two or three of his stories. Imposing raw human material, this Phineas, when regarded artistically But although he believed and from a distance. he could afford to scoff at Mr Westcott's warning of personal danger in that quarter, he had no desire to meet Mary's father in the flesh. He entertained the vision very briefly therefore.

But Mary and her mother were different; and, as the upshot of his reflections about them, he declined the pudding course of his dinner and left the hotel hastily. A ruddy sunset was in progress outside; it suffused the unbeautiful little town with a romantic glow; also, it charmed Jimmie like a happy inspirationespecially at the Prince Street crossing, which showed him Rutton Ridge in the west and the Rutton Colliery's surface gear as if it were trying partially to eclipse the upper half of the red sinking sun.

'That's clipping!' he whispered, and stood

at the crossway until the sun had gone.

A little more and he reached the chapel at

the time of the final hymn.

It was an ordeal to pass the Ridleys' house in the street. He realised this to the full only when he had got by without any sudden opening of its door or other startling incident. But the

ordeal over, he smiled confidently.

He told himself that he was a fanciful idiot. Mary's influence over her father was nothing less than marvellous, and of course she had applied it to the old chap as soothing balm. had been so splendidly sensible in the matter of the November letter that Jimmie couldn't doubt her rare mind had worked likewise in her small home circle. He had asked for a post-card only of reply to his well-considered statement of the hard truth about the literary career—the jealous god idea was ripe in him even then; and her tranquil one line, 'It shall be as you wish, Jimmie,' was an immense encouragement to him then and thenceforward. She was a girl in a thousand, and a daughter in a million for a father like hers. Whatever Mr Ridley might think about him, he wouldn't dare to do any-Whatever Mr Ridley might thing to vex Mary

As for Mrs Ridley, Jimmie had wasted few thoughts upon her. Mary was the star and joy, and—in everything outside her kitchen and the

chapel—the trusted guide, of her aging life.

A narrow lane diverged between walls to the right of the chapel, and here he smoked a cigarette until the congregation came out.

He felt fairly comfortable in himself; eager, but not too eager, for Mary's pretty face, and reliant upon her established good sense to begin and end the meeting pleasantly for them both.

Again the mother didn't count. She was not refined, like Mary; but though she would probably show some perplexity about the situation, a reproachful word or two were the worst he expected of her.

But he was wrong about the mother.

A stampede of boys and girls from the chapel drew him towards it. Thirty or forty common-place adults in old-fashioned clothes followed, and then Mary and her mother. They were in deathly black from hat and bonnet downwards, and Jimmie's feelings were still so well under control that he could wonder what the black meant even while struck by Mary's beauty in association with it.

The mother saw him first. Mary was saying a smiling something to a neighbour woman, when Mrs Ridley plucked at her arm. Jimmie raised his purple hat, and then they met in the press at the foot of the steps.

Not a word from Mary at first. A little bloom in her rather pale cheeks, just the smile of perfect trust and understanding he could have wished for, and a warm answering grip of his hand

No excitement in either of them. A contented little nod—two or three nods—from Mary, as if she liked the look of him. And Jimmie evidently well pleased thus to see again his best friend in the world. He had told her in the letter that he hoped they would always be this to each other, 'first-rate pals, best friends,' &c.

But Mrs Ridley's excitement was unrestrained. She cried, 'Bless us all!' and 'Well, I declare!' fervently, before Jimmie gave her any attention; and burst into a 'Lor' sakes, Jimmie lad! it's a treat to see you again like this!' when he turned to her. She fumbled with his hand, and patted it, and reddened like the setting sun.

Jimmie's 'Well, Mrs Ridley, delighted to see

you looking so fit!' came with an effort.

Then Mary spoke and took control of things. 'Let's get out of this,' she said quietly, and led the way through the little throng of deeply concerned fellow-worshippers.

Jimmie and Mrs Ridley followed, Mrs Ridley continuing to hold him captive. The old lady's tenacity made him laugh at length. Even at such a time his artistic side could assert itself, and he saw the joke of her public treatment of

him as it might appear to a stranger.

But this state of mind soon ended. Before they were free of the others, Mrs Ridley was hailing him as a direct heavenly answer to prayer. 'I knowed you'd come, Jimmie. I axed for you on my knees in the second prayer, and I could have swore I saw your poor mother Emma's face with my eyes shut. "It'll be all right now, Jane," her said, or as good as said, with a happy smile. "The money'll put 'em both right. Don't you worrit yourself about things any more, Jane." That was what'—

And then Mary intervened again. She had

fallen back to them, and from Jimmie's other side shared with him this much of the old lady's artless prattle.

'Mother, don't be so soft!' she said forcibly, with a confidential smile for Jimmie as she bent and spoke across him. 'Money's nothing to

him.—Is it, Jimmie?'

'What's the matter? What has happened?' asked Jimmie awkwardly. He felt anything but comfortable now. Mary's charm was beginning to work in him as of old. And, on the other hand, every step took them nearer to Mary's home, which he did not propose to enter. Mrs Ridley's appeal to his curiosity, though strong at the time, was now of secondary importance.

Another moment and he felt something else—Mary's hand on his arm. 'Leave him to me, mother,' she said, checking a third explosion from the old lady.—'You won't care to come in, I expect, Jimmie, because father's there. But we might walk on a little way together.'

Weakness and confusion possessed him from head to foot in that moment. Mary's eyes were like smiling stars. Their serenity and beauty were not to be borne. He couldn't meet them. 'I'd better not,' he whispered. 'It was just a sort of impulse, my coming down. Well, partly, I mean. I didn't mean to call. I only wanted to know how you were.'

But this was too much for the old lady.

'What!' she boomed, wagging her bonnet indignantly; 'come to Bidston and not come to see us? Did you ever hear of such a thing? You ought to be ashamed to confess it, Jimmie Bishop.' She beamed again. 'But he don't know about your poor Uncle Silas, my dear, do he? Come along in to supper, and no more nonsense,' she added.

She waddled ahead of them; but, slipping her hand from Jimmie's arm, Mary caught her mother before she was at the door, and whispered earnestly to her. Only Mary's final words reached him: 'And you are not to tell father that we have seen him; you are not to, mother—not yet.'

She smiled at her mother's disappointed face, and next at Jimmie, whose emotions were of a much more complex kind. 'And go round to the back, there's a darling,' she said. 'I'll not be more than a very few minutes. Say "Goodnight" to him, and be good, mother dear.'

Mrs Ridley obeyed sighingly. 'It's no use talking, I suppose,' she said, as if exhausted.— 'Good-night, then, Jimmie; and be sure you come soon in the morning!'

His responsive 'Good-night' was as cheerful as he could make it, but unworthy of the purple hat he raised to the old lady.

And then he found himself as completely under Mary's control as the old lady herself.

'Now, Jimmie!' she said, with a compelling side-smile. 'It is nice to see you again. Such a swell you are, too! But never mind that. I

want to tell you about Uncle Silas. He died

suddenly on Tuesday!'

'Did he?' babbled Jimmie. He had already wished, and stifled the wish, that she would take his arm as before. He knew nothing about Phineas Ridley's brother Silas of Cinderbank except that he was a curmudgeonly old bachelor and tinware manufacturer in a small way.

'Yes; and father says he has left all his money to me. It's thousands of pounds, father says; and they both think that just because of this'—— She paused and seemed quite satisfied by his distressed stare at her. 'But you mustn't mind!' she continued soothingly. 'One has to remember that they belong to a different generation from ours, don't they—father and mother? You wouldn't believe how the thought of it has changed even dad about you. You ought to feel ever so proud, Jimmie; though I don't suppose you do. I've let them just think what they please so far; but—meeting you like that was so strange!'

Jimmie gasped and then spoke with a great effort. 'They thought because you've inherited

some money'

'Yes,' she said, with a sweet and gentle smile.
'Aren't they what you would call primitive?
But you mustn't look so worried. I quite under-

stand, and I admire you for it, Jimmie. It must be grand to love your work like that. Well, good-night, dear. That's all I wanted to say.'

She left him abruptly. And having looked after her until she had vanished into the early dusk of the street, he turned towards the hotel with his various disgusts and excitements.

But in fact it was as dark as a starlit night could be when he reached the 'Chormley Arms.' He wandered off down a side-street, and so into a road between pit-banks, and walked miles before his workaday senses urged him to the right-about. And they had all gone to bed except the boots when he rang the hotel bell for admission.

'Sorry I'm so late,' he said.

'Oh, that's all right, Mr Bishop!' retorted the boots cordially. 'I was reading one of your short tales, sir, that Miss Dart lent me—a ripper! I began to wonder, though. I didn't know what to think about you, sir.'

Jimmie took the candle that was ready for him, and laughed rather harshly. 'Nor I, for the matter of that,' he remarked.

And so to bed, with a continuing uncertainty on the subject.

(Continued on page 89).

OTHER DAYS AND OTHER WAYS.

IN this hurrying age, out of sight is too often out of mind. In what way, therefore, shall we hold the mirror up to nature, and view the faded panorama of the past, crowded with scenes and characters and incidents, links in the chain of human history? The historian, if he be concerned with kings and great men mainly, may fail in helping us to realise the life of the people. In biography, autobiography, letters, diaries, or journals we get a living picture of human nature, and incidentally get sidelights on the fashions, manners, and customs of the time. In these we come more closely in touch with the men who form the nation. The self-revelations in the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn, and the record of what they saw and experienced, make them priceless historical documents. We see the real Thomas Carlyle best in his own letters and Reminiscences. All the letters of R. L. Stevenson are more or less autobiographical. Every true narrative of events or picture of personalities has a certain historical interest—it is sometimes surprising to find how interesting. This is true of a volume before us, which is a pleasant record of a varied life spent at home and abroad, episodes in which the writer sets down with more than usual literary charm.

Mr A. G. Bradley—whose book, *The Gateway of Scotland*, was noticed here under the title, 'On the Skirts of the Lammermoors' (1913)—

has had a varied and unique experience in Great Britain, Canada, and the United States. What he has written of an autobiographical nature, the setting down of actual experience, is both entertaining and instructive. He looks outward on the world in a cheery, optimistic way. His Other Days: Recollections of Rural England and Old Virginia (Constable), contains many family recollections. There is a lifelike sketch of his father, the Rev. G. G. Bradley, who had a distinguished career as house-master at Rugby, head-master of Marlborough, Master of University College, Oxford, and Dean of Westminster. He thought Tom Brown's Schooldays a good boys' story, but one that failed to touch the more intellectual side of school life. The author created his heroes simply as types. Bradley's term of office at Marlborough was distinguished for good management, increase in numbers, and removal of debt on the school. Tennyson sent his son Hallam not to Marlborough but 'to Bradley;' and in the Isle of Wight, where they were near neighbours, the two families were very friendly. Mr A. G. Bradley claims to be the only person living, save one—is it Lord Tennyson? -who played with the poet in a football match. The poet and the elder Bradley were looking on, when they seemed to be seized with some 'sudden fires of youth,' and, divesting themselves of cloak and coat, they played vigorously for

about ten minutes. When a guest of Bradley at Marlborough, Tennyson would read aloud his 'Northern Farmer' or some passages of his own or other poetry in 'deep-chested, deliberate tones.' Reading, he held, should be slow and deliberate. Sometimes Tennyson, left alone with the masters after Bradley had gone to bed, would light a long churchwarden, and discuss his favourite topics until the morning hours. One day, at the home of Arnold of Rugby at Foxhow, an elderly man of florid face and plain attire walked through the French window and asked Bradley if the Doctor was about. This was Wordsworth, who looked just like a well-to-do farmer. The elder Bradley regarded long-distance running as of doubtful advantage to boys. In consequence of overrunning himself at Rugby he showed a marked delicacy through life. Some great events while he was Dean of Westminster were the Jubilee Services of Queen Victoria and the Coronation of Edward the Seventh; while the great burials of his time were those of Darwin, Browning, and his friend Tennyson. His own grave in the Abbey is in the south aisle of the nave, near the tomb of Atterbury.

The paternal grandfather of the author of Other Days was the Rev. Charles Bradley, who was twice married, and left twenty-one children. His published sermons had a very wide circulation; according to the late Alexander Macmillan. they had the second largest circulation of sermons known to the trade, and he 'exercised forty years of pulpit eloquence.' The church of St James', Clapham, was built especially for him by his future congregation while he was still at Glasbury. Mr Bradley's maternal grandfather, Archdeacon Philpots, had seventeen children, lived to be ninety-nine, and died in 1889, having retained his faculties to the last. One of his foreign tours was to Turkey when he was close on eighty years of age. He had a marvellous memory, his grandson tells us, and delighted to talk of old times, 'relating just the kind of things that one likes to hear about, and that books fail to tell us.' Genial and lovable, he had not an enemy. Some impressions of his set down in writing after attending a levee of George the Fourth are still unpublished. He was in Edinburgh, during his honeymoon, when that king was being fêted, and was so delighted with the place and its society that he and his wife stayed there for nearly a year. They lodged in George Street, and met all kinds of people, including Walter Scott and his wife, regarding whom he left original comments. He also enjoyed some grouse-shooting on the Lammermoors, a region which his grandson has made known to many Southerners.

What would many youths, too young for Marlborough and needing individual attention, give for Mr A. G. Bradley's opportunities for sport and study when sent to a rectory in Devon, twelve miles from the nearest railway at

Barnstaple? On Exmoor he entered upon what was to prove for him an earthly paradise. He thinks it most unlikely that anywhere else in England was there such a prospect associated with a private tutor. The rector was a muscular Christian gentleman and sportsman, certain to give his pupils sound and sane views of life. He was an excellent shot and fisherman, and a fearless rider. The Georgics appealed to his pupil more freshly when read at an open window, and he felt the influence of the scenery most keenly. Between the call of study and the call of the wild there was not much time for general reading, yet he devoured a large-print edition of the Waverley Novels and the new volumes of Macaulay's History, besides enriching his imagination by the study of some of the best poetry. 'There was practically no cheap trash in those days to fuddle the brains of such as hadn't many, and tempt those better endowed to mental debauchery, nor picture magazines clad in garish raiment to cater for passing amusement of the weak-headed and half-educated.' No local person knew of the Doone Valley until Blackmore made it famous in his Lorna Doone.

We can follow Bradley as he began farming in East Lothian after leaving Cambridge; thence he proceeded to Aberdeen, Wiltshire, and then to Canada and the United States. A better picture of its kind was never written than his paper on 'East Lothian in the Seventies.' The tenantry he describes as in the van of agricultural progress. He notes that 'all the importance, the substance, the power, the serene, invulnerable prosperity of old days has gone, or is obviously going, for good or ill. The prestige as it then existed, not merely that of landowners but of farmers, as recognised leaders of the world's agriculture has vanished.' secret of the importation of so much agricultural produce from Denmark and elsewhere, and our own higher prices for some commodities, lies in the 'undreamed-of self-denial in food, raiment, and amusement' of the foreign producer. The farmers of East Lothian enjoyed themselves socially, had little dances, played golf, indulged in curling and coursing, and paid frequent visits to Haddington or Edinburgh. North Berwick and Gullane had not risen to their present eminence as golfing or health resorts. Young Bradley moved for a time to the red lands near Dunbar, and had also experience on a sheep-farm on the slopes of the Lammermoors, amongst the shepherds, 'a race of men unsurpassed of their kind in the island of Britain.' East Lothian was then, he thinks, the best-farmed county in the world. It is to-day as good as ever, though rents and prices have fallen.

He had a strong topographical bent, and enjoyed what he saw. 'The first morning that for me broke over East Lothian revealed at a glance, from my bedroom window, about half its bounds, and a good deal outside of them.

Arthur's Seat and the Pentlands, with the dim smoke-cloud of Edinburgh, lay twenty miles away across the flat Lothian plain that fringed the Firth of Forth. For thirty or forty miles along the horizon, upon the inland side, rolled the billowy solitudes of the Lammermoors. Between the moorlands and the shore lay the clear, trim undulations of the then world-famous county. Beyond the gradually expanding sea, otherwise the Firth of Forth, for another score or two of miles ran the level coast and lofty back-lying hills of Fife. The triumphs of agriculture, prosaic, material, if you like, were set nevertheless in a frame that embodied half the romance of Scottish history.' In the secluded wilds of Exmoor, as we have said, Bradley had read the Waverley Novels, and he was now gratified to find himself close to the scene of one of his favourite stories, The Bride of Lammermoor. For the prosaic and more poverty-stricken side of East Lothian life at the beginning of last century -a surprising contrast-reference may be made to The Autobiography of a Working Man, by Alexander Somerville. Bradley remarks that the Lothian hind managed to clothe and nourish himself and family on a surprisingly low wage. Farmers in the Lothians at that time paid nearly double the rent obtained for similar land in Norfolk, Hampshire, or Lincoln. The year 1879, a disastrous year meteorologically, Bradley considers marked the beginning of the decline of British agricultural interests.

The wild, silent, shaggy land of Canada completely fascinated Bradley, although he thought the mean whites of the United States almost gentlemen compared with the shanty-men in the Canadian forests, whose volumes of senseless and filthy blasphemy and elaborate imprecations were appalling. Later he enjoyed ten years in Virginia; and the best things in his book are realistic and humorous sketches of 'The Doctor and the Colonel,' 'The Poor Whites of the Mountains,' and 'Mar'se Dabs after the War.' He has photographed here a good deal of the white and negro life which has quite passed away.

Mr Bradley says that there is no glamour about the Ontario farmhouse now; impatience is shown by the sons and daughters, with their narrow, joyless, toilsome lives of twelve and fourteen hours a day. The wives have to do all the cooking, washing, and housework, and The rôle of an indoor help is unprocurable. Ontario farmer can only be played by men to the manner born. A man with two thousand pounds might, he thinks, use his capital and energy to better purpose on a large farm at 'Not one educated Englishman in ten thousand,' says our author, 'realises that English Canada was originally a great military colony; that it was founded by the irregular regiments that had fought through a long and cruel war, and that the officers of these regiments, to a great extent, provided in themselves and their children the political leaders—nay, almost the political autocrats—of the colony for fifty years. Nearly everybody I know seems to think that Canada was founded higgledy-piggledy by relays of British emigrants, like New Zealand.' To read this is a corrective to one-sided descriptions which aim only at attracting the emigrant. To-day we are told an annexationist (with America) is hardly to be found.

It is curious to turn from the above to an older narrative, that of Louisa Twining, who did excellent philanthropic work in London last century, and who in her Recollections of Life and Work gives a striking picture of the contrasts between the old ways and the new. Nowhere is this more apparent to her than in the condition of children and the enjoyment of travel. There is a revolution in the life of children, who are found not in the nursery, but in the dwelling-rooms of their elders, and who travel earlier. Every stage of life is forestalled, and children are dragged into scenes and pleasures which can only be fitly appreciated at a later period. Miss Twining's own early days were quiet and uneventful, free from excitement, and passed in a steady round of occupation. Three months of every summer were spent in the country; and she has left records of delightful posting tours through rural England and over the Continent, such as John Ruskin enjoyed with his father. She neither went to school nor had a governess. Her mother, who was also educated at home, taught the elder girls, and they instructed the younger children. Masters supplemented this in later years. With an insatiable love of knowledge, she avoided the mistake of ever thinking her education finished. She went on learning singing, dancing, and drawing, and attended lectures at the Royal Institution. Her father, a business man in the Strand, dined at 6 P.M., and often went back to business afterwards. He would read aloud to his children from Shakespeare's plays or from other good authors. With him an enjoyable visit might be made to Covent Garden before breakfast. Louisa had always some good book on hand; Arnold's sermons was one of them, as she had two brothers under that great educationist at Rugby.

In winter less was thought of warm clothing as a protection than is the case now, and woollen clothing was seldom worn. Linen was much in evidence. Three meals a day was the allowance for children. Samplers were universal performances; at six Louisa worked one in cross-stitch, with an alphabet and numerals, and such mottoes as 'A stitch in time saves nine.' In a finer sampler, sewn when she was eight, one motto was, 'After labour rest is sweet.' She derived intense enjoyment from this needlework, and questions if anything to-day is more useful and pleasant. Up to 1836 she had seen, besides orreries and dioramas, fourteen panoramas, from

which she learned what the cinema is teaching many to-day of geography and travel. The Surrey Zoological Gardens, in which giraffes were first seen in 1836, were a treat to young people. Acting French plays was a favourite amusement. While she was struggling to acquire ease in composition, the only advice ever given to her was to read the leading articles in the *Times* and study their composition, and use the shortest and plainest words and short sentences. The postman, with his red coat and bell, who both gave and received letters in the absence of post-pillars and letter-boxes, and the advent of envelopes and matches, receive attention.

She asks if the young folks of this generation realise the hardships endured in travelling by coach. The journey from Rugby to London occupied from 7 a.m. till 6 p.m. The hackney-coaches were of a most miserable description. In a ride in the mail from London to Bitteswell in Leicestershire, she recalled the huge letter-bags being swung on to the coach, and how they did not have lights until they had left Barnet. After leaving Woburn, when it was quite dark, she settled herself in the corner to sleep; but the tremendous pace of the coach prevented her doing so. She was frightened at feeling the coach swinging about from side to side of the road, but grew used to this, although she liked

it still less when daylight came. The sun arose before they arrived at Northampton, and when they stopped a moment to chain the wheel she Bitteswell was reached heard a nightingale. before six in the morning. About eleven she went to sleep till near three, when they dined. On 2nd June 1838 she began her first railway journey, to be followed by fifty years of such travel over thousands of miles. It was from Euston to Berkhampstead on the North-Western line. The motion disappointed her, and the shaking exceeded anything felt in the coach. The enjoyment was lessened by frequent stops, and the passage through three tunnels in total darkness, as the lamp in the carriage had gone out. 'It is certainly as trange sensation, rushing on at so tremendous a pace, and with so great a noise, into the darkness, and appears to me to show the confidence people place in this wondrous power more than anything. The coldness of the air as you rush through is disagreeable. The journey of twenty-seven miles occupied an hour and a quarter, 'and the time had seemed so short that I was quite sorry when it was over.' She notices that rush and distance now seem to be considered necessary elements in modern life. Mr Bradley tells how an old dame, on first encountering a railroad in Devon, came back to say that the train, having 'given a yell at the sight of her, dashed into its hole' (a tunnel).

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

By IAN HAY, Author of The Right Stuff, A Man's Man, Happy-go-Lucky, &c.

CHAPTER V .- MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

UNCLE JOSEPH had an adventure in town which amused him immensely.

The International Brotherhood of Kind Young Hearts, it may be remembered, radiated its appeals from within the precincts of Pontifex Mansions, Shaftesbury Avenue. It was quite a good address, but, like many of the good things

of this world, looked best on paper.

The Kind Young Hearts rented a small officeflat at the top of a block of rather out-of-date buildings in the neighbourhood of Dean Street. The flat was uninhabited, and contained not a particle of furniture of any description except a capacious letter-box; but these deficiencies, which might have roused unworthy suspicions in the breasts of some of the more worldly of Uncle Joseph's supporters, were covered by the fact that the door was double-locked, and no subscriber had ever entered the premises. On the door itself the name of the society was painted in neat black letters. Underneath was pinned a typewritten notice—of an apparently temporary character, but in reality as enduring as Uncle Joseph's tenancy—to the effect that the secretary had been called away to the country on an urgent case, but hoped to return shortly.

It was Uncle Joseph's custom to make a periodical inspection of this establishment, though he left to James Nimmo the task of making the weekly collection of letters. On this occasion all seemed in order. No restive subscriber waited on the landing; no emissary of the law, masquerading as a star-gazer, lounged in the street outside; no one had tampered with the Chubb lock on the door; no one had scribbled opprobrious comments across the secretary's notice. All was peace.

Uncle Joseph entered the flat. The box contained half-a-dozen letters, which he opened and

read in the dusty sunlight of the office.

Meanwhile Mr Charles Turner, junior member of the editorial staff of *The Searchlight*, was mounting the staircase with all the headlong eagerness of a young and inexperienced foxterrier in pursuit of his first rat. He took himself seriously, did Turner; which was a pity, for a touch of humour is indispensable to a man whose profession it is to expose humbugs. Dill, his chief, possessed this quality in perfection,

with a strong dash of cynicism thrown in. Dill knew that righteous wrath was wasted upon the tribe of quacks and sharpers. He never invoked the assistance of the law against such gentry. He preferred the infinitely more amusing plan of exposing their methods in cold print, and leaving it to them to invoke the assistance of the law against him. Consequently his name was a hissing and an abomination among all the fraternity; while the British Public, though strongly suspicious of Dill's sense of humour, took in, read, and profited by The Searchlight in general and its Rogues' Catalogue in particular.

The Searchlight was unique. There were other organs which made a speciality of exposing quackery; but these could seldom resist the temptation of endeavouring—usually successfully —to blackmail the quack as an alternative to exposing him. But The Searchlight was above suspicion. It had never attempted to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, for the excellent reason that such a proceeding would have bored its proprietor. Dill harried the unjust, not from any special feeling of tenderness toward the just, but in order to gratify his own rather impish sense of humour. He had no special regard for the feelings or pocket of the British Public, but he loved to clap an impostor in the pillory and watch him squirm.

This was the seventh visit of the zealous Turner to the headquarters of the Kind Young Hearts. He had missed James Nimmo on the previous Thursday, for that astute emissary always made his call for the letters about eight o'clock in the morning; so Turner was still without evidence as to whether the flat was in use at all.

His gratification, then, on beholding the door He peeped inside. standing open was extreme. Standing by the window of the bare and dusty room he beheld a middle-aged, military-looking delivered into his hands. He tapped at the door and walked in.

Uncle Joseph, looking up from the last letter, gave Mr Turner a polite good-morning. sleuth-hound replied in suitable terms, and embarked upon a tactful yet deadly cross-examina-tion, long laid up in readiness for such an

opportunity as this.
'I have called,' he began, 'in reference to a circular which you sent me a few days ago.'

'Did I?' replied Uncle Joseph blandly.

'Yes. It was an appeal for funds for the International Brotherhood of Kind Young Hearts.

'This is most interesting,' said Uncle Joseph, putting his letters back into their envelopes. 'But tell me, how do you know that it was I who sent you a circular; and why have you tracked me to an empty flat in Soho to talk to me about it?

'Aren't these the offices of the Brotherhood of Kind Young Hearts?' asked Turner, a little abashed.

Uncle Joseph smiled indulgently, and looked round him. 'They don't look very like the offices of a charitable organisation,' he said, 'do they? Charity begins at home, you know. That being the case, I rather fancy your kind-hearted friends would at least have furnished themselves with something to sit down on.'

But Turner, although he was young and inexperienced, was no fool. Otherwise he would not have been upon the staff of The Searchlight.

'Charitable organisations sometimes employ accommodation addresses,' he said, regarding Uncle Joseph keenly; 'especially when they are not quite—you see?'

Uncle Joseph nodded comprehendingly. 'Yes,' he answered, 'I see. Well, Mr-I don't think I caught your name?'

Turner.

'Thank you. Well, Mr Turner, accommodstion address or not, I am afraid your birds are You will have to seek them in some other eyrie. You see, I have been in possession of this flat for some few days now. In fact, several letters have already been addressed to me here.'

He held out the little bundle of envelopes in such a way that Mr Turner found it quite impossible to read the addresses, and then put them back into his pocket.

'I must have the name on that door painted out,' continued Uncle Joseph briskly, 'or I may have more investigators descending upon me. Not that I am anything but delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr'

'Are you quite sure,' said Turner steadily, 'that you are not the secretary of the organisation whose name is painted on that door?

Uncle Joseph laughed easily. 'Under this impressive cross-examination,' he said, 'I know I shall presently feel quite certain that I am! Mr Turner, you fill me with guilty apprehensions. It is a great gift of yours. May I ask if you are a representative of the law? Or are you the emissary of some newspaper? Or are you merely taking up detection as a hobby ?'

Turner flushed. He felt certain that he was being bluffed, but Uncle Joseph would give him no opening. 'I represent The Searchlight,' he said.

'In that case,' said Uncle Joseph cheerfully, 'I shall be delighted to offer you a lift back to the office. I am going to call on Mr Dill at twelve o'clock. Come downstairs, and let us see if we can get a cab anywhere.'

He locked the door of the flat, and proceeded cheerfully down the staircase, followed by the

dazed Mr Turner.

Ten minutes later Uncle Joseph was shaking hands with Dill. 'I have just had a narrow escape of being haled to justice by one of your bright young men,' he said, and recounted his adventure.

Dill, lying back in his chair and smoking a cigarette—it was said that he got through a box

a day—heard the story, and chuckled.

'An unlucky coincidence for Turner,' he said. 'Still, he is all right. He is young, and wants a bit more savvy; but he is a glutton for work, and as plucky as they make them. I always send him where I think there is a likelihood of any chucking-out being attempted. I am quite at sea about this Kind Heart business. It is evidently a biggish affair, with a big man behind it. I can't make out whether he is an old friend or a new candidate for the Rogues' Catalogue altogether. But I'll nab him yet. Have another cigarette?'

'How are your Christmas charities going?'

inquired Uncle Joseph, helping himself.

Not too well, said Dill. In the old days things were simple enough. I asked for the

money and I got it. Now the public are bled white, either by knaves like this fellow who runs the Kind Hearts, or a parcel of incompetent, sentimental old women who waste one-half of what they get on expenses and the other half on pauperisation. I have had a deficit each year for three years now.'

Uncle Joseph took out a pocket-book, and counted out twenty five-pound notes. 'I can run to a little more this year,' he said. 'Here you are—fifty for the free dinners and fifty for the toy distribution. Anonymous, of course, as usual.'

Dill gathered up the money. 'Meldrum,' he said—and his voice sounded less like a raven's than usual—'you are a white man! I say no more.'

'Good-morning,' said Uncle Joseph.
(Continued on page 35.)

THE RHINOCEROS IN SIBERIA.

By the Rev. D. GATH WHITLEY.

THAT the rhinoceros should have lived not long ago in Siberia, and that it should have existed in that dreary region in vast numbers down to a comparatively recent time, seems to be utterly opposed to all our notions of natural history.

The rhinoceros is at present confined to the warmer regions of Asia and Africa, and is a native of tropical countries only; it is found in the hot, steaming jungles which fringe the lower slopes of the Himalayas, and in the hottest portion of Java and Sumatra it makes its home in the forests and amidst the morasses. Africa is particularly its headquarters, and in the Dark Continent it is found in great numbers and in several species. Notwithstanding the onslaughts of European sportsmen, it still exists in many places south of the Zambesi; and between that river and Abyssinia, and right up to the southern limit of the Sahara, it is everywhere met with—on the plains, in the valleys, and amidst the forests.

That such an animal, which now exists only in India and in Africa, should have lived recently in so cold and inhospitable a region as Northern Siberia almost surpasses the most extreme credulity. Such, nevertheless, is the fact; and the account of the discovery of the remains of the rhinoceros in Siberia, and the explanation of the manner in which they were entombed, is one of the strangest chapters in the book of physical science.

The forest region of Central Siberia extends without a break from the Urals to the Sea of Okhotsk; and while it extends southward to 58 degrees north latitude, it reaches to the north in an unbroken mass considerably beyond the Arctic Circle. It is a vast wilderness of dark

and gloomy forest, in which the pine, the larch, and the cedar flourish in unchecked luxuriance; while beneath their gloomy shade a tangled underwood of shrubs and plants forms a dense and impenetrable thicket, and affords shelter to the bear, the fox, and the wolf. Human habitations are few in this tangled wilderness, roads there are none, and only a few tracks lead the furhunters through the endless solitudes. Northward the forests become less dense; the swampy valleys, often occupied by lonely lakes, open out; and the hillsides are clothed with straggling clumps of larch, which are smaller and thinner as the traveller advances northward. At length the trees disappear, the forests are wholly left behind, and immense plains without trees or bushes stretch in desolate and endless monotony to the icy shores of the Arctic Ocean.

In 1771 some native Siberians, belonging to the Yakut race, were engaged in hunting on the banks of the river Vilui, which falls into the Lena in latitude 64 degrees north, about two hundred miles north of Yakutsk. The country on the banks of the Vilui is mountainous, and the hills are covered with dense forests, which are frequented by bears and wolves. As the Yakuts were wandering along the river valley they were struck by the strange appearance of a low hillock of gravel which rose close to the river's bank, and on examining it an extraordinary sight was disclosed to their astonished gaze. The body of a monstrous rhinoceros, lying on its side, and covered with thick masses of hair in scattered patches, lay half-buried in the sand and gravel. We may well imagine with what amazement and superstitious fear the wild hunters of the Siberian wilderness gazed at the body of the huge beast, which was so different from that of any animal with which they were acquainted. Strange stories were told amongst the native Siberians of monstrous and unknown animals which lived in the depths of the earth. It was rumoured that great beasts inhabited gloomy caverns underground, and came forth only at night; that these monsters frequented the shores of the icy sea, and fed on the dead bodies which were washed up by the waves; and that it was certain death to meet them unless the discoverer could sacrifice a reindeer to the demons.

A Russian officer reached the spot some time after the discovery, but by that time the carcass had partially decayed. He found that the body of the rhinoceros was lying on its right side. The flesh was in a very fair state of preservation, and was covered with skin which resembled tanned leather; and even the eyelids had escaped decay. The body was covered with bunches of stiff, bristly hair, and these were particularly thick around the feet. The animal when living had two horns, but these were both gone when the body was found, although traces of them were visible in their proper positions. The soil in the valley of the Vilui is perpetually frozen from a few feet below the surface to an unknown depth, and in this frozen gravel and sand the remains of the rhinoceros had been preserved until an unusually hot summer had thawed a portion of the gravelly soil in which the carcass was entombed, and had caused it to fall down on the bank of the river. The head and feet were cut off and carried away, and the remains were then left to decay

The celebrated naturalist Pallas, in 1772, reached Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, and examined the remains. He was struck with their excellent preservation in the frozen soil, and was also impressed by the amount of hair found on the head and feet, which so clearly distinguished the animal from the Indian or African rhinoceros. Ultimately those portions of the animal which had been detached from the body were brought to St Petersburg and deposited in the Zoological Museum, and they have since been thoroughly described by Professor Brandt.

Since 1771 many more remains of the rhinoceros have been discovered in Siberia, most of them belonging to the same hairy species, which, from the peculiarity of the partition between its nostrils, has received the scientific name of Rhinoceros tichorhinus.

The Siberian rhinoceros was much larger than those of Africa or India, and was even more bulky and clumsy. Its head was also somewhat different, as it was very long and low, and its two horns were of great size. The long muzzle of the animal has in the skeleton a strange bird-like appearance, and evidently belonged to a species of rhinoceros which was particularly a tree-feeder. But the main characteristic of the

Siberian rhinoceros was the thick masses of hair it possessed, which gave it an appearance quite different from that of any rhinoceros now living, and from the presence of which it has been called 'the woolly rhinoceros.' In ancient times this animal was not confined to Siberia, but wandered over much of northern Europe, for its remains have been found in Germany, France, and Great Britain; but Siberia was its special home, where it existed in large numbers. In northern Europe no doubt primitive man gazed with fear and astonishment on the vast bulk and strange form of this hairy monster which he did not venture to attack; but man does not seem to have penetrated into the solitudes of Siberia when the woolly rhinoceros ranged its grassy plains and traversed its dense forests.

The discovery of the body of the hairy rhinoceros in a good state of preservation on the banks of the Vilui necessarily leads to many inquiries, and we ask, could the rhinoceros ever have lived in the cold and wintry region in which the Yakuts discovered its carcass? Pallas fancied that it lived far to the south, and that it was washed northward at the time of Noah's Flood; and others have maintained that it lived in warmer regions, and that it was swept northward by the currents of the rivers. These explanations, however, cannot be accepted. The rhinoceros was found on the banks of the Vilui, a river which does not flow from south to north, but from west to east, and has its whole course in the cold portions of Siberia, where the ground is perpetually frozen. Nor can we escape from this difficulty by supposing that the body was drifted down the Lena, which flows from south to north, and that local floods carried it into the valley of the Vilui, for similar difficulties beset this solution of the problem. The Lena rises in the south of Eastern Siberia, north of Lake Baikal, and does not in its course approach any warm region; in fact, the climate of the country where it rises is almost as cold as that of the region through which the Vilui flows. More than this, had the body of the rhinoceros been washed for hundreds of miles down the rivers before being finally stranded on the sandbank in which it was discovered, it would have been bruised and decayed, whereas it was almost in a complete state of preservation when found. We cannot avoid the conclusion that the rhinoceros lived in former times in Central Siberia, and that it had its home in the forests on the banks of the Vilui, near the spot where the Yakuts discovered its body in the sandbank.

But how did the rhinoceros die?—for dead it was, and dead it had been long before the hunting party found it lying in the gravel and sand near the Vilui. It could not have died from disease, for its body was well nourished, and death had evidently overtaken it in the full possession of its powers. No gradual decay

and no slow change of climate, moreover, could have brought about its death, for it has been proved that it fed on the same vegetation that now grows in the valley of the Vilui, so that it had plenty of food at the time of its death. Besides this, we must remember that its body was preserved by being frozen up in a bank of icy gravel; and from the day when it was frozen into the gravel the surrounding soil was never once thawed until it fell on the saudbank where the Yakuts found it. Had the body been subject to constant thawings in summer and freezings in winter the flesh would soon have completely decayed, and bears and wolves would speedily have devoured the carcass. We know that this would certainly have happened; for when, some time later, the body of a mammoth fell out of an icy bank near the mouth of the Lena, wolves and bears assembled in great numbers and enjoyed a grand feast on the body of the huge fur-clad elephant. They would also have speedily devoured the carcass of the rhinoceros of the Vilui had it not been frozen; but when discovered it was perfect, which proved that it had never been thawed since the day of the animal's death. Nor can we say that the rhinoceros wandered into a treacherous bog, and, sinking slowly by its ponderous weight, was mired, and gradually starved to death; for the rhinoceros was not on boggy ground when discovered, but on firm gravel and sand.

The animal appears to have been drowned, for the blood-vessels of the head were found by Professor Brandt to be filled with red coagulated blood, such as would be produced by suffocation through drowning. Probably it was suddenly caught in a flood of rushing water from which it had no opportunity to escape. At one moment the animal was standing on firm ground peacefully browsing, and in the next was overwhelmed by a roaring flood, the tumultuous waves of which bore along masses of mud and gravel in their sweeping course, so that it was drowned and buried almost instantly. Then an intense cold set in, the body was frozen up, and the ground was never thawed until the day when it fell down on the banks of the river.

In 1877 the body of another rhinoceros was found on the banks of a small stream which flows into the Yana, in North-Eastern Siberia, about one hundred and fifty miles north of the little Russian settlement of Verkoyansk. This discovery took place within the Arctic Circle, in latitude 69 degrees north and longitude 133 degrees west, a far colder and more dreary region than that of the Vilui. The valley of the Yana, in which the body of this rhinoceros was found, in the region of the greatest cold in the world. At Verkoyansk, on the Yana, one hundred and fifty miles south of the spot where the body of the rhinoceros was found, the thermometer in winter sometimes sinks to 90 degrees Fahrenheit below

zero, and the average temperature of January—which is the coldest month of the year—at this dreary place is 63 degrees Fahrenheit below zero; but in its lower course the Yana freezes in the beginning of September, and its surface is not thawed until the end of May. That the rhinoceros should have lived in this intensely cold region is truly surprising.

The head and one foot of the rhinoceros of the Yana—the Rhinoceros merkii of sciencewere cut off and sent to Irkutsk; but the body was washed away by the river. From an examination of the remains it was found that the rhinoceros of the Yana was of a different species from that of the Vilui. The rhinoceros of the Vilui was a huge, clumsy, and hairy beast. The Yana specimen was more slender; it bore two horns, and closely resembled the rhinoceros of Sumatra, which is more timid and inoffensive than the pugnacious genus in Africa. rhinoceros of the Vilui, the rhinoceros of the Yana seems to have died from drowning, as the mouth and one of the nostrils appear to have been wide open when the body was discovered. Here, then, we have proof not merely that these animals lived not very long ago in what is now the coldest portion of Siberia, but also that there were at least two distinct species then existing in Siberia.

Besides the bodies of rhinoceros, other remains of these great beasts are frequently found in Siberia, their bones and skulls being met with in all parts of the country. In the Ural Mountains the skeletons are abundant, and are often discovered during the mining operations extensively carried on in the mountains. Far to the south, also, in the heart of the great range of the Altai, there are many caverns in which the bones of buried animals are occasionally brought to light; and amongst these remains are the bones of the rhinoceros, proving that these great beasts wandered amongst the forests, and slaked their thirst at the lakes which exist in such numbers in these mountains. Nor are the remains of the rhinoceros less abundant in Eastern Siberia. Pallas found the cranium of a rhinoceros, more perfect than that from Vilui, near Lake Baikal; also, in the neighbourhood of Irkutsk and along the lower course of the Yana, as far north as the place where that river falls into the Arctic Ocean, remains of the rhinoceros are often discovered: and many of their bones found in the vicinity of Irkutsk may now be seen in one of the museums of that city.

But the most extraordinary places in which the remains of the rhinoceros have been found in Siberia are the Liakoff and New Siberian Islands, in the Arctic Ocean to the north-east of the mouth of the Lena. The Liakoff Islands are scarcely fifty miles from the shore; but the New Siberian Islands are in latitude 75 degrees north and longitude 140 degrees east, two hundred miles distant from the mainland. These dreary islands,

on which there are neither trees, shrubs, nor grass, and which are covered with snow and plunged in darkness during a considerable portion of the year, are literally teeming with the remains of rhinoceros, elephants, and buffaloes. The skeletons of rhinoceros found in these desolate, icy islands show that vast herds of the great beasts must have lived and died there when the climate was warmer than it is An account of the discovery of these islands is given in Wrangell's Siberia and the Polar Sea.

A glance at a map will show that, as the bones of the rhinoceros have been found in Siberia as far north as the New Siberian Islands, as far south as the Altai Mountains, as far west as the Urals, and as far east as the river Yana in 135 degrees east longitude, it follows that the rhinoceros formerly roamed over the whole of Siberia, and was not confined to a particular district. Rhinoceros tichorhinus also lived in northern Europe, as well as Rhinoceros merkii; but Siberia was the headquarters and special

home of this great hairy giant of primeval days.

The singular form of the cranium of the hairy rhinoceros, together with its hooked muzzle and enormous horns, has given rise to many strange traditions amongst the wild natives of Siberia. Numbers of them affirm that the strange beaklike muzzle of the rhinoceros really belonged to a gigantic bird which haunted Northern Siberia in former days, and that their ancestors fought desperate battles with this giant of the air, and only overcame it after the most violent conflicts; further, that the leg-bones of the rhinoceros formed the quills of this great bird, and the monstrous horns of the rhinoceros (which are often three feet in length) are the claws of this gigantic flying creature. So much do the horns of the rhinoceros resemble the claws of a colossal bird that the Russian traders always call these horns 'bird's claws;' and when Erman was at Yakutsk in 1829, and pointed out to the traders that the relics there really belonged to the rhinoceros, the traders replied that they had always called the horns bird's claws, and saw no reason to alter their opinion!

The extinction of the rhinoceros in Siberia presents a problem most difficult to solve. We must remember that this extinction took place in comparatively recent times, and that the animal disappeared from northern Asia long after the appearance of man on the earth. We know that

this must have been the case, because the remains of the animal which are found in Siberia are as a rule quite fresh, and are found close to the surface of the ground, and the plants and animals that are discovered with them are generally those which live at the present day. We must also find a cause for the extermination of the rhinoceros not only in one district, but over the whole of Siberia; and we must discover some reason for its disappearance not merely from the frozen islands in the Arctic Ocean, but also from the warm and genial valleys of the Altai Mountains.

It is ridiculous to fancy that man exterminated the rhinoceros in Siberia. There is not the slightest evidence that man lived in Siberia when the rhinoceros roamed over that region; and even if man had been contemporary with the great beast, he could not have exterminated the huge hairy monster with his flint arrow and rude stone spear. The idea is absurd. That the climate of the New Siberian Islands has changed since the rhinoceros inhabited them is certain; and if the intervening land at the same time sank beneath the waves, it is beyond doubt that those animals which lived in the northern islands would perish from want of food. But this will not account for the extinction of the rhinoceros in Southern Siberia and in the warm valleys of the Altai, where food was plentiful, and where, so far as climate was concerned, it might have lived till the present day. Moreover, if the climate of Northern Siberia changed slowly, the rhinoceros might easily have migrated to the warmer regions in the south; but if the climate changed slowly, the rhinoceroses of the Vilui and the Yana could not have been at once frozen up, and not thawed out until the bodies were discovered in the eighteenth century. In fact, the climate must have changed quickly.

We are face to face, then, with a mystery, and it is clear that the extinction of the rhinoceros all over Siberia must have been brought about by some unusual and tremendous cataclysm, accompanied by an extraordinary change of climate. Perhaps the vast inland seas which not long ago occupied large portions of central Asia were suddenly drained of their waters, and along with these convulsions violent volcanic outbreaks occurred, during which much of Northern Siberia sank beneath the Arctic Ocean. Thus perished the Siberian rhinoceros in all its pride and in all its power, overwhelmed by a catastrophe both sudden and tremendous.

THE KAISER: ANOTHER VIEW.

THERE is an old saying to the effect that a fact is a lie and a half-which means, presumably, that no fact, or array of facts, can convey a true impression if other facts are kept out of sight. We frequently hear men quoting | drawing conclusions from insufficient data.

a fact as if it were the last word that could be spoken on a subject, while at the same time equally important truths are suppressed. Half the mischief we suffer is due to the habit of

In a recent issue of this Journal appeared a most interesting sketch of the Kaiser. I call it a sketch, because, although the article was somewhat lengthy, it was obviously incomplete. In the article referred to the Kaiser's home and political duties were dwelt upon, his versatility was described, and especially was his ambition given prominence. The Emperor's dictum about Germany's future being 'on the water' was mentioned; and, in the writer's opinion, since Germany will continue to build ships as long as she can find the money, it is necessary for us to build at the rate of two to one. Now, of course, one Britisher has a perfect right to hold such a view, just the same as another has an equal right to resist it; and, since the mad rivalry between Britain and Germany is caused by this supposed divining of each other's motives, it is as well to look at both sides of the picture, and save ourselves, if we can, from folly.

It is important that we should bear in mind that Germany's representative man is neither the late Prince Bismarck nor Admiral Tirpitz, but the Kaiser himself. This is vital, because the sentence which is bandied about is that Germany's policy is the Bismarckian policy of 'blood and Many in this country have repeated that expression until they have convinced themselves of its truth. We may take it for granted that 'Germany's policy' is identical with that of the Kaiser. But if the Kaiser's policy is the Bismarckian policy of 'blood and iron,' perhaps somebody will explain how it happened that not long after the Emperor came to the throne he dropped Bismarck! Sir John Tenniel's cartoon, 'Dropping the Pilot,' will be remembered. Between Bismarck and the Kaiser there is a gulf fixed. The Kaiser is a true gentleman, and his very faults-some of them, no doubt, derived from his independent English mother proclaim that he is full of human feeling too.

Very little is said concerning another vital feature. The German army is admittedly the model army of the world. At any rate, most of the foreign nations are so confident of this that they send their officers to Deutschland to learn the science of war. You only need to spend a holiday in Prussia to gain the impression that there militarism is in a high state of perfection. The navy, too, is supposed to be efficient. Well, the Kaiser is the head both of army and navy, the head, too, of one of the European nations which is growing numerically; and yet, though he is the oldest reigning monarch, save one, in Europe, he has never sent forth his hosts excepting to a Kriegspiel. It is quite in order for people to ask what is the purpose of all this strengthening; but if you look at the map you will probably feel that other motives besides those of aggression are in the minds of the German rulers. For on the west is France, frankly inimical; on the east, Russia, the close ally of France; and on the south, Austria, who has reasons of her own for not entertaining cordial feelings towards her neighbour.

The mention of France leads one's thoughts to Germany's supposed harsh treatment of France in 1870-71. But recall how that disastrous war originated. The Emperor Napoleon was anxious for a quarrel with Germany, and found an excuse when a German prince was invited to occupy the throne of Spain. The French Emperor intimated that such an arrangement would be an offence to France; but when the prince expressed a desire that Spain should look elsewhere, Napoleon's mischief was, for a moment, checkmated. Presently, however, he required from Berlin an assurance that never again should any German prince consider such a proposal. Berlin sent a curt rejoinder, and immediately the French troops were across the frontier, and drew the first blood. This being so, the Kaiser deserves commendation, and not condemnation, for maintaining the position of his forebears. The Germans did take Alsace-Lorraine; but do not forget that before those provinces were in French territory they belonged to Germany, and were lost by Germany at the Treaty of Ryswick.

It is customary to enlarge on the Kaiser's indiscretions, and to refer to the Krüger telegram. Nothing, however, is said about the universal criticism which we endured in those days. The nations, small and great, had their fling at Great Britain then. But after the war the Kaiser came to this land for a holiday, and said in conversation that if he had been the enemy of Britain, desiring her ruin, how did they explain the fact that he had kept the ring at that trying time? He had been approached; we were already beset; yet he remained impartial. No one can deny the truth of that. As we know, the Daily Telegraph published this conversation, and a rumpus ensued in the Reichstag. But the German parliamentarians, whilst they hotly protested against the publication of State secrets, did not question the truth of the Kaiser's revelations.

A small incident will confirm the Kaiser's claim to friendliness. At the time of the South African war the tone of Germans toward Britons in their country was one of ridicule rather than hostility; and in the shops absurd post-cards were displayed, on which the Prince of Wales, represented as a comical figure, was spreading destruction among the Boers by means of a ship's ventilator, and so forth. One evening a mariner from Hull decided that in the morning he would furnish himself with a set of these post-cards. That night, however, a remonstrance was made in the House of Commons, and the hope expressed that the Kaiser would interfere. The next morning the mariner looked in vain in the arcades, the Pferdemarkt, the Jungfernstieg, and elsewhere for the offensive pictures. During the night the Emperor had spoken, and as if some good fairy had waved a wand, the cards had all vanished. A very suitable text when speaking of the Kaiser Wilhelm is: 'Actions speak louder than words.'

His Majesty has, however, uttered statements which somehow we allow ourselves to overlook. For example, he has said more than once that the coming peril is the 'yellow peril;' and if Britain, America, and Germany would stand together they would assure the peace of the world. It is perfectly reasonable for one member of the great Teutonic family to hope for an alliance of Teutons everywhere, and surely in entertaining such a hope the Kaiser has a right to look for support.

When the Emperor received with the utmost geniality the British editors, he addressed them as 'Gentlemen and Brothers.' Now, either the Kaiser is sincere, or else he is a modern Machiavelli. I firmly believe that all the German Emperor's actions have confirmed the veracity of his words spoken in considered moments. There is not a shred of evidence that his intentions are different from his declarations. Mere suspicion is a poor weapon, and no man's character is safe if suspicion reigns. All that we know about the Kaiser shows that he is quite properly called the Friedenskaiser, and may he live for ever!

COINCIDENCE OR ---?

OVER half-a-century ago a newly married couple set sail in the good ship Matoka, bound for New Zealand, where the bridegroom had already made his home along with others of the Canterbury settlers. In those sailing days the voyage thither was a matter of some three months, and the food and arrangements not, as now, comparable with the modern first-class hotel; but, on the other hand, one was not cramped into the space of a present-day P. & O. cabin, but had room-like quarters, with windows instead of portholes; though one had to furnish these cabins one's self, providing bed-linen too, and other necessaries. A three-months' voyage, with all its attendant dangers, deprivations, and discomforts to a bad sailor and a carefully nurtured girl like the bride, bidding friends and relations a farewell destined to last twenty long years, in order to face the unknown at the Antipodes, required courage not demanded nowadays of those about to start on a long voyage. At the outset she was bereft of many fond mementos, for as the ship started it was discovered that her case of jewels, placed in the cabin while the vessel was lying at the London docks (they embarked at Plymouth), had been abstracted by some miserable thief, and no trace of it was ever found.

Her husband tells a tale showing one of the many hardships referred to. After they had been some weeks at sea murmuring arose among the steerage emigrants as to the water, which was pronounced undrinkable. He was one day standing with the skipper on the poop, when they saw a deputation advancing, led by a respectably dressed man in a top-hat, who was carrying a glass of water, brown and brackish-looking, the smell of which was only too perceptible. Presenting the glass, the top-hatted one stated that the water was totally unfit to drink. The captain took the glass, held it up to the light, eyed it critically, then, tossing the contents off, he smacked his lips and declared that he found nothing wrong with the water. The unfortunate

deputation retired, dumb and crestfallen. The skipper then turned to his companion and said, 'What else could I do?' There is no other.'

The voyage was rough. However, the Cape was rounded, the 'Roaring Forties' successfully weathered, and eventually Captain Stevens brought his ship, passengers, and cargo safely to land. During the seven succeeding years the Matoka made many a voyage from England to New Zealand and back, then as now out by the Cape of Good Hope and back round Cape Horn. Then once more he prepared to sail her home with her cargo of hempen flax, wool, and gold-at that time New Zealand's staple products, but nowadays largely supplemented by frozen mutton. This time, however, he double-provisioned the boats, and even went the length of warning intending passengers that the Matoka was bound to be lost on the next voyage. He had had a dream to that effect, though he would have attached little importance to it but that twice before he had had dreams both verified in the event. He does not appear to have related the particulars of this third and last dream; but on the first occasion he had during a voyage dreamt vividly that his wife, whom he had left quite well, was dying; and on reaching port he found she was dead. Of the second dream and its fulfilment I was told in Italy only two years ago, forty years after, as this veracious history will proceed to

So strong was his presentiment after the third dream that Captain Stevens even proceeded to part with his possessions. Among them, left on board during the last voyage by a passenger, was a second edition of Bleak House, which he presented to a little boy of six years old, who to this day well remembers the hanging bookcase from which the captain handed him the volume; for he had gone with his father to see his mother's lady's-maid off, who was going back home in the Matoka, her 'young man' having come out from England after seven years to fetch her, and marry her.

Amid the God-speeds of the watchers on shore the good ship Matoka sailed round the Lyttelton Heads, and from the moment she was lost to view she was never seen or heard of more! Whether she was wrecked in a fog or gale on the rocks of Cape Horn-those towering, fearsome rocks—or foundered far from help; whether, her cargo of wool having taken fire, she was burned to the water's edge in these lonely Southern seas; or whether she was crushed by icebergs, no one ever knew. A sailing-ship has little chance in the ice; she cannot thread her way in and out among the bergs, as did a steamer in which, many years later, a sister of mine voyaged on those seas, where the ship was three days amid some thousand bergs, and might easily have suffered the fate of the Titanic, without the help of wireless telegraphy, then For forty years that unknown or untried. volume of Bleak House lay at M-, the home of my husband's childhood.

After a lapse of some thirty years I accompanied my aforesaid sister, who had been recommended to take a sea voyage to New Zealand, and on board met for the first time my future husband, that self-same little boy, a complete stranger to our family and acquaintance. Arriving in the country, I twice visited M-—; but as after our marriage we were bound for a distant tropical clime, we took away few of his belongings, so that Bleak House remained undisturbed. Returning thither a third time, I decided to take back his books; and one day, on my looking through the pages to find those volumes that bore his name, the curious discovery was made that, not on the fly-leaf or the frontispiece, but between the latter and the preface, both slightly adhering, was inscribed my maiden Yes; and before it were the initials name! of a half-brother, many years older, who, I remembered being told, had forty years before come out to New Zealand to a sheep-farm, and had subsequently fought in the second Maori No doubt he it was, a great lover of Dickens, who had left Bleak House on board the Matoka, the volume strangely falling into the hands of the unknown little child destined many years later to become his brother-

A few months after this discovery I met my brother, whom I had not seen for twenty years, in Italy; and there he added the following interesting links to the chain of events:

On arrival in New Zealand he was bound for an up-country station, and, being obliged to 'travel light,' he decided to leave his books—already read—on board. Before leaving finally, hearing that the ship was preparing for the return voyage, he ran down to port to see Captain Stevens once more. He first came across the mate, whom he found looking 'very glum.' 'What's the row?' was the boyish query. 'Oh, I've had a dream. We're all

going to be lost on this trip.' 'Nonsense, man!' said my brother; 'don't you believe anything of the sort;' and he tried to cheer him up. He then ran up and found the captain in his cabin, and as he also was looking 'down in the mouth,' my brother asked him what was wrong. 'My boy, we sha'n't meet again; we are never coming to land this voyage. I've had a dream which told me so.' 'Why, you have been talking to the mate, who says the same,' rejoined my brother. 'What!' ejaculated the captain; 'do you mean to say he has had a dream too? I didn't know it. Then we're done!' My brother found it was no use trying to reassure him, so he said good-bye, and never saw him or heard of the ship again.

Asked if he could tell of what nature were these last dreams as a clue to the fate of the *Matoka*, my brother said he could not; though he had learnt the particulars of the captain's second veridical dream from the mate, who was with him during a voyage many years previously on board some other ship, and they

were as follows:

The mate, one morning at sea, was told by Captain Stevens that he had the night before dreamt they were wrecked, that the ship was cast ashore, and every one was clear of her, but that when he looked at her in his dream the ship was absolutely bare, presenting a queer appearance, for which he could not account. In due course they really were wrecked during that voyage, but the captain gave no thought to his dream, being much too busy saving life and everything else in the ship. Seeing that he could not get her off, and as there was plenty of time, he ordered her to be stripped; and masts, yards, beams—everything available was taken ashore. As they were being finally rowed away from the wreck the mate looked back at her, and then, touching the captain on the shoulder, said, 'Look at your dream.' And he looked, and the ship was bare—absolutely bare.

BELHAVEN SANDS.

PALE sea, a misty sky, a stretch of sand,
The white surf breaking on the yellow line;
An undulating width of hills inland,
Silver and gold the sparkling of the brine.
Blue are the poplar-trees and slender firs
That fringe the rounded distance of the bay;
And blue the ripple that the west wind stirs
Across the ocean's bosom far away.

Down through the spangled meadow green and white A silver ribbon wanders to the sea;
A rocky island glimmers into sight,
Guarding the jewelled distance mistily;
And tender memories of bygone things
Pass with the flashing of a seamew's wings.

IVEIGH MORE NISBETT.



'HONEST JOHN,'

THE SHEPHERD-FRIEND OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

By Joseph Laing Waugh, Author of Robbie Doo, Thornhill and its Worthies, &c.

ZERY few among the numerous readers and admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson will recognise this character by the above sobriquet. But to the older Swanston residents, and to those of the immediate locality, it will make a direct appeal, and carry them back in sweet recollection to a time when the Swanston hirsel was of more importance than it is now; when our much-loved novelist first feasted his boyish eyes on beauties of mountain, wood, and glen, and made of that sweet secluded spot a glamourhaunted shrine which will ever be dedicated to his memory and wedded to his name.

We are all more or less familiar with John Tod, the Swanston shepherd. The masterpainter has portrayed him faithfully and well, now in deft, quick sketches, and anon in broad, telling, truthful details; and so concisely yet so daintily treated is the picture that it might well be deemed presumptuous of any modern meddler to attempt a single extra brush-mark on the

In these days, however, of retrospect and reflection, when each successive year widens the gulf between the present and the interesting past, and when the sayings and doings of even the humblest among the originals of our great writers attach to themselves an added value, it is quite permissible-nay, incumbent and imperative-that any one with the necessary knowledge should speak of what he knows, especially if it is calculated to remove some popular error or add anything of interest and verity to what has already been said or written.

During last summer, in the course of frequent rambles among the Pentland Hills, I came in contact with many who knew John Tod personally; and so interesting do I deem the information thus procured that I make no excuse or apology for adding, by way of supplement, my contribution to a subject which has already been treated by an abler pen than mine.

Reference to John Tod in Stevenson's works is confined to St Ives and Memories and Portraits; and in connection with the former it is worthy of note that in the earlier chapters of this work Tod is called Sim and in the later Tod, spelt, however, with two 'd's.' Had these last chapters been revised by Stevenson, doubtless

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'Pastoral'—is devoted to him and his dogs. When Tod's old friend Robert Peebles asked him

the name Sim would have been used through-

friend was the model on which that outstanding

character had been constructed.

It proves, however, that our old herd

In Memories and Portraits a whole chapter who was the laddie with the velveteen jacket who so regularly accompanied him to the hill, John replied, 'Man, he's a son of Maister He's the de'il an' a' for askin' Stevenson's. questions; and the queer thing about him is, he writes doon every word I say.' I wonder how often Stevenson read over these hastily scribbled notes during his subsequent wanderings, and prior to his writing this beautiful appreciation. Well thumbed, I ween, were these note-book pages, hallowed and dear the associations they recalled, for the tinkling music of that nameless trickle that springs in the green bosom of Allermuir is in his ear when he writes of John Tod, and his loving thoughts are of Halkerside and Shearers' Knowe. Many times and oft have I read this soul-satisfying sketch, and with each successive perusal an added beauty has been disclosed. As a human analysis it ranks with Dr John Brown's letter to Dr John Cairns; and these two appreciations, the one of a humble, unknown shepherd, the other of a reverend, loving father, will ever be associated in my mind, for they were both written from a fullness of knowledge and were the outcome of the deepest loving regard. Tod's whole personality, his fidelity, his rugged independence, his sterling honesty and integrity, his violence of temper combined with his softness of heart, all deeply impressed the great master, and he straightway touched him with his magic pen, and made the shepherd's memory immortal. 'Pastoral,' which is the sixth chapter in Memories and Portraits, first appeared in Longman's; and in one of his letters to his old nurse 'Cummy,' Stevenson asks her to procure a copy to show Mrs Tod what he

had made of her goodman.
'Honest John' was the nickname by which
John Tod was popularly known not only during his long tenure of office at Swanston, but long prior to that, when in his early manhood he superintended the hirsel at Spittal, overlooking [All Rights Reserved.] JANUARY 10, 1914.

Carlops; and he earned it by the uprightness and probity of his character. It is only since his death that he has become known as 'the Roarin' Shepherd,' an appellation given him by a local photographer, and one which, I may add, has been keenly resented by every member of the shepherd's family. That he had a strong, penetrating, stentorian voice we are fully assured, and have no reason to doubt; and that in his solicitude for the well-being of his easily scared flocks he used his powerful lungs to some purpose, particularly when a wandering dreamer, accompanied by a dog, insisted on visiting, at all and sundry times, every nook and cranny in the Swanston hirsel. But surely there was in this no sufficient reason why the memory of his name should be associated with the bovine denizens of Bashan, more especially when he already possessed one which was not only more euphonious, but more truly indicative of his character.

It is, however, some little consolation to know that by those who knew him best he is still remembered among the solitudes of the Pentlands as 'Honest John,' and I venture to trust that when a second edition of the admirable book on Stevenson's originals is called for, 'Roarin' Shepherd' will be deleted and give place to the more appropriate 'Honest John.'

In olden times, before the handloom was superseded by the more modern up-to-date machinery, weavers were classed in the category of thinkers with shepherds and souters. Their occupations were conducive to mental exercise, and many examples might be quoted of men who acquired fame and renown whose thoughts ran in unison with their shuttles, who sifted mighty social problems as they pointed their roset-ends, and who contributed much towards the literary assets of our country while watching their flocks on the quiet hillsides.

So far as I know, John Tod left nothing behind him by which he could lay claim to literary renown; but he left its equivalent—the lingering memory of a life ungrudgingly devoted to his master's interest, the record of triumph and success in spite of mountains of difficulties, and a name clean and unsullied, which I know it is his family's dearest wish to maintain.

The Tods for generations were a family of shepherds, hailing originally from Peeblesshire; and John, the subject of these random notes, was born at Lochurd, a small hamlet in that county. As already indicated, his first responsible charge was at Spittal and Patie's Hill, and it was on this hirsel, when he was a married man with a large family, that the following incident happened.

One Sunday morning, shortly after sunrise, he was going his rounds; and on nearing the farm-house of Friarton he discovered the mangled carcass of a sheep at the bottom of a hollow. Proceeding to the farm to give the alarm, he

saw two dogs splashed with blood exerting themselves to their utmost to wash away in the milllade the damning evidence of their midnight depredation. He at once gave chase. The dogs skulked away citywards over Patie's Hill to Nine Mile Burn, with John in hot pursuit. Finding himself impeded by his foot-gear, he hastily kicked his boots off at Saltersykes, and left them on the sill of John Ritchie the carrier's window. Fleet of foot and stout of heart, he kept up the chase through moor and field, never for a moment losing sight of his quarry, past Marchwell, skirting the back of Easter Howgate, up Castlelaw, over Caerketton, past Fairmilehead, and into Morningside; and when Robert Welch, the Tollcross dairyman, heard the bark of his truant dogs he at once got out of bed; but before he could admit them 'Honest John' was on his threshold, and the two delinquents, having been, as it were, caught in the act, ultimately paid the penalty of their midnight marauding. Roughly speaking, this was a race of about fourteen miles, and I wonder who, amongst those who lay no claim to athletic training, would start on such a run across country, breakfastless, on a Sunday morning, when an extra hour in bed is permissible and usual.

Even as an old man John's power of endurance on foot was remarkable. His son, William Tod, of the North Esk Reservoir, informed me that the last time he saw his father alive was at the funeral of John Gray of Harper Rig. 'Honest John,' then seventy-one years of age, had walked all the way from Swanston; and when, after the funeral, he was partaking of some refreshments, he informed his son that 'if there was nae convenient train back he would just daunner quietly hame by the same road as he had come.' Harper Rig, by the road John travelled, is between thirteen and fourteen miles distant from Swanston; and, as there was no convenient train, he did 'daunner hame'—a wonderful feat for an old man of over threescore years and ten.

Early to bed and early to rise was his motto throughout his long and arduous life, and, summer and winter, he was as a rule the first on the scene of the day's operations. He might with very good reason have taken credit to himself in this, for in those days there were no lieabeds in the clachan of Swanston.

He often told, with a laugh and a merry shake of his head, how on the first morning after taking up his duties there, and when leaving his cottage for the hill, he saw, in the dull morning light, one of Mr Finnie's old women-servants knocking at the gardener's window. 'Robbie, get up; haste ye, get up, man,' she was calling; 'it's half-past three, and I ha'e sleepit in mysel' this mornin'.' 'Dod, man,' he used to add, 'that was settin' the pace wi' a vengeance; but although Swanston rose wi' the hens and the sun, I was aye up wi' them; ay, 'deed, and sometimes before them.'

Though not heavily built, Tod was of great bodily strength, and in moments of sudden irritation he sometimes tackled curious physical problems. On one occasion, when, with a flock of lambs, he was rounding the corner at Valleyfield Street, Edinburgh, on his way to the market, a horse-tram came along, and without slowing down ran amongst his flock, scattering them in all directions. John rushed to the horses' heads, and with a mighty push sent them back almost on their haunches. 'Dash ye!' he roared to the driver. 'I've held up the stage-coach for five meenits before noo, and d'ye think I'll allow an suld tin-tan horse-car like yours to run me doon? I've a guid mind to back ye doon Lothian Road;' and the wonder was he did not attempt to do so.

He was a noted trainer of collie dogs, and he had always two of these shepherd's friends at his heel. He rarely boasted of their sagacity and intelligence; as a matter of fact, he took these essentials for granted. His son William has a full store of anecdotes regarding these canine pupils of his father's, and nothing delights him more than to relate them to a sympathetic listener. An old dog named Swag was a special favourite; in fact, he was one of the most useful and intelligent that John ever possessed. The late Mr Finnie, when proprietor of Swanston, went in largely for sheep and cattle stock, and hardly a Wednesday passed but Honest John, accompanied by Swag, was present at the Leuriston market, either with stock for sale, or afterwards driving purchases home to the birsel.

After Mr Finnie's death the stock was largely reduced, and visits to market were not so regularly necessary; but this made no change in Swag's programme, for, if his master remained at home, Swag, early in the morning, went off on his own, and after spending the day assisting other drovers and shepherds, he returned at night to Swanston weary and tired-out, and ready for the usual bicker of porridge-and-milk which was sure to be awaiting him.

Stories illustrative of the wisdom and endurance of the collie are numerous, and on this subject much of interest could be told which perhaps would not be readily believed, for tellers of doggie stories and fishing yarns are often, and sometimes not without reason, looked upon as descendants of the unfortunate Ananias. Did such a comparison occur to Stevenson when, seated on the hillside, he learned from John's own lips what Swag did, 'yestreen, no farer gane, just by the way, ye ken;' or what Cheviot accomplished 'a' by himsel', and without my eye on him'?

In St Ives, near the end of the tenth chapter, when describing the hero's southward flight in the company of the two drovers, Sim and Candlish, Stevenson puts the following into the mouth of St Ives: 'Dog stories particularly abounded with them, and not only the dogs of the present,

but those of the past contributed their quota. "But that was naething," Sim would begin; "there was a herd in Manor, they ca'd him Tweedie. You'll mind Tweedie, Can'lish?" "Fine that," said Candlish. "Aweel, Tweedie had a dog"—— The story I have forgotten; I dare say it was dull, and I suspect it was not true; but indeed my travels with the drovers had rendered me indulgent, and perhaps even credulous, in the matter of dog stories.'

This is beautifully put. There is little of the conversation given, but much may be surmised, and the fragments we have breathe the true atmosphere of the hillside and the drove-road; the desire to cap a previous story, the alternate question and assertion, the name and location of the owner of this canine paragon, all bespeak the natural and human. And the great master was, in this, probably writing the recollection of a conversation he had had with Honest John of Swanston in the never-to-be-forgotten days, and long before he dreamed of a Samoan home. But as for thought of Ananias—well, I doubt it in the case of John Tod, for I am assured Stevenson had often at Swanston had ocular demonstration of more wonderful examples of canine sagacity than could well be conjured up in any herd's imagination.

One remarkable story, the truth of which I can vouch for, occurs to me, and I will tell it as it was told to me by Honest John's son at North Esk.

'Yes, man, I've been among collie dogs all my life, and I've kent a guid mony o' them very intimately; but I never came across a dog like Swag. He has a place in my he'rt which nane else ever had, or ever will have. He was one of the best of my faither's dogs, and saved him mony an exertin' walk, and maybe that is why he gripped my he'rt-strings to sic an extent. I could tell ye o' mony queer, auld-farrant things he did; but his last ploy was the best, and it's freshest in my mind.

'Aboot this time my faither didna gang very often to the market o' a Wednesday. The stock had been sairly reduced; in fact he had very little herdin' work to do. But ae day he had gone in, just for auld langsyne, and he was standin' takin' note o' prices, when a friend o' his, the farmer o' Candiebank, cam' up, and says he, "Man, John, you that are sic a guid judge o' a collie, can ye no' put me in the way o' gettin' an honest workin' dog?" My faither scratched his head and thocht for a meenit, and says he, "Dod, man, I dinna ken that I can; but-let me see now-ay, there's Swag; he's auld, and maybe past his best, but there's mony a guid day's work in him yet; and if he'll suit you, you're welcome to him." "Would you pairt wi' Swag?" Candiebank asked in surprise. "Yes," says my faither. "I've nae work for him, and dogs are like folk-they're aye best when they're employed. I ken you'll be kind to him, and, as I say, you're welcome to him; but I'll gi'e ye a word o' warnin': tie him up on Tuesday nicht, or he'll be here at the market on Wednesday as sure as you're a livin' man."

'Assurin' my faither that he would see to this, and well pleased with his prize, Candiebank went off to Biggar wi' Swag on a rope-leash. When my faither cam' hame without the auld dog we were in an awful state. Man, it was as if there was a death in the family, and every one o' us, from the youngest to the auldest, missed him and lamented his loss.

Next Wednesday nicht, aboot seven o'clock, I was sittin' at the door polishin' a new hazel stick, when, lo and behold! Swag cam' roon' the hoose-end, and made for his porridge-dish as if he had never been a day away. In spite o' Candiebank's precaution, he had got clear away on Tuesday, travelled a' nicht frae Biggar to Edinburgh, worked a' day at the market, and, as usual, had trotted off hame to Swanston. He was never sent away after that, and he ended his days amongst us. And, man, d'ye ken, when I saw him that nicht comin' roon' the gable corner—I'm kind o' ashamed to tell you -although I was thirteen years old, and a big boy at that, I bursted oot greetin', and grat like a bairn.'

Ah, William Tod! why should you be ashamed of those boyish tears; for do they not prove that you possessed then what you possess still, that kindness and lovingness of heart, that sympathy and kindly feeling for all in trouble and distress, which, mark you out as the worthy son of a worthy sire, and one of God's own gentlemen?

Frequent visits to Swanston during the past summer, and many interesting conversations with two intelligent sons of the clachan, have not only added to my knowledge of the 'toon' and its worthies, but have tended to confirm what I have for long surmised, that, with the exception of Robert Young the gardener, John Reid or Ridd the farm grieve, and John Tod the shepherd, Stevenson was but little interested in any other of its inhabitants. Adam Ritchie he may have known as the ploughman, and a nodding acquaintance may be assumed, as I have it on the authority of the late Mrs Ochiltree of Swanston sweetie-shop fame, and widow of the toll-bar keeper at Fairmilehead, that Stevenson was liberal in his recognitions, and she gave him credit for being the most courteous boy in the locality; for, as she put it, 'he never passed ony o'us womenfolk withoot raisin' his hat.' His reticence, however, and his characteristic shyness were a bar to any further acquaintance; and, with the exception of the names I have mentioned, we may take it that his social circle of Swanston friends was a very small one indeed. I have in my mind's eye the picture of a pawky-faced old Swanston resident who long posed as a very intimate friend of R. L. S., and whose stories relating to his boyish days were exceptionally interesting; but from the fact that she called him 'Bobby,' and pointed out the farmhouse and not the Cottage to interested visitors as his early home, we may safely discount much of what she related in story and claimed in acquaintance.

To the gleaner of Stevensonian anecdotes the harvest in and around Swanston is a meagre one. The years he spent there were those of his literary apprenticeship, and to the few who noted his presence he was merely Maister Stevenson's son. It was not till years after-wards, when *Treasure Island, Kidnapped, The* Master of Ballantrae, and Catriona had each in turn delighted two continents, that it dawned upon the minds of the inhabitants of Swanston that, unawares, they had been entertaining an angel—a literary angel, if I may be allowed the term. And, lo! brain-chambers were ransacked, bygone events connected with the Cottage were sifted and resifted, imagination was called upon to supply what memory failed to recall, and the result— Well, those who harped to their profit upon the Stevenson string are quiet and silent now; God's acre holds them, and peace be to their ashes.

Swanston's contemporaries with Stevenson are now very few. They can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand; but, fortunately for us, they have retentive, reliable memories, and they know of what they speak. I anticipate with pleasure during the present winter a cosy seat in at least three ingle-nooks, in the corner of which, through tobacco-reek, and inspired by a heart-to-heart crack on the Swanston toon of long ago, I shall see in imagination my hero seated on a mossy rock in Halkerside, with John Tod, plaided and alert, beside him; or by the stunted vegetables in the Cottage garden with the eident gardener, John Young, when that old worthy declared that Paul may plant and Apollo may water, but God giveth the increase.

Though living in Swanston yet not of Swanston, and having totally different interests and aspirations, the Stevenson family were not above associating themselves with the little events which from time to time disturbed the even tenor of clachan life.

On one occasion Lizzie Grant, the tablemaid, rushed into the dining-room during dinner, and hysterically announced that 'Robert Pillans, the cattleman, had faun off a hayrick, and hurt his side.'

'Oh! that's very sad,' sympathetically exclaimed Mrs Stevenson. 'I hope none of his ribs are broken.'

'That I canna' tell, mem,' replied the distracted domestic. 'I dinna ken if it is the side his ribs are on that has been hurt.'

Mr and Mrs Stevenson called frequently on John Reid, the grieve; but there was only one house in Swanston that their famous son visited

that of Robert Young, the gardener. only he called on Robert Peebles in company with his aunt, Mrs Balfour, wife of Dr Balfour; but the family of John Tod assure me that he was never within their father's door. taken with the fact of his close intimacy with and keen appreciation of Honest John, is very remarkable.

As one may gather from the two chapters, 'Pastoral' and 'An Old Scotch Gardener,' in

Memories and Portraits, Stevenson knew and judged these worthies not socially, as family men, but as faithful, serious workers in nature's field and garden; and through this knowledge our Scottish literature is the richer by two outstanding sketches, which are redolent of the boxwood-bordered plots and the quiet hillside, and which bring to our miud's eye two splendid types of Scottish character, and make two humble, honest names immortal.

KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER VI.-RENOVARE DOLOREM.

THE leaven was working.

One evening after tea Philip took a big breath and addressed his uncle. 'Uncle Joseph,' he said, 'I was talking to a little girl on Hampstead Heath to-day.

'More fool you,' was the genial response.
'What were you talking about?'

'You,' said Philip, a little unexpectedly.

Uncle Joseph looked up. 'Oh!' he said.

'Why was I so honoured?'

Philip explained, in his deliberate fashion. 'She was that little girl we passed on Sunday,' he said, 'sitting on a gate. She smiled at me, and you told me it was only an instinct. A prebby—a prebby'

Uncle Joseph assisted him.

Well, I met her again 'Predatory instinct. one day, and I told her what you said. I explained that you knew all women were dangerous, and were the great stumbling-block to a man's work in life. Also parasites.

Uncle Joseph smiled grimly. 'V what did she say to that?' he inquired. 'Well, and

'She said she would ask her mother about it.' 'They always do,' he Uncle Joseph nodded. 'And what did mother say?' commented.

'Her mother said'-Philip hesitated.

'Go on,' said Uncle Joseph quietly.

'She said that—that the reason why you thought that all women should be avoided was known only to one woman, and she wouldn't tell.'

Colonel Meldrum rose to his feet and laid his pipe upon the mantelpiece with a slight clatter. Philip eyed his uncle curiously. There was a change in his appearance. He seemed to have grown older during the last ten seconds. lines of his face were sharper, and his stiff shoulders drooped a little. Then came a long Uncle Joseph had and deathlike stillness. turned his back, and was gazing into the glowing fire, with his head resting on his arms. Philip, feeling a little frightened, waited.

At last Uncle Joseph spoke. 'How old are you, boy?' he asked.

'Fourteen,' said Philip.

There was another silence. Then Uncle Joseph spoke again. 'You should be old enough to understand now. Your friend's mother was right, Phil. Would you like to hear the story? 'Yes, please,' said Philip.

Uncle Joseph turned round. 'Why?' he

asked curiously.

Philip replied with characteristic frankness. 'Because,' he said, 'it might make it easier for me to keep away from all women, like what you told me to do, if I knew the reason why I ought to.'

'You are beginning to find it difficult, then?' Philip, thinking of a blue cotton frock and a

pair of brown eyes, nodded.

'Then I will try to make it easier for you,' said Uncle Joseph. 'It is my plain duty to do so, for if once you get into your head the notion that woman is man's better half and guiding angel, or any sentimental, insidious nonsense of that kind, you are doomed. Your father allowed himself to cherish such beliefs, and he died of a broken heart before he was forty. You are your father's son.'

'Who broke his heart?' asked Philip, looking up quickly. It was the first time that Uncle Joseph had ever mentioned his father to him.

'Your mother,' said Uncle Joseph bluntly. 'She broke another man's heart later on, but that is another story. Perhaps the other man deserved it; but your father, above all men, did not. Have we read Tennyson together?'

'Yes,' said Philip. King."' "The Idvlls of the

'You remember King Arthur?'

Philip nodded, beginning to comprehend.

'Well, your mother was Guinevere.'

Philip was silent for a while. Then he asked.

'Is that why you say we must avoid all women?'
'Partly. There was my own case as well. When I was well over thirty, Philip, I fell in love. I had never loved any woman before. My whole life and soul were bound up in the regiment. I fell in love with the regiment when I joined it as a little subaltern, and I worshipped it for sixteen years. In course of time they made me adjutant, which cures most men of such predilections, but it only made me feel as proud as a hen with eight hundred chickens. We saw

service, and promotion came quickly. Then, just as I got my final step, and became commanding officer, I met a girl, and fell in love with her. It was in Calcutta. She was the spoiled beauty of that season, and I was the youngest colonel in the Indian Army, so every-

body thought it a very suitable match.

'We did not get engaged for quite a long time, though. Oh no! First of all, I had to learn to dance attendance. As I say, I had never been in love before, or even had any great experience of women. All my time had been lavished on the regiment. So I laboured under the delusion that if a man loved a woman his proper course was to tell her so straight, and prove his words by devoting himself to her service. I have learned wisdom since then, but that was what I thought at the time.'

'What ought you to have done, Uncle Joseph?'

asked Philip curiously.

'I ought either to have bullied her, or gone and made love to another girl. Those are the only two arguments which a woman appreciates. But I made myself too cheap. This girl, as soon as she found that she was quite sure of me, began to play with me. She ordered me about in public, and I loved her so much that I obeyed her, and did not regard her behaviour as the least underbred or vulgar. She gave me rather degrading odd jobs to do, and I did them, proud to think that I was her squire. As for presents, if I gave her something that she did not chance to want, or possessed already, it was declined with every manifestation of offended propriety; but if she did happen to require anything, from a box of chocolates to a box at the theatre, she told me to get it for her, and I did so gladly, for I felt that all these little trifles were gradually binding us together. I had not quite grasped a woman's idea of playing the game in those days, you see. I thought all this aloofness of hers was due to a young girl's reserve of character, and that, being too shy and timid to tell me in so many words that she cared for me, she was accepting all my devotion and my little offerings purposely and deliberately in order to show me that although she could not bring herself to say the word at present, she meant to do the square thing in the end. I loved her for that, and tried to be patient. But once, when I, presuming on this theory of mine, suggested to her that she must care for me rather more than she gave me to understand, she flashed out at me, and told me that I ought to be proud to serve her free, gratis, and for nothing, and that a true knight never hoped for any reward from his lady otherwise than an occasional smile and word of thanks. On the whole, I think that was the most outrageous statement I have ever heard fall from the lips of a human being; but as uttered by her it actually sounded rather splendid! It made me feel quite ashamed of myself, Philip. I said I was a mercenary brute,

and asked her to forgive me. This, after I had made an abject exhibition of myself, she ultimately did.

'For the next few months I had a pretty bad time of it. I loved her too much to keep away from her, but my self-respect was at zero. I had to put my pride in my pocket and undergo some humiliation nearly every day. To stand about for hours waiting for a dance, perhaps to have it cut in the end; to dash off parade and change out of uniform and gallop away to a riding appointment, perhaps to find that she had forgotten all about it; to be compelled to laugh and look amused when she said uncharitable things about my best friends—that was my daily round, Philip. Yes, they were stiff days, and I saw they would get worse. When you find yourself gradually ceasing to respect a woman without ceasing to love her, then you are in for a demoralising time, my boy.

'But I endured it all. I summoned up fresh stocks of patience and philosophy. I told myself that she was only a child, and a spoiled child at that; and that she would shake down presently. When she was a little older and wiser she would realise what humiliation she had often heaped upon me, and she would come and say she was sorry, in her pretty way, and ask me to forgive her; and I would do so, and we should live happy ever afterwards. Meanwhile I must

be enormously patient.

'Then suddenly, without any sort of warning, just as I was reaching the limit of physical endurance—there is a physical side to these things, Philip, as you may find some day-she capitulated, and we became engaged. For a fortnight I lived in the clouds. I gave her all the presents I could think of, and then sat down and unfolded to her all my dreams and visions for the future. I told her how proud the regiment would be of her, and what a splendid regiment we would make of it between us. I confessed to her, just like a penitent child, that I had been neglecting the regiment of late all on her account. Now that the suspense and worry was over, I meant to work double tides and make the old regiment twice as efficient as it had ever been. I told her I felt like a giant refreshed. With her beside me, there was no limit to things we might do with that regiment.

'Then Vivien (that was her name) interrupted me. She said, in her pretty, imperious way, "Joe dear, your regiment bores me. You never talk of anything else. In future I forbid you to mention it in my presence." Then she kissed

me, and took me off to a tea-fight.'

Uncle Joseph, who had been striding about the room during this narration, suddenly halted

and faced his nephew.

'Looking back now,' he said, 'it is plain to me that this was the point at which I ought to have made a stand. I should have taken Vivi firmly, and said to her, "My dearest child"

-Uncle Joseph's voice dropped to a gentle, caressing murmur, but he recovered himself with a jerk—" "understand this. A man's work is his life. It is his father and his mother, and his meat and his drink, and the air he breathes; and the woman who marries him must be prepared to stand by his side and see him through it, and not to hang round his neck and get between him and what he has to do. She must sympathise with him when things go wrong, and share his satisfaction when they come right again. If she grows jealous of his work and tries to detach him from it there will be a Therefore you must take me and disaster. my work together, or forswear us both, for they cannot be divided." That is what I should have said, Philip, for I knew it was true, even as she kissed me. But I didn't. I thought I should be able to educate her up to appreciation of my beloved regiment, and that her prejudice and selfishness would weaken in time.

'But I was wrong. It was I who weakened. I began by turning out less frequently at parade. I began to cut mess. I began to lose touch with the rank and file. Formerly it had been my pride to know the name of every man in my regiment, and something about him. Soon I found myself saluted by men on the paradeground whose faces I did not recognise. I began to listen to Vivien's criticisms of my officers. She sneered at my subalterns because some of them were hard-up and could not keep polo-ponies. She called them "a fusty lot"half of them had seen active service before they were twenty-one—and compared them unfavourably with the Viceroy's staff. She appeared to regard my affection for them as a sort of slight to herself. She looked down on my splendid little Gurkhas, and said it was a pity I could not get command of a white regiment. And I, instead of telling her straight that she must never speak in that way of my men again, began by making a few lame excuses for them, and ended by acquiescing in her opinions. I found myself patronising my own officers—some of the finest soldiers in the service—and drifting into an attitude of superciliousness toward soldiering in general. And all this, Philip, arose from that ennobling passion, Love!

'Then, when the hot weather came, she went away to Simla. I was to follow her in a month. During that month I came to myself again. I realised, once and for all, that a man's duty comes first in this world, and straightway I saw life clearly and as a whole once more. cloud that had settled over the regiment lifted again, and by the time I went on leave we were as happy a band as ever.

'I travelled up to the hills full of tremendous emotions, Philip. In the first place, I had not seen Vivien for over a month, and I was mad with the desire of setting eyes on her again. In the second place, I was determined to make it

plain that she must not attempt to come between me and the regiment again. It was a delicate problem to tackle, I knew; but I still hugged the delusion that she was only a child, and could be educated up to a wife's duties. But I saw a big fight ahead of me—a big fight!'

Uncle Joseph's voice dropped, and the light

of battle died out of his eyes.

'What was the end of the fight?' asked Philip apprehensively. He saw tragedy on the horizon.

Uncle Joseph laughed. It was not a pleasant sound. 'I need not have worried,' he said. 'There was no fight. When I got to Simla I discovered that she had been engaged to another man for nearly a fortnight.'

Philip shrank back into his chair, stunned.

'She had not even written to tell me,' continued Uncle Joseph. 'She had allowed me to travel half across India to see her, and then-People told me he wasn't a bad fellow-a bit of a boor, but a good sort on the whole. He was heir to a title of some kind, I think. I never saw him-or her-after the one interview. They were married about a month later.

'I went back to the regiment. I had that consolation, I told myself. Nothing stood between me and my work now. But I was wrong again. Nothing seemed worth while any more. Regimental routine wearied me to death, and presently I understood what had happened. In the old days I had loved the regiment because it was my regiment; latterly I had loved it because it was her regiment, and I wanted to make it a credit to her. Now that she was gone—cui bono? But I fought on. I would not give in. I was mechanical, but pretty thorough. I fulfilled every duty rigidly. The only difference was that whereas the regiment had formerly been commanded by a Damascus blade, it was now commanded by a broomstick, and it went about its work correspondingly.

'Then, three months later, came a letter from your father. He was dying, Phil—dying of a broken heart, if ever a man did. His story was the same as mine, only more shameful. asked me to take charge of you. Then I saw light; my duty lay plain ahead of me. I would go home and devote the rest of my life to protecting my nephew from the monstrous danger of Woman. I sent in my papers, came home, and took charge of you; and here we are! I

have spoken.

Uncle Joseph dropped unconcernedly back into his arm-chair, and relit the ashes of his pipe. But his fingers were shaking.

Philip sat still and silent for a long time. Then he asked, 'Was she very pretty, Uncle

'She was the most beautiful creature I have ever seen,' said Uncle Joseph simply.

Philip ventured on one more question, 'Is she alive now?'

Uncle Joseph shrugged his shoulders. 'I don't know,' he said. 'I have dropped so thoroughly out of the world that the social history of the past ten years is a blank to me. I have never heard of her since I left India. I do not even know her husband's title.'

Uncle Joseph turned to his nephew. A grim smile played about the ends of his moustache. 'And now, laddie,' he inquired, 'have I made things any again for you?'

things any easier for you?'
Philip flushed. 'What do you mean?' he

muttered. But he knew only too well.

'I mean this,' said Uncle Joseph. 'Has my story made it any easier for you to relinquish your acquaintance with the small siren of Hampstead Heath?'

It was the first great critical moment in Philip's life. Reason and Instinct—the truculent logic of his uncle and the gentle, chivalrous spirit of his father—fought for mastery within

him. Instinct won, and he replied doggedly, 'No. I'm sorry.'

'So am I,' said Uncle Joseph, rising to his feet again. 'However, you must be protected from yourself. Listen! You will drop your acquaintance with this little girl, and refrain from making any other friendships of a similar nature so long as you remain in my charge. It is an order. You understand?'

Philip bowed his head in silence. He had been brought up in a soldier's house, and when Uncle Joseph spoke in his orderly-room voice there was nothing more to be said on the matter.

That night, for the first time in his life, Philip cried himself to sleep. He had pledged his knightly word to keep tryst with a lady on Hampstead Heath the following afternoon, and now he would have to break it.

(Continued on page 101.)

THE SHARK-FISHERS.

By JOHN GLOSSOP.

WE who live upon the islands of Samoa never let pass an opportunity to kill a shark. The waters which surround our little world are infested by them; and sometimes a native will be caught and killed by one of the terrible man-eating monsters—quite frequently enough, indeed, to give a savage zest to the sport. It would be difficult to say whether even bird-catching occupies a higher place in the regard of any one of us. The natives are wonderfully expert and courageous, and as the flesh of the shark is the principal dainty at their great feasts, parties of men are for ever going in search of it.

The favourite time is when a storm has just blown itself out, for the sharks have been driven inshore, and may be found sheltering in great numbers under the black rocks that border the The men, who have rowed out in a frail cance, throw food overboard, piece by piece, and this serves the double purpose of attracting the sharks and gorging them so that they may be rendered easy of capture. The water around the boat quickly becomes alive with the brutes, and when the bait is devoured they retire to the shadowy waters where rocks overhang stretches of smooth sand, and there they lazily stretch themselves at full length, and sink into a half-sleep. The natives in the canoe paddle slowly along, and presently discover one of these sharks in drowsy slumber. The leader of the fishers raises his hand in signal to the paddlers to stay the course of the boat, and one man-generally a young and active fellowclimbs over the side into the water, and, with the noose of a strong rope of bark fibre in his hand, dives beneath the surface. Swimming quietly along under the water, he comes to a sleeping |

fish, and with a quick, deft movement slips the noose over its tail. Then, as gently as he came, he returns to the canoe; and when he has clambered safely back into it the natives take hold of the rope and rouse the shark from its sleep with a mighty pull together. The shark is dragged through the water before it has time to reflect, and in spite of its sudden panic and frenzied struggles, it is gradually hauled toward the boat. By keeping its tail clear of the water the natives have made it practically helpless; and at last, by a peculiar movement, they jerk it into the canoe, and a tremendous blow with a club finishes its career.

Sometimes the shark has backed into a crevice or hole in the rocks before it has settled down to sleep, so that its head alone is accessible. In such a case the diver will swim up to it, and with the utmost coolness tap it gently but firmly on the head. Sleepy and gorged with food as it is, and annoyed by the interruption, without knowing exactly the cause of it, the shark turns round with a swish in a space barely large enough for it to lie in. As it does so it exposes its tail, and the diver cleverly drops the noose over it and returns to the boat in the customary manner. For the sake of variety, I have seen a baited hook carried out by these natives, and dropped in about twelve feet of water, the line being then brought back to land. When a shark seizes the bait, and is safely hooked, the natives shoulder the rope at the edge of the water, and, singing a rude, measured chant, dance inland, dragging the fish into the shallows, where it is speedily killed.

The sport is exceedingly dangerous, as can be imagined; but we Samoans are taught to be as

much at home in the water as are the sharks, so that an astonishing indifference is displayed toward them. In some parts of the islands sharkfishing is regarded as being as much a trade as a sport, and the operations are carried out by a different method from those described above. The fishers tie a rope fifteen or twenty feet long around a small barrel that has been well plugged up and made watertight. To the end of the barrel is fastened a large steel hook, baited with dried fish. Several of these barrels, with rope and hook attached, are put on board a yacht, and a start is made for the noted sharkgrounds just outside the harbour. When the boat is fairly under way the crew become very excited by the anticipations of revenge and good trade, and break out into eager chattering, dancing, and barbaric song. On their arrival at the sharkground the casks and lines are thrown overboard about a hundred yards apart, and the yacht cruises round, awaiting developments.

Presently one of the barrels commences to rock up and down and dance at a great rate, sometimes disappearing under the water and reappearing at a distance. Then a boat is lowered, and its occupants row as rapidly as possible toward the floating barrel. Backward and forward, in circles and winding lines, the elusive cask is pursued, and only after a long period of hard rowing, sometimes for hours, is it captured and towed to the yacht, the hooked fish dragging after it as a matter of course.

Many times have I gone down with the natives to the beach when night has fallen to witness midnight fishing. The tactics pursued are now different, for the Samoans are full of resource. A line of great strength, three hundred feet long, is employed, with the usual hook and chain attached

and baited as described above. One end of the rope is tied to the wharf, and the well-baited hook is thrown a few yards away into a shallow pool in the middle of a patch of moonlit sand. Very soon a dark object is seen gliding like a shadow from the deep water across the sand toward the pool, and halting a few feet from the bait. We are, of course, all sitting as still as statues a little distance away, and we watch without the slightest sound the shark, after its momentary pause, move into the pool.

When the fish has made a meal it starts off back to the deep water again, and the rasping of the rope signifies to us that the hook is in its mouth. Then—and not until then—the men jump for the rope, and run with it a few steps in the opposite direction. I say a few steps, because the rope is generally torn out of their hands as the shark feels the hook and throws itself out of the pool in a mighty effort to escape from the cruel clutches of the hook. The shallow water is now cut into foam as the taut line is pulled through it, and the shark splashes with great fierceness and fights strongly for its life. The tugging men sway rapidly to and fro until their efforts are at last triumphant, and the shark is hauled up on the sand. Then a shot through the backbone where the body joins the head settles it. Sometimes the shark measures fifteen or sixteen feet; and there are times when a foolhardy native has stalked up to it in its deathstruggles and met with a misfortune similar to one I heard about a few months ago, when a fisher had a leg bitten clean off, and died from blood-poisoning within a few hours. But we are generally wise enough to keep out of the way of those great, murderous mouths, with their three regular rows of cruel teeth.

THE TILERIES STACK.

CHAPTER II.

HIS disturbed mind notwithstanding, Jimmie Bishop slept soundly in that best bedroom of Bidston's best hotel—so soundly that he was slow to respond when Miss Minnie Dart, the chambermaid, rapped at the door and melodiously mentioned warm water. But Minnie persevered, and the matured appearance of the sun-glow in the room through the yellow-brown blinds helped his feet to the floor. Memory's annoying sudden spur also did something in the matter.

He detained Minnie Dart from her other duties for nearly a minute, partly for business and partly for a little harmless frivolity, upon which his mercurial soul insisted.

'Yes, sir,' she replied, with perfect correctness of tone, when he began by suggesting to her that it was a beautiful morning.

'Well, then, see here, ducky,' he continued, knowing instinctively that the smile on her

side of the door was an honest pair to his, 'I shall require my matutinal repast, otherwise my breakfast, in half-an-hour precisely. I'm going to shunt off out of this by the first train. See?'

'Very good, sir,' said Minnie. 'And what shall I order for you?'

'Ah!' he exclaimed, striking a pensive attitude in his pyjamas. 'How about one of Corker's penny mixed-meat pies, some chitterlings, and a ha'porth of toffee—eh, Min? What little brats we were!' he added feelingly.

She begged his pardon, but not at once, being delayed by the trickle of soft laughter called forth by his words. Yes, to be sure, they were times, those remote days of infancy, when a penny to spend in Corker's bow-windowed shop by the school meant bliss for an hour, and when on frosty mornings she was wont to wipe Jimmie

Bishop's little nose for him quite as a matter of course on his whimpering way to school.

'Oh, all right; anything you like, dear,' he said then. 'Ham and eggs—anything. By the bye, you are somebody's very own dear, aren't you? You ought to be, if you aren't, Min. But I bet you are.'

'Yes, thank you, sir,' she replied truthfully, dimpling so charmingly that it was a pity the show was wasted upon a mere door-panel.

She waited for no more of such trifling, however, and went downstairs with a few rapid assumptions about Jimmie and Mary Ridley.

Poor Mary Ridley! Some girls had good luck with their sweethearts, and some the other thing. She and Mary were not what could be termed friends, but she could sympathise with Mary in such a heart's tragedy as this of hers. Mary's face to the world was amazingly brave and smiling, but she was bound to have her feelings like every one else. It was too bad of Jimmie—downright wicked, indeed—to come thus flaunting his success in Bidston's eyes for a night and a morning, seemingly with not so much as a kind word or thought for Mary herself, let alone a personal apology about his misconduct in London. And he had been such a nice little chap when he was a lad!

Meanwhile Jimmie himself had drawn those yellow-brown blinds, and, still in his pyjamas, plunged impetuously into the blue plush armchair by the hearth.

One glance at the Tileries chimney, very clear to view in the morning light, and he seemed a changed man. 'Confound it all!' he ejaculated, and fled to the arm-chair.

There, in an abject huddle, he nursed his chin and his cheeks, surrendering himself afresh, with remarkable weakness, to the tumult of visions and thoughts which he had taken so defiantly to bed with him. He had challenged them then to interfere with his night's rest, or his literary ambitions of the future, and his will-power had won well so far. But Mary's spell was upon him once more, and would not be denied. tried to mock it away. The revived details of that imprudent meeting by the chapel last night gave him strong help in the struggle. Mary's own gorgeous good sense, for example! If anything could stiffen his back, that ought. recollection of Mrs Ridley's simple old face under her black pagoda of a bonnet, and her childlike statement about his own dead mother's apparition in answer to prayer, raised a short scornful laugh in him. He followed it with a smile about Uncle Silas's money—compassionate as touching Mrs Ridley; dubious and faint almost to the vanishing-point when associated with Phiness Ridley. If Mary was to be believed in what she had said about his altered views of him, old Phineas's nature was apparently not so primitive as she had suggested. It wasn't easy to think of him as ready, indeed anxious, according to Mr Westcott, to wring his neck one day, and the very next willing, if not keenly anxious, to welcome him in the Hen Lane parlour for the indelicate reason put forward by Mary's mother. This brought his meditations in hard instant grip with the indelicate reason itself—Mary's inheritance from her uncle Silas. It brought him to his feet also, with a consciousness of the return of his mind's vigour.

'Bless the dear souls!' he exclaimed, with the light of dispassionate intellect—and that only—in his eyes. 'They're fine, all of them;

though how differently so!'

He began to dress resolutely. Time was flying, like the innocent white cloud-puffs against the blue backing of sky which told of a breeze outside. The nine-thirty express to town was on no account to be missed. The mass of his Bidston friends, with particular inclusion of Mr Westcott, might make what they pleased of his unreasonably rapid departure. They were quite at liberty to think well or ill of him; their opinion either way was nothing at all to him. Mary would understand, and that sufficed.

At length he was ready, and it only remained to pack his bag. But in the moment of turning for it he espied opera-glasses on the mantelpiece behind a discoloured plaster bust of Mr Gladstone.

These delayed him for three or four minutesimportant minutes they proved to be. The glasses were the very article he had longed for at intervals while he dressed. The Tileries chimney made continuous and stirring appeals to his imagination. A man was on its partially scaffolded summit, and the man could be no other than Mary's father. Jimmie yearned to see the old chap and his doings on that giddy perch more closely. He fully realised that the top of the chimney was the very best place in the world for Mr Ridley until the nine-thirty express had left Bidston's railway station. But his interest in Mr Ridley just then was almost purely professional. It was as an iron-nerved Titan that Jimmie gloated over him. Phineas was destined to appear as chief personage in yet another of his stories—as heroic steeple-jack this time.

The glasses served him excellently. He caught Phineas actually trying to light his pipe in the wind. He was brought face to face with the chin-beard and the scowl. He could fancy he heard the old chap swear as one match after another was tossed into the void. His attitude, bolt-upright and legs well spread, on the edge of his abyss, was as fine as the rest of him. Even so high up and half a mile away, he was a colossus; as forbidding in aspect, moreover, as Jimmie had ever deemed him, which was saying much.

The glasses showed Jimmie one more movement on Mr Ridley's part. The old man gave up striking futile matches and suddenly struck the air with his fist, then pocketed his pipe. He was obviously furious. And the next moment or so he drew a letter from his pocket and opened it out in the wind as if he were in a temper with it also.

But Jimmie had seen enough of him now. 'My goodness,' he said, lowering the glasses, 'what an ugly-looking beggar he is!'

He replaced the glasses on the mantelpiece, made a solemn and immediate descent to the coffee-room, and rang the bell.

Indiscreetly or not, the chambermaid had given the coffee-room attendant a hint about him; and this second young lady was very sprightly and encouraging in ministering to his needs.

But he was a disappointment to her. He said nothing clever or amusing; indeed, he declined to converse at all. His most spirited remark was 'Oh! is that so?' when she expressed the hope that the rather pronounced noise of trotting traffic in the street outside was not an annoyance to him.

'It's Riddington race-day, sir,' she explained; 'quite an affair in these parts, as perhaps you know. Every one goes who can. There'll be an extra lot from the Tileries this year, because of the strike. They've been out ten days, and opportunity is being taken to mend the chimney.'

Then came Jimmie's spirited remark; and he glanced at the girl so eagerly that she hoped she had broken his ice at last.

'Yes, sir,' she replied very brightly. 'There was a storm in March that loosened some of the stone-work. It did a great deal of damage in other ways, that storm did, in the district.'

other ways, that storm did, in the district.'
'Did it?' said Jimmie. 'Well, you may bring me my bill. And don't fuss around any more, please. I've got things to think of, and you bother me. See?'

She saw reluctantly, and obeyed. He paid the bill, gave her a shilling for herself, and that ended their intercourse.

A few more minutes, and the purple hat was on Jimmie's head and his intentions were again 'set fair' for London. He had shaken off the temptation to return to Hen Lane, which was in truth the engrossing chief of his thoughts while he breakfasted. Phineas being on the chimney made the temptation a strong one. No practical good could come of falling a second time in twenty-four hours into such temptation; yet for a while he craved the refreshment of one more smile from Mary's dear eyes as passionately as if his life's best stake depended upon it. The folly of such an indulgence declared itself in ample time to save him for his train.

A 'farewell' to the chambermaid, and he was off. He returned to his bedroom and rang expressly for Miss Dart; nor could her professional veneer of demureness withstand for more than an instant the smile with which he received her.

'Did you want me, sir?' she asked at the threshold, duly formal, but dimpling hugely.

'Only to thank you for your services,' he told her, with a disgusting air of importance; 'and,' he added softly, pressing a sovereign into her hand, 'to give you my blessing, Min, with this. See you again some day, I hope; in heaven if not in Bidston. Good-bye, dear.'

'Oh Jimmie, you mustn't!' she breathed to

his departing back at sight of the gold.

He turned at the stairhead and shook a frolicsome finger at her; whereupon a spirit of comedy akin to his own straightway prompted her to drop him a curtsy of sorts, and to say in an ordinary tone, 'Good-morning, sir, and thank you very much indeed!' as if he were nothing more than an exceptionally generous visitor going his way.

A ceremonious London bow for the young lady in the office downstairs, and Jimmie stepped into the street.

He had still plenty of time for the train, with a little to spare for sociability if he cared to make amends this morning for his cavalier treatment of his old friends a few hours ago. plans were quite otherwise. Instead of going to the station, he turned into a side-street, designing to zigzag to his destination, and thus avoid Messrs Perry, Griffin, and his other mercantile acquaintances. He was especially undesirous of meeting Mr Westcott, as might befall him in the main street. Even two minutes' conversation with that gentleman would, he felt positive, be more than enough to take the cheer out of his imagination for the rest of the day. And this would not do at all, inasmuch as he was determined to coax some good fruit from that fine faculty during his journey to town. Paper and fountain pen aiding him, he did not doubt his ability to succeed in the matter if he were not disagreeably crossed in the meantime.

Therefore he hurried down Harris Street, bent round Prospect Crescent, a curve of cheap red tenements for miners and others who liked an extensive view of pit-banks and a flaming ironwork on the horizon, and ought then to have veered to the right toward Canal Street and the goods-yard of Bidston's station.

But in fact he had not passed half the houses of the Crescent when he stopped. The Tileries chimney was visible here from base to head. It lured him more strenuously than ever.

He stood and gazed at it, and then made straight for it across the intervening jumble of olive and black pit-mounds and depressions with shining little pools in them.

Old Phineas was still plainly apparent on the top of the pile. The iron stairway by which he climbed to his giddy perch was also distinguishable. He could not return to earth without being seen by Jimmie. Probably he would stay where he was for a considerable while yet. But, whether he did or did not, there would be abundant time for Jimmie to achieve valuable inspirations, impressions, and so forth at the chimney's mighty base. These stored, he would trudge on a farther mile to the railway station

of Hoxley Fields, bagging other patches of local colour and perhaps an uncouth but telling adjective or two from local mouths, all for his note-book. His trifle of hand-luggage would not trouble him much even if he had to carry it the whole mile himself. And at Hoxley Fields he would get a stopping train for Birmingham, and so to town by a different yet excellent route, without again approaching his dear but inconvenient friends of Bidston.

The first part of his plan fulfilled itself quite simply. He skirted the vast hollow from which the Tileries Company extracted the clay for its manufactures, and again, as in the past, it reminded him of a print of Dante's 'Hell.' he shuddered also as he thought of Phineas up above and this terraced pit some three hundred more feet below the stack's base. It seemed near enough to the chimney to be plumbed in a flying leap from the summit; yet Mary's father could light a pipe, or try to, and read his letters erect in a high wind on the edge of this terrific chasm as calmly as if he were in his Hen Lane kitchen, with his large feet comfortably on the

The Tileries gate was ajar, and Jimmie entered the premises. A man sitting on a barrel by the weighing-machine just inside casually touched his cap to him.

'Good-morning,' said Jimmie. 'All on your own, are you' No objection to my looking round, I suppose?'

'None at all,' said the man.

'I happen to know Mr Ridley. You others are all at play, it seems?' Jimmie proceeded

Darn sight little play about it,' retorted the man, with a sudden rise of his temperature. 'We ain't at work, if that's what you mean.'

'Same thing, I expect,' laughed Jimmie, and

moved on for the chimney.

He spent five useful minutes alone at its base, note-book in hand. Though fascinated and busy, he was vigilant throughout. But Phineas was never in sight here. The head of the stack had a massive overhanging cornice, to pass which the ladders made a forward bend to the slim scaffold which supplied the stack with a temporary halfcollar higher still. Thus Phineas was completely hidden on the summit. Nor did he show at all on the ladders.

A footstep then made Jimmie look round, and a boy with the postal badge on his arm approached him.

Telegram for Mr Ridley, sir,' said the boy. Jimmie smiled and pointed his pencil up the

'Not me, sir,' said the boy, shaking his head. 'Mrs Ridley sent me on with it, because it's a special, she said; but I'm not goin' up there.'

He had a little more to say-about Mrs Ridley's opening the telegram, and then making it fast again in its envelope with stamp-paper, and giving him sixpence to bring it on to the Tileries.

'I can't do more than this, though,' he concluded. 'It's no use hollerin' up to him, is it, sir? The bloke in charge says you're a friend of his. Perhaps you'll be waitin' till he comes down, sir?'

A great commotion had started in Jimmie's mind during the boy's prattle. Twice his head tilted back slowly as his eyes ranged above those little vertical ladders climbing heavenward like the fabulous bean-stalk of the fabulous Jack. He was rather pale—from excitement mainly. But when at length he held out his hand for the telegram, it was with a smile of remarkable composure. 'I'll see that he gets it,' he said.

'Oh, thank you, sir!' exclaimed the boy. 'Go

up yourself, sir, will you?'

'I'll think about that,' said Jimmie.

The boy had been gone about a minute when he brought his courage quite to the requisite Even then he was far from sure that he could do it. But, for two or three reasons, he meant to try.

At the best he might get as far as the cornice, and there make himself heard by Phineas. He would deliver the telegram to the astonished giant at that junction of the deadly and the merely dangerous, and then descend as fast as he safely And at the worst—if his pluck failed him in the first hundred feet—he would feel his way down again with his eyes shut. In either event, his sensations would be of the most valuable first-hand kind for his pen's use in the future.

There was a shed near, and he deposited his hat, umbrella, and bag in it. Then he returned and took his first steps skyward.

(Continued on page 105.)

CARTHAGE. ROME AND

A STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY.

By R. W. CLOKIE.

PART I.

HE history of the struggle between Rome and Carthage is one of considerable interest. It is the story of the life-and-death struggle

our minds back to a remote period of history. It is crowded with incidents of life and vigour which reveal the genius and character of one at between two nations of antiquity, and carries | least of the giants of the past. We cannot read it without perceiving the impassable gulf which separates the Roman period from the present, a consciousness which increases our interest and develops our imagination. On these grounds alone this contest is worthy of our attention; but the fact that it was the turning-point in the fortunes of Rome gives it a far deeper significance.

To the student of history Rome stands for so much that is pertinent to the growth of our Western civilisation! The recorded history of our own country begins with the occupation of Britain by the Romans. The same may be said of many of the Continental countries; indeed, modern Europe may be said to have grown out of the ashes of the Roman Empire. Any crisis, therefore, which touched the fortunes of this great precursor of nations must be of considerable interest to the modern.

To the Romans and the Carthaginians of the third and second centuries B.C. the Punic Wars were wars of conquest only; to us they were wars which directed the course of our own history, and added to the character of our civilisation. Though the civilisation of the Western world is far from perfect to-day, there are some grounds for saying that it might have been less perfect if Rome had not been able to drive Hannibal from Italy in the Second Punic War; for great is the debt of culture and refinement that Europe owes to Rome, and the benefits which followed the march of her legions can hardly be overestimated.

We realise the fact of Rome most, perhaps, when some piece of Roman pottery is unearthed in our island, or when some coin bearing the image of a long dead Cæsar is put into our hands. But a moment's consideration of the many words in the English language having Romanic derivation will reveal better than anything else the lasting impression that Rome made on the nations she conquered. Of all the Roman provinces, Britain perhaps felt the direct force of Roman culture least, being, as she was, the province most remote from Italy, the one last to be added to, and the first to be abandoned by, the Empire. Indirectly, England has enjoyed all these benefits by her proximity to the Continent. Diffused over so large an area, and for so long a period of time, this Roman culture so grew upon the nations which came under its influence that it became strong enough to survive the nation which produced it and the military system which upheld it.

It is a remarkable fact that the most lasting benefits of the Roman occupation of Europe were those to which the Roman himself gave the least heed. It mattered very little to the Roman soldier that he was teaching the barbarian, by example, the value of discipline and law so long as he was loyal to the legion in which he fought. The Roman governor thought far more about the taxes he squeezed out of his province than about the comparatively high standard of living

which his officers and retinue set up before the rough provincials. The Roman emperor got more satisfaction from the thought that he had added another province to his empire than from the thought that he had brought another nation into touch with the refining influences of the Roman civilisation. It was no spirit of altruism which sent Cæsar into Gaul and Britain, but rather the less virtuous ambition of national aggrandisement. The Roman lives in our memory more because he has a place in our literature, language, and law than because of his high place in the annals of history.

Rome had a genius for war, for colonisation, and for government. Through this genius she was able first to conquer and hold, then to colonise and govern, a very large portion of the world known to the ancients. It is because Rome had these qualities better developed than her rival that the student attaches importance to the issue of the Punic Wars, and inquires with great interest into the social condition of Carthage. No other nation brought Rome nearer to the brink of ruin. During the Second Punic War the eclipse of Rome was more than probable. Twice, at least, her independence was in extreme danger.

Who, then, and what was this nation which brought Rome so low, and barred her progress for so long?

Comparatively speaking, we know little about the early history of Carthage. What we do know has been told us by her greatest enemies. The Greeks and Romans, her hereditary foes, were her historians, and her memory has been blackened by the hatred these nations bore her.

When the Israelites shook off the captivity of Egypt, and determined to take possession of the 'land flowing with milk and honey which the Lord should give them,' the patriarch Moses, under the inspiration of Jehovah, exhorted them to slay without mercy all the opposing Canaanites, because they were an idolatrous people and worshippers of Baal. Perhaps Moses little realised what a wonderful race he was so anxious to exterminate, and perhaps the world at large is to be congratulated that this extermination did not proceed as rapidly as the Israelites desired. For the debt we owe to these Canaanites (or Phœnicians, as they are known in profane history) is considerable. It was they who, first learning them from the Egyptians, introduced to so many nations of antiquity the rudiments of our own written characters, the foundation of all intellectual development. They were the pioneers of shipping and commerce, and had learned to steer their ships by the Pole Star while the Greeks still depended on the Great Their restless activity and genius for trade impelled them to brave the mysteries and dangers of the ocean, and to steer their barks into all known waters of their time. They swept the Mediterranean with their shipping,

and there is hardly an island in that great sea that has not yielded Phœnician coins and inscriptions, or does not retain Phœnician names and legends to attest the energies of these indomitable traders. They dotted the southern coasts of the Mediterranean with trading factories, even as far as the Pillars of Hercules. From the natural advantages of locality, one of these factories, in this case emanating from Tyre, was destined to outstrip her sisters and become the Queen of the Mediterranean and the great rival of Rome.

Such was the origin of Carthage, and as such she emerges out of the obscure past. Very fitfully she creeps on to the page of history. Founded nearly one hundred years before the traditional date assigned to the founding of Rome, she is absolutely unknown to history for the first two hundred years of her existence. Then follow three centuries of wars with Syracuse, during which Carthage slowly but surely established her power in Sicily. She extended her domains in Africa and colonised Corsica and Sardinia. Trading first, and fighting more from necessity than preference, Carthage rapidly grew till she became the mistress of the seas and the master of Africa.

Carthage was pre-eminently a trading nation, and, like Tyre and Sidon, her parents, she loved peace. For her military protection she relied on mercenaries, of whom her army was for the greater part composed. These facts largely explain her rise and subsequent decline. Though the practice of employing mercenaries left her citizens free to trade, a paid mercenary is a poor substitute in a time of national emergency for the patriotic soldier fighting for the freedom or honour of his native land. During the interval between the First and the Second Punic War her mercenaries rebelled and almost subverted the State.

Of the domestic history of Carthage we know little, of her art and literature less. That there was a library in Carthage is certain, but little is known of the books it contained. One work survived the ruin, and, being translated into Greek and Latin, became the standard authority on farming.

The religion of this nation was idolatrous, and encouraged rather than checked immorality. They worshipped Baal, the god of fire, who delighted in human sacrifices. Melcarth, known among the Greeks as Hercules, was their tutelary god. Ashtaroth and Dagon the sea-god had prominent places in their mythology.

Mommsen, the German historian, says that the Phœnicians lacked the art of self-government. The Carthaginians, no doubt, inherited the same weakness. Their integrity broke down through an inaptitude for government in all classes. There were no revolutions, either from above or below, in Carthage. Money was allpowerful. The offices of the State were bought and sold. The government was a close aristocracy, which became corrupt.

It has been laid down that the great weakness of the Carthaginian was his inability to assimilate himself to his surroundings. Add to this the unimpressiveness of the native African, and we may have some explanation why Carthage was unable to attach to herself her dependencies so deeply as to make her total destruction impossible.

The little that is known of this remarkable nation and its brilliant, though transient, civilisation makes it a matter of regret that the jealousy of Rome was not satisfied with something short of its annihilation. But that little is sufficient to show that Carthage could never have done for the generations which followed her what her conquerors have done. It is neither generous nor wise to pass sweeping condemnations on extinct races; but there are some grounds for saying that a universal Carthaginian Empire, such as Hannibal dreamed of and the Romans obtained, would not have melted down national antipathies, would not have bequeathed a common language and literature to her dependencies, would not have paved the way for so high a civilisation and so pure a religion as did the Roman occupation of Europe.

THE FIRST PUNIC WAR (264-241 B.C.).

The middle of the third century B.C. found Rome in the condition of youth bordering on manhood, full of life and vigour, of courage and resource, eager to be up and doing, yet tainted with that timidity born of powers that have not been fully tested; a condition in which success is more elevating than failure is depressing. Roman legions had never before this period waged war outside their own peninsula. Rome had subdued the minor kingdoms around her. She had driven north the savage Gaul; she had expelled the powerful Pyrrhus from her shores; but she had never left her native shores to attack a foreign Power. Rome, therefore, hesitated before she attacked a nation with the fame and prestige of Carthage. This diffidence caused her, when once committed to the war, to exert every effort, to strain every nerve, to conquer. No labour or sacrifice was too great in order to ensure success.

The position of Carthage was different. Carthage was just one hundred years older than Rome. Her civilisation was more advanced, and already the signs of decay were apparent in her constitution. Though still powerful, Carthage had lost that vital spark which makes a nation all-powerful; her two great advantages, a firm footing in Sicily and an unrivalled supremacy on the sea, were insufficient to counterbalance the young, hot vigour which Rome brought into the struggle.

It was the relieving of a small garrison in an obscure town in the north of Sicily which precipitated the struggle which had long been brewing. The signal success of Rome here led that nation to push farther her advantages; and before she was well aware of it Rome was grappling with the great power of Carthage.

It was the policy of Rome to sweep the Carthaginian from the island of Sicily; and for three years she struggled toward this end, and had so far succeeded that the Carthaginians were confined to a few fortresses on the west coast of that island, when it suddenly dawned on the mind of the Romans that they would never drive the Carthaginians from Sicily until they had destroyed the Carthaginian fleet.

Now, Rome had no fleet. She was not a maritime nation. The Roman soldier feared the sea; but, with an enterprise to which there is no parallel in history, Rome set about building a navy to meet the most powerful naval force in existence.

The Carthaginian ships of the line were those monster five-decked galleys known as quinqueremes. Though Rome might hire from the Greek cities in Italy the smaller triremes, these vessels would prove powerless against the bulky quinqueremes. Fortune came to her aid in the form of a Carthaginian quinquereme wrecked on the shores of Bruttium; and we are told that from this model Rome built one hundred ships of the line and twenty triremes in sixty days.

A life-and-death struggle will always bring the best out of a nation, and bring to the front all the military genius it possesses, but it is rarely capable of turning a nation of landlubbers into a nation of seamen. This building of a navy in sixty days was a stupendous task, and calls for the highest admiration; but it does not require the exaggeration of the ancient historian to enhance its value, nor were the Romans so ignorant of seamanship as to justify the ludicrous picture of a hundred batches of would-be sailors training themselves to row on scaffolds erected on the sands.

The Roman soldier was pre-eminently a land fighter. He trusted to the muscle of his right arm behind a stout broadsword. He could never hope in a few months to equip and train a navy capable of outmanœuvring such experienced sailors as the Carthaginians; and perhaps it was the clumsy but effective device by which he turned a naval action into a land action which best illustrates the Roman adaptability and genius for invention.

On the forepart of each vessel was erected an additional mast, and lashed to it by a powerful hinge was a species of drawbridge. On the end of this drawbridge was a sharp spike of the strongest iron, and its resemblance to the bill of the raven gave the name of corvus to the whole construction. The corvus could be swung from right to left at will.

This simple device won success for the Romans

in the first naval engagement of these two nations. In the battle of Mylæ they defeated the Carthaginian fleet. As the two fleets approached each other the Carthaginians must have viewed the clumsy Roman galleys with ill-concealed amusement, built as they were of green, untempered wood, roughly knocked together, and badly manned. The strange gear hanging over the forepart of each vessel, too, must have excited the surprise of these cunning Phœnicians.

The Roman fleet, however, made bold with the knowledge of its secret, maintained its course and order, and headed straight for the enemy. The impact came. The vessels shivered from stem to stern and remained stationary for a moment. In that fraction of time the corvus was dropped, and its beak perforated the deck and held fast each proud Carthaginian vessel; and before the Carthaginians realised what had happened, and as the ships swung to in their deadly embrace, the Roman soldiers had rushed across the drawbridge, sprung over the sides of the galleys, and swarmed on to the decks of their enemies. The naval action had suddenly been turned into a land action, and the Romans fell upon the surprised and disorganised mercenaries, and the battle was won. Some fifty Carthaginian galleys were captured, and the rest took to flight.

The importance of this victory to the Romans was not so much the immediate result as the omen it gave for the future. The hope it aroused in the Roman was only surpassed by the dismay that filled the Carthaginian. The interval of four years between the battles of Mylæ and Ecnomus was one of great naval preparation. Both nations devoted all their energies to building fleets large enough to make the next engagement decisive. The mere weight of numbers gives the battle of Ecnomus a conspicuous place in history. Probably never, either before or after, did such vast naval armaments put to The Romans set sail from Messana with three hundred and thirty ships, and the Carthaginians with three hundred and fifty. From the deliberate calculations of Polybius, who assigns three hundred rowers and one hundred mariners to each ship, we gather that nearly three hundred thousand men were engaged in this battle.

These huge fleets met in 256 B.C.; and though the Carthaginians were more wary, fearing the dreaded corvus, the Romans had so far improved their naval skill that they gained another complete victory, only a few of the Carthaginian ships escaping.

The victory of Ecnomus opened the door of Africa to the Romans, who lost no time in transferring the war into the enemy's country. So prompt was this invasion and so unprepared were the Carthaginians, their army being engaged in Sicily and their fleet destroyed, that had Manlius, the Roman consul, marched direct upon Carthage the Punic Wars might have

ended here. But it was not so. A rich tract of country stretched between Manlius and Carthage, and this proved too tempting to be ignored by his army. The Roman, still a stranger to luxury, contemplated with amazement and delight the pleasant gardens of the opulent merchant princes of Carthage, and wasted precious time in plunder. Palaces were ransacked and fired, cattle were driven into the Roman camp, and thousands of the inhabitants were sold into slavery. Such was the policy of war among the ancients. Nevertheless, the African campaign developed into a progress of victory. Village after village, and town after town, having no protecting walls, surrendered on the approach of the legions, and the Roman army covered itself with glory.

The recall of Manlius, in accordance with regulations of the army and the expiration of his command, gave to the Carthaginians just that opportunity they needed. The arrogance of Regulus, who was left behind with a mere handful of soldiers, stung the Carthaginians into one more effort for liberty. They quickly collected an army, strong in its cavalry and its one hundred elephants, and fell upon the over-confident Romans, who at the battle of Addis suffered their first defeat in Africa. This victory of Addis reversed the fortunes of the war, which

was at once transferred into Sicily.

The vicissitudes of the war from this point were remarkable. The honours were more evenly divided. On sea the Romans suffered more from storm and tempest than from their enemies. Three fleets were successively shattered on the rocky coasts of Sicily. On land they continued to mew the Carthaginians up in a few strongholds of the island.

It was more by dogged determination than by brilliant tactics that the Romans gradually undermined the power of the Carthaginians. Both nations had begun to show signs of exhaustion when it became evident that the struggle

must soon end.

At length all efforts culminated in another naval action fought off the Ægatian Islands. Hanno, the Carthaginian admiral, was conducting supplies of corn for the relief of the garrisons in Sicily when the Roman fleet attacked him. Fifty of his ships were sunk and seventy captured. This naval victory of the Romans ended the First Punic War. Terms of peace were agreed upon, which stipulated that Carthage should remain an independent nation, but must evacuate Sicily, restore prisoners, and pay a large war indemnity.

The First Punic War cost the Romans seven hundred ships and seventy thousand men, besides the thousands killed in Sicily and Africa. Carthage lost seven hundred ships, mostly filled with mercenaries, whose loss the callous Phœnician might view with indifference. The apparent gain to Rome for this enormous loss of life and

energy was the devastated island of Sicily, now drained of everything which made it worth having, its territory ravaged, its population swept away, and its towns destroyed. A poor Against this superficial view of the results of the war we suggest another.

In the great evolutionary progress of the world the life-and-death struggle is everywhere in evidence. There are two sides to this struggle, which will always be at variance: the temporary calamity and distress caused by it, and the future more lasting effects resulting from it. The present always suffers for the future. Future benefits must always justify present hardships.

This view of the First Punic War being taken, were the results confined to the occupation of Sicily by the Romans, or the payment

of a war-tax

If the Roman nation was accumulating great energy and cultivating an indomitable spirit, qualities of a strong free race which can only be acquired in the most strenuous conflicts of life, then the distressful calamities of even this war were justified. Had Rome not possessed the national pride, the ambitious spirit, the greed of conquest which would be satisfied with nothing short of the destruction of Carthage, she would never have had the opportunity or the force of character to conquer and colonise the future Roman Empire, nor would she have been able to impress upon the races of Europe a civilisation out of which our own has grown.

In the First Punic War two great nations met and struggled for mastery. In that struggle the nation most fit for empire shook herself more free of the circumstances which confined her, expanded and breathed more deeply, got a firmer grip of life, and considerably prepared herself

for a great future.

(Continued on page 108.)

A GIRL I KNOW.

My sweet is like a happy garden bed That meets the loving south; June's warmest sunshine ripens on her head, Its cherries on her mouth.

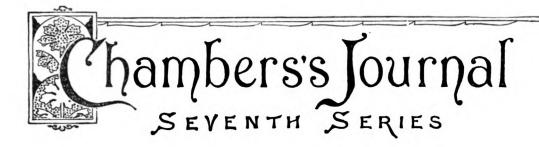
Her smile is like a tender sky that leaves All sorrow blest and shriven; Her blush is bright and wonderful as Eve's When earth's first kiss was given.

Her eyes are waters innocent and clear, Blue deeps without a shoal;
None ever knew their gaze and felt a fear
To trust her with his soul.

Her presence beckons to a gay repose,
A clime where all are kin; She meets you at some gentle turn she knows, And leads your spirit in.

Her heart is home to every need and right; God made her pure and strong: He loves her as He loves the rosy light That breaks in dew and song.

CANON LANGBRIDGE.



THE CHINA COAST.

By J. G. SMITH.

IN the Royal Navy it is customary to speak of the Australian, Mediterranean, and China stations. To the man in the street these phrases are intelligible; he knows that in Sydney, Malta, or Hong-kong, as the case may be, different units of our navy have their headquarters. In the merchant service these stations have their synonyms in the Australian coast, the Mediterranean trade, and China coast. But unless the man in the street is connected with shipping, the meaning of these terms will be very vague to him; and as China is likely to figure prominently in his daily newspaper for some time to come, I propose in this article to try to enlighten him as to what one of them-namely, the China coast-really means.

Unlike the navy, where the personnel is changed every three years, the China coast means home to the officers working out there; and as Shanghai and Hong-kong are the 'home ports,' there they live and have their being, varied in the course of a lifetime by three or four trips to the Old Country. The two principal British shipping companies on the coast are Messrs Butterfield & Swire (China Navigation Company) and Messrs Jardine, Matheson, and Company (Indo-China S. N. Company). 'B. and S.,' as the former company is generally called, although the younger firm, control about sixty ships; while Jardines have only about forty. Shipping, however, is not the only string which these large firms have to their bows, Jardines being agents for machinery, cotton-mills, wharves, and sugar houses; while B. & S. do a large insurance business, run a sugar refinery, and control the biggest dock in the East.

Every British ship on the coast has at least six Europeans on board—a captain, two officers, and three engineers. The deckmen are a cosmopolitan lot from all over the British possessions; but the engineers are Scots almost to a man, Greenock and Dumbarton claiming most. Should the English 'man in the street,' then, in either of these two places overhear a group of old dames discussing the current exchange of dollars, taels, or rupees, he need not marvel at the ramifications of Scots finance; they are only bewailing the fact that what was ten pounds last month is only nine pounds this. The firemen and sailors are, of course, Chinese; hailing from Ningpo in

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the case of the Shanghai ships, and Canton in that of the southern ships. In the old days, on the coast, the Europeans employed were, according to the many stories still current, a 'hard case' lot, derelicts from the Royal Navy and the great companies, and any Vanderdecken individual in search of pastures new or the spice of adventure supplied by the continuous troubles of China.

Now all is changed, or changing very rapidly. Conditions of life on the coast have improved so much that the China 'coaster' has evolved into quite a respectable citizen. He looks for advancement in his company, not for an opportunity to get out and become a general in the Chinese army or political adviser to some viceroy, as in the cases of Generals Ward and Mesny. At all events, he would look in vain nowadays, for all Government positions are watched with a jealous eye by Young China. However, if he likes to stake his life for a good round sum, no doubt numerous opportunities will occur, as they have occurred in the past. The late Captain Cox, who ran the blockade into Port Arthur, was a case in point; and another occurs to me which is too recent to mention.

The only other British shipping firm of any consequence is the Douglas Steamship Company, who own three or four fine ships running between Hong-kong, Amoy, Swatow, and Foochow.

There are also a few Chinese-owned ships flying the red ensign; but the Norwegians alone seem to compete successfully against the British firms, and even these often disappear during spells of slack trade. Numerous Macao and Canton river-steamers also fly the British flag, although most of them are owned by Hong-kong The flag, however, does not afford much protection, as was shown last year, when one of these ships was held up by pirates, and the chief officer shot dead, while the captain was seriously wounded. Iron doors are now fitted to most of the rooms on board, and he is a very optimistic man who does not sleep with a loaded revolver and rifle handy.

The only serious rival to British shipping on the coast is the China Merchants I. N. Company. This concern is purely Chinese, and has always had the support of the Government; but notwithstanding this its trade has not expanded

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much, for its operations are still principally confined to the run between Tientsin and Shanghai. Its ships are officered by Europeans, mostly Scotsmen; and until very recently two well-known Scots, Mr Weir and Mr Clements, held almost undisputed sway in its Shanghai office. Certificates are not required under the Chinese flag, but the 'ticket' has generally been insisted on for those seeking employment under it.

Several more or less abortive attempts have been made by the Shanghai Chinese to get into the coast trade, but they have either failed or are hanging on in a very shaky condition. European officers and engineers are always employed, but their power is so curtailed that it is impossible for them to interfere with the robbery which goes on under their noses. In Chinese concerns the ship's compradore or purser really runs the ship; and he, as is always the way with Chinese, is either a brother or other relation of everybody in the office. The consequence is that the family do very well, and the shareholders get next to nothing. They may get an occasional 'little chance' or dividend when they become too restless; but most of the time they have to be content with the 'face' acquired by being part-owners of a steamer, and free tickets when they travel.

One Chinese firm—namely, the Ningshao Steamship Company—seem to be doing fairly well. They run two steamers between Shanghai and Ningpo. This is almost entirely a passenger run, and their largest steamer, the Ningshao, being fairly speedy, can easily beat the British opposition vessel—a fact which gives the Chinese passengers on board an immense amount of satisfaction; they turn out at all hours to see the 'walk' past, and always contrive to let a European passenger know that the Ningshao was built in China (at Foochow, under French supervision). This company is quite up to date in its advertising methods. Last year hundreds of fans were given away. 'China for the Chinese,' 'Support home industry,' 'Why travel in the slow foreign steamer?' &c., being written on them in the floweriest of Chinese.

The company also, like most of these Chinese concerns, employs British officers. It will thus be seen that not only does British capital control the coast trade, but British officers seem to be preferred by the Chinese to those of any other nationality. This preference does not necessarily mean that they love us any better, but may be accounted for by the fact that English is the Esperanto of China. Sailors and coolies always 'let go' and 'heave away' in English, much to the disgust of patriotic Germans in steamers of the Fatherland.

The Germans do not appear to be able to make much headway on the coast; and, outside of the Nord Deutscher Lloyd and the Hamburg-

America Lines, German officers are very scarce. The Nord Deutscher Lloyd operates a line of steamers running between Swatow and Bangkok; but, strange to say, an English shipping firm are their agents. This line formerly belonged to the Scottish Oriental, but they had to sell out about ten years ago, when it was bought by the Germans in the hope of getting a footing on the coast. Every ounce of cargo carried thus passes through British hands, a position of affairs which causes our German friends to exercise a great deal of that philosophy for which they are justly famous. This peculiar predicament of a subsidised German firm was the cause of a question in the Reichstag not long ago.

The Japanese, too, despite all their talk of 'brotherhood' and 'kindred race,' are looked at askance by the Chinese shipowner. They have one small regular line of steamers running in opposition to the Douglas Company. Whether it pays or not is a very open question. The coalcarrying trade, however, is practically in their hands.

Writing of the Japanese recalls the fact that the British officer has almost vanished from their merchant service. Only in a very few of the larger steamers is an occasional British master seen, and his lot is not a happy one, as any of them will tell you. They are only retained to facilitate the entering and clearing of the ship at ports where complications with the Customs are likely to happen. Their authority on board is practically non-existent. It appears to be characteristic of all Asiatics that only when the heavy hand of the law—as in their armies and navies—can be used will they maintain that discipline necessary to ensure smooth running. Any one who has travelled in a Japanese or Chinese merchant ship

will realise the truth of this.

An extraordinary trait of the Japanese is the loyalty with which every individual will carry out the orders of the Government. For instance, at Dalny, during the plague in Manchuria, almost the first words spoken to a European on arriving were, 'We have not the pest;' this despite the fact that entrance to the city was barred, and isolation camps could be plainly seen from a ship's bridge.

European residents in the East are inclined to a very fervid dislike of the Japs, and with good reason, too, when one contrasts their one-time old-fashioned courtesy with their present-day swagger and assertiveness. The change since they defeated the Russians has been very marked, and affects the 'coast' officer much more than the European living ashore at Chinese ports. The sailor being in constant contact with the lower or coolie class of Jap, the knowledge is unpleasantly brought home to him that a few frock-coats and tall hats do not make a Western civilisation.

The heavy taxation which the Japanese suffer

as the price of their ranking amongst the Powers has no doubt a lot to do with this. A Customs officer getting forty yen (four pounds) per month informed the writer that his income-tax alone amounted to one-twelfth, or one month's pay, per annum. Possibly if we were mulcted to this extent we should treat those responsible for it with scant courtesy.

Fair-play is not the strong point of our 'little brown brothers.' They have contrived to maintain friendly diplomatic relations with us, but have taken advantage of the slowness of our Government in moving to harass the individual Britisher or British firm past all endurance.

A propos of the spy scare, rather an amusing contrast between our methods and the Japanese methods of dealing with 'spies' occurs to me. Recently a party of Japs, under a leader who was afterwards found to be a major in the Japanese army, were caught in the act of looking for a back-door into Sydney, New South Wales. Despite the fact that they were qualified surveyors, and in possession of every modern surveying instrument, they were simply warned off, ''Nuff said.' and allowed to depart in peace. Two harmless Scots engineers went for a stroll at Hakodate, in the north of Japan, and in the course of their rambles wandered aimlessly into a prohibited zone, where they were promptly arrested and touched up with bayonets to make them hurry to a guard-room. Here their names, occupations, places of residence, and date and hour of birth were taken; but as one said that he came from 'Ru'glen' and the other that he came from 'Mulguy,' and as the Japs could not find either of these places in their geographical index, this was held to be highly suspicious, and accordingly our compatriots were blindfolded and marched up and down military roads for a matter of twelve hours. Meanwhile every telegraph line in Japan was red-hot with 'Ru'glen and Mulguy.' At last the British consul was appealed to. interpreted, and explained to the satisfaction of everybody, especially our friends from Ruther-glen and Milngavie. This is not a 'funny story,' but the actual truth, which any one who does not value his life much can verify by asking the two Macs concerned.

The carrying of Japanese coastal cargo in any other than Japanese vessels has long since ceased, including the cargoes that British ships used frequently to carry from Shanghai to Korea. The pressure brought to bear on Korean merchants to bring this about must have been very great, for the Koreans detest the Japanese with a bitterness quite understandable under the circumstances.

In view of our own labour troubles at home, it is very interesting to watch the trend of the problem in the East. In Japan the Government steps in and squashes strikes at their inception; but signs are not wanting that trouble is coming, and it is very doubtful whether such high-handed

methods will be practicable for long. Where every man is either a trained soldier or sailor, it behoves a Government to go very warily lest it should be hoist with the engine it has been at such pains to construct. That the Japanese workman is a very hardly 'entreated brother' there cannot be two opinions. He is a 'grafter' in the quantity of his work, and an artist in the quality of it.

The northern Chinese—that is, those hailing from the Gulf of Pechili district—are easily the best from a 'coaster's' point of view; cheerful, hard-working, good-natured big fellows, they are one of the finest types in the world, and their only fault is an inherent objection to soap and water. It is the southern Chinese (from Ningpo southward) who are the bane of existence to the coast officer. Bad-tempered and insolent, they are very difficult men to handle. Afloat or ashore, the greatest difficulty is encountered in trying to get them to do anything that is not 'allee same before,' and their unionism is such that the most trivial little trouble may cause a general strike or boycott.

There is no such thing as blacklegging when the Chinese go on strike; if there were, the blackleg would be killed with as little compunction as we should kill a troublesome fly. Everybody just quietly and unanimously ceases work, and nothing remains for the employer but as graceful a 'cave in' as possible. John is always careful to leave a little loophole in this respect whereby the employer may save his face. Both the Chinese and the Japanese have an easy, democratic manner of speaking to their 'bosses' or employers which it is very pleasant to see. There is absolutely no trace of servility in their manner, but neither is there any trace of 'cheek.' I myself have seen a Mongolian horse-dealer chatting quite freely and frankly with a Tartar prince. The employer or 'boss,' on the other hand, is always open to argument, and always acts, or pretends to act, as though he were giving the point his best consideration. This attitude of the employer prevents strikes from reaching the bitterly acute stage, as with us—a stage when, as the employer knows, he will lose 'face' in addition to money, and which will give his men an increased confidence in their deadly unionism likely to make for trouble in the future. As a rule, the European officer contrives to rub along very well with the difficult crowd he has to handle; but to get along smoothly requires no small amount of tact, especially in British ships, where a certain amount of discipline is maintained. In Chinese ships, the sooner a European officer realises that he is only there for his certificate the better; for if he cannot rest content to let the Chinese do as they like, he will not keep his position very

There is a curious conceit about the Chinese. They never seem to profit by experience, and object-lessons are lost on them. Often as the value of discipline has been painfully impressed on them, they still prefer to take chances. Naked lights in holds, smoking while loading kerosenecil-in fact, every possible breach of commonsense is committed unless they are constantly watched and checked. Checking is possible in British ships when an officer is supported by his firm, but not in Chinese vessels; and how the latter run so free of accidents can only be ascribed to a merciful Providence that watches over drunk men and Chinamen.

But the Machiavellian little plots of the Chinese sailor-man for getting rid of an unpopular officer are not so common as they used to be, so mayhap John is learning something in this respect. The last and most famous case of this kind happened in Sydney, New South Wales, when two of the engineers of the steamship Changsha were put on trial for murder. story is a long one, but the gist of it is as follows: An engineer had occasion to reprimand a fireman. Possibly he struck him; but, anyhow, the fireman disappeared from the ship, and his wily countrymen swore on oath that they had seen two of the engineers throw him overboard. At the trial this was proved to be a tissue of lies, and the heathen George Washingtons were arrested, and sentenced to heavy terms of penal servitude.

Another case was that of a chief officer. quartermaster of the 'bucko' type shipped on board a coast steamer; and the chief officer of this steamer being a very quiet, inoffensive man, given to letting things slide until they got out of hand, our pagan friend decided that here was a good opportunity to 'show off.' Accordingly he was heard by a European who could understand Chinese to boast that he was not afraid of any Englishman, and when the chance came he would show them how to fight the European, &c. Needless to say, the chance soon cropped up; but, greatly to his surprise, he was promptly put in irons. Unfortunately, as is the way of quiet men when thoroughly angered, the chief officer completely lost his temper, and struck the quartermaster while he had the irons on, then sent him forward to the forecastle. The 'bucko' went like a lamb; but when he arrived in the foreside some of his countrymen commenced jeering at him, inquiring if that was his idea of fighting the European. This was the last straw. He had lost 'face,' so without more ado he ran to the rail and leaped overboard. A boat was quickly lowered, and a long search made for him, but owing to the heavy sea the search was unsuccessful. At the inquiry the unfortunate officer refused to make any extenuating statement whatever, although almost asked to do so by the judge. The result was that he received a sentence of three months' hard labour.

The 'bucko' type is not a very common one amongst the Chinese. As a rule they prefer a much more subtle way of getting their own back than fighting. It is when a ceaseless round of petty accidents and thefts occur that the poor European realises the truth of Kipling's lines:

It is not good for the Christian's health to hustle

the Aryan brown,
For the Christian riles and the Aryan smiles, and

he weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white,
with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear, 'A fool lies here who tried
to hustle the East.'

'No man savvys' how that accident happened. 'No man have see' that cap, knife, dollar, or boat They have just happened or disappeared, and the air of injured innocence assumed by the guilty Celestial convinces the unsophisticated Christian, despite his inward convictions, that he is only the victim of a series of unfortunate coincidences.

The Chinese never lose a chance to squeeze a European firm or individual. The case of the Fatshan was one of this kind. In collecting the passengers' tickets on one trip, the purser and his assistant, an Indian, came to a passenger who was apparently too ill or too dazed with opium to pay his fare. The Indian, by all accounts, was not so gentle as he might have been in getting the sum due, and according to Chinese witnesses kicked the passenger. passenger died before the ship arrived at Canton, and there was a furious uproar; the end being that a boycott was declared on the ship, and an armed guard of bluejackets were almost the only passengers she carried for a long time. To square matters, the company concerned had to pay compensation to the dead man's relatives, and incidentally give a large sum to the Hong-kong university. The truth has since leaked out. The passenger was put on board the ship in a dying condition, so that the expense of carrying a corpse to Canton would not be incurred. The freight on a dead body is very high in China.

What changes the Revolution will bring about in China remain to be seen. Meanwhile things are very much as they were during the old The country is in much the same régime. position as Great Britain would be if the Boy Scouts or Suffragettes were holding the reins at Westminster. Young China is full of crude altruistic ideas of government, and, with the blindness of extreme youth, sees no obstacle in the way of a glorious Arcadian republic where the wicked cease from squeezing and the detested European is not.

However crude Young China's ideas may be, in one thing at least he shows infinite wisdom: he steadfastly refuses to go to sea in the merchant service. At Wusung a mercantile marine training college has been established for some years; but as soon as the pupils graduate they either join the navy or stay ashore. Young Chinese officers have been tried in the China Merchants Company, but they would not stay. Possibly the powers that be did not want them. They might get to know rather more than was necessary for safe navigation. The European suits the wily Chinaman much better than one

of his own countrymen, so the European's services on the China coast will be required for many years to come. There, with the reader's permission, we will leave him.

KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER VIL -THE INCONSISTENCY OF UNCLE JOSEPH.

BUT no. Nothing of the kind.

It was a most amazing day altogether. It was a Thursday. They paid the usual visit

to the bank; after which Philip and his uncle parted company at Swiss Cottage Station, and Philip walked resolutely home. The Elysian Fields were closed to him. He wondered how long Peggy would wait, and what she would think when he did not come. He hoped that in her quaint, old-fashioned way she would take a leaf from her mother's book, and 'make allowances' for him.

Holly Lodge was deserted, for James Nimmo had washed up and gone round the corner, in accordance with his invariable custom of an afternoon, in order to recuperate exhausted nature by partaking of what he termed 'a wee hauf.' (Philip often wondered what he did with the other half.) Philip let himself in at the sidedoor with his latchkey, and, sitting down before the library fire, endeavoured to divert his thoughts by reading 'The Idylls of the King." He turned up Merlin and Vivien, which he had not previously studied, and set to work upon it. He had a personal interest in the name of Vivien now.

Meanwhile, two people were converging upon Holly Lodge.

The first was Uncle Joseph, returning from the City an hour and a half before his time. His business had been cut short by the sudden illness of one of his almoners, and he found himself free to return home at half-past three. He sat in a comparatively empty District Railway carriage—the human tide was not due to ebb for nearly two hours yet-perusing the current number of The Searchlight. It contained two interesting paragraphs. The first said:

'For some time past readers of The Searchlight have been forwarding to me copies of a weekly appeal for cash issued by an enterprising organisation calling itself The International Brotherhood of Kind Young Hearts. The modus operandi of the ingenious gentleman who conducts this precious enterprise is not without its merits. Evidently with the idea of appealing to every possible shade of sentimentality, the circular is furnished with a list of no less than fifteen charitable objects, and the dupes of the Brotherhood are requested to select the case or cases which excite their compassion most, and mark these upon the list when forwarding their The objects for which contributions donations.

are invited are most artistically varied, ranging as they do from the maintenance of "A Home for Unwanted Doggies" to the rehabilitation of a repentant but slightly indefinite burglar; but I can assure prospective contributors with the utmost confidence that, however meticulously they may earmark their pet cases, their money will all find its way into one capacious pocket. The administration of this exceptionally ingenious scheme of flat-catching is evidently in capable and experienced hands. Last week, anxious to make the acquaintance of the master-mind, I despatched one of my trustiest representatives to the headquarters of the Brotherhood, hoping that Big Brother-or whatever the arch flatcatcher calls himself-might be found at home. The offices are situated in Pontifex Mansions. Shaftesbury Avenue, and consist of an undistinguished suite of apartments with the name of the Brotherhood painted upon the outer door, accompanied by a typewritten notice to the effect that the secretary has gone to the country—a piece of information which is not altogether surprising. Here the scent abruptly ended, for inquiries elicited the news that the tenancy of the Brotherhood had terminated. Indeed, a new tenant was actually in possession when my representative called. We may therefore confidently expect Big Brother to break out shortly in a fresh place, probably with the name of his organisation slightly altered. As an alternative to "Kind Young Hearts," may I respectfully suggest "Fine Old Sharks"!

In another part of the paper Dill delivered his weekly comments upon the progress of his Christmas funds:

'Subscriptions for the Christmas Dinner and Toy Distribution are coming in steadily, and I am beginning to entertain high hopes of closing this year's account without a deficit. I have again to thank numerous old friends, whose names will be found in the list below, for the faithfulness and regularity with which they come to my assistance. This week's list is headed by an anonymous contribution of a hundred pounds. The giver is a gentleman whom, though his name is known to few, I regard as one of the most generous, and perhaps the most practical, philanthropist of my acquaintance. never known him subscribe to an undeserving cause, and I have never known him refuse a worthy appeal. His gifts are made upon the sole condition that his name is not published.

I am not prone to gush, and I will therefore refrain from commenting upon his rather unusual persistence in doing good by stealth. But I believe that deeds of this kind do not go unrewarded; and I can assure my anonymous friend that if he sets any store by the blessings of tired mothers and hungry children, they are his in abundance.'

Uncle Joseph smiled a wry smile, and turned to the financial article.

The second was a lady. She rang the bell at Holly Lodge just as Philip reached the last page of Merlin and Vivien.

James Nimmo was still moistening earth's clay at the establishment round the corner, and

Philip answered the door.

Before him, standing on the doorstep, he beheld a tall, beautiful, and gracious lady. She was dressed in deep black, and looked old—quite thirty-five, possibly forty. She had a rather sad face, Philip thought; but it lit up wonderfully when she smiled, which she did as soon as she beheld the stolid, sturdy little figure in the doorway.

'Is this Holly Lodge, little boy?' she asked.
'Yes,' stammered Philip. Evidently h

'Y-e-s,' stammered Philip. Evidently his visitor purposed crossing the threshold, and rules upon that subject were inflexible.

The lady smiled again. 'I think I know who you are,' she said. 'You are called Tommy.'

'Yes,' admitted Philip apprehensively. 'Only sometimes,' he hastened to add.

'I expect you have a grander name for state occasions,' said the lady.

Philip might have mentioned that he possessed several, but he had the good sense merely to nod his head.

'Are your parents at home?' continued the visitor.

'I am afraid there is nobody at home but me,' replied Philip, nerving himself to shut the door.

'That is capital!' said the lady. 'It is you whom I want to talk to particularly. So I am going to ask you to entertain me until your father and mother come home. Will you?'

Unconscious of the length of the visit to which she had committed herself, the Beautiful Lady walked into the hall.

Philip swiftly reviewed the essential features of the situation. The most obvious and pressing was the fact that a female had gained admittance to Holly Lodge. The second followed as a corollary—she must be ejected before Uncle Joseph returned. That would not be for a couple of hours at least. Surely he could get rid of her by that time! He led the intruder into the library—there was no drawing-room at Holly Lodge—and begged her to be seated. Then he installed himself upon the edge of a chair on

the other side of the fireplace and took feverish counsel within himself.

'You must be wondering who I am,' said the visitor pleasantly. 'I ought to have introduced myself sooner. My name is Lady Broadhurst, and I live in Hampshire.'

Philip remembered addressing the envelope now. He nodded politely. 'I know,' he said.

'Plumbley Royal.'

'That is right,' said Lady Broadhurst. 'I have been puzzling as to why you should have thought of writing to me. Where did you come across my address, I wonder?'

'It was in an old red book,' said Philip.

'I see. Still, it is strange that you should have selected me,' continued the lady musingly. She seemed perplexed, yet gratified, evidently suspecting the hand of Providence. Philip might have explained that the wonder would have lain less in his visitor's selection than in her omission; he had sent a copy of Tommy Smith's letter to every widow in the book who began with B. But his mind was working frantically behind a solemn countenance, and he did not answer. He was trying to put himself in Uncle Joseph's place. How would he have treated this intrusion? How would he have parried questions about Tommy Smith? How would he have substantiated the starving curate and his fireless home in the face of the solid comfort of Holly Lodge and the absolute invisibility of the curate and his emaciated progeny? Would he have dressed up James Nimmo as a curate? Would he have sent out to Finchley Road for a lady to represent the curate's tearful consort? Would he have explained that the curate had just received preferment, and gone to live at Berwick-on-Tweed? Possibly; but such feats of imposture were beyond the powers of a slow-witted, inherently honest philogynist of fourteen.

Lady Broadhurst was speaking again, in a low, musical voice, holding out her hands to the blazing fire. Philip noticed that these hands were long and thin, like Peggy's, and unlike the hands of the women whom he sometimes encountered sitting in omnibuses or serving in shops. Her feet were tiny, too. In the glow of the fire her eyelashes looked long and wet.

'I was very much touched,' she was saying, 'by your letter. Your wanting a little girl for a sister came very near home to me; for I have just lost a little girl of my own. She was all I had, Tommy. She was taken from me three months ago. I suppose we should take our losses as they come, without wincing or questioning the wisdom of God. But I was weak—and selfish. For a long time I refused to bow to His will. I cried out, and would not be comforted.'

The lady's eyes were really glistening now. Presently a tear splashed on to the long white hand. Philip felt strangely uncomfortable. He had been warned by his uncle more than once

to beware, above all, of a woman's tears. 'Her tears are the biggest gun in her battery,' Uncle Joseph had said. But Philip forgot to feel suspicious. He was only intensely sorry for the lady.

Presently she began to speak again, not alto-

gether to Philip.

'But I came to myself,' she said. 'I suddenly learned that all things work together for good, that there is no sorrow which does not bring its own consolation with it. One day I saw myself as I was—a querulous, self-centred, self-conscious, self-made martyr. I had forgotten that other people had their troubles too—troubles which I might do something to smooth away.' She looked up. 'Do you know who taught me that lesson, Tommy?'

Philip shook his head apologetically. 'I'm

afraid I don't,' he said.

'It was you!'

'Me?' said Philip, a little dazed.

'Yes, you! It was your letter. When I read it, I learned, all of a sudden, where the cure for sorrow lies. It lies in trying to help others. So I have come to see you and your parents, in the hope that I may be allowed to be of some small service to you all. I cannot give you a little sister to play with'——

The lady's voice broke suddenly, and Philip

tactfully arose and put coal upon the fire.

'But I may be able to help you in other ways. I am fairly well off, and I ask to be permitted to see that your father gets back to health and strength again. Do you think he would consent? He might like to go abroad for a little.'

Philip began to feel horribly uncomfortable. He had already allowed his visitor to assume that she was in the dwelling of an indigent clerk in Holy Orders, and that she was addressing Master Thomas Smith. Moreover, he had sat mute while she laid bare to him the tenderest secrets of a woman's heart, and the thought of what the end of the conversation must be made him feel a pitiful little cad. On the other hand, it was plainly advisable to establish some sort of working explanation, however lame, of the nonappearance of the Smith family. Once more, what would Uncle Joseph have done? He would probably have explained to this gracious being, quite courteously but extremely firmly, that she was an incubus and a parasite, actuated by predatory instincts, and would have cast her from the house. Philip, however, felt utterly incapable of, and entirely disinclined to, such a drastic course But plainly something must be done. of action. His head began to swim.

'Perhaps your father and mother would like to go away together for a few weeks,' suggested the lady. A glow of cheerful kindness was creeping into her cheeks. 'To the seaside, perhaps, or even to the south of France. They could take the baby with them, and you might come to me, Tommy. Could you accept me as your mother for a week or two, do you think?' There was a world of wistfulness in her voice. 'Could you?'

Apparently not, for straightway the solemn-faced little boy before her flushed scarlet.

'I—I'm afraid you have been making a mistake,' began Philip desperately. 'I'm not Tommy Smith at all.'

Lady Broadhurst looked puzzled.

'Not Tommy Smith? But you wrote me that letter, surely?'

'Yes, I wrote it,' admitted Philip in a low voice.

'Then where is the mistake? You are not the baby, are you?'

'No, I'm not the baby either,' said Philip miserably.

'But your father'-

'I haven't got any father—or mother, I'm afraid,' said Philip, feeling more guilty than ever.

The lady paused, and contemplated him with quickened interest. 'You poor little lad!' she said very softly. 'But whose house is this?'

'My uncle's.'

Lady Broadhurst's face cleared. 'I see,' she said. 'You have no parents of your own, but live with your uncle and aunt. Naturally you would regard them as your father and mother, and speak of them as such. I understand now. But that shall make no difference. In fact, I like the scrupulous way you tell me everything. If your uncle is ill'——

'He isn't ill,' said Philip regretfully.

'Then he is better?' said Lady Broadhurst with a cheerful smile. 'In that case he will be able to travel at once.'

Philip gripped the arm of his chair. The bad time had come.

'My uncle isn't a '--- he began.

He was going to say 'curate,' but at that moment, to his profound surprise and unspeakable relief, there fell upon his ears the music of a latchkey in a lock, followed by the banging of the front-door. Uncle Joseph had returned, an hour and a half before his time.

Well, whatever happened now, the responsibility had slipped from Philip's shoulders. And in the midst of all the present turmoil of his senses one emotion overtopped all the others—a feeling of intense curiosity to behold the archexpert in misogyny handling the situation. It would be a sensational scene, Philip thought. And he was not disappointed.

'Hallo, there, Philip!' Uncle Joseph's voice rang out from the hall. 'Are you in?' The library door stood ajar, and his words could be

heard distinctly.

'Yes, Uncle Joseph!' called Philip.—'That is my uncle,' he explained, turning politely to the Beautiful Lady. 'He'——

But the words died on his lips. Lady Broad-

hurst was on her feet—deadly white, and shaking. One hand was at her heart; the other fumbled at the mantelpiece for support.

Uncle Joseph's voice rang out again, this time

from the neighbourhood of the hat-stand.

'I'm back sooner than I expected. Skip about and get me some tea, you young beggar!'

The Beautiful Lady's white lips parted, and she uttered a faint cry. But she did not move.

Philip went out into the hall. His uncle was hanging up his greatcoat.

"Well, young man?' he observed cheerfully.
There is some one wanting to see you in the

library, Uncle Joseph,' said Philip falteringly.

'Oh! Who?'
'A—a lady.'

Uncle Joseph's brow darkened instantly. 'A lady' he said icily. 'Who let her in?'

'I did. At least she came in.'

'Well, we can appraise responsibility later. Meanwhile'—— Uncle Joseph, very stiff and erect, strode across the hall and into the library.

There was a moment of dead silence; and then a great cry, then a rush of feet, then silence again—silence that could be felt.

What had happened? Philip wondered.

Then, at last, came voices.

'Vivien! Vivien! Vivien! My little Vivien, after all those years! Thank God for His infinite goodness and mercy! My Vivien! My little girl!'

'Joe! Joe! Dear, dear Joe! At last, at last! Hold me closer, dear! I can't believe it yet! I'm frightened! Hold me closer! Oh, my dear, my dear!'

Then the voices blended into an indeterminate,

cooing, soothing murmur.

Philip looked into the library.

Upon the hearthrug, with his back to the door, stood Uncle Joseph, misogynist. In his arms he held the Beautiful Lady, and he was passionately kissing her eyes, her hair, her lips.

Philip retired in good order and closed the door softly, leaving them together. Once in the hall, he snatched up his cap and coat and slipped out of the front-door. The afternoon light was fading. There was still a chance, he thought. He broke into a run.

(Continued on page 116.)

A GLASS BOTTLE REVOLUTION.

By PERCY CROSS STANDING.

THOSE who can call to mind the old and universally adopted method of glass-bottle blowing, ensuring to the worker in it, as has been stated, an average life of not more than thirty-six years, will be interested in an invention which bids fair to revolutionise the manufacture of glass bottles. The machine is the idea and the work of a French inventor, M. Philippoteaux, who has had the good fortune to succeed in a field of invention in which so many others have failed.

Some idea of the magnitude of the demand for small bottles in Great Britain, and of the enormous business created by that demand, may be gleaned when it is stated that the Board of Trade statistics for bottles imported from abroad show an average of not less than one hundred and thirty thousand gross per month! Should the foreigner be permitted to retain so large a trade in this industry?

The Philippoteaux bottle-machine is in two types, one for producing various kinds of small bottles, from the modest penny ink-bottle up to an eight-ounce medicine-bottle, and the other for a great variety of larger-sized vessels. The machine, which the present writer has seen in operation, is quite simple in design, strong, speedy, free from vexatious complications, and—this is of first importance—works continuously. It is operated and the glass blown by compressed air always under control, the requisite

pressure being automatically regulated. The invention is unique, inasmuch as it provides a machine for producing small bottles by the blowing process only, and affords marked advantages, both as regards the amount of output and the quality of work, over existing methods.

Previous to securing patents in this country, the inventor had perfected and patented the machine in France and in all other civilised countries, including the United States and Germany. Two or three of the machines are already at work night and day in London, principally in the manufacture of small bottles for ink and varnish. The record of their output has been checked and reports have been made by practical manufacturers and independent consulting engineers, thereby affording a sound and safe basis for calculation. An additional furnace is to serve as many as ten machines.

It is a commonplace to assert that the demand in the United Kingdom for various kinds of small bottles is almost incalculable. This being the case, M. Philippoteaux and his coadjutors have already secured half-a-dozen sites for works and factories in different parts of the country.

Among leading experts who have witnessed the Philippoteaux machine in operation, Dr F. H. Bowman was so much impressed by the simplicity of the process that he said to me, 'After I had seen the attendant make a few bottles I sat down on the operating seat and made a bottle myself.' A second point that struck Dr Bowman was the ease with which the machine may be manipulated by unskilled labour, simply requiring a lad to maintain the feed of melted glass while another removes the bottles as fast as they are delivered from the machine. On this point of simplicity and directness, Mr Ford-Moore, the well-known consulting engineer, testifies that the rate of production is already about twice as large as by existing methods, and that the automatically regulated low air-pressure and the type of mould utilised together make for perfection in production.

Again, it would be difficult to exaggerate the ease with which the manipulation of the new process may be acquired by the worker, any labourer of average intelligence becoming quite proficient after a few days' tuition. It has been found that the inventor was at first unduly lavish in his estimate of the cost of production. The manager of the well-known York Glass Company, whose reputation for the highest class of work is familiar to those interested in the

business, at once expressed the opinion that M. Philippoteaux's invention must revolutionise the glass-bottle industry. Another practical bottle-maker of some forty years' experience informed me that his firm frequently receive requests to 'tender for twenty thousand gross of small bottles,' a demand which no single firm or half-dozen firms could hope to cope with under the old method. This new invention changes all

At the present early stage of development it is perhaps only necessary to add that a remarkable revolution is promised in an important industry by this unique invention. Apart from the question of mere expediency, it is obvious that a practically 'all British' trade in glass bottles should speedily be substituted for the vast quantity at present imported from Continental sources; and another and not less important advantage could not be better or more explicitly summed up than by an expert who has written that the new method more than doubles the output, while at the same time it reduces the ratio of wages by four to one in favour of machinery.

THE TILERIES STACK.

CHAPTER III.

JIMMIE went up the first two or three dozen rungs of the ladders with boyish exhilaration.

Then, still assending he tried to interest him.

Then, still ascending, he tried to interest himself rather closely in the joints of the ladder-pieces. A little more and he ventured upon a side peep at the scenery beneath him. This led to a great and cheering surprise. Instead of being upset by what he saw, he liked it. No dizziness seized his brain, but a sublime and ennobling sense of excitement. He felt like shouting 'Hurrah!' and waving his hand to the world at large.

It was an impressive discovery; so totally unexpected, moreover, that after his initial triumph he dared to wonder if he could believe in it as anything better than a temporary intoxication of which the after-effects might be calamitous. But such a fancy was not to be humoured. He understood this when he had made a three-quarter turn of the head and perceived the abyss of the clay-pit also, as it were, under his heels. One glance into that and he hurried on. It was a magnificent sensation, but made the brain riot unduly.

'It's capital sport. Nothing much to gas about, after all, in this monkey-work!' he told himself. But he held the supports of the ladder rather more firmly than heretofore, and fastened his gaze for a spell upon the bricks of the chimney itself. To sober his brain he urged his mind's energies upon the business part of his adventure, and smiled as he climbed on.

Beyond question, Phineas Ridley's face would be a sight to behold when and wherever they met on the stack. Probably the old chap was still unaware of his visit to Bidston. To be sure, there was just the possibility that Mrs Ridley's tongue had broken loose about him in the night. If so, it was to be hoped that she had kept him also sanguine that he (Jimmie) was the mean sort of wretch who would sacrifice his soul's ideals for cash, and that Mary was the kind of girl to rejoice in such a husband. Otherwise-But the alternative was not fit for thought. briefest possible consideration of it sent a shiver down Jimmie's climbing spine. He preferred to hearten himself immediately with Mary's words about the old man's improved disposition towards him since the Tuesday of his brother Silas's death. There would be rich realism in Phineas's first stare at him in a minute or two, but he was fairly justified in trusting that there would be no hurricane of curses to follow. Upon one point he was determined. He would not stay long enough with Phineas for anything like intimate conversation. 'Good-day, Mr Ridley. I've brought you a telegram. I happened to be passing, and I thought I'd see how much nerve I've got. See you by-and-by—perhaps! Mustn't wait now!' He would fire at the old chap some such greeting as this from the topmost ladder, laugh at his bewilderment, give him the telegram, and descend. The 'perhaps' would, of course, be an inaudible aside. Nor was it at all likely

that Mr Ridley would hunt down after him and chase him towards Hoxley Fields for personal or

any other reasons.

Thus far his thoughts and schemes. They were not particularly rational, and herein of course they took their cue from the impulse which had driven him to do what he was doing. But they ended in the sudden realisation that his goal was at hand.

The wind had whistled snappily at him off and on from the farther side of the stack without disquieting him. A gust with a full-throated bellow in it charging round at both his shoulders simultaneously checked his progress, which for the last hundred and fifty feet had been dreamlike and automatic. He flattened against the ladder, looked up, down, and up again, all in one moment.

It was a ghastly moment of disillusionment. 'Oh my God!' he wailed then, his face and closed eyes set towards the chimney again. For many more moments he stood quite still, save for his tremors.

The abnormal Jimmie Bishop of five or six minutes ago had evaporated, and he was his more familiar self again—a panic-stricken imbecile in such a situation, with a heart that seemed trying to thump its way out of his body. He saw and understood much in these grim moments when all his powers of vision were turned so searchingly inward. But nothing mattered now. He was as good as dead, and he deserved to be dead. No one would be sorry except Mary, and she would be well rid of him. Oh, what a fool he had been in this first and last prosperous year of his life!—what a fool!

But this compound distress was too much. He opened his eyes and yelled. The cornice of the stack's great head, an irregular cube in shape, was about thirty feet above him, with the outer ends of the scaffold and a rope on a pulley therefrom just frilling out higher still. He stared at it, wide-eyed and wide-mouthed, ready to yell again—though without thoughts of Phineas Ridley or any one. But, in fact, he made no more noise of that kind. strange and merciful interest in the cornice took hold of him and gradually drew the horror from his stare. Gradually also his nervous terrors calmed and counsels of good hope breathed in him. He was so near to the top and Mr Ridley, and once there-once past that outthrust part—the rest would be child's-The outward bulge certainly looked rather awful, but that didn't mean that it was dangerous. The long length of ladder—thirteen or fourteen feet, he estimated it-which sprang away from the side of the stack to the cornice-edge was really only a few degrees worse than perpendicular—quite a few; and the foothold and handhold which it offered were of course as safe as anywhere else. They were epochal

minutes in Jimmie's life, these two or three, all told, from the first of his shudders as a man condemned to die to the setting of his teeth and the next rung in the ladder.

'I'll not be beaten!' he whispered; and a very few seconds later he was over the bulge. Hence to the summit it was a soothing inward slope four or five yards high, with the scaffold-poles to the right of him like the arms of protecting friends.

Spread-eagled on the last ladder, he raised a shout of victory and laughed up at Mr Ridley. His shout disturbed the chimney-jack in an idle moment standing by the lightning-conductor, with an empty trowel slackly in his hand. It was no time for exact scrutiny of the look with which old Phineas regarded him while he finished his climb. It was not a look to grace a Sunday school, but Jimmie expected nothing so unnatural. He almost ran up that last ladder to the level stone-flagged promenade some two feet wide which circled the dark vent of the stack, and nodded at the slowly approaching chimney-jack. He couldn't do more than nod yet.

Phineas was the first to speak. 'You mean to tell me, young feller, that's you?' he said hoarsely, with a tranquillity that ought to have brought suspicions into a mind so practised in human nature's analysis as Jimmie's. There was scarcely a show of excitement in his eyes, and none in his voice.

'Yes, Mr Ridley,' responded Jimmie, panting eagerly. He held out his quivering hand to be

grasped. 'How are you? I'-

'You!' then cried the interrupting chimney-jack, and there was no misreading the tone of this second 'you.' A sudden glare was in his eyes. He tossed the chisel into the empty space to the right of him. 'I calculated it was my mate Tom Swallow,' he continued, with a clever but ominous return of calmness. 'I dunno what Tom's up to this mornin', but it'd ha' bin safer if it'd ha' bin him—safer for two or three of us. D'you foller me, Mr Jimmie Bishop from London?'

'I want to explain to you, Mr Ridley,' said Jimmie feebly. The earlier horror was creeping over him again. The flight of the chisel started it. This, added to the now realised shock of the chimney's inside edge and what lay beneath it, and the sight of Phineas's closing fists, which seemed to emphasise the hate in his eyes—together, they turned him sick in a moment. He slid away from the old man, careful inches at a time; and, inches for inches, the old man followed him.

'Explain, is it?' Phineas grinned frightfully. 'What I'm goin' to do is to explain with me knuckles—these 'ere knuckles' (he exhibited them)—'on yer win'pipe. About time, too, after yon letter!'

The menacing attitude of his huge fists fell to pieces as he flung a hand into his pocket.

'Letter, Mr Ridley?' said Jimmie with an effort. He saw the ugly giant through a mist. But sparks flickered in the mist, and these gave the chimney-jack's countenance a diabolic background. He had ebbed as far as a scaffold-pole and steadied himself with it. 'What letter?' he whispered.

Phineas snatched it forth and flourished it in the air like a Jove with clenched lightnings ready for a naughty world. His lips parted. Standing still some four average paces from Jimmie and the pole, he was positively on the point of obliging with a direct, business-like answer to that plain question.

What a saving of pain, to more than one, if he had done so! Even if he had crashed the letter's news upon Jimmie like Jove's thunder after the imperial lightning, there was still the chance that it would have roused Jimmie's failing faculties; his mind might have sprung to attention, and in a lucid minute or two succeeded in coaxing the crazed old man to toe the line of reason.

It truly was an enraging letter for the chimneyjack. He had received it that morning from Corser & Jones, his brother Silas's solicitors-Birmingham people. When, on the Wednesday, word reached him of his brother's death from Martha Morris, Silas's housekeeper, he had journeyed to Cinderbank as a fraternal matter of course; to arrange about the funeral, for one thing, and secure his brother's last will and testament, about which Silas had told him more than a year ago, and where to find it in case of He had duly settled the funeral for Saturday, but had not found the will. Morris said Silas had sent it to his solicitors in January. This surprised Phineas a little, but not much, for Silas was a man whose word could usually be relied upon. 'Ah! Maybe so's you mightn't get peepin' at it!' he surmised, with his natural coarseness; and, with a gentle for-giving smile, Martha agreed that that might be so. 'Well, I'll drop 'em a note for it,' Phineas said further; and after some just commendations of Martha for the care and patience—especially the patience—with which she had attended Silas during the last ten years she had been domiciled with him, he patted her plump shoulder and returned to Bidston. He wrote to Corser & Jones very suitably as one in authority, not only as their client's nearest of kin, but as father of the chief and to the best of his belief sole heiress of Silas's estate.

But Corser & Jones's reply that morning began by muddling his head because of its absurdity. It muddled him to such an extent that he didn't even use strong language about it at first. He passed it to Mary in the Hen Lane house with an opinion that they didn't know what they were talking about. It was brief in its statement that it was their duty to advise

Mr Phineas Ridley that he was mistaken in supposing that his daughter Mary was the principal beneficiary in the recent will, of their own drafting, which Silas had left with them. One hundred pounds only was bequeathed to her, and everything else to Mrs Martha Morris of Cinderbank.

Mary's estimate of the letter, of course, differed from her father's. She kissed his ugly face and said, 'Never mind, dad. I don't care, and you mustn't.'

And then Phineas rushed for the Tileries stack and daily toil. He didn't even call for his mate Swallow on the way. He took the letter with him. 'Stop yer howlin'!' he shouted at poor Mrs Ridley, whose dismay had sought prompt solace in tears; but to Mary, ere he banged the door, he only said gruffly, but with bloodshot eyes and his chin-beard shaking, 'I'll think it over!' as if some good might come of that.

He thought it over striding to the stack, ascending the ladders of the stack, and on the stack; and long before he glanced round from the lightning-conductor at Jimmie's proud eyes and wind-blown hair he had come to the conclusion that there were two folks on the earth whom it would be a relief to throttle. That moon-faced, meek-and-mild, crafty hypocrite and cat of a widow, Mrs Martha Morris, was one, and Jimmie was the other. The collapse of his very primitive, simple, renewed aspirations about Jimmie and Mary as a sequel to his brother's demise mounted Jimmie upon a loftier-pinnacle of hate as a family foe than ever before.

So, instead of answering Jimmie's question, Phineas crushed the letter in his hand, sneered like a fiend, and threw it after the chisel. 'I'll letter you, me son!' he hissed, making a long, steady stride to the platform.

There was murder in his eyes. Jimmie couldn't see much distinctly, but he saw this. He stood the first, second, and third strides of the demoralised old man. Then he loosed the pole and turned as if to leap into eternity on his own account; but instead he made a wild steptowards the frail sanctuary of the rest of the scaffolding, his feet missed the plank they aimed at, he grabbed a hanging rope, which his deadweight caused to run through his fingers like something greased, and a quite inappreciable cry cozed from his lips as he slipped down it.

Not, however, to the quick death to which he had resigned himself. He expected to drop through space like a stone when he came to the end of the rope. But in fact the rope hung straight to the upper side of the obtuse angle of the stack's great head, and there it landed him with a trifling shock. And the next thing he knew about himself was that his feet—the major part of them, not his toes—were resting

upon a collar of level stonework a few inches wide, and that his back was buttressed against the slope of the stack's headpiece. He was as little out of the perpendicular, though in the other direction, as that last trying ladder of his ascent to the cornice, but his consciousness was not keen enough to think of that. The rope was still in his hands as a further support.

In this grisly situation—its grisliness paralysed him and made him relax his hold of the rope—he heard Phineas above address him as from another world, 'That's neat, Jimmie Bishop; uncommon neat. You couldn't ha' done it prettier if you'd tried yer durndest. Stick tight where you am, young feller, while I put on me considerin' cap about you. I'm openin' me knife, but I dunno as I'll cut the rope all in a minit. Theer's for and agin that. And, anyway, you've some time for yer prayers. Start on 'em—that's my advice to you, afore you topple overboard without any interferin' from me. Art listenin', boy?'

Jimmie heard without any attempt to listen. Will and power for endeavour of any kind seemed to have left him as soon as he perceived what had befallen him. He lay thus pillowed in mid-air comfortably enough, staring across the void at the blue sky and the horizon

hills.

Then he heard a chuckling laugh and some more words. 'Two funerals in two days—that's rough on a chap's spirits, some folks'd say, and so I'm goin' to cheer meself up wi' some 'bacca.—Any objections to me smokin' my pipe, you down theer?' But he didn't hear the next words,

following the strike of a match: 'Stubborn, are ye, young feller? Come, rouse up!'

And when the chimney-jack jerked the rope Jimmie's hands dropped from it, limply, to his sides, and stayed there as if he were asleep or dead of fright, like a bird faced by the jaws of a snake.

'Hello! Loosed it, have you?' said old Phineas in a tone of surprise, beginning to draw the rope up to him. 'What's thy game now, me lad?'

Jimmie neither heard this nor answered the question. And it was certainly well for him and others that he was as deaf as the chimney itself to the words which then broke from the old man.

Some one held him firmly by the arm and

said, 'Father!' close to his ear.

'God's truth, Mary, what brings you here?' stammered the wretched old man when his pipe had broken at his feet with a little shower of fragments for Jimmie's head. He turned his wild-eyed face from his daughter the next moment, shrinking before her gaze.

'What does it mean, father?' she whispered, looking down at the motionless Jimmie. 'I thought something was wrong. Oh daddy!

daddy!'

They were bad moments for both of them; but old Phineas would sooner have been confronted by ten angels of doom there or anywhere than by this pale, slim girl in black, with her skirts looped at the ankles, dishevelled hair, and eyes of which the restrained anguish alone condemned him for what he was.

(Continued on page 120.)

ROME AND CARTHAGE.

PART II.

THE SECOND PUNIC WAR (218-202 B.C.).

THOUGH a peace of twenty-three years followed the First Punic War, the possibility of a renewal of hostilities was never far from the minds of both nations. During these years Rome had dangers at home, but she kept an eye on her enemy in Africa. The northern Gallic tribes threatened her with invasion; but the naked Gauls, fighting only with javelins and swords that bent at the first stroke, proved but weak adversaries to the disciplined legions of the republic. In this interval of time Rome added new provinces to her territory, and the Flaminia Via, the great military road to northern Italy, was completed.

As for Carthage, internal strife and faction marked that period which should have been devoted to national consolidation. These were dark days for Carthage. Her mercenaries, whose wages were in arrear, rebelled, and were only subdued in that cruel and sanguinary conflict

known as the 'Truceless War'—a war of extermination.

In order to understand the circumstances which led up to the Second Punic War it is necessary to appreciate the part that Hamilcar Barca played in the politics of Carthage; for in the heart of one Carthaginian, at least, the fires of true patriotism still burned.

The government of Carthage was divided into two parties. There was the Peace Party, composed of men who followed Hanno the Suffet, and who esteemed wealth and ease more than the honour of their country; and there were those led by Hamilcar Barca, who, smarting under the humiliation suffered at the hands of the Romans, formed the true Patriotic Party. This Patriotic Party was in the minority; hence it was that though Hamilcar Barca fought well for his country in the First Punic War, his operations in Sicily were detached, to some extent, from the general campaign. He waged a war within a war.

Hamilear Barca, though not enjoying the confidence of his countrymen, determined to restore the ancient prestige of Carthage. For this he required men and money. These he could never hope to get from the Peace Party at home; and there was something heroic in the idea that he conceived of founding a colony in Spain, and making it the base for future operations against Rome.

For nine years Hamilcar Barca laboured in Spain—nine long, strenuous years of toil. He founded a colony, conducted trade and worked the silver mines, established confidence between himself and the natives, and collected and trained a large army. He died sword in hand, a soldier's death, in 228 B.C., leaving his son to realise all his dreams.

The great Hannibal was the son of Hamilcar Barca, and he inherited his father's valour, his father's military genius, and his father's bitter hatred of Rome. Never did a son more faithfully take up his father's work or show more zeal for the ambitions of his father's heart than did Hannibal. 'It was not till he' (Hannibal) I quote from Bosworth Smith's History was an old man in exile that he told the simple story of that which had been the ruling passion of his heart. In his ninth year, so he told Antiochus, when his father, Hamilcar, was about to set out for his command in Spain, and was sacrificing to the supreme god of his country, he bade the attendants withdraw, and asked the little Hannibal if he would like to go with him to the wars. The boy eagerly assented. "Lay your hands, then," said Hamilcar, "on the sacrifice, and swear eternal enmity to the Romans." Hannibal swore, and well did he keep his oath.' For seven years he assisted his brother-in-law, Hasdrubal, to extend the Carthaginian power in Spain, and on the death of Hasdrubal, the soldiers with one voice chose Hannibal as their general.

It is impossible to speak of the Second Punic War apart from Hannibal. His genius conceived it, his valour sustained it, and his personality permeated it from beginning to end. Think, then, of Hannibal plotting and planning a great invasion of Italy, moving to and fro in Spain, the country of his adoption, setting aside every other ambition or attraction, and bending every circumstance to the furtherance of the burning purpose of his soul, and you see a national hero of the highest type.

With his far-seeing eye ever set on the gates of Rome, Hannibal spent the first three years of his command in Spain in preparation. He completed the organisation of his army, that army that was composed of infantry and cavalry of such varied nationalities. First he had thirty-seven elephants, then he had Gallic infantry and veteran Libyans and Spaniards, lighter-armed troops of different nationalities, Bulgaric slingers, Gallic heavy cavalry, and the

dreaded Numidian horse. These Hannibal collected and drilled, and inspired with so great a loyalty that for nineteen years they followed his standard over mountains crested with snow and through the dangers of many campaigns without once being guilty of mutiny or desertion.

Early in the summer of 218 B.C. Hannibal left New Carthage, in Spain, with an army of ninety thousand foot, twelve thousand horse, and thirty-seven elephants. He crossed the Ebro and subdued a hostile tribe of Spaniards. Here he left ten thousand foot and one thousand horse to hold this newly acquired territory. Another ten thousand foot he sent back into Spain, and with the rest pushed on toward the Italian Alps. He had already crossed the Pyrenees before the Romans had heard of his start or were aware of his intentions.

These were not the days of copy-seeking warcorrespondents. No pocket-camera or pen-andink sketcher followed the march of this heroic army. Hannibal left no *Commentaries*, as did Cæsar. The hopes and fears, the toils and trials, the thousand and one incidents and cruel necessities of so long a march are left to our imagination alone. The song and the curse, the shout of laughter and the cry of pain, settled into silence with the dust the army raised in passing.

with the dust the army raised in passing.

This great march of Hannibal, extending as it did over some eight hundred miles, was a wonderful piece of military enterprise. Though it was described by contemporaries, and though one historian living fifty years afterwards went over the ground himself to verify the reports that reached him, many of the details are lost, and its general direction is a matter of dispute.

Hannibal reached the foot of the Alps some time in October of the year 218 B.C. He gained the summit in nine days, and six more days brought his army in full view of the smiling plains of northern Italy. These were fifteen days of hunger, cold, and exposure. On the summit of the Alps symptoms of despondency appeared in the army; but Hannibal was not the man to miss so great an opportunity of inspiring his followers. 'Ye are standing already, as ye see,' he said, 'on the Acropolis of Italy; yonder,' pointing to the far horizon—'yonder lies Rome.' We recall the words of another military giant who, when passing the Pyramids of Egypt, told his soldiers that forty centuries looked down upon them.

But what pen can fitly describe the perils and hazards of the prodigious enterprise? This army of mountaineers fought a great fight against the elements of nature. What a sight for the gods of an heroic age it must have been to see that long file of men slowly and painfully wending its way to the summit of those rugged mountains; to watch those huge elephants moving with their peculiar stolid impassiveness through Arctic regions foreign to their nature! Horses slipped and plunged

through ice and snow, and the ancient warrior, in his strange old accoutrements of war, struggled and fell as he fought his way over the ice-bound ridges. It requires some imagination to conceive of this march over the Alps, and the boldness of the enterprise reveals the character of the young man Hannibal. Burning with a deep hatred of Rome, he controlled and led his army with coolness through the greatest dangers. He knew the risks; he knew the dangers; but he was confident of his abilities.

If Hannibal did overestimate the resources of the northern countries of Italy, if he did overestimate the support he would get from disloyal allies of Rome, this invasion was admirable in its audacity and in the manner in which it was effected.

It is recorded that some forty thousand infantry, six thousand cavalry, and thirty elephants perished on the Alps. Such heavy losses, however, did not dash the spirit of the bold invader. With great vigour Hannibal set about conquering Rome in her own territory. Great as was the idea of the invasion, the way in which it was conducted was greater. For seventeen years Hannibal supported himself and his army in Italy practically without assistance from Carthage. Throughout this campaign, full of dangers and risks, the genius of Hannibal is ever in evidence. Mountains, rivers, and marshes were crossed, cities were taken, and provinces conquered. He penetrated into the farthest corners of the peninsula. No army could stay his onward march to Rome; he No army went where he would. Legion after legion was raised against him, but while on Roman territory Hannibal never suffered a single defeat. He seemed to be made for victory. Often outnumbered, sometimes caught in a weak position, Hannibal always contrived to outwit the Roman, until his name became a terror in the land.

The Second Punic War is rightly spoken of as the war of Hannibal. His spirit overruled every other spirit in it. The first three years witnessed Hannibal's most brilliant victories. First it was a skilful ambush on the banks of the river Trebia, which surprised Sempronius in the rear and turned his seeming victory into a crushing defeat, only a mere remnant of two Roman armies escaping. Now it was a rising fog which hid from the view of the oncoming Roman legions the Carthaginian forces cleverly posted on the hills before the Lake Trasimene. On came the thirty thousand Romans, quite unaware of the presence of the enemy. At a given signal down rushed the Carthaginians from every side upon them. The carnage lasted three hours, and fifteen thousand Roman corpses covered the ground.

The Roman Senate could not disguise from themselves the nature of the calamities which threatened the state, and the consternation which prevailed among the *populus* revealed to the

survivors of Trasimene the full reality of what had happened. But it required the defeat of Cannæ to complete the disasters of Rome. Here, if we may trust the figures, Hannibal, with thirty thousand men, completely outmanœuvred and defeated eighty thousand Romans. Fifty thousand Romans were left dead on the battlefield, and twenty thousand were taken prisoners.

The position of Rome after the battle of Cannæ was critical. Nothing now stood between Hannibal and the gates of Rome. The news of the defeat threw the populus into a frenzy; but never was the resolution and determination of the Senate shown to better advantage. When Varro, the surviving consul, returned to the city he was publicly thanked not only for his efforts, but because he had not despaired of the capital. (A defeated Carthaginian would have been nailed to the cross.) No word or thought was given to the offers of peace from Hannibal, and steps were immediately taken to protect the city.

Hannibal had crossed the Pyrenees, and had fought his way over the Alps; he had invaded Italy and defeated the Romans at every point. No legions now barred his march on Rome. His dreams were fast turning into actualities. The goal of his ambition was in sight; and yet, when the citizens of Rome were hourly expecting his attack, he refrained from this culminating act of the drama. Why? Why did not Hannibal march on Rome after the battle of Cannæ? Not because he lacked genius or determination. Not because he was afraid. Was it because of his habitual aversion to long sieges? It is a matter of conjecture. It may be that in this restraint he revealed the superiority of his judgment. Perhaps he realised that though he might beat a Roman army in the field, he could never take their capital or crush the spirit of the Roman nation. Perhaps he saw in the factious state of Carthage the ruin of his dream of a conquered Rome.

From this point the war loses that intensity which marked the earlier phase, and the ascendant star of Hannibal now begins to decline. For nine years Hannibal sustained with superbability a losing battle. He devastated, he burned, he destroyed. The Romans were ever at his heels. They dogged his footsteps, but kept beyond his reach. The inevitable result of all his efforts must have forced itself upon his mind. Time, now Hannibal's greatest enemy, saved Rome in silence.

Yet there was one chance on which this Carthaginian might rely. Reinforcements from Spain were expected daily. Hasdrubal, the brother of Hannibal, had been left in charge of the Spanish colony, with instructions to follow into Italy as soon as he was able. It was well that the Romans prosecuted the war in Spain with the vigour they did. Great as the strain had been to hold Hannibal in

check in Italy, Rome had still spared some legions to fight in Spain. For ten years they had succeeded in occupying Hasdrubal, but now he had slipped through their fingers. Hasdrubal crossed the Alps, following his brother's route, and sought to join hands with Hannibal.

The amazed Romans, when they heard of Hasdrubal's approach, found themselves once more on the verge of destruction. One son of the dreaded Barca family had proved too much for them; but to have two together in

Italy spelt utter ruin.

But Nero, the plebeian consul, rose to the occasion. Effecting a masterly forced march of two hundred miles, he joined his brother consul's army. Together they defeated Hasdrubal in the battle of Metaurus; and such was the barbarity of the ancients that the first intimation that Hannibal received of his brother's presence in Italy was the sight of Hasdrubal's head flung into his camp by the victorious but callous Nero.

The battle of Metaurus sealed the doom of Carthage. Any hopes of success which may have lingered in Hannibal's mind must now have expired. His position was hopeless. It became worse and worse until he was recalled

to Carthage.

The Romans at once transferred the war into Africa under the command of the famous Scipio, and the battle of Zama (202 B.C.) was at once the first defeat that Hannibal had suffered, the end of the Second Punic War, and the end of the history of Carthage as an independent nation.

Thus Hannibal's attempt to conquer Rome failed, and at this failure we are neither surprised nor disappointed. We are not surprised, because the elements engaged in the struggle were so strong against Hannibal that it was next to impossible for him to succeed. There was such strength in Rome and such weakness in Carthage that the issue was inevitable from the first. To us, who see the whole struggle stretched before us, it must seem that Hannibal was attempting something impossible. We are not disappointed at the issue of this struggle, because Rome's virtues outnumbered her vices, and it is doubtful whether the same can be said of Carthage. The effect of the ascendency of Carthage on the civilisation of Europe at this period is inconceivable.

Our admiration for the genius of Hannibal is not lessened by his failure. Perhaps ambition led him to make his greatest mistake, which was to suppose that he could re-establish a decadent aristocracy by the attempt to crush a vigorous republic.

The second Punic War demonstrates very clearly that though battles may be won by good generalship, by well-trained troops, by ability in finding the key of the situation, by surprises and clever tactics, the issues of wars depend on national resources, both material and moral.

There was nothing in the Roman army to compare with the military genius of Hannibal. There was nothing in Carthage to compare with the national spirit which supported Rome. The Carthaginians, with all their wealth, failed adequately to support Hannibal in Italy; and the reluctance with which they assisted their greatest general reveals the low morale of that nation. On the other hand, though Hannibal might despise the Roman legions, whom he outwitted so easily, he discovered behind them a power over which his most brilliant tactics had no control. There was in the Roman soldier a great firmness and strength of character which established mutual confidence between man and man, and which lifted him far above the paid mercenary of the Carthaginians. Rome's system of colonisation, based on the isolation of the colonies from each other and the close connection of each with the parent, baffled the Greek invader Pyrrhus and disappointed the hopes of the far-seeing Hannibal. But it was the military system of Rome which made her the world-wide conqueror. The ambitious Roman saw in the profession of arms the highest citizenship and the surest road to preferment. So large a part did this idea play in the Roman mind that to bear arms was perfectly to serve his country. In illustration of this we read that, in the time of Julius Cæsar, that general quelled the insubordination of his favourite legion on one occasion by the use of these words, 'I dismiss you, citizens.' The disgrace of discharge from legionary service was insupportable. Such were some of the qualities of the Roman character and government which enabled that nation to defeat Carthage.

From the end of the Second Punic War the policy of Rome broadened and her boundaries extended. War became more and more her passion, and conquest her absorbing ambition. Nation after nation went down before her arms; province after province was added to her territories. Her name and fame spread over the whole world known to the ancients. Wealth flowed into her coffers, luxury corrupted her citizens, and ruin was the end. It is a melancholy fact to contemplate that signs of the coming decline and fall were not wanting even at so early a period as the Second Punic War. The need for strong men to fill the legions thinned by the invasion of Hannibal did not fail to have its effect on the agricultural system of Italy. The peasant proprietor of the land was attracted to The three generations between the invasion of Pyrrhus and the expulsion of Hannibal saw the land of Italy pass from the hands of the smallholder into the possession of a comparatively few large proprietors. These large landowners formed a class by themselves, distinct from the old nobility. They became a power in Rome. By their wealth they controlled the Senate and the Forum; they monopolised the public offices, and divided amongst themselves the honours of the State. Though they were still patriots, their virtues began to fail. Their entry into the State heralded that era which witnessed the demoralisation of the Romans. Thus in the very hour of her victory Rome was sowing seeds of corruption. Whilst she covered herself with glory in conquest she soiled her feet in mud.

THE THIRD PUNIC WAR (149-146 B.C.).

The interval of fifty years between the Second and the Third Punic War was the saddest period in the history of Carthage. She suffered the humiliation of dependency without the advantages of protection. The chartered brigand, to use Bosworth Smith's expression, Massinissa, a wily Numidian chief, became a thorn in the side of Carthage. He encroached on her territory, and insulted and goaded her into distraction. In vain might Carthage apply to Rome for protection; none was given her. At last, without the consent of Rome, and thus breaking her treaty, she resented in arms the intrusions of Massinissa. Though Carthage failed in this attempt to preserve her integrity by resorting to arms, she gave Rome the excuse and opportunity that had been so long desired. It is said that Cato never ended an oration in the Senate prior to the Third Punic War without thundering out the expression, 'Carthage must be destroyed.'

The Carthaginians, in the manner of their last stand, proved that they were a nation worthy of a better end than that meted out to them by They resisted their implacable the Romans.

foes with great bravery to the last.

The demolition of Carthage was carried out to the bitterest extremity. Every building was levelled with the ground, and the plough was drawn over the site of one of the proudest cities of the past. A curse was pronounced solemnly over its ruins which has seemed to cast a spell over its site; every attempt to rear a city there has failed.

Thus ended the struggle between Rome and Carthage; and in such a manner was the Carthaginian civilisation wiped out. The total destruction of Carthage was cruel, unnecessary, and unfortunate. It was cruel, because Carthage deserved a better fate; it was unnecessary, because she was quite incapable of hurting Rome again; it was unfortunate, because through it we have lost so much valuable information regarding the social life of this ancient city.

The subject of the struggle between Rome and Carthage raises some profound questions in the philosophical mind relative to the international relations of the European Powers of to-day. downfall of Carthage illustrates the fate that has overtaken all the nations of the past. Carthage was only one of many who, springing into activity, flourished for a season, and finally succumbed to a stronger race. The histories of Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Phœnicia, and Greece seem to preach the doctrine of the 'Inevitable End.' Rome even, proud Rome, proclaims in her decline the inexorable law of time.

In these repetitions of history, at once sad because of the gloom they cast over the story of the past, and satisfactory because through them can be traced the great laws of national evolution, must we also read the certain end of our own ascendency? Must the glory of Britain too pass away, and be buried under the ashes of succeeding epochs? It seems incredible that all the solidarity that we see around us may possibly fade away; but Britain has not yet outrun the span of Rome. And in what direction shall we look for our sure guarantee of permanency, and what right have we to claim the protection of the great 'most favoured nation clause'? Have we solved the riddle of the universe? Have we satisfied the great God of the Ages? Are we the climax of humanity?

It might stimulate the patriotic mind to discover on what plane the next great national movement will work or is now already working. Is it the physical, mental, or moral plane on which the battle is being fought out? Will Dreadnoughts settle the day? Will it be a long, grim commercial rivalry; or, after all, does not a nation's existence depend on its integrity and those fundamental virtues which have supported

every nation in the past?

There is one possible solution to the problem. It may be that we have reached that stage of civilisation when it will be possible for a number of great and powerful nations to dwell in independence side by side without seeking to annihilate one another, where there need be no first or last, but all advance together along the road of progress.

DAWN AT MONETA, ITALY.

FAR through the silent vale the dawn comes creeping,

And voices murmur 'neath the chestnut-trees; Across the rocky gorge the cypresses are sleeping, Untouched by sunshine or the autumn breeze.

From far Moneta's village on the vine-clad hill The laden mules slip downward to the dusty town,

Where groaning oxen with their marble loads All through the livelong day pass up and down.

See, through the olive-trees the sun comes peeping, And all the vineyards wake to greet another day;

Down through each grape-hung pergola the peasants come,

Pausing to greet the children at their early play.

The autumn sunshine bathes the myriad hills, Where olive gardens rise to meet the pines; Beyond the green campagna, far below, A wide, blue ocean in its glory shines. MURIEL RAIKES BROMAGE.



THE FLIGHT OF THE EMPRESS OF THEFRENCH FROM THE TUILERIES.

By GEORGE PIGNATORRE, B.C.L.

DARK and threatening was the outlook for the Empress-Regent on the 4th of September The campaign had opened with a series of disasters; and the news of the crowning calamity of the surrender of Sedan and the capture of Napoleon had reached Paris at three P.M. on the day before, arousing the passions of the fickle Parisians, who, true to their traditions, were bespattering with abuse the man they had bowed down to in prosperity, who, ill in body and mind, had yielded most reluctantly to the cry for war by the same people who were now

shouting, 'Down with Badenguet!'

A Cabinet Council had been held that morning, presided over by the Empress-Regent, to advise on the gravity of the situation. The Ministers could not or would not support the imperial dynasty; the capitulation of Sedan had sounded the knell of the Empire, and so they had besought the Empress Eugenie to resign the regentship, which had been conferred on her in accordance with the constitution. She had refused, and rightly, to desert her post of danger; although, should they deem the Emperor an obstacle to the tranquillity of the country, to the public weal in general, and proclaim his deposition, she would gladly lay down the authority she had been invested with; she would be only too content to be thus relieved of a heavy burden. For her own part, she wished that the true interests of the country, and not those of the dynasty, should be consulted. The Council of Ministers had come to no resolution; but, sooth to say, events were marching so rapidly that the matter had already passed out of their control into the hands of the populace. Trochu, the military governor of Paris, went over to the winning side; one by one the time-servers—and their name was legion—quitted the sinking ship, all save a loyal and faithful few who at the hazard of their lives betook themselves to the Tuileries to offer their services, their lives if necessary, in defence of the Empress.

these were the gallant Canrobert, Marshal of France; Admiral Julien de la Gravière, an illustrious writer; Madame Bourbaki; and others-not more than forty in all, out of the millions who had formerly acclaimed the Empress, and who had shouted themselves hoarse with cries of 'Vive l'Impératrice!' ('Long live the Empress!'). Outside could be heard the yelling of the mob, who were howling, 'A bas l'Espagnole / ' ('Down with the Spaniard!'), as their forefathers had howled, 'A bas l'Autrichienne!' ('Down with the Austrian!') in 1793. They were the same people who only seven or eight months later were to slaughter eighty captives, among whom was the archbishop of the city.

While the Empress was still standing in the great hall of the palace, awaiting her fate, Pietri, the prefect of police—whom I met years afterwards on board the Thistle, accompanying his imperial mistress—and the Ambassadors of Austria-Hungary and of Italy, aware of the imminent danger not only to the Empress but also to the devoted friends who refused to quit the palace unless accompanied by her, united their entreaties to persuade her to fly before it was too late, before the crowd surging outside had broken down the railings and forced an entrance. Pietri told her Majesty there was little time, and the two Ambassadors—Prince Metternich and the Chevalier di Nigro—added, 'Unless your Majesty wishes to sacrifice your own life and the lives of your friends!' They prevailed at last, chiefly by urging on the Empress the necessity of a swift decision if she wished to save the few staunch friends around her. The railings had yielded to the pressure of the multitude, and their shouts and oaths could be clearly heard as they came trampling over the grass plots. There was not a moment to be lost.

Hastily donning her hat and a light mantle, which were handed to her by one of the ladies of the Court, the Empress took a hurried farewell of her friends in these words: 'Never shall I forget what you have all been to me.' She was then hurried away by the two Ambassadors, notwithstanding her desire to pay a last visit to

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Badenguet was the mason under whose name the Emperor, when imprisoned at Ham, had effected his escape, and in derision the name was bestowed on Napoleon after the fall of the Empire.

the wounded lying in an ambulance ward fitted

up in the palace.

A few of her followers accompanied their mistress to the entrance of the Flora Pavilion, through which the Empress hoped to gain the Louvre, and thence accomplish her escape, if possible, by the Rue Rivoli; indeed, this was the only remaining avenue of safety, for every other egress was barred by the rioters. To their dismay, the party found the door of communication opening on the pavilion was closed and locked. The position of the little knot of fugitives was most critical; all seemed lost. It was even doubtful whether the presence of the two Ambassadors would protect the person of the Empress from outrage or worse, and it would certainly not avail to shield her attendants from ill-usage. The tramping of many feet and the hoarse shouts of the ruffians who had burst in were now heard more and more distinctly.

The Empress had made up her mind to abide her fate, when in the nick of time Mr Charles Thelin, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, arrived; he had in his keeping a master-key which opened all the doors of the Louvre and the Tuileries, and he had had the forethought to bring the key with him on hearing of the way taken by

the fugitives.

Passing rapidly through the long galleries of the Louvre, the party safely reached the colon-nade facing St Germain l'Auxerrois, where the Empress once more bade adieu to her attendants. With the assistance of Prince Metternich, and accompanied by one of her ladies-in-waiting, the Empress was able to procure a closed brougham and drive off unobserved through a crowd bawling the 'Marseillaise' or shouting, 'Down with Badenguet!' 'Down with the Spanish woman!' 'To death!'

The two ladies drove slowly the whole length of the Rue Rivoli, through the noisy crowds pouring in two opposite directions. One current was streaming toward the Place de la Concorde, the other toward the Hotel de Ville (Town For the whole way, until they emerged at the opposite end of the street, their safety hung in the balance. As there were few vehicles moving in Paris on that fateful September morning, the brougham might have excited curiosity or suspicion, and a stoppage or accident must have proved fatal; but chance favoured the two fugitives, and they traversed the street unchallenged. Once clear of the crowd, the carriage drove through the Rue St Florentin, where some squads of policemen were cowering under the colonnades of the Ministry of Marine, behind the railings, exposed to missiles of all descriptions thrown at them by detached parties of rioters, who were inaugurating the new rule of Liberty and Equality, more solido, by smashing lamps and windows, tearing down railings, and of course pelting the guardians of order, who were

presumably opposed to these manifestations of individual liberty.

On coming out of the Rue Florentin into the Place de la Madeleine, the carriage drove through a quiet, half-deserted quarter to the residence of M. Besson, a Privy Councillor whose name and address had been given to the driver by Chevalier di Nigro, the Italian Ambassador, as that of a trusty and loyal adherent and friend, who would not fail the Empress in the hour of danger and of her greatest need.

On arriving at the house, situated in the Boulevard Haussmann, the ladies alighted, and paid and dismissed the driver; but they entered only to find that M. Besson and his family and servants were absent, leaving apparently the janitor of the house uninformed of their

whereabouts.

Utterly weary in body and mind—for the strain of the last week was telling on her now—the Empress sat down on the steps of the staircase to rest a while and think over what was best to be done. Once more the necessity of a speedy decision faced her—the fugitives must find some refuge before nightfall. They could not even remain where they were without exciting suspicion and provoking discovery; nor could they parade the boulevard, where the Empress, in spite of her drawn-down veil, might be recog-

nised by her gait and figure.

In this dilemma the name of Dr Evans flashed across her mind. He was an American dentist whom she had known when she had been only Mademoiselle Montijo, and who had attended both her and the Emperor professionally for many years, and was a personal friend. Dr Thomas Evans had, moreover, all the energy and resourcefulness of his countrymen, and had displayed these qualities in an eminent degree in establishing on new lines the ambulance for the wounded. He was no fair-weather friend, but a staunch and true one, as the event proved. Further, his long residence in France, and his knowledge of the language, customs, and character of the inhabitants, added to his personal popularity, would enable him to give valuable assistance in any plan of escape. These considerations decided the course the Empress took. Putting aside the suggestion of Madame Lebreton to take refuge at the American Embassy, she hailed the first passing fiacre, and drove to Dr Evans's villa. The doctor was out, but the two ladies were admitted and ushered into the library, to wait for his return.

Dr Evans's surprise on seeing the Empress and Madame Lebreton may be better imagined than described. Events had followed so swiftly each on the heels of the other that the invasion of the Tuileries, the flight of the Empress-Regent, the utter collapse of the Empire, were facts of which he may have heard vague rumours, all except the last, of which he was quite ignorant. The doctor placed himself unreservedly at the disposal

of the Empress. After ordering a collation for his two guests to be served in the library, Dr Evans left, and with a friend, Mr Crane, with whom he had been driving in the Parc Monceau, a plan for the escape of the Empress was arranged. It was ultimately settled that the fugitives, accompanied by the two gentlemen, should leave Paris early the next morning for Deauville, where Mrs Evans was staying As one of the gentleduring the summer. men was in possession of a passport issued by the British Embassy on behalf of an English medical man in attendance on a lady patient, it was agreed that the Empress should personate the invalid, Mr Crane the medical attendant, Madame Lebreton the nurse, and Dr Evans was to play the part of brother of the sick lady. This plan had the advantage of being simple, while it did not depend for success on the doubtful and uncertain co-operation of third parties; and it presented good chances of success if deftly carried out. There would be the chapter of accidents of course, but these had to be risked.

The necessary preparations were completed over night, so that the party were able to start at dawn of day in Dr Evans's carriage. At the barrier they were stopped by the official in command of the guard at the gate, who inquired of Dr Evans who they were and where they were going. The doctor, adroitly screening the Empress with a newspaper he was holding, replied that he was an American going on a jaunt with some friends, with the intention of spending the day in the country. 'Pass on,' cried the official to the driver, and the first danger was over.

The carriage rolled on swiftly and smoothly on the Pacy route, traversing St Germain-en-Laye, the old hunting lodge of Louis the Twelfth, without incident. The weather was perfect, and the heat very bearable in the early hours; but about ten the freshness of the morning was succeeded by that heavy, sultry heat peculiar to the end of August and beginning of September. The fugitives and their escort were now feeling hungry; the Empress and her companions had only taken a cup of black coffee and a slice of bread before starting, and had not brought with them any food. Fatigued and half-famished, they halted at a small roadside inn about seven miles from Mantes. The ladies remained in the carriage, while the two men entered the inn to cater for the party. All they could obtain was bread, cheese, and Bologna sausage, of which they all, with their whetted appetites, partook heartily. After discussing their frugal lunch they proceeded on their way to Mantes, where Dr Evans, leaving the landau outside the town. went in quest of another vehicle to carry the party as far as possible on the way to Deauville.

Dr Evans was successful in procuring a roomy

coach, which would convey them for thirty frances to Pacy-sur-Eure, but no farther; and the landau was driven back to Paris.

At Pacy they had to exchange their comfortable coach for a ramshackle concern drawn by two wretched hacks, with an equally shabby and surly driver, engaged by Dr Evans probably for the purpose of throwing their pursuers, if they were pursued, off the scent. Certainly a more unlikely conveyance for a sovereign could hardly have been found in the whole length and breadth of France; indeed, it resembled a gipsy's van more than anything else. But if shabbiness was required, surliness was certainly not, and Dr Evans found that in this respect they had got more than he had bargained for. Moreover, several disquieting incidents, though unproductive of grave consequences, contributed to render the last portion of the journey even more harassing than the first. No sooner had the old vehicle creaked out of Evreux than the Jehu, a Norman peasant, stopped at a public-house outside the town to bait his horses and refresh him-The coach was still standing opposite the cabaret when the four travellers were startled by the appearance of a band of the National Guard. shouting 'Vive la République !' but they passed on their way without even glancing at the shabby, discoloured, crazy old van drawn up opposite the cabaret, in which the Empress and her companions sat in an anguish of suspense; for their first thought had been that the news of their flight had been telegraphed to Evreux, and that they were pursued.

The driver, having certainly refreshed himself, and perhaps his horses, consented, with much grumbling, to move on. They had not proceeded far when the swingletree snapped, causing a delay, and involving more grumbling from the surly, sulky peasant who was acting as driver, and who vowed that he could go no farther, as he had not the wherewithal to repair or replace the broken swingletree; but Dr Evans and Mr Crane, unheeding his protestations, ransacked the lockers of the vehicle, and found a leather thong which had served as a bridle, with which they fastened the swingletree to the cross-piece. Then, mounting on to the box, Dr Evans ordered the man to drive on. This he did very unwillingly, and the crazy conveyance crawled on along the identical route over which Louis Philippe, another royal fugitive, had travelled in 1848 on his way to exile.

At about ten the calash, as the driver insisted on calling it, lumbered noisily into the cobbled lane of a large village called Rivière Thionville, and stopped before a hostelry, which they entered in fear and trembling, for the public-room or hall was crowded with drinkers; but the sick lady, bent and limping slightly, passed safely through, supported by the two gentlemen, while the sicknurse brought up the rear.

The Empress and Madame Lebreton had their

meal served in a private room, while the two men dined in the common hall, where they remained until the shutters were put up and the inn closed for the night, when they too retired.

Next morning at daybreak the party were afoot, and on their way to the small railway station. They had intended to hire some wheeled vehicle; but the landlady of the inn had expressed great astonishment at the idea of any invalid, much more one in the weak condition of madame, hardly able to move, undertaking a journey over rough roads perhaps in a sorry conveyance, instead of taking the train and travelling in a comfortable car. The gentlemen should try to dissuade her from such a mad plan; indeed, the good woman waxed so energetic in her opposition that, fearful of exciting suspicion, they resigned themselves to the risks of a railway They had to run the gauntlet of curious eyes that watched them at two stations, where they were obliged to change trains; but fortunately nobody recognised the Empress behind

The party arrived safely at Lisieux; but the weather had broken, and there was a steady downpour, against which they had not even the protection of an umbrella; so that when the two gentlemen went in search of a coach the Empress and Madame Lebreton took refuge under a porch. While they were standing there, a young man, seeing their plight, brought them chairs out of an adjoining shop. The lad remembered the fact long afterwards, when he had heard the story of the escape of the Empress, and of her having passed through Lisieux: how he had offered a seat to a veiled lady, dressed in black, standing under a porch, whom he had taken for a casual passer-by caught by the rain, but who was that erstwhile fair and brilliant sovereign lady who had shared the throne of France for fifteen years, and who had quitted her imperial residence only forty-eight hours before.

This was the last incident of the journey, the last trial of the fortitude the Empress had displayed throughout. The final stages of the journey were exempt from perils, though not from discomforts. From Lisieux they drove to Deauville, where the imperial fugitive was welcomed by Mrs Evans in a comfortable suite of rooms at the hotel where that lady was staying; and the next night the Empress, with Madame Lebreton, embarked on board the yacht of Sir George

Burgoyne, in which, after a long and stormy passage of twenty-four hours, they reached Ryde on the 8th of September, at about four in the morning, exactly three days after their departure from Paris.

The escape of the Empress was due mainly to the energy, devotion, and forethought of Dr Evans, aided by good fortune, that uncertain but necessary factor of success without which, as Napier truly observes, the wisest designs are like bubbles on a troubled sea; and, lastly, in no small measure, to the courage, self-control, and adaptability of the Empress herself. The absence of the mistakes that had thwarted the escape of the luckless Louis the Sixteenth in 1791 had secured the success of the measures taken by Dr Evans. There had been no such confusion and delay in starting as marked the departure of the royal fugitive in 1791; there had been no Drouet in the path of the Empress to recognise and stop her; there had been no self-betraval or self-revealing as in the case of King Louis. who showed himself unadvisedly twice - the second time with fatal results-at the carriage window. The Empress also implicitly conformed to the advice of those who were risking so much on her behalf, while the excellent but irresolute king had hampered and hindered at every turn the free action of those brave men who were hazarding their lives for their king and would have saved him had he allowed them.

Over forty years have elapsed since the Empress Eugenie quitted the Tuileries for ever, and took refuge in exile—forty years of bereavements, of sorrows, of painful recollections, following on fifteen years of glory and power. No life has presented sharper contrasts, and few women have been tested by the smiles and frowns of fortune as has the Empress Eugenie; fewer still have stood the double test more nobly. Beneficent. gracious, kind in prosperity, dignified, courageous, and self-resigned in adversity, she claims our sympathy and our respect both as the Empress of France and as the widowed mother and childless widow. She moves across the stage of history as one of its most tragic and attractive figures, as one who has been-in spite of her beauty, kindliness, grace, and tactfulness-the sport of fortune and the object of unmerited popular contumely. But considerations of this kind would lead me too far; my object has been simply to tell the story of her escape.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER VIII. - THE HAMPSTEAD HEATH CONSPIRACY.

HE was right, but it was touch-and-go. Peggy was climbing down from her gate as Philip cantered up. 'Hallo, Pegs!' he said breathlessly.

Miss Falconer greeted him coldly. 'Hallo!' she replied. 'Going for a walk?'

'What walk?' asked the bewildered Philip. 'Didn't you expect to meet me?'

'Certainly not. Why should I? I wasn't thinking about you at all,' replied Eve's daughter.

'But you promised to meet me here at half-

past three,' cried Philip in dismay.

'And now it's a quarter to five!' blazed Peggy, abandoning her strategical position, woman-like, in order to score a tactical point.

Sure enough, the sound of a church chime fell musically upon their ears through the still

evening air.

I'm awfully sorry,' said Philip.

'It doesn't matter at all,' replied Peggy, still

inflexible. 'Good-night!'

'Good-night!' said Philip quietly. He was constitutionally incapable of forcing his society where it was not wanted. He turned to go. 'It's a pity I'm late,' he added regretfully. 'The most exciting things have been happening, and I wanted to tell you about them.'

The small damsel's hauteur melted in an instant. She deliberately resumed her perch

upon the gate.

'You can come and sit up here if you like,'

she intimated, holding out her hand.

Philip accepted the invitation with alacrity, but the touch of Peggy's froggy paw brought a look of concern into his face. 'I say,' he said, 'you are cold! Put on my greatcoat.

Peggy declined. 'You'll want it yourself,'

she said.

But Philip was insistent. 'You simply must,' 'You are shivering all over. You he urged. can give me a corner of it to sit on if you like.'

The argument came to an end, and presently they were installed side by side upon the gate, hike two sociable sparrows. Peggy, whose teeth were chattering, snuggled gratefully into the warmth of the big coat; while Philip balanced himself on the rail beside her, sitting on a very liberal allowance of corner.

'Are you comfortable now?' he asked.

'Yes,' said Peggy gratefully. 'I'm glad you came,' she added with characteristic

honesty.

'Why?' inquired Philip. He did not know that one must never ask a lady for her reasons. But the little girl answered quite frankly, 'I was getting frightened.' And she slipped her

arm round Philip's neck.

If Philip had been to a boys' school he would have received this familiarity with open alarm or resentment. Being what he was, nothing but a very gallant little gentleman, he responded by putting his own arm in a protective fashion round his companion's slim shoulders.

'Now we are all right,' he said comfortably. 'Tell me your news,' commanded Peggy.

Philip related the whole amazing story. listened breathlessly, her eyes and lips forming three round O's. When the recital was finished, she remarked, 'She must have been the lady mother meant when she said that was the question only one woman could give the answer to, only she never would.'

'Yes,' said Philip, catching the general sense of this unusual passage of syntax. 'It was the same name—a funny name—Vivien.'

'How do you know?' asked Peggy curiously. 'Uncle Joseph told me all about her,' re-

plied Philip. 'I forgot you hadn't heard that bit.'

And at the pressing invitation of Miss Falconer he recited the tale of Colonel Meldrum's love

Peggy's verdict came hot and emphatic. 'She was a beast to treat him like that.

'Well, she has come back to him in the end,' said broader-minded Philip.

'Will they get married, do you think?' asked Peggy, all in a feminine flutter.

Philip pondered. 'I suppose so,' he said at

last. 'But they are pretty old.'
'If they do,' continued Peggy, 'what will happen to you?'

Philip pondered again. Life had suddenly turned a corner, and new vistas were opening before him. 'I don't know,' he said slowly. don't want to go back home at all. For one thing, I don't see how I can. I have broken an order. I told Uncle Joseph about meeting you, and he forbade me to speak to you again so long as I lived under his roof. I shouldn't have come this afternoon.'

'Oh!' said Peggy reproachfully.

'You can't disobey an order,' explained Philip 'But when I saw Uncle Joseph and the lady—like'—he coughed modestly—'like the way they were, I thought I might.

'He had broken his own orders,' observed

Miss Falconer jesuitically.

'Besides,' continued Philip, 'I am not going to live under his roof any longer. I hate it all so.

'Hate what?'

Philip recollected himself. 'The work I have to do,' he said. 'I used to like it once; but now-now I don't think it is very good work. Anyhow, I hate it. I can't go back to it. I only went on because—well, because of Uncle Joseph. He was very good to me, and I was of some use to him.'

'My dear, he won't want you now,' said Peggy

shrewdly.

Philip was conscious of a sudden thrill. 'Won't he?' he said. 'I never thought of that. Then I needn't go back!'

'You'll have to go somewhere, though,' observed his sage counsellor. 'Where are you going

to?

'I should like to go about a bit. I have never even been to school. I don't know any other boys. I want to grow up and be a man, and travel about all over the world,' said Philip, his eager spirit dashing off into futurity at once.

'I see,' said Peggy, suddenly cold again.

'Yes,' continued Philip. He was fairly soaring w. 'Have you read "The Idylls of the now. King"?'

Peggy shook her head blankly. 'No,' she said. 'Is it a story?'

'Yes. It's all about a Round Table, and some knights who met there. They used to ride out and do the most splendid things."

'What sort?' asked Peggy absently. sudden revelation of the eternal masculine in Philip, exemplified by his desire to roam, had stirred the chords of the eternal feminine in herself, and her thoughts were wandering.

'Dangerous things,' explained Philip enthu-

siastically.

'What for?'

'Well, they very often did them just out of bravery; but the very best things a knight did were always in honour of his Lady.

'Oh! Then you would require a Lady?' said Peggy, growing distinctly more attentive.
'Rather!' said Philip. 'To serve, you know.

Whenever a knight performed any great deed he wouldn't care anything about himself. He would just feel he had done it for his Lady, and she would reward him.'

'How?'

Philip's brow wrinkled. He had not considered the point before. With him, service always came far above reward. 'Well,' he said at last, 'she would praise him, and go on being his Lady, and nobody else's.'

At this point in the conversation Philip was conscious of a sudden constriction round his

Peggy appeared to be about to make some remark; but she relaxed her arm again, and inquired calmly, 'When are you going to begin?

'I shall have to grow up a bit first, I suppose,' said the prospective Galahad regretfully. I don't want to go back to Uncle Joseph till then.'

'Why should you?' urged the small temptress at his side. 'He won't require you now that his Lady has come back to him. You are free to be anything you like.

'The difficult part,' remarked the practical Philip, 'will be to make a start at being anything. To begin with, I don't know where thing.

to go.'
'Come to us,' said Miss Falconer promptly. Swiftly she sketched out her plans to her mesmerised companion. 'I will take you up to the house now,' she said. 'I will put you into the studio. Dad is never there after dark. You can stay all night '-

She paused, and turned to Philip inquiringly. 'You won't be frightened?' she inquired halfapologetically.

'Knights are never frightened,' replied Philip

axiomatically.

'You can sleep on the model throne,' continued Peggy, taking all obstacles in her stride. 'I will bring you in some supper, and no one will know. Then, when mother comes to see me in bed, I shall tell her about you, and we will settle what to do next. But you mustn't-not on any account—let dad see you, or he would have one of his tempers. Come on!

It was almost dark by this time, and Peggy's voice had sunk to an excited and ghostly whisper. She dropped off the gate, dislodging her com-panion—who, it will be remembered, had been accommodated with a seat upon a portion of her apparel-with some suddenness.

'We are rather late,' she said. 'I am not allowed to stay out after dark. Let's run!

Give me your hand.'

They trotted through the gloaming, and presently came to a house standing by itself, well back from the road. Breathing heavily, the two small conspirators stole round to the north side of the house, and presently came to a halt close under the wall. Above their heads, eight feet up, Philip could see a small window. It stood open.

'Take me on your back,' said Peggy. 'Stoop

down.'

Philip obeyed.

'Keep quite steady!'

By dint of much struggling, the agile Miss Falconer succeeded in working her small but sharp knees on to Philip's shoulders.

'Now!' she whispered at length, 'stand up

slowly, with your face to the wall.'

Philip straightened his back laboriously, his fair burden maintaining her balance by clinging to his hair with both hands.

'This is a splendid adventure!' she whispered. 'Rather!' gasped Philip, with tears in his

'Now I am going to stand on your shoulders,' explained Peggy. 'Bend forward a little, with your hands against the wall. Keep your head well down, or I may tread on it.'

Two minutes later the soles of the young lady's shoes removed themselves from Philip's shoulderblades with a convulsive spring, and followed their owner in a harlequin dive through the open window. There was a dull thud upon the floor inside, followed by a brief silence. there was the sound of some one moving in the dark, and presently a French window farther along the hall swung open with a click, and Peggy, tousled but triumphant, dragged her guest into the house.

The window closed, and a flood of electric Philip looked light swept away the darkness. round curiously. He had never been in a studio before. The side of the room at which they had entered was built out in the form of a penthouse, and was roofed with glass. In the middle of the floor stood a small platform covered with a rug. On the platform stood a sofa, and on the sofs reclined an eerie figure, like a gigantic Half-finished canvases—prospec-Dutch doll. tive wolf-scarers, no doubt-leaned against the walls. In a corner lay an untidy heap of robes and draperies. Upon an easel close by the throne stood an almost completed picture. It represented an infant of improbably angelic aspect asleep in a cot, in company with two golliwogs, a mechanical monkey, and a teddy bear.

'That,' remarked Peggy professionally, 'is a wolf-scarer. It's called "Strange Bedfellows." It's very pretty. It's nearly finished. This thing here is a model throne. You can sleep on it to-night. Nobody will disturb you. Dad never comes here until after ten in the morning, and none of the maids are allowed in the studio at all. You will be quite warm. I'll get you some of these robes and things out of the corner. O-o-h!'

Philip, fascinated by his surroundings, had not yet had time to notice his hostess. Now he turned quickly. Miss Falconer was in a somewhat dishevelled condition. Her red tam o' shanter was white with plaster, her frock was stained all down the front, and one of her stockings had been cut open right across the knee, displaying a crimson bruise which threatened to deepen into purple.

'You have hurt yourself!' cried Philip in

great concern.

'I got a bit of a bump dropping through that window,' admitted Peggy, indicating the aperture through which she had gained admission to her home. 'But it doesn't hurt much, except when I bend my knee suddenly. Now I must go and have tee in the schoolroom. When I see

mother I shall tell her about you, and she will know what to do. If you hear anybody coming, turn out the light and creep under the model throne. It is hollow underneath. I have often been there, playing at robbers with myself.'

Philip turned up the overhanging drapery, and dubiously surveyed the grimy recesses of his

last refuge.

'Supposing I get underneath,' he inquired, 'and it turns out to be only you?'

Peggy considered. Then her face dimpled. The game of conspirators was indeed exhilarating.

ing.
'I shall knock seven times on the floor with a stick,' she announced, 'before I come down the passage. Then you will know.'

'That will be splendid!' agreed Philip. 'You are awfully clever,' he added admiringly, as the directress of his fortunes turned to go.

Peggy swung round again, with her fingers on the door-handle. A sudden rush of colour swept across her face and neck, and for a moment her wide brown eyes met Philip's. Then the lashes dropped again. 'I say, Phil,' she said shyly, 'I'll be your Lady if you like.'

Next moment she was gone, and our knight, feeling that he had been somewhat remiss in not having made the suggestion himself, was left listening to the sound of his Lady's feet limping down the passage.

(Continued on page 132.)

THE BETTER HALF.

By Mrs G. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW.

IT is difficult sometimes to believe that this is the same world into which the Heir of Redelyffe was born, or Amelia Sedley, or Jane Eyre. The feminine voice, which used to be soft and low, is sometimes undeniably shrill, and seems to be for ever asserting itself, until the world is full of sound. Women have awakened, first to their wrongs, and secondly to their rights; and in their impulsive, headlong fashion are creating for themselves new outlooks, new spheres of interest, new professions, complacently asserting themselves to be the equals, if not the superiors, of those bewildered fellow-creatures who, with the courage of my opinions, I should describe as the better half.

Fifty years ago men were assumed to be the predominant partners in their homes. They managed all the business, and they were responsible for the income. They were, outwardly at least, masters in their own house; though, behind the purdah, in the West as well as in the East, feminine influence was never a negligible quantity. They did all the unpleasant things that women did not want to do. They got up early (always an unpleasant duty), and, with

dreadful monotony, pursued the dull round of business or profession until it became a habit. Well or ill, interested or uninterested, it was impossible for them to shirk their duty, because no one else was capable of performing it. They were the family wage-earners, and women were not then, even partially, self-supporting; the man was, and still is, the one to carry the burden and bear the blame of failure in the finances of family life.

If the girls of the house did not marry, they clung to the father of the family like Old Women of the Sea as long as he lived; and he realised, sometimes with equanimity, but more often with growing anxiety and dismay, that after his death they would be shaken out of petted, sheltered, peaceful, and sometimes very dull homes into the great maelström of a quite unknown world, to sink or swim, to marry or to struggle on with lessened means as best they could.

It was a life that surely no one, not even a really good man, would have *chosen*; so full of petty cares, of vicarious worries lurking behind his professional zeal and the happiest of family ties; the fear of ill-health, of failure, of death,

which would leave behind a helpless wife and unprotected children. I do not think that women always realise the dreadful responsibilities of a man's professional work when the family bread and butter depend on it. When a woman works she generally works for herself only—which is a perfectly different thing. It is comparatively easy to sit by an empty grate by one's self, or to be hungry alone; it is a clamouring, hungry family, demanding fire and food, that is the driving-power behind a man. Women can do a great deal to help; but they cannot as a rule pay the piper, so it is only a concession and not a right when they are allowed to call the tune.

And if a man's working life is full of terror for the average woman, what of his amusements? To be obliged to be a 'muddied oaf' or a 'flannelled fool' at the will of a parent or a schoolmaster, to be kicked and hacked in winter with no redress, or to run about a cricket-field on a hot summer day at Lord's when you might be doing things so much more amusing! It is unthinkable; for the women who like games or are keen on sport are really a small minority. But mercifully one compensation seems to have been given to men, and they enjoy it.

But then, when men have done so much for us, why are we not grateful? Why do we write columns to the newspapers about ourselves, and our most useful work, and most inspiring ideals, and never once mention men, who zeons ago did all that we are doing now, and have never faltered since; who pass through the cleansing fires of matrimony without imparting to every one that they are not altogether satisfactory, perhaps even without finding it out; who have been the ladders by which we have climbed to our superior positions, but which we are hastily kicking away when we are only half-way up?

The friendship of men may not always be safe,

because love is so apt to rise like a flame from its ashes; but their companionship is very helpful, very stimulating, very delightful. We turn to them instinctively in physical danger; we trust to their reserve and silence in the things that really matter; we demand from them strength and courage, self-control and unselfishness, as our right. We take without a qualm their uttermost farthing of generous giving, and in return—Well, that is a question we must all answer for ourselves. A fish or a serpent? Bread or a stone?

When I look back and think of the men who have made life full and interesting, it seems incredible that we can forget them, or persuade ourselves that there is only one sex worth re-What do we do that men cannot cognising. do as well, or better? What can we win that they have not conceded to us? In youth they added to the joy of life, to its romance, to its excitement; afterwards they gave us a wider horizon, a different point of view, a confidence and companionship which is a contrast or a compliment to ourselves. They have their faults, but it is ungracious to remember them; the flame of sentiment dazzles us in youth, so that we do not really see them; the ashes of dying fires lie tenderly over them in after life-fires that not all the 'waters of destruction' can quite extinguish. It is nonsense to pretend that we are sufficient to ourselves, because even we do not really believe it. Men could do without us much more easily than we could do without them; though I hope they would be too kind to acknowledge it. One could imagine a happy land where only men were admitted; but a women's kingdom is unthinkable, for the truth is that though we may be restless at times, and say and believe that we are not really happy with them, we are never really happy without them!

THE TILERIES STACK.

CHAPTER IV.

BUT there was healing in Mary's eyes for the old man's craziness, as well as unbearable reproach and pain. Suddenly the fingers of his great hands clawed the air and then the rope. 'Bide wheer you be, my love!' he cried huskily. 'Keep quiet and dunnot stir one of thy dear feet.' After which he shouted, 'I'll be with thee in a tick, young Jimmie Bishop!'

Before the words were uttered he was on the rope, and it seemed to Mary but the fraction of a tick more ere he was alongside Jimmie on that cornice-edge. And in the next tick or two he did one of the most remarkable things he had ever done in his lifetime of deadly risks.

'Daddy, be careful!' said Mary softly. She pressed her hands to her breast. She knew nothing about the state of mind or body of

Jimmie, reclining there so strangely still and silent, but it was as manifest as both the loved heads beneath her that their two lives hung upon a thread—that is to say, if Jimmie started forward.

Straddled across him on those few inches of foothold, having first stooped and put his hand to Jimmie's heart and nodded as if he were pleased, the chimney-jack was pulling up the rope. He stood as steady and almost as straight as the long reach of the stack itself, watching Jimmie as a hunter would watch as much as he could see of an ambushed lion. Thus, drawing in the rope, and poised as untroubled by nerves as a fly, he comforted his daughter. 'Skeered out of his senses—same as a faint—that's all that's amiss wi' him, my love!' he called up to her confidently.

Then the end of the rope was in his hand, and he quickly nudged it behind Jimmie's waist, brought it round twice, and knotted it fast.

'Do for him, that ought!' he said, and almost before Mary could guess about his next proceeding he had unstraddled and then stridden the six or seven farther feet of the edge which separated him from the uprights of the scaffold. He clambered up the nearest of these without a pause, like an agile old ape, and then, hugging Mary's face to his broad chest, and patting her shoulder, chuckled these words as it were to the lightning-rod behind her back: 'Now us wunna be long, lovey, and a drop o' spirits'll mek his wheels go round ag'in, sure as gum! You come in the very nick o' time, the Lord be thanked. Amen!'

'Amen!' echoed Mary.

He almost stifled her in his embrace. Nor did he release her altogether until she was seated to his satisfaction on that summit boulevard by the cross-pole to which the rope was attached, ready, as he said, 'for what you'm about to receive, my love.'

She soon received it. Jimmie was hauled up as easily as a truss of straw and placed on the stonework with his head handy for Mary's lap.

Standing over her and the little flat brandybottle he had given her, the old man would then at once have made complete confession if she had let him. 'I'll tell thee the whole yarn, and no lies, so far as I'm in it, my love—wicked sinner that I be!' he began.

But she wouldn't let him. 'I don't want to hear it!' she said, darting him a full-faced look.

Never had the old man seen her so beautiful. Though she spoke rather impatiently, there was a smile on her face which could mean nothing but happiness.

She coaxed more brandy between Jimmie's lips; while, thrusting his hands into his pockets, Phineas lurched away toward the ladder-top. He wrinkled his brows at the Tileries yard beneath him, then lurched back and said, 'I meant to kill the lad, and he knows it.'

'Yes; but you didn't do it.—And you'll forgive him, won't you, Jimmie!—And no one else will know, daddy, except just us three, so it doesn't matter.—Does it, Jimmie!' said Mary composedly to the ashen face in her hands.

'Ay, but he'd not wed thee now if thee'd millions o' money, my wench,' urged Phineas, as from the pit of despair. 'Maybe if I was to chuck myself over'——

'Hush!' said Mary, raising a warning finger.
And then she made a screen of her arms for
Jimmie's eyes in their reopening, the signs of
which she had discerned. She bent over him,
too, and her hair fell as a further screen—a
glossy brown silken curtain—betwixt him and

the exciting world of consciousness.

Thus when his eyelids parted he saw her face in a kind of private shadowland, and nothing besides.

But his brain was still weak. His eyes were vacant, and scarcely open ere they closed again, and he seemed to shudder.

'Don't you know me, dear?' Mary asked, and lifted her head a little.

He looked again. 'Why—hello—it's Mary!' he murmured. 'What the—what's your hair down for? I've had such a rotten dream.'

'Yes, Jimmie; and you must have some more physic for it. Lie still, please. *Please*, Jimmie! You're not able yet!'

But, able or not, he rose sufficiently to understand that it was no dream. Then back he slipped into her arms. 'How—awful!' he gasped, and lay trembling in that warm haven for a second or two. Then he roused again and said sharply, 'Where is he?'

Jimmie turned his face and saw him. Old Phineas had receded to the ladders again. He stood there like a prince of golliwogs, his hands twitching by his sides, his chin-bearded mouth open, and abject misery in his eyes—a magnificent tonic for any one with an imagination and that priceless gift of humour which enables a man to sink his own personality in rich enjoyment of an eccentric fellow-creature!

Other forces were in operation upon Jimmie for his soothing, but he was unaware of them at the time—Mary's arms, her breath on his cheek, and the love shining through the tenderness and strength in her eyes. All he knew quite certainly just then was that Phineas was a unique object. His smile broadened. The chimney-jack winced visibly at it, made a clumsy step forward, and stopped.

And then a little more of Mary's magic came into play, and the curtain began to fall smoothly upon the tragedy of the Tileries stack.

'Say something nice to him, Jimmie—poor daddy! .He's so ashamed of himself!' she whispered.

Jimmy said something nice to her first, with the light of intellect and courage, and something better than either, in his returned gaze at her.

'Ashamed!' he cried. 'What about me, then?' He caught up her hand and kissed it. 'Darling!' he murmured.

'Thank you, Jimmie!' she said very simply.

'Yes; but that's only a start,' he continued ardently. 'Wait till we're on good old mother-ground again, and I'll kiss the dirt on your feet—I mean on your dear boots.'

'I'm sure you sha'n't, Jimmie,' she said, sparkling faintly. 'But do make it up quickly with father! We've got to get down. It was bad enough coming up, wondering'——

'Ah!' said Jimmie, scrambling to his feet.

He marched towards the staring chimney-jack between the two abysses, as unconcerned about them as Phineas himself.

'Mr Ridley,' he exclaimed, with a blithe smile and his hand extended, 'we've both been off our chumps a bit. Let's forget it. Shall we?' The chimney-jack gurgled like a water-tap trying to do its duty against strong opposition.

'What's that, sir? I didn't quite catch it,' said Jimmie, inclining an ear. There was some mischief in his smile now.

'I'm a wicked sinner, Mr Bishop—that's what

I said,' declared Phineas plainly.

'Oh, indeed!' Jimmie laughed aloud. 'My dear chap, what does it matter? I'm another. Every one is, I expect, except Mary. A good job, too. Cut out crime and sin and so forth, and it would be a tame world for some of us chaps who have to write about it. Let us be friends again, the same as we used to be. I'm going to get as rich as Mary in next to no time, and then'—

'Rich!' roared Phineas. 'Her bain't rich at all.' Out came Corser & Jones's letter. 'He've left her nowt worth speakin' about. Read this, Mr Bishop. It come only this mornin'. Read it, lad, and maybe it'll help you to mek some allowance for me.'

Mottled red and purple with emotion, he held forth the letter, his hand trembling as no chimney-jack's hand ought ever to tremble.

But, instead of touching the letter, Jimmie turned to Mary. She sat at his elbow, waiting, watching, silently inspiring. Of course she was.

'Yes, Jimmie,' she said, with a little nod.
'You can't understand daddy's feelings properly, like me.—But don't get so excited, dear. Remember where we are! Oh Jimmie, how could you!'

It was a question for Jimmie to ask himself an hour later, but not then. He hadn't a nerve to trouble him in that impetuous instant. Having clasped her to him and kissed her as she deserved to be kissed, he wheeled round at old Phineas again.

For a lively spell he pump-handled the chimney-jack's horny palm in the hearty, low-class Bidston way, while the old man mouthed in vain attempts at a suitable speech of gratitude and affection.

'If theer's owt on this earth'—— he got forth at length.

And then Mary took them both firmly in hand. There was to be no more nonsense of any unsettling kind until they were all off the chimney.

They sat by the scaffold, and after a few preliminary words arranged for the descent. Mary was particularly anxious about Jimmie, who now remembered the telegram, and gave it to Mr Ridley with a short and frivolous account of it.

'It's the last thing I could ever have fancied your doing, Jimmie,' she said gravely, as if she doubted his tongue and spirits alike. 'Are you sure you didn't get frightened?'

He laughed the thought to scorn. 'Did I look frightened, Mr Ridley?' he asked.

'No, lad,' answered the chimney-jack; 'you looked amazin' spry. But—this telegram, my

love. It's a job at Defford. I dunno what's up wi' Tom Swallow.'

'He's ill in bed, father,' said Mary. 'It was calling and finding him laid up that made me come on to make sure you got the message.—I met the boy, and he described you, Jimmie, and afterwards I saw you going up. But we won't talk about that now.—Daddy get some rope.'

That was how they went down the Tileries stack—roped as if on the Matterhorn.

Jimmie declared that it was an indignity if it was to be done expressly for him; but Mary was stubborn about it; and in fact he was glad enough of old Phineas's linked support at that turn of the cornice.

'Steady does it, lad!' gruffed old Phineas above him here, and from below Mary was ready to guide his feet if they wandered on the brink. It was not the first stack she had climbed; but it should be the last.

'Never another one, after this!' she said fervently when they were safe in the yard, and she had submitted to one more brisk, business-like embrace from Jimmie. 'How could you laugh coming down, dear? You do so puzzle me to-day!'

Jimmie had chuckled audibly two or three times in the last hundred feet. He laughed again beamingly, and then spoke close to her ear.

'What! now, Jimmie—at once?' she asked.
'Yes,' said he. 'I must. I'm in a whiteheat.—And do forgive me, Mr Ridley, if I
cut the blessed thing. You'll never get it
untied at this rate. It came at me like a
mosquito just now—the plot, I mean. There!
Good-bye till you see me in the Lane by-and-by.'

He hacked at the rope with his penknife while he rattled off these words.

Down it fell, and he began to run just as he was. But Mary called out, 'Your hat, Jimmie; you've forgotten it, you mad boy;' and he darted back and into the shed.

He reappeared with her hat as well as his own and the bag, and placed her hat on her head. 'What ganders men are, Mary—my Mary!' he ejaculated, with a smile of supreme contentment.

'Yes, Jimmie, sometimes, dear!' said she. 'But won't you leave the bag for us, if you're in such a hurry?'

'Ay, lad!' said old Phineas, extending his arm for it.

But Jimmie ran off definitely then. 'Hanged if I will!' he cried; and he was soon out of their sight. The man in charge at the Tileries gate removed his pipe from his mouth to proffer a question about such scampering; but Jimmie sped past him with a moderate wave of the bag.

So to the pit-mounds, Prospect Crescent, and Bidston's side-streets, with little abatement of his pace until he was in the town. Here he regained some breath in the shop of Mr Hyam, Bidston's principal jeweller, before proceeding to

the hotel; and in about five minutes he exchanged with Mr Hyam a cheque to the value of twenty pounds for a ring of diamonds clustered round three rubies, which the jeweller assured him would please any young lady. It was to replace a previous ring of quite small cost which Mary had worn when he left Bidston, but the absence of which from her hand had briefly—very briefly—pained him when they were on the stack.

From the jeweller's shop it was only a step to the hotel. 'I want to stay on,' he abruptly informed the official young lady of the 'Chormley Arms.' 'May I have the same room?'

'Certainly, sir!' said she, evidently pleased to see him again; but he was already striding for the stairs, so overmastering was his passion to have the writing-pad on his knees.

Nearly two hours passed. Seated in the saddlebag arm-chair in the middle of that inspiring bedroom, his feet on a copper coal-scuttle, and his face towards the window which yielded the best view of the Tileries stack, he had worked his pencil almost without pause. The carpet was littered with manuscript.

Then came the salubrious relief of a knock at the door, though he did not regard it in that light. He glared round with a frown that would have awed a regiment.

'Deuce take you, Minnie!' he shouted at the opening door. 'Can't you leave a fellow alone?'

But he jumped to his feet the next moment, upsetting the coal-scuttle, and met Mr Westcott's solemn entrance with a boisterous laugh.

'What a joke to take you for her!' he cried.
'So sorry! The resemblance isn't striking, though. I'm going awfully strong. Can't give you more than a minute or two. How are you, sir!'

Mr Westcott shook hands dubiously. He had come to condole and congratulate, not for this kind of levity.

It would not have surprised him to find Jimmie in bed, with whisky and a siphon at his side, in the mistaken London belief that shocked nerves could be thus brought to their normal state of ease. But Jimmie with a strange girl's name on his lips in the midst of such tokens of industry was a real and bad surprise.

'Did you say "Minnie," Bishop? Minnie whom?' Mr Westcott asked very desconishly.

'Oh lor'!' said Jimmie, with pained eyes.
'On that tack, are you, still? My dear chap, if you must know, she's the maid of the inn, and as nice a lassie—but nothing to do with me since we were kids together and sucked the same lollipop.'

'I'm glad to hear it, Bishop,' said the subeditor, becoming instantly genial. 'More glad than I can express to you.' He tried to transfer his hand to Jimmie's shoulder for a fatherly pat, but the shoulder dodged away from him.

'I'm frightfully busy,' said Jimmie, his frown returning. 'What do you want?'

'Ah, youth! youth!' murmured the subeditor. 'Of what are we not capable in the twenties, Bishop? I called here at nine-fifteen, and was told that you had returned to London, and I didn't know you had changed your mind until I met Miss Ridley ten minutes ago. I gathered from her that you and she are reconciled. She didn't exactly expatiate on the subject, but faces tell their tale, Bishop, and I was extremely pleased to'——

'Did she tell you anything about that old chimney?' asked Jimmie sharply, pointing at the stack.

'She said you went up it with a telegram for her father, and that she followed you because she thought it such a strange thing for you to do. I never was more astounded in my life. I should never have given you credit for such audacity, and I don't wonder it upset you. But I understand now.' He nodded a wise head at the manuscript at his feet. 'All for the sake of copy, Bishop! Well, to be sure!'

'Yes, sir, all's very well, to be sure!' said Jimmie softly. 'Glad you didn't see her dad, though.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed the sub-editor, with an alert look. 'Why?'

'Oh, that's our business!' said Jimmie. 'I don't want to be rude to you, but it is strictly entre nous, old chap. By Jove! by Jove! I did have a rum time up there. Foot slipped, you know, and but for him—— There, now, I'm letting some cats out of the bag. It's very singular that none of you saw from here what a mess I got into, but you are such a lot of sleepy-heads, with eyes for nothing but the mud under your noses.'

It was Mr Westcott's turn now to be hungry for 'copy.' 'Bishop!' he said, with quite a youthful glow in his own eyes, 'do you mean it—that you were in really grave peril, and that but for special mercy vouchsafed'——

'Oh, just so, sir!' interrupted Jimmie. 'All that sort of tommy-talk, if you like. It's a fact that if Mary hadn't come up I'd have been in Queer Street; but that's all the detail you'll get out of me for your old Bidston rag.'

'Bishop, my dear boy!' protested the subeditor, excitedly, note-book in hand.

'It's no use!' said Jimmie impatiently. 'And excuse me if I say I've had enough of this, Mr Westcott. My time's money, the same as yours and the chief's. Dine with me to-morrow here, midday, will you! Say "Yes," and let me get on, there's a dear old gentleman.'

The sub-editor didn't like being termed a dear old gentleman. Neither did he like the friendly but forcible way in which Jimmie urged him to the door, chattering on.

'I've simply got to turn you out, sir! It's not true religion, but I can't help that. There are many kinds of devils, and when a fellow can get five guineas a thousand for his stuff,

the pen's one of the fiercest of the lot. Till to-morrow, then; and—don't be cross with me, sir!'

Another moment, and the closed door separated them. Yet another, and the key turned in the lock.

Mr Westcott went downstairs slowly, pensive rather than cross. And after two or three deep breaths of satisfaction Jimmie resettled himself in his chair, pencil in hand. But it was several minutes before his pencil properly got going again. Other thoughts distracted him. 'Yes, indeed!' he said at one time from the midst of these thoughts, 'supposing she hadn't come!' And presently, with much feeling, 'By Jove! it's the best bit of foolery I'm ever likely to be on to!' And lastly, 'We'll live at Wimbledon; she'll like Wimbledon—dear old Mary!'

Then he bent his brows resolutely over the writing-pad, and the filled sheets soon began to resume their flight to the floor.

THE END.

MANÁOS.

By E. SALIS.

THE glowing yellow sunlight streams down from a cloudless sky, and encircles with its terrific heat the city of Manáos. A town of blue-washed, red-tiled houses, narrow streets, and hideous public edifices; a town of artificial gaiety and hollow pleasures, that seems to be continually basking in the sun like a well-fed mongrel, its parasites of disease and corruption dormant until the night throws its dark cloak and shuts out the light. From the moment the sun rises until it sinks below the Rio Negro in the far west, a continual, insistent undercurrent of sound is always present, gradually increasing toward noon, then dying away till the early afternoon: a sound of electric-cars, of hammerings from forges, of creaking carts and panting mules, hoarse cries of negroes, steam sirens hooting, and the creaking of many craft straining at their moorings; at noon a sudden shriek of whistles, then silence which seems to penetrate one's brain like the sudden stoppage of the screw on a liner. Faintly, but gradually, the true sounds of nature and of the tropics make themselves heard: the low swish of the river, the far-away chirp of the many thousands of cicadas, the flutter of pigeons, and the soft sighing of a light breeze through the adjacent forests. Then all is silent; but a faint humming proclaims that a number of hornets have found some sweet bit of sugarcane thrown down beside a fruit-seller's stall. Again the forest sounds become insistent, and a brilliant-hued butterfly flits rapidly up the street.

A curious persistent odour steals gradually from the river, an odour of soiled waterproofs, of human sweat, of sweet herbs gone rotten—the smell of rubber; and this smell arising from the one great product by which the city exists, from the rubber that is, with infinite care, toil, and crime, collected in the valley of the Amazon, typifies the life and aims of the inhabitants of Manáos.

When I gaze on the thousands of balls of rubber piled high in the warehouses, waiting to be shipped to some far-distant port, my mind travels subconsciously to the forest whence this rubber came. The poor Indian savage,

deprived of his land and hunting, is dependent on the goodwill of some wealthy owner of a rubber plantation many thousands of acres in extent, and forced to collect so much rubber before he can pay back to the thieving store his small advance of tobacco and cheap cloth. I see him bending low over the fire of palmnuts, smoking the big ball of rubber that he has collected with infinite care from the trees perhaps many weary miles from his hut. virgin forest is a fitting background for thisits mighty trees, with many clinging creepers festooning each branch, the stately palms rearing their heads above the dense undergrowth of prickly shrubs, here and there a tree covered with brilliant yellow flowers, and near the tiny settlement a grove of cocoa-trees whose dense shade excludes all sunlight. The brilliant, manyhued parrots chatter overhead, and the blackand-yellow paroquets quarrel amongst themselves; the giant lizards dart, rustling, among the leaves; here a wasp's nest hangs from a branch high up on a dead tree; or perchance a solitary crane will flap its leisurely way across the river and settle monumental-like on some coign of vantage, from which its watchful eyes will mark the movements of an Indian fisherman casting his round net from a rickety canoe.

Away flaps the crane as round the distant curve of the river a little steamboat approaches, to call at the stores for the rubber on her way down to Manaos—a little two-decked steamer, her upper deck containing the chart-house and wheel, and a long deal table with benches, on which twice a day the unappetising meal is Tough meat cut into shreds, cooked with black beans and farina, carne secce (or sun-dried beef) tasting like 'high' venison, and watery soup make up the breakfast and dinner of the unfortunate passengers. Below, the afterpart of the deck is hung thick with hammocks, where, reclining at ease, the hundreds of passengers perspire and spit promiscuously around, waiting for the cargo of evil-smelling rubber to be shipped. At last, after many weary stoppages, the vessel arrives at the landing-stage, and discharges the human load of Brazilians, who slink away and hide themselves in the noisome, sewerlike streets of Manáos, the Paris of Amazonas.

As night falls the forest grows dark and mysterious, the black river rolls on silently and swiftly, and nature, wearied with the heat and

toil of the day, sinks to rest, broken only by the insistent hum of sleepless insect life. The moon, shining from the black firmament, looks down on a deserted city, and changes with its silvery beams the ugly houses into marble palaces, creating the veritable El Dorado of Brazil.

THE SNAKE'S EYE.

By BREW MOLOHAN.

SINCLAIR leaned forward in his chair, a look of content on his tanned face. The subdued roar of the traffic pouring westward held his ear.

roar of the traffic pouring westward held his ear.
'How I love that din!' he exclaimed. 'It is such a contrast to the mysterious night-voices of the Brazilian forest.'

'Why mysterious?' I questioned, banteringly.
'Strange, I grant you, but not mysterious. Each of those noises you term mysterious is capable of a logical explanation if traced to its source.'

Sinclair turned to me with a curious smile. "What would you say, Cunningham," he asked, "if I were to show you an object which can be described by no other word than mysterious, something possessed of an uncanny power which admits of no reasonable explanation?"

'I should say you were about five centuries too late,' I answered, laughing. 'The days of black

magic have gone by.

For answer Sinclair rose to his feet and walked into the bedroom, returning in a few moments with a small leather case, which he placed on the table.

I opened it with some curiosity. Inside was a rubber bag which contained a dull red object about the size and shape of an egg. It was a stone of some kind, a monster ruby, I should have thought, were it not that the fire of the jewel was missing.

'What do you think of it?' asked Sinclair.

I started like a man suddenly awakened from a heavy sleep. Incredible as it may seem, during the few seconds that I had been examining the object my mind had suddenly become blank. I was conscious only of an extraordinary twitching of the muscles.

'Er—yes,' I answered confusedly. 'There is some strange power in the stone. For the moment it mesmerised me.'

Sinclair laughed. 'You must see it in the dark to judge of its power,' he said. 'Sit over there in the arm-chair. I will place the case on the table and switch off the light.'

By this time I had recovered my self-possession; and, curious to note the further develop-

ment of the trick, I obeyed.

Sinclair placed a few books on the table to hide the case from his gaze as he stood by the switch; and the next moment the room was in darkness. I had followed his movements; and, glancing toward the table in the gloom, my eyes

were held by a ball of apparently phosphorescent fire. I chuckled to myself. 'This mystery of Sinclair's is nothing very startling,' I thought, as I attentively studied the luminous object.

Was it imagination? The glowing ball gradually resolved itself into a fiery eye, gazing alluringly into mine. At the same moment an overpowering feeling of helplessness seized me, paralysing my will-power; and, more than that, living waves of hypnotism, mesmerism, fascination—call it what you will—drew me slowly but surely to the table. Forgotten was Sinclair, standing a few yards away in the darkness. Forgotten was everything but the call of that speaking eye drawing me as surely as a magnet. I was powerless to resist; indeed, I had no desire to struggle against it.

I jumped upright as a flood of light bathed the room. When Sinclair turned on the switch I was bending over the case, having been drawn right across the room by the power of that unearthly object. As he shut the case I regained

possession of my senses.

'Look at your face in the mirror,' he said.

I stared in astonishment at the apparition that faced me in the glass.

Sinclair moved to the sideboard. 'A drop of brandy neat will pull you together better than anything,' he said.

The raw liquor ran through my veins like fire, and in a moment I was my normal self.

Picking up the case, I examined the object carefully, fighting against the undoubted mesmeric influence that it possessed. Looking closely, I saw a number of iridescent veins zigzagging across the ball, ceasing at the edge of the circle which formed the pupil when the object was seen in the darkness.

'What an extraordinary—er—fossil!' I hazarded lamely.

Sinclair smiled dryly. 'Cunningham,' he said, 'that object is one of nature's mysteries.'

I shrugged my shoulders irritably. 'Switch off the light,' I said. 'The thing worries me because I cannot understand it. I wish to see it again.'

Sinclair hesitated for a moment. 'Well, it can't injure you. Its power for harm died with the snake; but I will only give you a minute.'

I returned to my seat, and as the light went out gripped the arms of the chair steadily. I

was determined that this time, at any rate, my will should not be subjugated by the mesmeric influence. Keeping a firm hold on my senses, I watched the development of the pupil of the eye. I was conscious of a curious dreamy feeling of happiness, which, combat it as I would, gradually increased until my very soul was held spell-bound by the entrancement of that wonderful orb.

Snick / I was half-way to the table when the light flooded the room. I glanced shamefacedly at my host.

He laughed quietly as he shut the case. 'You will admit now,' he said, 'that there are still some things beyond human understanding. Believe me, the man has yet to be born who can explain the power of the snake's eye.'

'It was at the time of the rubber boom,' he began, 'that Boyle and myself—— You remember Boyle? He was up in our year.'

I nodded.

'Well,' he resumed, 'Boyle and myself were in partnership in the rubber trade at San Antonio, a village on the banks of the Amazon about two thousand miles from the sea. As happens in every trade where there is money to be made—and, by Jove! there was some return in rubber just then—every man who had a bit of capital to spare dabbled in the business. We were the only Englishmen in San Antonio, and the Brazilian merchants—jealous, I suppose, of the presence of foreigners—made a ring to freeze us out. I can tell you they required no points from the Standard Oil Company when it came to a question of crushing us.

'Something had to be done if we were not to go under; and one day it struck me that the man who went after the rubber, instead of waiting until the Indians brought it from the headwaters, hundreds of miles in the interior, would prove an easy first, at least until such time as his rivals woke up to the fact that he was scooping the

pool.

'Boyle would have done a great deal to turn the tables on our Brazilian friends; and when I mentioned the idea he was enthusiastic. We both had a nodding acquaintance with the Indian dialects; and José, our half-breed foreman, could make himself understood by anything short of a monkey in the forest.

'As it happened, a forty-foot launch, belonging to a Government official who had succumbed to the effects of the climate and the bad whisky of the country, was for sale just then. She was the only thing in the shape of steam above Manáos; and, putting all our available capital

together, we bought her.

'I need hardly tell you that we were not shouting our plans aloud for the information of the Brazilians. Steam was not so plentiful on the Amazon then as it is now; and securing the San Fernando meant a six months' start before

our rivals could get another launch up from Manáos or Para.

'The San Fernando was practically a new boat; and as we steadily puffed up the river Putumayo she fully realised my expectations. Without pushing her, we made a steady seven knots against the gentle current. Now and again we passed little clearings on the banks, where, no doubt, a trade could be done; but I was out to gain the goodwill of the Indians in the interior by saving them the long canoe journey to San Antonio.

'On the third day we turned into a tributary running away to the north-west. This river was entirely unexplored by white men. It is supposed to rise at the foot of the Andes, somewhere near Quito; but of course this is mere conjecture.

'At intervals of fifty or sixty miles we came across the huts of the rubber-workers, who were only too glad to trade their rubber for the various goods we brought. We could easily have filled up in the first week; but, learning that there were more settlements farther on, and having an eye to the future development of trade, we declined—promising, however, to return later.

'At length we arrived at a remote encampment situated, I should fancy, well inside the Colombian territory. The Indians at this camp, about twenty in number, were a fine, athletic body of men, who varied the monotony of rubbertapping by hunting in the forest with blow-pipes and poisoned arrows. In a short time they had traded their rubber for machetes, gaudy cottons, canned beef, tobacco, and other articles dear to an Indian's heart. The chief, Arara by name, was very friendly, and gave us a cordial invitation to remain as long as we liked. The launch was an object of great interest, and he was never tired of examining her wonders. Arara did not run to much in the way of clothes, but he was a man, every inch of him. He wore a necklace of jaguars' teeth interspersed with shiny black lumps of some substance that I did not recognise. Handling this necklace one day, I was surprised by its weight, and, looking at it more closely, detected a gleam of yellow under the black. In a flash I saw that the irregular lumps were gold, covered with a black vegetable juice to contrast with the white teeth.

'As you know, Cunningham, the whole history of South America centres on the word gold. Fabulous deposits of it there must be; witness the treasure of the Incas. I know of one, as you shall hear.

'To make absolutely certain, I borrowed the necklace, and cleaning off the black paint, touched the metal with acid. There was no

doubt it was gold.

'Calling Boyle, I told him of my discovery, and we proceeded to question the chief. Without demur, he told us that one day, when hunting in the forest, he found the yellow pebbles, as he called them, in the bed of a stream. I asked if

he would guide us there, but he shook his head. It was many days distant, and, moreover, was in the territory of the Waracapuris, a cannibal tribe who have acquired an unenviable notoriety in these regions.

'Boyle and I looked at each other. Somewhere within a hundred miles was a creek where a fortune was to be had for the gathering, and it

was up to us to locate it.

'Arara had been casting eyes of admiration on a Winchester in the little cabin. He was the proud possessor of an ancient muzzle-loader, and the easy action of the modern weapon appealed to his hunter's eye.

'A vulture was settled on the branch of a dead tree some four hundred yards across the river, and, drawing a careful bead, I fired. As the report rang out the heavy bird tumbled headlong from the branch. The chief uttered a delighted, "He! he!" of approval. Turning, I placed the rifle in his hands. "It is yours," I said, "if you will guide us to the stream where you found the yellow pebbles."

'The expression in his eyes told how sorely he was tempted; and when I placed a couple of cases of cartridges, a roll of cotton, and three bottles of whisky beside the rifle, it was more

than his untutored nature could stand.

'Next morning, with two of his followers, he came aboard, and we started up the river. About half the journey could be made by water; then, leaving the launch with the half-breed in charge, we should have to cut our way through the forest.

'After a few hours we tied the launch up to the bank, and, landing, each man packed about fifty pounds, principally of provisions. In addition to our rifles, Boyle and myself carried a

couple of spades.

'The forest met us in a solid wall; but the Indians, machete in hand, stepped to the front, hewing a path through the undergrowth. I had had some experience of the riot of vegetation in the Amazon valley, but never had I seen anything to equal that dense tangle. The foliage overhead admitted only a dim twilight; and it is no exaggeration to say that if we had but strayed a yard from the path we should have been hopelessly lost.

'Next morning we cut through the strip of jungle that clothed the banks of the river, and, finding the ground more open, made good progress. The Indians, taking their course by the sun, advanced quickly; and on the third day the chief led us to a clearing on the banks of a stream that flowed sluggishly through a little valley. The stream doubled on its course in the middle of the open space, leaving a small sand-

bar at the angle of the bend.

'Arara told us that it was in the bed of this creek, two days farther on, that he had found the yellow pebbles. Whilst the Indians were erecting a hut, Boyle and myself took our spades

down to the sandbar. If gold were in the stream two days ahead, some of it should be lodged in that bar.

'Quickly we cleared away the light sand and silt, and lifted a spadeful of the heavy clay. Even as the spade turned it over I saw the gleam of yellow points in the dark mass. It was my first experience of gold-panning, and no doubt I lost a great deal; but when I finally washed away the dirt, there was a glittering trail of yellow dust, interspersed with nuggets running up to the size of a pea, in the bottom of the cooking-pot.

'Boyle gave vent to a long, low whistle. "By Jove, old man!" he said, "I don't think we shall waste two days travelling when all we need

is in this sandbar."

'By night we had washed out about ten pounds of gold, and when we could no longer see to work we returned to the hut and informed Arara that we would camp for a few days. He appeared to be vaguely uneasy; but we were too tired to take notice. Throwing ourselves into our hammocks, we were soon in a deep, dreamless sleep.

'We were awakened at daylight by the chief, who was plainly in a state of horrible fright. Brabo, one of his followers, had disappeared during the night. We judged, of course, that he had either deserted or gone out to hunt.

'But Arara pointed to the weapons lying under his hammock. "Brabo has not run away," he said. "And an Indian does not hunt before the sun has lighted the forest. It is the evil spirit that has called him. This clearing is its abode."

'We searched for signs of the missing man, but in vain. Many tracks of deer and big game opened through the dense growth that walled the clearing, showing that the creek was a favourite drinking-place; but no traces of Brabo could we find.

'Indian superstition is a difficult proposition to handle, and after a consultation with Boyle I turned to the chief. "We will return to the river when we have collected a load of the yellow dust for each man," I said. "If you will help us to-day, whilst Yapu hunts, it will shorten the time."

'You will wonder perhaps that he did not desert. Arara had given his word that he would lead us into the forest and back, and your true

Indian never breaks his word.

'All day we laboured, and by night had cleared up about forty pounds of gold. In the sunlight the chief seemed to forget his superstitious fears; but as the darkness fell they returned with redoubled force, and it was in vain that we tried to cheer him. Yapu had been successful in his hunt, returning with a wild pig, which we roasted over the fire. As the night drew on the Indians were badly scared men, turning from side to side to scan the clearing with anxious eyes.

'When I tumbled out of my hammock next morning Arara was seated on the ground, staring in front of him with unseeing eyes. The man was dazed with fright.

"Where is Yapu?" I asked.

"The evil spirit called him in the night, and

he went," he replied dully.

Boyle and I looked at each other in amazement, an indefinable fear seizing us for the first We almost made up our minds to start back there and then, but the glamour of that wealth in the sandbar held us.

"Arara," I said, "to-morrow we will return

to the river."

'He shook his head. "To-morrow," he replied apathetically, "will never dawn for me.

The spirit will call me in the night."

'That day we were again extraordinarily lucky, and by the light of the camp-fire divided the gold into three packages, intending to start for the river with the dawn.

'As the darkness fell a curious presentiment of danger took possession of us. Arara sat by the fire, his face that of a doomed man; and whether it arose from his fears or not I cannot say, but a sense of foreboding was heavy on us.

'I turned to Boyle. "I am going to watch to-night," I said; and for answer he took his

rifle and sat by my side.

'A brilliant moon lighted the clearing; and as we sat by the fire the passing of the hours seemed interminable. Time after time we started to our feet as a movement in the jungle told of Suddenly a night-prowler searching for its prey. a deep, uncanny silence settled over the forest, and I distinctly felt my attention being drawn to the other side of the clearing. It was as if some influence were willing me to cross to a dark patch which marked the opening of a game-trail. I whispered to Boyle. He was affected with the same desire.

'At this moment Arara, who had been lying asleep near us, gave vent to some piteous sobs, and, rising to his feet, walked straight out of the hut. In an instant we followed, our weapons ready; and I noticed that this diversion of my thoughts partially overcame the strange influence.

'Straight toward that dark patch the Indian walked, still sobbing bitterly, drawn against his will by some overwhelming power. We were almost touching him, when he sank to the ground about ten yards from the opening; and over his body I saw the radiance of some unearthly glow at the mouth of the dark tunnel, the object itself being hidden from my view by a dense growth of foliage. But I saw something more. Immediately above the radiance was a dark mass of coils about sever feet high, from which two glowing phosphorescent balls looked straight

'My sense of danger was preternaturally alert, and, by a mighty effort of will, I thrust forward the automatic pistol and emptied the chamber

of soft-nosed bullets dead at those baleful eyes. The first shot brought Boyle to his senses, and his repeater rang out again and again. With the reports arose a frightful hissing, and a column shot high in the air, falling with a crash into the jungle, where it lashed round and round in agony.

'We gripped Arara by the arms and dragged him to the hut, where, with awe in our hearts, we listened to the crashing of the trees as the unknown monster threshed about in its death-

agony through the long night.

'In the morning the chief was himself once more; and when we told him that we had killed the evil spirit, he was the first to cross the clearing. The trees were smashed to matchwood, and lying there dead was the most gigantic anaconda that surely mortal man has ever seen. I measured the monster very carefully, and found him to be thirty-two feet five inches long and two feet nine inches round the body. figures sound incredible; but I know that my measurements were correct. In his last expiring struggle he had dragged himself back to the place where we shot him, and lying just in front of his head was the object you see there.
'Arara shrank back. "The Power of the

Spirit," he exclaimed, pointing to it.

'As I stooped to pick it up the chief suddenly exclaimed, "Hist!" to enjoin silence. sharp tap-tap of a drum in the distance distinctly caught our ears. The tapping continued intermittently for some moments, with long and short pauses, something like the Morse code.

'Arara listened intently, and when it ceased he turned to us. "We must fly," he said. Waracapuris have discovered us, and that was their signal summoning the hunters from the

forest to the attack."

'I need hardly tell you that we lost no time in leaving the little clearing behind us. We had heard too much about the blow-guns and poisoned arrows of this notorious tribe to risk making their acquaintance. Picking up the gold and a few tins of canned beef, we fled, and, pausing neither for rest nor food, at length reached the launch.'

Sinclair paused, picked up the case, and tapped it lightly with his fingers. 'My theory of this remarkable object,' he continued, 'is that it is provided by nature to enable the gigantic boaconstrictors of the Amazon forests to secure their prey. These serpents are said to live for hundreds of years, and become much too big and ungainly to hunt for food. This fiery ball in the darkness near a waterhole attracts the attention of the animals that come to drink, and, falling

under its spell, they are seized by the anaconda. But the mesmeric influence? I asked. 'How

do you account for that?'

'I have merely opened the book He smiled. of one of nature's mysteries,' he replied. 'Somebody cleverer must read the page.'



THE HEART THINGS. OF

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

A PRETTY contrast in considerations is offered at the moment. We may conjecture upon a possible state of man five hundred thousand years ago and the condition in which man finds himself at the beginning of another hopeful year. There is a kind of reason for it. A piece of news, declared to be of high consequence, has come to us from Buenos Ayres. There are some geologists there from La Plata Museum who have been examining certain excavations made at Mizamar, and they have made a discovery of some 'stone implements and various human objects.' They have seen; they have examined; they have thought; and these wise men, who ponder upon strata and rake up the past of the world, conclude there is proof that man already existed in the Tertiary epoch. Reuter, who does not deal in pure nonsense, cables this news to the present centres of civilisation, and here in one of them we find scientists reflecting upon the discovery, and deciding that it will be of immense importance if there is any evidence that the objects found are of human manufacture and of the same age as the stratum in which they were embedded. Of man in the Tertiary age only scanty and very doubtful traces have as vet been discovered. In 1912 there was unearthed in Sussex what has come to be known as the Piltdown skull, and certain authorities are inclined to ascribe it to this period. The Tertiary age goes back, they say, a hundred and fifty thousand years, probably two hundred thousand, and perhaps even half-a-million years. It does not matter. Practically, electricity and all its works have been brought into the world in the last fifty years; in a score we have made motor-cars, learned to fly by machinery, found out the Rontgen rays and applied them, learned the trick of sailing craft beneath the surface of the sea, and made a way of fastening wings to our written words that they may dart through the air from one part of the world to another without any wires on which to hang. We modern men and women have proved that we can do very much in one year; and so it seems to us, with our ideas of the quickening of time, that a hundred years is long, and two thousand, being more than the period which we have come into the way of looking upon as the whole period of the

modern world, as all past time. But when we consider origins and eternities we are brought to feel that the unthinkable ten and twenty thousand after all are nothing, and the hundred thousand years, which is as difficult for the human mind to comprehend as endless infinity, can be added quietly for safety to a reckoning. So one may take these people who deal, as it were, in old worlds at their most interesting suggestion, and consider there is evidence that there were people at Mizamar five hundred thousand years ago; and that they were possessed of reasonable intelligence is suggested by the fact that they had tools with which to do things that they wished to do. It seems that the beginning of 1914 might be the most appropriate time there has ever been for considering the people of B.C. 498,086 (approximately), their thoughts and ways, their systems of government, their means of communication, their social problems, and their art and literature—as they may have been.

* The very possibility of there being such a space of time may disturb some of our timid people; for when we come to these conjectures near upon infinity we lose grasp of all sense of a beginning, and even the vague idea of creation totters. And, again, if we of the electric age can do so much in a score years, and even in the Tertiary age of half-a-million seasons back they had implements and did things with them, what now must be the fearful progress made in the next few decades? What veils shall be rent from nature's mysteries? Of how much more shall man become the master? The other day we read of doctors and scientific people in Paris being made sure they had found out a way for the prolongation of life. As everybody knows, it is supposed to be all a case of arteries and phagocytes, and if it were not for the aging and weakening of these and other parts of the internal mechanism there might be no death at seventy or eighty or any other age, and the human system of things might be entirely upset-which would be unfortunate and disastrous. We smile at this idea of the doctor-folk giving us such long continuance of life; but science and the doctors have done most wonderful things in the last hundred years, and, now that they have become well started, how much

No. 166.—Vol. IV. [All Rights Reserved.] JANUARY 31, 1914. more should they not do in the next five hundred thousand years? In this channel of thought, the contemplation of the Mizamaras of half-amillion years back brings us to a state of awe and fear. It is not, you may be sure, because of anything that those people may have suffered through their ignorance or barbarity, not because of the pathos of their early circumstances, their highly simple life; though even they, with their 'stone implements and various human objects,' may have feared for their own speed of progress. The sense of fear arises in us in this way, that if there was a world like this so many unthinkable ages back, if it was so real that bits of it still linger, and there are implements unearthed of the people who then lived and worked, then surely one may even dare to think that the world will not continue, and the people with it, for another half-million years. This is not the scientists' conclusion; it is that of the simpler man. We have come subconsciously into the way of feeling that such a thing could not be; and indeed it were perhaps better that it should not, for it sometimes seems that progress made of late has been too quick for good endurance, and that science, and the warring of peoples against peoples and among themselves, with the overpopulation of the world as well, must rush the sphere and all its living things on to some terrific and final cataclysm, when the worn-out and exhausted world will fail and quietly dissolve. It is perhaps not so much that some fear that this may happen in five hundred thousand years as that it may occur much sooner, and that, anyhow, there is ample time to be given for the happening. Those who are too apprehensive already wonder if, with speed increasing ever, the world will even last out their own time.

* * *

But those who have a fear for the continuity of the earth must be reassured by reflecting upon the chance of the Mizamaras having been afflicted with the same dark doubts. They had their problems and their struggles, perhaps, not less aggravating than ours. There must have been leaders among them, and so there must have been discontent, and something in the nature of socialistic ideas may have been preached. Otherwise the Mizamaras in all their early simplicity might have found themselves in Utopia right away, and we should have been falling from the perfect state ever since their Be sure there were maids in Mizamar who fell sick with love and wished to die, that there were men whose minds cracked in the strain of their human strife, and that all of them, looking upon the long distance that even then separated them from the animals, concluded with solemnity that things could not go on much longer as they were. One of the implements that have just been discovered at Mizamar would no doubt have been thought by the natives at that time to be the uttermost thing in human production and creation. It may have made a sensation, or have made it felt that there was nothing more to be done. Convictions of earlier times than ours were just as strong when reached as ours are now; and so we realise that even if we fly, and do whisper round our world, these may, after all, be but trifles in Possibility, that we are but human babies still, and that this young earth at its half-million years is somewhat stupid, rough, and raw. We cannot conceive a continuance of such amazing leaps in knowledge and achievement as those which we have made in the last few years, when science seems in a flash to have changed from a mere theory to a practice; but then the Mizamaras could not think of such a thing as science, and perhaps there is something beyond even science that we have not yet approached, but is more wondrous still. Yes, something beyond science, and more marvellous—incomprehensible now.

Despite a seeming paradox, reactions sometimes hasten progress and steady it; and when one fears for a future world overwhelmed by speed and complications through scientific discovery, may there not be a reaction from science, may not the standard of what is felt to be progress change—for the standard is just arbitrary after all—and may not there be a grand reaction, with man advancing to far higher things through some other medium of work and thought? Indeed, there has been no movement in higher thought in the most recent times that has been more striking, more significant, and more pregnant with future consequence than the new hesitation of science on its march along the road of bare materialism. Always uneasy in its axioms, dissatisfied with its absolutely hopeless ignorance upon the beginning of all things and the fact of life, it seems to make an advance to the world of spirits, of faith, and of belief. That was a remarkable presidential address given at the last meeting of the British Association. A sermon on the life after death it was. It is the leaders of science who have moved first in this reaction. A little while before his death, Dr Russel Wallace wrote a letter to a friend in which he said that life, with its inherent forces, powers, and laws, requires 'a constantly acting mindpower of almost unimaginable grandeur and prescience; and he confessed that, with the experience of age, 'the completely materialistic mind of my youth and early manhood has been slowly moulded into the socialistic, spiritualistic, and theistic mind I now exhibit.' So in such a contemplation there may be hope for those who fear for the world if it is still to speed onward in service for as long as the time that may have elapsed from the days of the Mizamaras.

The world will have always what it wants, if it can be had. Mechanics and science were intensely

attractive when they were younger and less developed. For all the wonders of machinery, the arrangement of wheels that seem to think and act upon their thoughts, has anything that has ever been invented since aroused the same great wonderment, the joy and the satisfaction of discovery, as the first steam-engine? Now people are surfeited; their interest for the seemingly miraculous is hardly more than momentary, and the amazing truth is that they seem to be tired of all this mechanics and all this science. They have found that their lives have been made most fearfully fast and complicated by them, and now suddenly they ask if they have been made happier for it all. Then they inquire anew upon the chief object of life-whether it is to discover more and more in science, and, if so, what is the ulterior object of discovery, for it surely cannot be a pastime of a great Creator merely to arrange a puzzle for solution by the creatures of the world. And if the mere discovery in science is not the object of life, is it not then to be stated simply as the achievement of happiness? This supposition is more satisfying. If that is the grand object, do our modern ways and discoveries conduce to happiness? Is there one single man alive who is prepared to state and show that we live better and happier to-day in either London or Edinburgh than we did twenty years ago; or, supposing that the attainment of personal happiness be regarded as a too selfish ambition, and that more altruism is needed, is there less misery in the world now than there was then; is life a nicer, brighter thing? One tendency of so much machinery and science is to decrease importance of the individual, to stamp out his individuality, and that is to lower the consequence of man and the satisfaction of living. So much is now done, and by so many persons, that achievements are in danger of being forgotten. They have continually to be recorded and classified, and that is why all life comes now to be ticketed and scheduled, and the sense of machinery is so much increased. At this very moment there is a peculiar illustration afforded of the general modern disposition toward ticketing and filing and the making of that perfect order which is represented by ruled lines and figures, in the sudden and large increase of the year-books, or almanacs, or annuals, as they are variously called, which stand for a record of the world as it is, and the work done by men in the world in the past twelve months. Everything is arranged and classified. The work has been done, the facts have been recorded, and here the inventory is made and put away. There was a time when comparatively little of this classification was done. All of us remember how in earlier years there were only three of these annual publications that had any vogue. These were Whitaker's Almanack, Hazell's Annual, and the highly dignified Statesman's Year-Book. But, with knowledge increasing, more work being done, and the world becoming more mechanical, these annuals have even come to be liked. They are popular books; and so a new vogue for such things has come in, and upon the bookstalls there are imitations of every kind telling us in new and attractive ways of all that has been done on earth, and what, as it is surmised, is about to be done.

The consideration by such means of the work done is a peculiarly attractive one. We know the world is wonderful, that it has marvels and mysteries as yet undreamt of, and yet its comprehensiveness and the versatility of its people as already found out are very remarkable. other afternoon I collected four of these new annuals and took them home for examination. It can be promised to any man, without his having any passion for statistics, without his being a politician of any sort or interested in any question of the day whatsoever, that by wandering through the pages of such almanacs in the most casual sort of way, picking a fact from Chicago and another from Pekin, looking in on the Germans with their shipbuilding, and then into Harley Street and the hospitals to see what is killing us most in times of peace and what we are doing to stop this waste, seeing how many weeks of the year our workmen will not work, how the women are making their new heaven on earth and whether they like it, and so on, there is an entertainment, to be varied and adjusted exactly according to taste, very fascinating and hardly to be equalled at any public Here we have a proportion and perspective that in the nature of things cannot be got in the newspapers, and views and knowledge can be exactly adjusted. What must impress every wanderer through these pages is the speed of life and the prodigious amount of work that is done, and yet the constant complaint that life is more difficult, and that the cost of living is higher always and everywhere. One gathers that in general Germany is doing well, that she is suffering less from strikes than she was, that her harvests are treating her nicely, and she is getting stronger. But even in the nice Teutonic ointment there seems to be a wretched fly, for one gathers that they are uneasy because there has been a decrease of 11 per cent. in the birth-rate of the country, and only such a trifling increase as three to the thousand in the population of Berlin-even this being due to immigration—whereas the believers in big Germany desire to see her vastly overpower the other nations by her numbers. More Germans seem to be needed. As one who believes in France, and loves her, I feel less satisfied in contemplation of cold statistics than I do when lingering in Paris and the South. France, I now reflect, is often disposed to be much on the surface, as one might say. From the newspapers only one has not

quite suspected that China is getting on so well as indeed she is; that already the new form of government has worked wonders, so that Celestial John is giving up his Chinese robes and characteristics, and is taking to cloth caps, sweaters, and European wear in general, and has developed a keen fondness for the same cigarettes that we smoke in Britain. Why, in one year of trade through Wu-chow, the value of such imported clothing jumped from a thousand pounds to eight times as much. So the Chinaman is taking to the white man's way, and one wonders how much the better and happier he will be for it in the end. He, too, is looking for knowledge and science; he wants his electricity and his mechanics, and, like all other people, he shall have them; and in due course the guns and battleships will follow, and riots, strikes, more revolutions, tremendous wars, and year-books which will tell him, the working Chinaman with an Insurance Act all for himself, what has been done every year, and how much greater China is. Perhaps it is China's duty to be modern, and we know that there are the utmost horrors and misery in the country, and that, in the old formula, 'something must be done;' but the world is clearly to lose a little of its picturesqueness, and what really will China gain? From China with the presentday annuals one could go on to many places and think curiously on many subjects, get stuff for

Talk of many things,
Of Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax, of Cabbages
and Kings.

It is a mightily busy and intense sort of world, a very wonderful place as it is now. But were it better to live in the present, or to have lived in those rich colourful days when Elizabeth was queen, or to have followed the simpler existence of the man of Mizamar, assuming that by then he had become homo sapiens, and had left the ape behind him?

* * *

A philosopher of France gives an epilogue of flat contradiction to these thoughts, and as one goes forward in a new year, perhaps a little timidly, it is consoling in its influence. It is M. Jean Finot, who writes in La Revue, and he asks and answers that fine question, 'Are we happier than ever?' M. Finot embraces in his own temperament the first essential of happiness

in that he is an optimist, while most of us now are otherwise. He believes in man, he believes in the world, and he believes in the times. he has faith in, and even love for, the times. Truly he says that whatever shape our ideal in life may take, it always expresses itself in the form of an aspiration toward happiness, though it may appear in the garb either of divine self-denial or brutal egotism. He urges that the quest of happiness in its various forms is identical with the history of civilisation itself, and then he goes on to his supreme conclusion: 'The question whether we are happier really reduces itself at the very start to the question: Are we freer? The broader and intenser our life, the happier it The more it embraces all fields of activity, the more it shakes off the constraints which paralyse the free development of our souls, the closer it approximates to the happiness of which we dream. How inferior, then, was the existence of a man of the Middle Ages compared with a free citizen of our own time! One need but compare our own lives with those of our ancestors to appreciate our superiority. have open to us a source of happiness which was completely or partially unknown to them. Accustomed to light and liberty, it is difficult for us to understand the unhappiness which the fanaticism of the past provoked so often. In the eleventh century many good people perished by fire and sword because they dared profess an innocent admiration of Virgil, Juvenal, and Horace.' M. Finot goes on to say that with the gradual disappearance of superstitions which made life unbearable in the Middle Ages, and with the final triumph of freedom of thought and speech, real happiness has become more accessible to all. The importance of the individual is recognised to-day, and his realisation of happiness has few obstacles. And in addition to the development of individual liberty, there is also the inexhaustible supply of the emotions of love in the man of to-day, both of which faculties are the most significant modern assets of the happy life. Such words come bravely and well from a philosopher of a country that takes life more lightly and happily than any other, and if with an effort they can be believed, they are cheerful for the beginning of another year that separates us still farther from the farback simplicity of Mizamar.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER IX. -- GENUS IRRITABILE.

MONTAGU FALCONER had had a busy day. At breakfast he had sent for, and sworn at, the cook. The cook, who was a lady of spirit, and accustomed to being sent for, had reserved her defence until the storm had spent itself, and then pointed out with admirable com-

posure and undeniable truth that an omelette which is uneatable at a quarter to ten may have been—and in fact was—in perfect condition when placed upon the table at nine. She then withdrew in good order, parrying the intimation that she might take a month's notice, which

hurtled through the door after her, with the rejoinder that she recognised no orders save those of her mistress.

When she had gone Mrs Falconer said calmly, 'I wouldn't give cook notice quite so often, old man, if I were you. Some day she will take it, you know, and then where will you be? Don't forget her marrow-bones; they are the best in London.'

In reply Montagu Falconer picked up the omelette between his finger and thumb and threw it into the fire, where it created an unpleasant smell.

After this promising beginning, he proceeded to his day's work. As he entered the studio he noticed a middle-aged woman pass the window, supporting one end of a basket, at the other end of which staggered a tumble-haired little girl. It was the laundress, with her daughter.

The daughter was not too well dressed. She wore a short and rather ragged frock, and had holes in her stockings. But she was a picturesque little figure, with a pretty face and wild coppery hair.

Mr Falconer had intended to devote a sulphurous morning to the completion of 'Strange Bedfellows.' This prospect possibly accounted for the omelette incident, for Peggy's papa possessed what is indulgently called a temperament; which, being interpreted, means a dislike (from which many of us less highly strung people also suffer) of performing uncongenial duties. But at the sight of the little girl his professional instincts despatched him hot-foot through the French window into the garden. Here, with much shouting and redundancy of words, he secured from the dazed but gratified parent, in return for an unnecessarily generous fee, the services of her daughter as model for a head-study.

'I'll run 'er 'ome an' wash 'er face, sir,' she announced, 'an' you shall 'ave 'er back in 'alf-an-hour.'

She was better than her word. The little girl returned in twenty-five minutes. Not only was her face washed, but she wore her Sunday frock, together with a pair of sixteen-button boots of patent leather—the patent upon which had palpably expired—once evidently the property of a lady of fashion, and a tragic travesty of a toque. Under her arm she bore her mother's umbrella; and her wild mane was screwed into two tight pigtails, fastened at the tips with bows of magenta ribbon.

Montagu Falconer, blaring like a bull, cast her forth weeping, to be intercepted and comforted with clandestine cake by Mrs Falconer at the back-door.

After this followed a savage onslaught, two hours in duration, upon 'Strange Bedfellows,' which infuriated its creator so much that at luncheon his wife was afforded a more than

usually numerous series of opportunities of 'making allowances.'

In the afternoon there was a slight lull, for Montagu betook himself and his temperament for an airing on the Heath. He returned, sheer drunk with the glories of an autumn sunset, to make a heavy and unwholesome tea. But in an evil moment he asked for his daughter, and it was discovered that she was not in the house. A hurricane sprang up in a moment, increasing to a typhoon when Miss Peggy arrived with a stained frock and a bruised knee.

She was despatched incontinently to bed, where cook and the housemaid and (later) her mother combined to tend her wounds and supply her with abundant, if surreptitious, refreshment.

After dinner Montagu Falconer found himself in possession of a fresh grievance. His wife had deserted him. As a rule she sat placidly upon the other side of the fire and listened while her husband derided the British Philistine and consigned the members of the Royal Academy seriatim to perdition. But to-night even these simple pleasures were denied him. His wife's chair stood empty. Probably she was upstairs, coddling that insubordinate brat Peggy. Her own husband, of course, might shift for himself; he had no claim upon her consideration. He was at liberty to slave day and night to keep a roof over their heads; but when, shattered by the magnitude of his exertions, he returned to his own fireside for a few words of wifely recognition and encouragement, what did he find? An empty chair!

He laughed bitterly.

'I wonder,' he said, 'how high I might not have climbed if I had been properly understood!'

He was so engrossed with this gratifying speculation that he failed to hear seven portentous thumps upon the floor of the passage leading to the studio.

After another half-hour his sense of grievance took a still more pathetic turn. He was now the willing, patient, overdriven bread-winner, struggling to keep an impoverished household together. His part was to work, work, work, with none to say him nay. Happy thought! He would go and work now. Possibly if his wife found him, half-blind with fatigue, toiling at his easel at midnight, she might feel sorry. Anyhow, he would try it.

Feeling comparatively cheerful, and ignoring the fact that one does not usually paint by artificial light, the down-trodden bread-winner proceeded to the studio. He stepped softly, for he did not want his wife to hear him at present. She was to discover him later, when his stage effects had been properly worked up.

To his surprise, he noted a light under the studio door. Who could it be? The servants were strictly forbidden to enter the sacred apartment at all. It seemed too much to hope that

it might be the cook. His eyes gleamed, and he turned the handle softly.

Philip was sitting upon the sofa on the modelthrone, partaking of chicken-and-ham and cocoa with an air of romantic enjoyment. He had now been an inmate of the studio for four hours, but Peggy had not returned to him. Instead, a kindly, cheerful lady, with eyes like her daughter's and a whimsical smile, bearing sustenance upon a tray, had paid him a lengthy visit. To her Philip had recounted the full tale of Uncle Joseph, not omitting the Beautiful Lady, but suppressing the nature of Uncle Joseph's profession and his own part therein. This was unfortunate, for had he not done so Mrs Falconer would have pointed out to him what he had so far failed to realise -namely, that as the Beautiful Lady had walked in at the door Uncle Joseph's old life had flown out of the window, and that Aubrey Buck, Tommy Smith, et hoc genus omne were no more.

'I will think things over in the night watches,' said Mrs Falconer, 'and in the morning I will come and tell you what to do. Now, you queer little mortal, eat up your supper and go to sleep. As you have no mother, do you think I might give you one kiss?'

That was half-an-hour ago.

Philip was conscious of a slight draught upon the back of his neck, which was turned toward the door. Hardly had he realised this than he was aware of an inarticulate roar; and into his field of vision there bounded a gentleman with a golden beard and a fiery eye, wearing a black velvet dinner-jacket. This was doubtless Pegs' father, and from external evidence he was suffering from one of his 'tempers.'

What the Blazing Henry are you doing here?

bawled the gentleman.

Philip replied politely that he was having

Supper!' yelled Montagu Falconer. 'How dare you have supper in my studio? How dare you bring your filthy food in here? Tell me that!' His eye fell upon the tray, suggesting a fresh outrage. 'Where did that supper come from?' he demanded. 'Where from, you mooncalf?

'It came along that passage,' replied the mooncalf, taking a drink of cocoa.

Peggy's papa waved his arms and raved.
'Curse you!' he shouted. 'Don't drink cocoa in my presence! It is a beastly habit and a beastly beverage. It's my cocoa, too!'

'It was getting cold,' explained Philip in

extenuation.

'And don't answer back!' bellowed the master of the house. 'Don't answer back, or I'll brain

you—like—like this!

He snatched a medieval mace from off the wall, and, to Philip's intense gratification, proceeded to pound an Etruscan vase into smithereens.

'Who are you?' he continued. 'Who are you, to go filibustering all over my house? Who are you, to insinuate your disgusting presence into my kitchen and forage among my household stores?'

Philip, still keeping a hopeful eye on the medieval mace, considered. 'I'm a boy,' he said cautiously.

This eminently reasonable explanation only

exasperated Mr Falconer still further.

'No, you are not /' he bawled. 'You are a criminal! Do you know I have a wife and daughter-let alone a staff of young and innocent servants? Supposing one of them had seen you? You might have frightened them all out of their wits, you toad!'

Mr Falconer stamped up and down the room, plainly meditating further enterprises with the mace. Philip, realising that his host had not yet been taken into the confidence of his wife and daughter regarding the present situation, decided to be cautious.

Presently the fermenting Montagu came to a 'Why did you come here at all?' he standstill. demanded.

'I wanted somewhere to sleep,' replied Philip. Montagu uplifted clenched hands to heaven. 'Unutterable dolt!' he roared. 'Do you imagine this is a casual ward?'

'Oh no, sir,' Philip assured him. 'I like your pictures awfully,' he added, with a friendly smile.

This time Montagu Falconer first gaped at him, and then inquired, 'Are you a cretin?'

Philip, who did not know what a cretin was, shook his head dubiously, and said he was not

Mr Falconer, after assuring him that there was no doubt on the matter whatever, con-'Where tinued his cross-examination. devil have you come from? I suppose you know that!

'I came from Hampstead,' replied Philip.

'Do you live in that beastly spot?'

'Yes.

'What for?'

'You have to live somewhere,' the cretin

pointed out gently.

'Then why not go on living there, you unspeakable Yahoo? Why leave your antimacassars, and china dogs, and wool mats, and wax fruit, and—and harmoniums, and come bursting into a civilised household-eh?'

'I have run away from home,' said Philip

simply.

Mr Falconer uttered a yell of triumph. 'A-a-ah! Now we are getting at the facts. What is your address?'

Philip told him.

Mr Falconer assumed an air of ferocious satisfaction. 'Admirable!' he cried. 'Most inexpressibly satisfactory! You are outwitted! I have overreached you-criminal! To-night.

since you desire it, you shall enjoy my hospitality; but to-morrow morning, on the stroke of nine, an officer of the law—a policeman—shall wait upon you and conduct you back to the slum from which you came. Meanwhile, wretched offal, sleep! Sleep all over the studio if you like, and be damned to you! To-morrow—ad leones! Good-night!

And without another word this excellent but ill-balanced householder shot out of the studio into the passage, locking the door behind him

Philip finished the last piece of ham and the last mouthful of cocoa, turned out the electric light, rolled himself up in a Greek robe of saffron serge, and lay down upon the sofa. He was concerned in his mind about several things. In the first place, he had been discovered, and that

might mean trouble both for Peggy and her mother. In the second, the door was locked, which meant that he was a prisoner. In the third, he was to be sent back to Uncle Joseph at nine o'clock next morning, which would be an ignominious ending to his first great adventure. He pondered.

In due course, just before he fell asleep, his obvious and proper course of action occurred to him. It was the only way, he decided, and, moreover, promised further adventure. He would have liked to be able to say good-bye to Peggy;

His eyes closed, and he slipped into the dreamless, motionless sleep of tired childhood, the lay figure and the other 'Strange Bedfellows' keeping watch and ward by his pillow.

(Continued on page 151.)

MEMORIES OF THE FALKLAND ISLES.

By the Rev. A. MACKINTOSH.

SHORT but interesting article by Mr Buchanan in the February part of Chambers's Journal for 1913 suggested to me the idea of supplementing what he wrote about these islands of peat, rock, and wild birds. Dr Johnson somewhere described them as barren and tempest-beaten desolation; Darwin had nothing complimentary to record of them in his Voyage of the 'Beagle;' and Mr Buchanan directs attention to the dull, leaden sky, the gloomy and depressing There is no denying these islands have a bad reputation—they once formed a penal settlement; and yet I spent many pleasant days in the Falklands. There the sky was as clear, the sun as bright, the air as exhilarating as I have experienced in our own country on a glorious summer day. Nay, I found the summer less sultry and depressing than our average July summer. The reason of this may be found in the amount of salt in the atmosphere, detrimental though it be to the growth of anything in the shape of a tree. For five years I never cast eyes on a tree, a cart, a road, a field, a hedge, a stone house, or a horseshoe, and this in a land of wild horses!

Although the Falklands are geographically put down at two hundred, to the Falkland Islander there are only two Falklands—East and West. My acquaintance with the former was limited to Port Stanley, the seat of government; and in this case my knowledge did not extend much beyond the jetty, against the end of which leant, like old pensioners, three creaking old hulks that would never sail the seas again. Our imaginations conjured up many an impossible deed of piracy as we explored the mysterious compartments strongly smelling of tarry rope.

In the West Falklands, the centre of business and port of call is Port Howard, on the southern side of the island. To the north-east lie the ranches-Ponds, White Rock, Mount Rosalie, Lee, and Bulger-all large sheep-runs consisting of mountain, hill, and valley. A day's journey on horseback would fail to furnish a view of a plain even half a mile in area. What level land there was provided poor feeding, as the grass was scrubby and hard, owing to the stony nature of the subsoil; but it was good ground for horse-racing of a primitive kind. On the hills the grass was abundant, in some cases rank. On the mountains rocks and stones held glorious sway. Some were angular, some pointed like the fragments of a basted iceberg; none were rounded -a veritable cataract of jagged boulders stretching from the base to the summit of a mountain two thousand feet high. The pioneer ranchers had cleared a pathway through this gray, stony channel extending in some cases three hundred feet. Otherwise it was unsafe for man and impossible for beast to attempt to cross owing to the crevices between boulder and boulder. I refer to the Mount Rosalie specimen. In this case I knew of a man who owed the safety of his skin to this peculiar convulsion of nature. He had come upon a wild cow and her calf. Leaving his horse on one side of the channel, he made his way across to the danger zone. The mother gave chase, and he beat a hasty retreat, finding safety five feet within the stream of boulders, at the edge of which halted the irate and helpless dame.

There are no trees in these islands; consequently the country presents a bleak appearance. In the autumn the long grass, turning somewhat grayish, imparts a disagreeable and monotonous aspect to the hillside. On the return of spring the ranchers had a glorious time of it in literally setting the camp on fire. This was done by

simply striking a match on the saddle-pommel and casting it into the midst of the withered grass. No coaxing was needed, as the material was withered and dry as tinder. Presently the mountain-side would be fringed with one long line of raging flames and curling smoke. Thus was the pasture renewed.

Although no trees grow in these islands, there is ample evidence of the land having once been thickly wooded, especially on the northern side of the West Falklands—the side sheltered from the cold gales that blow from the Antarctic. Here the land is almost entirely peat, in some places so boggy that it is unsafe for horses to attempt anything in the nature of a mild trot. I have seen heavy horses sink to the girths. In many cases there was a subsidence of surface that left regularly defined terraces of peat four or five feet high. Similar terraces on a smaller scale may be seen on the Moor of Rannoch.

In the valleys grew scrubby bushes, hard and flowerless, of the colour of southernwood. the burns trout were plentiful but diminutive. The creeks were simply swarming with mullet. Where the shore was thickly bedded with large and protecting stones was to be found a peculiar fish somewhat like a goldfish. It was the belief that it was impossible to kill this fish, so it was fried alive. The method was cruel, but the result was delicious.

Wild birds were plentiful and various. There was a species of redbreast that would put even the British type to shame. It was as large as our blackbird, and as black, with the exception of the breast, which was blood-red. With apologies to its memory do I condescend to call our British specimen a redbreast. There was a species of swan, entirely white with the exception of the neck, which was jet-black; it was a periodical visitor, and whence it and its companions came or where they went no one knew. Teal ducks were plentiful, and provided excellent winter sport.

The characteristic bird of the Falklands nowadays seems to be the wild goose. There is a premium on the destruction of the rapidly multiplying geese. In the eighties the premium was upon the destruction of the high-flying condor, which would now and again sail down and settle on the head of a sheep and eat its eyes The premium was sixpence per beak. In those days the geese were numerous. In summer-time they fed on a peculiar white berry about the size of a red current, which had a tincture of pink, and grew on peaty ground, and made very delectable jelly. Strange to narrate, the writer once discovered a solitary strawberry on a sandy plateau beside the sea. Its seed had been carried thither, no doubt, by some passing bird.

I suspect that nowadays there is not to be found in the Falklands what entranced my youthful enthusiasm—wild cattle and wild horses. The cattle were killed, the carcasses put through a fiery process, the fat extracted and shipped to London along with the hides. The method of destruction was not so prosaic as that adopted in the slaughter-house. It was more romantic, though more cruel. A bunch of cattle was selected, and then it was a case of catch who can. Capture was effected by means of the The bolas was often brought into lasso. requisition. This was made of three thongs of bull-hide, two ends of which were weighted with a round stone as large as a goose's egg. The third thong was weighted with a smaller stone, and was held in the hand as the bolas was swung round overhead. Thrown by a cowboy in full gallop, the bolas was a fatal instrument of entanglement, encircling the hindlegs, shackling the animal, and in some cases cracking the bone. Then the lasso was thrown, the twelve-foot loop gradually lessening as it fell gracefully over the head, when it suddenly tightened round the neck of the victim. The horse, well trained, veered to right angles and leant sideways to meet the exciting shock. It was now a tug of war, as neither beast would yield. The cowboy would dismount, make a circuitous tour to the rear of the captive, cut the hamstring, and with the agility and dexterity of a fencing-master plunge the long-bladed knife into the windpipe. Thus was the deed done in the camp; where a corral or pen was at hand the work of despatch was not so exciting. In this case it was merely a matter of riding into the corral, lassoing a beast, and dragging it prostrate through the mud into the open, where it was tame business to give it the finishing-stroke.

In regard to the wild horses, they were brokenin. It took three days to lasso the last mare. She was entrapped on the point of a peninsula. On one side were the cowboys, and on the other the waters of the Southern Atlantic. The sire himself was reduced to the indignity of bearing on his massive back the puny form of a boy of fifteen. Once he asserted himself, shot the monkey-weight bolt-upright into the air, and indulged in the luxury of a mad gallop, ending in a bog. Strange to say, he came back and tamely submitted to be reburthened with the

discarded goods.

Presumably the wild cattle and wild horses have disappeared, but the penguin is still there, as he has been from time immemorial. There was a penguin rookery at Tamar Pass on the Ponds ranch. The first settlers had chosen an ideally perfect spot so far as the requirements of a penguin are concerned. There was about an acre and a half of plateau on the edge of swirling waters. It had once been a plateau of waving tussock, a growth not unlike the gladiolus in colour, shape, and size, and tasting somewhat like celery, as succulent, but sweeter. Here the ancient penguins had established themselves. The tussock had decayed, root and leaf, and in its decomposed state it provided tufted forma-

tions admirably suited for nests. Dry as cork. brown as leather, and soft as moss, it presented a peculiar appearance once the colony retired to the waters. Then was witnessed a sight seen only in those regions where man is seldom met. Here was a plateau with three thousand nests and nine thousand eggs! It was computed that this rookery had three thousand penguins. Each penguin lays three eggs, larger than a billiard-ball, and nearly as round; they taste fishy, the shell is very hard, the 'eating' very strong. Iky Lee, our champion cowboy, ate four at one sitting, and he did not die! The swallow is flighty, the eagle sublime, and various other birds share among them certain common characteristics; but there is nothing in nature like the stolidity, indifference, and contempt exhibited by the penguin. It seems absolutely devoid of anything akin to emotion. Its short wings tightly glued to its side, it stands erect as a drum-major. Rob the nest, and it will not betray the slightest interest. Stroke its head, and the only indication of vitality it condescends to show is in the blinking of its eyes. Its dignity of bearing forbids the stigmatising of this passivity as stupidity. In another connection, also, it is most inappropriate to class the penguin among the stupid birds, for when the penguins have decided to leave the rookery it is remarkable that there is nothing

like a stampede among them. Those nesting nearest the waters retire first, and retire more or less in rank; those nesting on the landward side instinctively await their turn, and in less than half-an-hour not a bird is to be seen in the rookery. They have a king-penguin. His majesty goes the round of the rookeries. During five years he paid one periodic visit to Tamar Pagg. Where he came from, why he came, and whither he was going next no one knew. Before his arrival word had gone round the various ranches that he was in the vicinity, and so we set out one day to pay our respects. He had come. When we approached he was standing on the landward side of the rookery as if guarding the frontier. He stood about three feet high, and wore a mantle of deep blue over his back; his breast was yellow; his eyes had a shade of vermilion. Like a true penguin, he was dignity personified. He betrayed more than penguin emotion, for majesty and indignation were blended in his expression of wonder and resent-ment at the intrusion. Probably he had never cast eyes on human beings before, and it was difficult to say who were the more ill at easethe king or the spectators. We stroked his head. He ignored the familiarity. He stood his ground, and moved not an inch till all the members of his seraglio had decamped.

THE WASHER AT THE FORD.

By HELEN PORTER.

SOME houses have atmospheres of their own, and The Priory was one of them. It was very old, for one thing, and romance and mystery lurked in its narrow passages and quaint octagonal rooms.

Diana Morton, who had arrived that afternoon, on her own invitation, felt its peculiar atmosphere at once; but it was evening before she spoke of it. 'I never knew your house was so beautiful, Cousin Jane. It is not the least like any place else. I suppose it is the bend of the river, with the arched bridge below and the great ruined castle on the opposite bank. There are surely countless ghosts too; it feels haunted.'

The elder woman smiled at her. 'When one grows old, child, every place is haunted. Sometimes it is the ghost of happy memories that comes to meet us, and sometimes only spectres of gray regret or phantoms of "what might have been." There was a quiver in her voice, and the young girl looked up quickly.

The dark curtains were drawn, and Miss Anstruther was sewing placidly. The lamp, with its green parchment shade, flung a ring of light where she sat, leaving the rest of the room in shadow.

Suddenly the girl dropped on one knee beside her cousin, taking the delicate lace-work out of her hand. 'Cousin Jane, I wonder if you can help me? I am miserable, because I cannot make up my mind.'

'Your mother wrote to me that you had a love-affair. My dear, I do not wish to ask any questions; but, if you would like to tell me, I am said to be a good listener. You say you cannot make up your mind. Is there any hurry about it? Why not wait a little?'

'I don't know why I want to talk about it. There is something about you, Cousin Jane, which makes me wish to speak. I suppose it is because no one at home seems to understand, and I feel that you do understand. I cannot wait, because, you see, the regiment goes to India in about a week.'

'He is a soldier, then?'

'One of them is—the one I do not intend to marry. He is poor, Cousin Jane, wretchedly poor, and we should have to wait for years and years perhaps.'

'And you love him?' Miss Anstruther asked

gently

'I am not sure. Sometimes I am afraid that I do. One thing is certain, and that is that I like him ever so much better than the other, the one my parents would like me to accept. Have you heard about him?'

'He is very rich, isn't he?'

'Yes, he has mints of money. It means motors, jewels, fine clothes, and amusements, all the things I love; a house in London, a box at the opera, foreign travel, just everything I have longed for and have never had. We are so miserably poor! You don't know what it is to be the eldest of four daughters, all grown up and wanting to go about and have a good time. Then I am not very young. I was seven-and-twenty my last birthday, and a good chance like this is not likely to occur again.'

'I see that. So you are trying to be sensible and worldly wise, and letting romance go its own way, sending it out of your life for ever. Some people can do that quite comfortably, and live happy ever after; only, be sure that you are one of that sort, dear child. Have you refused

this young man—the soldier, I mean?'

'I told him I could not be engaged to him, but he still hopes I may change my mind. I could not face a long, hopeless engagement,' the girl said passionately. 'He does not know about the other man. That is the hardship. I can let Dick go; but I do not want to marry any one else, only I must. My people expect it. It is the natural end of every well-brought-up girl; and, candidly, I'd simply hate to be an old maid. I beg your pardon, Cousin Jane. I did not mean to be rude. I ought not to have said it in quite that way.'

Miss Anstruther laughed. 'There is no harm done in calling a spade a spade. If I were sensitive about that I'd have married long ago. You see, I could have done so had I wished. I

had even a choice like you, my dear.'

'If only I could make up my mind!' said the girl slowly. 'If only some one would decide for me, I think I could learn to be contented and happy. It is the uncertainty which makes me wretched. Once Dick is gone I may feel differently. I suppose it can only end one way; since I can never marry him, I may as well do the best I can for myself. After all, I'll get something certain—money, position, and a dip into all the flesh-pots of Egypt.'

Miss Anstruther laid her hand softly on the bright head at her knee. 'I believe you have already decided, dear, and that you will accept this rich man. I think in your heart you are sure of it. I cannot influence you. It is too serious a matter for any outsider to dare to interfere. I can only tell you an old story. It is a very old one now, and nearly forgotten by every one except myself. It fits in with what we were discussing this afternoon. Pull the blinds, Diana, and tell me if there is a moon to-night. Open the windows wide, for the room is hot and stifling.'

Diana rose and did as she was bid.

The moon was sailing clear and crescent-shaped overhead, and the river reflected it on its rippling waters. Myriads of tiny wings were beating

the still air. Pale night-moths fluttered under the bushes, while in the grass beetles clicked with metallic sound. A bat flew past with a frightened squeak. Everywhere rose a slumberous murmur and hum, for the dew was falling fast, and all the creatures of the dusk awoke to greet it.

Then Miss Anstruther began her story.

'Very, very long ago, Diana, before the bridge was built, the river was crossed by steppingstones. Ath Truim it was called (the ford of the bourtrees or elders). You have heard some of the superstitions about these fords or crossingplaces?'

The girl was seated on the floor, leaning one shoulder against her cousin's knee, so that she could not see the lady's face, and she answered, 'No, Cousin Jane; I am very ignorant, I fear. She was just a trifle disappointed. She had thought that Cousin Jane intended telling her own story, or at least something personal, warm, living; but it seemed they were back to dim legends from the shadowy past. What had all these dead-and-gone things to do with the present? She even lost the thread of what was being said as her mind flew off to her own troubles. She had not merely her own selfish inclinations to consider; there were others to remember-her parents, her sisters, even Dick himself, for a poor marriage might ruin his career. Then, with an effort, Diana concentrated her wandering attention.

'My old nurse made me familiar with the tradition of the Washer at the Ford,' Miss Anstruther continued. 'Let me see; I think I can repeat a description of her. It goes thus:

With gray, dishevelled hair Blood-draggled, and with sharp-boned arms and fingers crooked and spare,

Dabbling and washing in the ford, where mid-leg deep she stood Beside a heap of heads and limbs that swam in

eside a heap of heads and li oozing blood.

Sometimes it was a shroud that she washed and wrung out in the clear water. On the eve of battle she appeared, a ghastly warning of death, for no one who saw her ever returned.' Miss Anstruther paused and shivered.

'It is a sickening legend, Cousin Jane; but why talk of it now? Surely that was not the

story you meant to tell me?'

'Listen, dear, till it is ended. Down the river, below the last bend, stands an old house buried in trees. It belongs to the Lacys, some of the family who used to own the old castle opposite. They were Norman settlers, but intermarried with the Celtic race. That is why Richard de Lacy, riding at the head of his menatarms, saw the Gray Washerwoman. He did not turn back, but was killed in battle. Ever since then, when a Lacy is in mortal danger it is said she appears in warning.'

'Cousin Jane,' broke in the girl a little breath-

lessly, 'I meant to tell you before. His name is Richard Lacy, and he lives somewhere near here, or at least his people do. I came to visit you because I wanted to say good-bye to him, whether I marry him or not. I was to meet him to-morrow. I am sorry now, for I ought to have told the truth about it, only I was afraid of what you would think. But of course you guessed? You would not have talked like this unless you had known. I only wish he had some of the money his ancestors wasted—not much, just enough to buy happiness,' she ended with a sob.

Miss Anstruther shook her head as she answered very slowly, 'No, dear, I never heard any name; it is a strange coincidence, that is

all.

Diana turned to look at her, startled at the tone of her voice. She was very pale, and shaded her eyes with one thin hand as she went on: 'They say that history repeats itself. I hope in this case that it may not be true. There was another Richard Lacy, but he died years and years ago.'

There was something in Miss Anstruther's manner that touched the girl inexpressibly.

Diana laid a timid hand on the elder woman. 'You loved him?' she asked softly.

'Shall I go on, dear, or have you had enough of my story?' inquired Miss Anstruther.

'Go on; please go on.'

'I was a pretty girl, Diana, or at least they told me so. Have you ever heard that I was nearly making a great match, but threw it all

up on my wedding morning!'

'Yes, now I remember, father said something about it. He said no one could understand it; that you had a bad dream or a vision, and so ruined all your prospects. He said that you were very ill for a long time after, and the marriage engagement broken off was never renewed. He did not know whose fault it was.'

'I have not talked much of it, for many reasons. For one thing, few would believe the strange tale I have to tell. My parents were bitterly disappointed at the time. Ah, well, they are dead and gone too, and I am left quite alone now. Our conversation this evening brought it all back to me so vividly, and once more I seemed to be a girl, a calm, sensible girl, weighing all the arguments, forgetting that Fate alone disposes of our lives. Everything you thought and said I once thought and said too. Why wait for a man who could not marry me? Why waste life crying over spilt milk? And the irony of it all is this: I have waited all my life, am still waiting in loneliness till the day I keep tryst with him in heaven. I sent him away, Diana. I did not care enough, or rather I cared more for other things. My eyes were dazzled with the mere jewellery of life, with its tinsel.' She laid her hand on Diana's shoulder. 'He was a very great match for me, my dear, and I was vain, and thoughtless, and flattered—oh, so flattered!—that he should chose me. I had no illusions. I cared little for him apart from the proud place he held in the world. The poor mean thing I called my heart was all Richard's. It was the eve of my marriage. I was tired and over-excited, and when at last I went to bed I The room is above this, and could not sleep. looks down over the river, which was in flood that night, and the roar and fret of the water got on my nerves. I got up presently and lit the candles in the brass sconces against the wall. I wanted light, plenty of light, and the room was bathed in it. My wedding-dress gleamed and shone as the bright light fell on the delicate satin and lace, and touched the pearls. There was my veil, with its wreath, lying on the bureau, ready to wear next day.' She sighed.
'Well, to continue. I opened my Prayer-Book,

'Well, to continue. I opened my Prayer-Book, and began studying the service; but it in no way calmed me, it seemed so solemn and dreary to one

who wanted only to be happy and gay.

'Thin shafts of light were filtering coldly through the cracks in the shutters. The wind had risen, and was wailing round the house like a forlorn spirit. Dashes of rain on the panes and loud rumblings in the chimney told me that there was a storm. I rose and drew the curtains. Then I blew out the lights, and even now I seem to smell the faint odour of wax, as I was left nearly in darkness. It was a very desolate dawn, cold and drab, with sheets of gray mist curling wraith-like off the fields; while the bed of the river lay in a thick fog. The horizon was touched with a bar of lurid green, and the trees loomed through the semi-gloom like ghosts, tossing their bare branches before the fury of the wind.

'Then I saw her—saw her distinctly; though afterwards they said I was dreaming, that the whole thing was a hallucination, a figment of an excited imagination not yet fully awake. But I have no doubt that with my waking eyes I saw her, a dread, gaunt figure wringing out a shroud. She was stooping over the ford, her thin, grizzled hair streaming behind her, and her scraggy arms beating up and down. Through the fog I could discern her sharp, pinched face, with purple lips exposing teeth like tusks. Then she was gone.

'I staggered as I hastily threw on some clothes, and hurried out. One thought, and one only, possessed me. Richard was dead. In a flash my eyes were open, and I knew the truth. I loved him, and nothing else mattered at all. There would be no wedding that day, but a

funeral.

'I reached the house in the trees, and my friends were terrified at my pale face, and thought me distraught. I was no welcome guest of late, for they thought that I had treated their son badly. Even as I spoke with them the telegram came. He had been killed in a native rising.

'I cannot speak of it calmly after thirty years, Diana. I never married, as you know. I do not know why I have raked up the past now,

except as a warning, for I do not wish to influence you in any way. Only make sure you know your own mind before it is too late. Money is a good thing; so is pleasure; but take care you do not pay too high a price for them in throwing away love. Dear child, there is a great, deep ford we must all cross at last; between its banks the river runs dark and wide, and the shrouded figure we call Death washes away all the dross we hold so closely here. Only on the verge stands Love, and only Love can cross that ford and meet us on the other side. Weeping, Diana? Not for me, surely? I am quite contented and happy in my humdrum life, because I have learned to do without many of the things that in my youth seemed desirable. I am rather lonely at times, and sometimes sad; but I would not have it otherwise.

'I wish I knew what to do! I wish I knew! I want to do what is right; but life is very hard and puzzling.'

'Do not be in such haste. Leave something to Fate; for we may think, and say, and do what we will; but it is Fate that decides for us.'

Diana did not sleep well; she was troubled about her own affairs; and when at last she fell into a doze, it was to dream of the story her cousin had told her. Of course it was all a mere coincidence, she told herself in one of her waking moments; but it all fitted in so well, and was so poignant, so moving in its mixture of truth and legend, she could not get it out of her mind. Was it always so? Were these conflicts between love and inclination the common lot of all women? With a smile she found herself wishing that she had lived in the Middle Ages, when men chose their wives at the point of the sword, and when no choice for the woman was possible.

It was six o'clock when finally she awoke, and got up to lift the blind. Then she gave a great start. Just above the bridge she could see a kneeling figure wringing out a white sheet.

Her nerves were all unstrung with the tale of the night before, and for a moment her heart beat heavily. She rubbed her eyes. was a woman, no dread phantom of the imagina-Yet, all the same, she would go and see for herself. It would be an intolerable thing to feel all day that she had perhaps received a warning. Besides, Dick was going abroad, and possibly into danger. At the thought she paled. She might never see him again, and the goodbye to be spoken that afternoon might be for ever. It was an exquisite morning; the air was full of freshness, and the birds singing gaily. Over the grass the silver gossamer lay like a glittering carpet, and every flower held a dewdrop in its heart.

Standing on the edge of the river, Diana watched the girl at work. She was quite young, with a mass of yellow hair, on which the sunlight

glinted. She was not the least like a withered old crone, but full of life and energy, as she washed and lathered and rinsed in the bright

'You are very busy.'

"Deed an' I am that, miss." Her cherry lips parted in a friendly smile.

'And surely very early at work?'
'Tis the day of the pattern, an' I had a lot to get through, for the missus is givin' me a holiday.'

'What is your name? Do you live in the town?'

The girl nodded. 'Delia Mahony till I be thinkin' o' changin' it!'

'So you are going to be married?' Diana asked, feeling very much interested, and thinking what a queer turn the conversation had taken; but then the river-bank at dawn was not the place for ceremony.

'So Denis says,' the girl replied, blushing.

'But I'll have a long time to wait.'

'So there is a Denis? What is he—a farmer?' 'Troth, then, an' I wish he was that-a farmer. No, miss; 'tis a soldier he is-worse luck; for there is no chance of my gettin' on the strength of the regiment for ages an' ages.'

'A soldier! In what regiment?' was Diana's

eager question.

'In the One Hundred and Seventh, miss; maybe you know it. It is goin' to India in ten days,' the girl answered, her face clouding.

'Yes, I know it. Suddenly the girl stopped her work and raised wistful eyes to her questioner. 'They all tell me he'll forget me, miss; that it is the big fool I am to be waitin' for him, an' ould Nick o' Ballyduff is sweet on me, an' has promised me a jennet an' a side-car. But there, I can't bear the sight o' him. I'd better trust to Denis. I think I'll chance it.'

Diana started. It was her own problem all over again, only in a slightly different setting.

Then, as she did not reply, the girl glanced at her shyly, twisting a corner of her apron. 'What would you be thinkin', miss?'

Diana hesitated; then she smiled. 'I think I'll chance it,' she said, and a great weight seemed lifted from her heart. 'I am staying at the old house, Delia. Will you come and see me some day? I know some of the officers of the regiment, and might perhaps put in a good word for Denis.'

'Thank you kindly, miss.' She coloured with pleasure, and resumed her task, singing as she flapped the linen on the stones at the foot of the bridge.

There was no use going home to a sleeping household, and Diana did not know what to do. As she passed through the village every door was shut, and no smoke rose from the chimneys. In the distance a cock was crowing shrilly. course it is very hard to be poor,' she said aloud;

'but then I've never been anything else, and I feel so very, very happy.' She turned and hurried along the road, her eyes fixed on the ruined castle; and before she knew she had collided with a young man. 'Dick! Why, whatever are you doing here at this hour?'

'Now, what do you think?' he said, smiling. 'Well, I suppose you thought to see me; but you could not know I'd be out so early.'

'Unless, like myself, you could not sleep. you going to be kind to me, Di?' he asked 'I am finding the suspense very earnestly. hard to bear, and I hear there is another man, too.'

'No, Dick, there is no other man.' raised her serious eyes to his, and suddenly he began to hope. 'If I should say, "Yes"—if—if I say—— No, you need not come any nearer. 'If I promise to wait all the best years of my life for you, when you come home to find me old and withered and gray will you still care for me, or will you forget me out in India?'

'Why, Di, my dearest, don't you know I won't forget you?'

The vibration in his voice, the way he looked at her, dispelled her last doubt. Shyly she laid both hands in his. 'Very well, then, I think I'll chance it, Dick!'

'I have brought Dick to breakfast, Cousin Jane. I told him he would be welcome.'

Miss Anstruther rose hurriedly. 'My dear, how you startled me! I am astounded! You made up your mind very quickly, Diana,' she said, looking from the one to the other.

'Yes; we are engaged. I am going to wait for him; but it may not be so long after all. Two of the officers are retiring. It means promotion.

-Will you explain, Dick?' and Diana turned to the young man.

'It is this way, Miss Anstruther. Cooper has inherited a property and is leaving us, and Davis has married an impossible wife, and has got a hint to go; so my majority is well in sight, and we think we might marry when I get it.

'And I'm going to stay here with you quite a lot while he is away, Cousin Jane—that is, if you will have me. I am sure I am thankful I came. I nearly threw away my happiness; for I had made up my mind to accept Mr Brooks. I am no longer afraid of being poor. I don't want the tinsel trimmings since I have got the real gold.' She flung her arms round her cousin. 'And I love you dearly, Cousin Jane, and I just love your dear, old-fashioned house.

'I am glad you like it, dear, because one day it will be yours,' said Miss Anstruther. 'No, you need not try to thank me; and she held up an arresting hand. 'It came into my mind as you two entered that door together—my cousin and his nephew. There are no others I should prefer to succeed me here.' Her tears fell as she ended, and she stepped out of the window, leaving the lovers alone. It was beautiful out of doors, very beautiful and peaceful. She looked up and down the river, which glittered with rainbow tints through the mist which obscured her sight. Two tomtits were flitting in and out of an appletree with a flash of blue. She passed her hand over her eyes.

In the distant village a bell was tolling, for some one had died the night before.

Then Miss Anstruther smiled. She was thinking of the Gray Washer at the Ford, and of the glory of the 'far side' which lay beyond the dark river.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE 'NITRO' ELECTRIC LAMP.

THE perfecting of the metallic filament incandescent electric lamp constituted one of the greatest of recent achievements in electrical discoveries. By its aid the cost of electric lighting was reduced, while the illuminating efficiency was increased to about four times that of the carbon lamp, at nearly one-half the cost. The remarkable success of the 'met-fil' lamp, as it is termed colloquially, served to stimulate research and investigation in electric lighting, the object being to popularise this source of illumination in the household. But one or two peculiar problems remained to be solved. One of these was the prevention of bulb-blackening, and the research involved complicated and exhaustive experiments, so that considerable time elapsed before the cause of the blackening was discovered; but finally it was ascertained that

blackening is the result of generation of watery vapour, which, acting upon the metallic filament, produces a volatile oxide and atomic hydrogen. The latter reduces the oxide to a black metallic deposit, which releases the oxygen to combine with the hydrogen, thereby increasing the vapour attacking the filament—even an infinitesimal quantity of the watery vapour being sufficientand setting up a continuous chemical action. Accordingly the investigators set to work to eliminate this watery vapour, and in so doing charged the bulb with various gases instead of converting it into a vacuum. But the introduction of gases caused another trouble—a cooling effect upon the filament—and enhanced the running cost, thus rendering the lamp commercially impracticable. Among the many gases used in the experiments, the inert nitrogen gas gave the most promising results, and consequently the investigations were continued with this gas.

Strange to say, it was found that the ordinary hair-like filament was quite useless, being too thin; but by increasing the thickness of the filament tenfold the running cost of the lamp was brought down by over 60 per cent., to a figure approaching that of the ordinary 'met-fil' lamp; and thus by changing the form of the filament the cost of lighting was reduced to less than that of the 'met-fil.' At present the nitrogencharged metallic filament lamp can only be made in large sizes and high powers suited to exterior illumination, from fifteen hundred to two thousand candle-power, and some time must necessarily elapse before the 'nitro' lamp can be adapted for domestic use. The light produced by the 'nitro' lamp is whiter than that of the ordinary lamp, and may be most aptly described as artificial daylight; it is also intensely brilliant, and probably before its introduction into the household means of toning it down will have to be devised. It will then commend itself to the householder, because the cost of electric lighting is reduced a further 50 per cent. as compared with the 'metfil' lamp.

IMPROVED TOOTHED GEAR.

It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that the method of making gear-wheels had practically undergone no development since toothed wheels were first contrived until recently, when a new type of gear was perfected by an English inventor. This is described as a laminated gear, being built up of thin sheets or plates of steel. The plates are not superimposed to the desired thickness, secured, and the teeth then cut by a milling cutter, as is the usual practice; but the teeth on each plate are notched out, the blanks being punched complete-including teeth, holes for the rivets, and shaft, as well as the key-way or spline for attachment to the shaft-in one operation. By this method all the discs meshing together are exactly alike. The discs so notched are assembled in a special manner. Each alternate superimposed plate is set half a tooth in advance of its neighbour on each side, so that in reality the wheel comprises a kind of double gear-wheel, the virtual pitch being halved and the number of contacts doubled. Any description of metal may be used for the plates, while any required pitch or shape of tooth can be obtained. In assembling the plates a washer is introduced between adjoining discs so as to enable the teeth to pass without friction. In this manner a wheel of any desired thickness can be obtained. The method of manufacture is simple and economical, the tools required for the purpose being cheaper than those necessary in cutting from the solid. The advantages of these laminated gear-wheels are numerous; they are as silent in running as is raw-hide, their construction renders them free from resonance, while their reliability is greater than those cut from the solid, inasmuch as the

breakage of a tooth does not throw the wheel out of service, since it can affect only one plate.

A SMOKE-CONSUMING HOUSEHOLD STOVE.

While industrial concerns are guilty of contributing materially to the pollution of the atmosphere, it is the ordinary household grate which is the worst offender. Recently a notable contribution toward smoke abatement has been made. It is the outcome of some thirty years' experience of the inventor with the economical combustion of bituminous coal, and is based on the utilisation of well-known natural laws affecting combustion. To secure perfect combustion two factors are essential. In the first place, there must be an intimate mixture and contact of the particles composing the combustible and the air, instead of mere access of an unlimited supply of the latter; secondly, the most suitable temperature for the chemical combinations involved during the whole period of combustion must be maintained. It is only under these conditions that the most effective results are obtained from the fuel; and there is an absence of smoke. The inventor has devoted years to the perfection of his system. The stove he has devised so far is arranged as an ordinary kitchen-range. fireplace is formed by hollow bars with double air-inlets connected to a hot-air chamber. The sides and back are hollow castings, also connected to the hot-air chamber. Air admitted from the front becomes highly heated in its passage to the top, where it is deflected by suitable fittings to the point of combustion, then to the combustion-chamber, where, meeting the hot air issuing from the hot-air chamber, all the gaseous products become ignited. The bars have openings at the top, and the heated air which issues from them assists the lower portion of the fire, thus contributing to thorough combustion. Although the foregoing applies to the ordinary range, it is by no means confined thereto. By means of an inexpensive alteration the principle can be adapted to the majority of existing stoves. The invention not only effects distinct economy in the consumption of coal, but there is a decided increase in the amount of heat produced, and the production of smoke and soot is effectively prevented.

THE ADVANTAGES OF ACETYLENE.

A motor-vehicle, fitted up at a cost of twelve hundred pounds, is at present touring through Great Britain to demonstrate the possibilities of acetylene for lighting, heating, and cooking; while it also brings before the personal notice of the rural worker the value of oxy-acetylene welding. A farmer or other rural industrial worker may have a breakdown in his mechanical equipment which local resources are quite unfit to cope with, and there is a complete cessation of work until the repair has been made, entailing a delay of several days while the breakage is made good in some distant workshop or a new

piece is under order. Oxy-acetylene welding is able to remedy this serious difficulty very materially, since simple repairs which a few years ago would have been quite impossible can thereby be carried out cheaply and quickly. For instance, a rural resident finds that a cylinder of his motorcar has broken. His car is useless, the motor has to be stripped and sent to the manufacturers, and for days the owner is deprived of the use of his vehicle; but if the local mechanic possesses an oxy-acetylene welding plant, which is inexpensive, the repair can be made on the spot, the time lost being reduced to one or two days. Every rural mechanical workshop should include such an equipment in its plant, as its applications are illimitable. This demonstration motor-vehicle is also equipped with a complete kinematograph outfit for the purpose of showing in the village schoolrooms and halls, by the aid of films, the complete manufacture of calcium carbide, its shipment, and its use; and incidentally it will reveal how every hamlet may become possessed of its kinematographic diversion, acetylene being utilised as the illuminant.

LESSENING HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.

The complexity of domestic duties is such that any little device which is able to reduce worry and trouble is keenly appreciated by the Recently many natty industrious housewife. time and trouble savers have been introduced, which are certain to meet with general approval. For instance, it is often necessary to separate the yolk from the white of an egg. The general process is to chase the elusive yellow ball with a spoon, and more often than not it is broken in the process. But with the yolk-separator the desired result is achieved in an instant. This appliance is a glass vessel with a funnel-shaped top. When the egg is cracked and the contents of the shell are emptied, the white escapes through the opening in the funnel, leaving the yolk intact and dry. In this way both are immediately available for their respective uses. Another contrivance which will save considerable trouble and worry is the frying-pan cover. It resembles the cover of an entrée-dish, and fits the fryingpan neatly. When the cover is placed in position the grease will not sputter over the stove or the clothes of the person superintending the cooking, and all odours are prevented from escaping into the house. By the aid of this simple contrivance frying is no more unpleasant than boiling.

THE LARGEST PADDLE-STEAMER.

Probably very few, except those who have traversed the Great Lakes of the North American continent, have any conception of the vessels to be found upon those great fresh-water seas. Recently a record has been made in those waters by the appearance of the Seeandbee, which ranks as the largest side-paddle-wheel steamship afloat. Her over-all length is 500 feet, and her extreme

beam 97.8 feet. Her lines follow those general to the lakes, the freeboard being high, while the four smoke-stacks give her an imposing appearance. The hull is built entirely of steel, and the double bottom, 365 feet in length, has a depth of 3 feet. The hull is subdivided by eleven watertight bulkheads, which extend from the keel to the main-deck. Fireproof walls extend from the main-deck to the top of the dome, dividing the craft into three divisions. The vessel is fitted throughout with automatic sprinklers to safeguard her against fire, this precaution covering all the public and private rooms of the passengers and officers, the cargo-holds, the corridors, and the quarters for the crew, so that it would be difficult for fire to secure a hold. The boat is driven by three-cylinder compound engines developing twelve thousand horse-power, which is sufficient to produce a speed of twenty-two miles per hour. The Lake Liner, as she is proudly named, is luxuriously appointed, there being five hundred and ten staterooms and twenty-four parlours en suite, and altogether there is sleeping accommodation for fifteen hundred passengers; but when engaged in excursion traffic she can carry three thousand Although there are many imposing people. vessels plying on the Great Lakes, the Secandbee is the most magnificent which has ever been launched upon those fresh-water seas.

CLEANING THE HULLS OF VESSELS BY ELECTRICITY.

An interesting demonstration of scouring the hull of a vessel by the torpedo submarine shipcleaning system was given recently in the London Docks. A single-screw steamship of three thousand tons was selected for the purpose. The cleaning plant, which is complete, is mounted upon a self-propelling barge carrying a petrolelectric set for the operation of the cleaner. The current thus generated is supplied to three motors, one of which propels the barge, another controls the lifting and lowering of the gear, and the third the driving of the cleaner. The last-mentioned comprises a coir brush about five feet in length by twelve inches in diameter, mounted upon a frame carrying an enclosed motor, which not only revolves the brush, but also drives a small screw propeller attached to the brush-frame in such a manner that when revolving it serves to keep the brush fully pressed against the surface under treatment, and also by agitating the water in the immediate vicinity assists in the cleansing-work. The weight of the brush-frame when immersed is lessened by the use of air-tanks. The brushframe can be manipulated so as to bring the brush to bear upon any desired part of the submerged surface of the hull, and enable it to be manipulated under projections such as the bilge keel. The brush can be worked to a maximum depth of thirty-two feet. It is claimed that by the aid of this apparatus a vessel of three thousand tons can be cleaned in about six hours. The weight of the whole installation, including the barge, is only eleven tons. The plant can be manipulated in a dock, river, or the open sea with equal facility and success.

THE SCIENTIFIC EXPLOITATION OF THE KLONDIKE GOLDFIELDS.

Many years have passed since the discovery of the Yellow Fleece in the extreme north-west of Canada by Skookum Jim and his pard sent a remarkable tremor round the world. Nowadays little is heard about the wonderful Klondike; to many it is but a fearful memory. Yet no less than forty million pounds' worth of the precious metal has been won from the streams and paydirt. Although many of the first to file their claims within the auriferous belt grew rich, the greater number failed to make ends meet, and disposed of their holdings for what they would fetch. Labour was the greatest problem, and when men refused to lift a finger for less than twenty-eight shillings per day, it is not surprising that many, in disgust, abandoned their efforts to grow rich quickly. A friend of the writer, who was one of the first to reach the El Dorado after the strike had been declared, paid no less than fifty shillings for the hire of a man and his horse for eight hours. Under these circumstances it cost about eight shillings to work a cubic yard of the gold-dirt-a price which was too great to render the task remunerative. But since those strenuous days many changes have been made. The majority of the claims have been gradually acquired, until to-day the whole of the Klondike has been brought under the sway of three large, well-organised concerns, one of which is Canadian, one American, and the other British. The lastnamed controls no less than twenty thousand acres of auriferous land. The acquisition of the many scattered claims has enabled the latest and most up-to-date time and labour saving scientific methods to be introduced to advantage, so that the cost of working has been reduced from eight shillings to fourpence per cubic The utilisation of scientific methods has not only rendered the exploitation of untouched gold-bearing dirt profitable, but it has enabled enormous quantities of gold to be recovered from that worked by the original miners, whose processes did not enable them to obtain more than a small proportion of the metal contained in the earth treated. In fact, in one case a company, working the miners' residue, which yielded the pioneers working with primitive hand methods some four hundred thousand pounds' worth of metal per mile, obtained a further three hundred thousand pounds' worth of gold per mile. Contrary to general belief, the gold resources of the Klondike, so far from having 'petered out,' are only just beginning to be realised, and many hundred millions of pounds' worth of the Yellow Fleece still remains. As California passed from the 'get rich quickers' into the hands of scientific exploiters, so has the Klondike undergone a similar transition. Even the intense cold and the long winter, which were said by many to be insurmountable obstacles to the possibility of the Yukon territory becoming one of the great goldfields of the world, have failed to arrest scientific development. Many of the terrors associated therewith have proved to be more imaginary than real, and so far have not been sufficient to stop work during the winter months.

A RELIEF MAP OF GUATEMALA.

In reply to correspondents in the Spectator who suggested the possibility of constructing a large-scale relief map of England, 'Q' gave a quotation from a pamphlet on Guatemala issued by the Daily Picayune of New Orleans, showing that such a map had been constructed there. It was arranged by the orders of President Estrada Cabrera, and unfolds to the tourist a panorama of the republic. This relief map covers two thousand five hundred square yards, and is built near the Palace of Minerva. It shows in every minute detail the rivers, mountains, plains, and hills of Guatemala. Every railroad line, every wagon-road, every bridge is reproduced in colours with mathematical correctness and absolute exactness of location. Every town, city, and hamlet is shown, with their streets and buildings in miniature. Thousands of people who have seen it declare it is a mathematical wonder, and that its usefulness has more than compensated for the time and money expended in making it.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

BEREAVED.

I MISS thee from the old familiar ways,
Grown sad and strange without thy presence dear,
Where I must needs 'go softly all my days'
Because thou art not here.

O silence that thy dear voice may not break!
O paths thy feet may never tread again!
O memories that only sleep to wake
A deeper note of pain!

And yet, because thou 'dst have me brave and strong, I will not dim thine armour with my tears.

Thine ear may catch the echo of my song, But, ah, the lonely years!

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



PÈRE MUMBART.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.*

By Andrew W. Arnold, Author of The Attack on the Farm, Pepita, The Sergeant's Luck, &c.

PART I.

'YOU were remarking, André, the other day,' said Alphonse, 'how often success has come from downright audacity.'

'And ruin too.'

'Well, never mind that, because in that case,' he added dryly, 'it is called rashness, or even stupidity. But here's a case in point,' he continued, pointing to a beautiful villa in a suburb two leagues from Paris. 'You see that benevolent old gentleman coming down the carriagedrive with his little granddaughter. He's one of our gros bonnets; he has been mayor twice. He was a député a few years ago, but he found ten thousand francs, with pickings and perquisites, not worth his while. He is one who owes his position and huge fortune to audacity, or pure and simple impudence if you like. It is true, his audacious and amusing enterprise only brought him in about twelve thousand francs, on account of the pourboires he had to give his confederates; but he got that in ready cash. And as at that time no one had any ready money, and thousands saw ruin staring them in the face, it was worth three or four times that amount, and he took every advantage of it.'

'Tell me how he got it,' I said, pushing

some cigarettes towards him.

'Well, his father was a small pork-butcher in the Rue du Bac. There is as much of what you English call "snobbery" among the poor as among the rich, only in the case of the former you call it ambition; so his parents thought they would put him to a profession, and as the Church is the cheapest, they decided to make a priest of him; and at fourteen, much against his will, he was sent off to a seminary. His brother joined the father in the business; while his sister made a great name for herself as a dancer, beginning at a café chantant and ending at the Variété, where she sang in Offenbach's Grande Duchesse; and finally married a Russian Count.

'Mumbart had been a curé a few years when his parents died within a short time of each

other; and, coming into a third of the little property, he threw off the soutane and calotte While his brother looked and entered civil life. after the shop he bred pigs near Asnières, the brothers sharing the profits of the two concerns between them. But Mumbart's brother was a fool, and finally shot himself; so Mumbart was obliged to take over the business. Some years after he had left the priesthood he married, sold the pork-shop at a good profit, and kept entirely to breeding pigs. He made money, paid his way, put by something for the children, and led a useful, contented life; but that was all. He had a smattering of Latin, which very much impressed those who knew even less; and, moreover, he was a fine speaker and debater, knowing thoroughly how to make black white or white black. He was thinking he could make more money by politics, when the war broke out. Then it was that fortune held out her hand, and he took it. Of course the price of pork, as the war went on, rose 50 to 100 per cent., and as the Prussians got nearer to Paris even higher. Most of those who owned pigs killed and salted them as soon as they realised that a siege was inevitable.

'Mumbart was going to do the same, when, about ten days after Sedan, he had a veritable inspiration. It came to him like a vision in the night. He sent his wife and children to Switzerland, where she had relations; while he kept her nephew, who was a cripple, to help him in his enterprise. Then he went off to Paris to see a cousin named Blanard, who owned huge furniture-vans and did removals. After a satisfactory interview he perambulated the city. Countless buff-coloured cards with Appartement à Louer hung in the windows, especially in the best quartiers, whence the well-to-do people had fled; but though he trudged about the city from morning to night, he could not see one that altogether had the strategical position that he required. However, on the following morning he saw one in the Quartier St Germain that would suit him exactly. This whole block has now been swept away. The house No. 1. with a door in one of the side-streets, went right across to another street. Both of these small

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^{*}This incident is founded on fact, and caused great amusement in Paris during the siege, after it came to light; but no two newspaper accounts agree, and this version is only given as narrated.

streets lead into the Boulevard St Germain. The appartement he wanted occupied a corner, opposite some vacant ground where houses were about to be constructed when the war broke out. From the concierge he learnt a good deal; amongst other things, that the block was owned A Monsieur Achille Bardar was by a syndicate. the head of it. The entrance to his appartement was in a corner of the oblong courtyard; while the rooms, except the entrance-hall, looked on to the vacant ground where the new street was to be; but there were two small windows round the corner, looking into one of the narrow streets.

'Nothing would suit Père Mumbart's purpose better if he could only get the owner to let the

" Monsieur Bardar is in," said the concierge, "mais il est très affairé à la suite de la guerre; to-morrow he leaves to join the reserves of his regiment at Dijon."

"Give him my card," said Mumbart. "If he can see me you shall have something for yourself."

'The card bore the inscription, "Theophile Losnay, Ecrivain," and in the corner, "Membre de l'Academie des Gens des Lettres, Nancy."

'In a very short time Mumbart found himself in a beautiful salon furnished quite à la dernière mode; pretty rubbishy knick-knacks from Eastern climes, such as are given for wedding presents, were on the tables, arranged in a way that showed a feminine hand. The mantelpiece was a work of art. Carved in marble were two hearts formed as two crests tied by a lovers' knot, and curly ribbons, and cupids all about, to say nothing of turtle-doves. Bardar's father had made a fortune from a perfumery business in the Rue St Honoré. His wife was the daughter of a soap-boiler at St Denis. On both sides, after the manner of rich parvenus, they went in for the "old family" farce. That accounted for the elaborate crests.

'From an adjoining study a tall, thin, elegant young man, very well dressed, about thirty-five, with a pointed beard, delicate hands, and a prim manner, came forth and bowed ceremoniously to

the ex-priest and pig-breeder.

"The misfortunes of our country," he said in a high, affected voice, "compel me to let this charming appartement. Je suis père de famille; je suis homme d'affaires; but duty calls me, and to-morrow I go forth to answer the call of la Patrie. I sacrifice myself on the altar of Glory. France, my sacred mother, needs the help of her children."

'He had got all this by heart, and said the same phrases to every one; but he did not think it necessary to state (for Mumbart's benefit) the amount he had spent in bribing doctors who had hitherto freed him from serving, so he said nothing about that. "You, I perceive, Monsieur Losnay, are a writer."

"Yes," replied Mumbart; "I am at present engaged on a great work on the history of China. I have placed my family in safety. I now intend, if I can find a quiet dwelling, to write steadily for three months; by that time I trust these cursed Prussians will be driven from the country. need quiet and repose, as I mean this to be my chef d'œuvre, a work of reference for future ages."

"A book on China!" exclaimed Bardar in surprise. "That must indeed be very interesting. I am honoured by making your acquaintance. It's an extraordinary country, I suppose."

"Yes, indeed," replied Mumbart, who had picked up a little about China from a Jesuit missionary who had come to lecture to the novices at St Sulpice. "Wonderful mountains, rivers, pagodas, and all that sort of thing. I have only got up to 2000 years B.C., but I hope to finish the book before the New Year."

'On leaving the fashionable College of St Barbe, Bardar had got into a scrape; the young lady had been persuaded to go to America with a lump sum, while Achille took a tour of three

months till the affair blew over.

"I have never been as far east as China," said Bardar, speaking in a more natural tone, and forgetting for a time the rôle of the patriot and the père de famille; "but when I was young, from a pure love of the arts, I went to Venice. I have seen the pinnacles of that marvellous city glimmering in the moonlight. I have visited Constantinople, Florence, and the Eternal City; and as the dawn broke I have gazed with rapture on Soractus, and when I think of it, those lovely lines of Horace always come into my head, 'Vides ut alta stet nive candidum Soracte.'" He had got this out of a guide-book, and it was the only line he knew, so when Mumbart continued, "Nec jam sustineant onus," &c., he was fairly astonished.

"Ah, I perceive you are a man of education, a man of culture. You also adore the arts. Those," he continued, pointing casually to some dreadful water-colours, "are my handiwork. My wife thinks very highly of them. I have some more in the salle à manger, sketches I have done of her and Loulou, my eldest, and Bebé. But time presses. What are you prepared to

give for this lovely suite?"

"Well, I have not seen it yet," replied Mumbart. "I tell you again I must have a quiet room where I can write.'

Accordingly, Bardar showed him round.

"I'll give you three hundred francs to the 31st December."

"Three hundred francs!" exclaimed the other, aghast. "Why, it's furnished!"

"But you can take away the furniture," said Mumbart. "I would like to bring my own in. Think of the books of reference I want!"

"But if I took the furniture out I should have to pay to store it," replied Bardar.

"So shall I," answered Mumbart; "that really adds to the rent."

"But I reckon it is worth two thousand five hundred francs a year."

"Of course it is, in normal times," answered Mumbart. "But it's just as you like," he continued nonchalantly, as he had learnt a good deal from the concierge. "Here's the money in advance; it's so much profit. I have a good stock of coal and wood, which I shall bring here, so your works of art won't get musty. However, it's just as you like. There are plenty of other places to let."

"But I must have references."

"In ordinary times I could have given you plenty," said the pig-dealer; "but, alas! the war has upset everything. However, my friend Mumbart, a rich rentier at Asnières, will answer any questions."

"I have no time to go there."

"Well, there is one Blanard by name, who does removals, in the Rue des Petit Pères, quite close—I am sure he will give you all the information you require; or there is an épicier named Didot in the Rue Buonaparte."

"Well, I will think about it," said Bardar,

"and let you know at six this evening."

'The fact was, with men failing right and left owing to the war, and the prospect of many of his tenants being away, and those who stayed being unable to pay up, Bardar resolved that if he could get about four hundred francs he would let his visitor have the rooms. That sum would at any rate pay his expenses to England, where he meant to emigrate the following morning.

'Mumbart quickly finished his business with his cousin Blanard, who had the furniture repository, and then he made his way to Didot in the Rue Buonaparte. Didot was a great, heavy,

bald-headed Burgundian, about forty.

"A word with you," said Mumbart to Didot, who seemed anything but pleased to see his visitor. "You owe me two hundred francs; I owe you one hundred and eighty. You just do me a favour, and I will put it down in black and white that we owe each other nothing."

'Greatly relieved, Didot nodded.

"A dressed-up, finicking idiot called Bardar," continued Mumbart, "will call soon. Now, understand that I want an appartement he has to let, so tell him that as a tenant I am as safe as the Bank of France. My name is now Theophile Losnay."

"Losnay!" replied the grocer, in surprise.
"I had better write that down"—which he did.

"And, moreover, I am a well-known author.
I am writing a book on China."

"On China!" repeated the other, scratching

his head. "Why China?"

"Why anything, you idiot?" replied the other sharply. "Because I say so; that's why. Do you follow me?"

"No, I don't," answered the muddled épicier.
'Luckily at this point Didot's wife came in.
She was an extraordinarily pretty little woman, with bright, sparkling eyes, as quick and clever as her good-natured husband was stupid, and,

moreover, fairly faithful. In a very few words Mumbart explained matters to her, and at once she understood everything. Just at that moment a voice was heard in the shop inquiring for Monsieur Didot.

"That's he," whispered Mumbart hurriedly.

"You leave everything to me," said madame in a low voice, pushing the two men into the passage, as the shop-boy brought in Bardar's card.

"My husband is engaged for the moment," she said, as Bardar stepped into the little room, making a gallant bow as he saw the remarkably pretty young woman before him. In fact, he was so surprised at her beauty that he almost forgot the speech he had prepared; but, pulling himself together, he said in as calm a voice as he could, "A Monsieur Theophile Losnay has referred me to your husband. He wishes to become a tenant of mine. You know him?"

"Of course, monsieur. You mean the eminent writer. He is one of our most valued clients. You are lucky to have such a safe

and respectable tenant."

'Mumbart gave Didot a nudge of satisfaction, and Didot winked at Mumbart proudly, as much

as to say, "Isn't she mighty clever?"

"I am glad to hear you say that, madame," returned Bardar, "because I am rather pressed for time, and there will be no need for me to make further inquiries." Then, in an oracular high tone of voice, he continued, placing his hand on his breast, "Je suis père de famille, moi; je suis homme d'affaires; but to-morrow je salue le drapeau de ma Patrie."

"Monsieur, accept my admiration," interposed

nadame.

"Duty calls me," continued Bardar with a bow, "and I sacrifice everything. To-morrow, forgetting all, my wife, my children, I shall once more become a militaire."

"I dote on the militaires," said madame.

"Do you?" replied Bardar, forgetting the patriotic rôle, and coming nearer. "I was sure you would. The fact of it is you are devilish pretty, with such lovely eyes as you have got, and with such"——

'Up to that point Didot had remained quiet, but he never bargained for this, and he showed signs of uneasiness.

""Psh! psh!" whispered Mumbart; "it's all

right."

"Is it?" replied Didot angrily. "Leave go, will you?" he cried, as his friend restrained him. "What do you mean by bringing that sacré coquin into my house? Hark! Why, he's trying to kiss her!" he continued, struggling violently.

'But Bardar had heard the noise. "Hush!

that's my husband," said madame.

'That was quite enough for Bardar. Seizing his hat, he went off as quick as he could; but it took some time ere Mumbart and the wife could pacify the jealous husband.

'At six o'clock that evening, after a good deal

of haggling, apart from arranging about the provisions left, Bardar agreed to take three hundred and fifty francs till 31st December.

'There were fifteen tenants in the house, but quite half of these had left, for one reason or another, on account of the war. At six o'clock the next morning most of those that remained were waiting to bid adieu to their landlord. First and foremost, Major Ledelle, a gay bachelor of sixty, with a rubicund face, white moustache, and mischievous and rather watery eyes; Monsieur and Madame Legrange; Monsieur Diaz, a retired député; Monsieur Mardin, ex-colonial governor, with his wife and two daughters, Celestine and Angelique, both delicate and of uncertain age; Monsieur Charbot, originally a poor organist, who had married a rich widow; and one or two others. As most of them meant—if they could, and the war gave them a good excuse—to get off without paying the next quarter's rent, they were very glad to see Bardar go, and were accordingly very effusive; but with all this they assumed as sad a look as they could, such as they deemed suitable to the occasion.

'As the clock struck six Bardar appeared en civile, carrying his képi and his uniform in a brown-paper bundle. He shook hands with each, and then in a broken voice told them of his sacrifices for his country; but Honour, Patriotism—ay, and Vengeance, he said, called him, and he hastened to obey. With these words on his lips he stepped into the fiacre, and in a loud voice told the cocher to drive to the Gare de Lyon, en route for Dijon.

"He's off to Switzerland," said the Major dryly as the fiacre disappeared. But the Major was wrong, for when Bardar had gone down one or two streets he got out, leaving the parcel under the seat, and paying the cocher, said he would walk; which he did to the Gare St Lazare, whence in due time he arrived safely

in England.

'The locataires might, in the ordinary way, have lived in the same building for years scarcely knowing each other; but the war, the approach of the Prussians, and the appalling misfortunes of their country had brought them together; one had lost a son, another a brother, and so on, and they sought mutual consolation and sympathy. The arrival of a new tenant, when most who could afford to do so had left, naturally caused some commotion among the small community, especially when it was known he was a celebrated writer.

'The gas had not yet been cut off, but it was sparingly used, as were candles; so most of the locataires went to bed early. Close on midnight on the day of Bardar's departure, a two-horse furniture-wagon arrived in the courtyard. Mumbart, the cripple, his nephew, and an elderly man arrived with it. The latter was Blanard. On some mattresses and bags of wood and coke being removed from the end of the wagon, several sacks were taken out. With marvellous quickness and perfect silence these sacks were carried upstairs, while the old man and the concierge remained There were violent movements in the sacks, but no sound proceeded from them.

"Roll up that Turkey carpet," said Mumbart sharply to the cripple as the first two sacks were thrown on the floor. It was impossible to take away the table, but the new-comers had no sentiment, and all the fancy screens and chairs, all the sacred lares et penates, as Bardar called them, were thrown anyhow into a neighbouring bedroom. For a quarter of an hour Mumbart and the cripple toiled up those stairs till the perspiration ran down their foreheads. Then the wagon was drawn out of the courtyard, and only just in time, for at that moment the inquisitive Major returned from his club, where he had been holding forth, showing what Bazaine and Trochu ought to do if they wanted to clear the country of the infernal Prussians. Half-an-hour later another great furniture-wagon arrived, waking up all the But the silence was not so profound this time. Madame Legrange, without troubling to put on her front, looked through the curtains, but saw little except a lantern.

(Continued on page 168.)

A LOST TREASURE IN THE GREAT SOUTHERN OCEAN.

THE departure from New Zealand of a fourth expedition of adventurers, whose objective is the salving of the bullion that went down in the wreck of the gold-ship General Grant, brings vividly to the memory of some of us the chief features of that disaster. They form a tale well

worth telling.

In all the long roll of maritime disaster, the loss of the General Grant is probably unique. The vessel drove right into a huge sea-cave, and foundered within it in the thick darkness, shut in by walls of rock. Over half-amillion in gold and one hundred human lives is the tale of loss in the disaster. Ballarat, Bendigo, and other goldfields of the southern El Dorado had each contributed their quota to swell the passenger list. Lucky diggers these, returning to the land they loved with the wealth their toil had won them. The private wealth carried on the vessel is variously estimated at from one hundred thousand pounds to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and it is probable the latter sum is the more nearly correct.

Many of the diggers were accompanied by their wives and children. The women and children aboard numbered forty, and the total of the ship's company, inclusive of the crew, amounted to one hundred and eleven.

In addition to the private wealth aboard, there was in the vessel's strong-room Government gold consigned to the Royal Mint to the value of four hundred thousand pounds sterling. Packed in iron-bound hardwood boxes, the contents of each box approximated in value to five thousand pounds in twenty-pound bullion ingots. The ship's manifest also shows the shipment of fifteen large cases of spelter ore. No zinc was mined in Australia in those early days, and it has been stated that these—purposely cased and marked as inferior metal as a precautionary measure—were actually filled with gold ingots. Of course this is a secret that the sea holds close, one which must wait for elucidation until such time as the weed-grown wreck shall have been explored.

The General Grant sailed from Melbourne on 7th May 1866, and on the night of 14th May went to her fate within the cavern known to mariners as Sarah's Bosom, in the savage cliffs of the Auckland Islands. The cave is four hundred feet high at the entrance, with a width of three hundred feet.

Those were the days before the advent of the swift ocean liner, direct cables, and wireless telegraphy. A vessel putting out for distant ports, but for the fortuitous chance of speaking passing ships, went practically out of human ken often for a period of several months. But it was known or conjectured within six months that the General Grant had vanished, leaving no sign. She had failed to reach London, her port of destination, but of her ultimate fate and of those aboard her nothing was known for eighteen weary months. The sudden horror of the actual disaster is perhaps best pictured in the narrative of Quartermaster James Teer, one of the nine survivors:

' For twelve hours the fog had held. The wind had fallen, an' we lost steerage-way. a big sea running, an' we wallowed through it like a hay-barge in a tide-race. The strain o' the wet canvas, dragging on the yards at each wide roll, was like to take the sticks out o' her, an' the skipper stripped her down to courses an' maintopsail. Thick? Why, you couldn't see your own hand for fog. The night was only a bit clarker than the day. The binnacle-lamp might as well ha' bin a farthing dip for all the good it was. Ted Coglan an' me was at the wheel, trying to keep her end on to the seas that boosted under her sternpost. There was a distant growl o surf in the air. The fog was full o'it, an'it seemed getting louder. The "old man" hadn't seen the sun for three days, nor a star, an' couldn't rightly get his bearings. Not that it would ha' made a ha'porth one way or t'other if he had. There was no wind, no steerage, an' we was in some sort o' current. There was nothing for it but to trust to luck an' let her rip.

'Jim Bissett an' the first mate was on the look-

'Twas two bells in the midnight watch. "Breakers ahead!" came in a scream from the fo'c'sle-head. "Breakers on the port bow!" There was a blacker loom through the haze, which I knew was rock. I jammed the helm hard over. It was no good. O' course she wouldn't answer. A big sea lifted under our stern, caught us up like a chip, an' chucked the old barky, bow on, right up against the cliff. I waited, an' looked around for a bit o' spar to grab hold to when the crash came. There wasn't any crash! The sea swept us clean through that cliff into a pit o' darkness beyond. Breakers thundered to port an' starboard, but under our keel was the high roll o' the heavy swell. Dark? Deck-lanterns showed up no bigger than pin-points. "We're in a cave," sings out some one—the second mate, I think, from the voice.

'Up to that the passengers were mostly below decks, snug in their berths, out o' the wet. But at this the "old man" gives the word, "All hands on deck. Lower away the boats. Women an' on deck. Lower away the boats. children first. Women to the starboard quarter boat." Above the din o' breaking spars an' falling chunks o' rock, knocked off by our masts an' yards, the captain's voice sounded from the waist The roof o' the cave lowered as we o' the ship. drove in. Royal-masts an' to'-gallants jammed against the roof, snapped off short at the fids, carried away, an' fell in a tangle o' hamper. Twas all over before you could wink. Some one had struck a blue light. From the wheel we could see the crowd about the boats, their faces all ghastly in the blue flare. Twas just the picture o' a moment. Then the muck o' masts an' gear fell on them in a heap an' shut it again into the dark. Out o' the dark came screams an' curses; an' that was all. Ted Coglan was hanging on beside me. "Help," he said, "the women an' the little children! the women an' the little children!" Over an' over he kep' sobbing it, like a prayer. I had my orders, an' hung to the wheel. My fists was cramped to the spokes with sheer horror. Dazed I was, an' daft.

'The topmast-heads beat against the roof as we lifted an' dropped on the swell, an' I knew 'twas the end. There was one or two heavy jars, a crashing o' stout timbers, an' the masts drove clean through her bottom. The forepart o' the ship went under, with a surge. The stern lifted, an' as she steadied to the plunge she canted to port till her taffrail stood no more than a foot above the water.

'Into the dim circle o' the binnacle-light the captain struggled up the sloping deck, a woman in his arms. The dark loom o' a spar flashed by on a backwash, an' they were gone. I saw the mate fighting his way aft, chest-deep in water, an' his head streaming blood. But he never reached us.

'Then I seemed to wake up like. The captain's gig still hung to the falls. Collaring Coglan, I

pitched him into it, fell in myself, an' began to cast loose. Out o' the dark came rushing other figures that leapt in beside us. The binnacle-lamp was still burning. I caught a glimpse o' a white bundle clinging to the wheel-grating. "Shove off! shove off!" yelled the men in the boat, an' fought to get clear o' the sinking ship. Into the dim light two shadows struggled, grappling. "By heaven!" I heard one shout, "my wife goes first." I saw the flash o' a knife, heard a scream, an' a man leapt toward us, a woman in his arms. Next moment we were away, almost, as the ship swirled under. It was Jewell who killed the other man to save his wife—acting-stewardess she was. Poor girl! she was in her night-gear, an' sobbing with cold an' bitter fear. But her man wrapped his pilot-coat around her, an' she won through.

'How did we get out o' that cave! Ah, there Providence took a hand; I don't know. Next thing I remember is waking up along o' ten others

on a bank o' shingle at the cliff-foot.

'Gold? Oh yes, I saw the escort bring it alongside at Port Phillip, an' helped to stow the boxes in the strong-room. But, you mind me, sonny, there's times when a man 'u'd give all the gold in the world for a staunch deck to his foot, a fair breeze, an' good sea-room. The stuff's there yet, under six fathom water, an' there it can stick for all I care.'

This is Teer's story of the wreck. Afterwards, until his death in 1878, Teer was employed at the pilot station, Wellington, N.Z. It was here the writer knew him, and made notes of the tale as he told it.

How the survivors scaled the cliff and endured all the hardships of an eighteen months' sojourn on the barren island is told in the newspapers of the period. Those were the days before the establishment of depots for shipwrecked mariners -of warm huts, means of fire, and store of meats and biscuit. It was not till 1887 that these things were provided. The islands have ever borne an evil reputation. Even now they are seldom visited by passing ships. At present the Government of New Zealand despatches a steamer on half-yearly visits in search of castaways, but at the time of which I write the chances of rescue were infinitely remote. For food the castaways lived on sea-birds' eggs and the flesh of sea-lions killed with clubs of driftwood-uncooked food for the most part. It was winter when they were cast away. Everything was sodden with damp and frost, and it was not till the return of the brief summer that they succeeded in striking fire to some dried herbage with flint and knife-blade. They made themselves clothes from sea-lions' skin as some shelter from the freezing gales that thundered continuously from the south. Exposed as they were to the fierce rigours of Antarctic winter, the wonder is that any survived to be rescued. Two succumbed to hardships endured, and it was not till November 1867 that the nine who remained were rescued by the brig Amherst, and carried to Invercargill, N.Z.

Three expeditions have sailed at various times to attempt the recovery of the treasure. On each occasion the adventurers were foiled by death and disaster. The divers were drowned, the boats smashed to matchwood, and their crews lost. The last expedition put out from Lyttelton in October 1876, and although the weed-grown timbers of the wreck were clearly seen two hundred yards within the cave, beneath the water, and the position of the strong-room located, the roll of death was the greatest. Ere diving operations could be commenced, one of the boats, with its crew of eleven men, was dashed to pieces against the wall of the cave. The crew of the second boat saw their comrades drown in spite of all efforts at rescue, and they themselves only escaped by the skin of their teeth. So sudden and furious are the storms in that latitude, so bitter the weather, and so heavy the westerly swell rolling into the cave, that approach by boat is hazardous in the extreme; and since the expedition of 1876 until the present day all attempts at recovery of the gold have been abandoned.

The lesson of former failures has been well learned, and the present adventurers, it is said, intend to proceed on entirely new lines. All seaward operations are to be abandoned. The headquarters of the expedition will be on the island itself. The roof of the cave, at a spot immediately above that where the wreck lies on the floor below, is to be pierced by a shaft from the cliff-top. A huge caisson of iron will then be lowered down the shaft to the wreck through the intervening water, and thus it is hoped all danger from the swell will be avoided.

As an alternative should the first plan fail, the overhanging cliff at the cave's mouth will be blown outward on to the sill. Superimposed above the cave's roof, it is calculated, there are more than two million tons of rock. It is claimed that the fall of a moiety of this mass at the mouth, by interposing a breakwater against the rush of the heaviest seas, would ensure calm water, in which divers might work in safety within the cavern.

Of the fleet of gold-ships that, before the establishment of Sydney Mint, carried the wealth of Australia to the Old Country, only two failed to make their ports in safety—the General Grant and the Royal Charter. The latter ship was wrecked on the coast of Anglesea, with much loss of life and of bullion to the value of four hundred and eighty thousand pounds. This treasure, however, was recovered a few years later by salvage operations conducted from Liverpool. Equipped as they will be with all modern improvements in salvage methods, there seems no reason to suppose that the present bold adventurers will prove less successful in recovering what still lies on the floor of Sarah's Bosom.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

By IAN HAY, Author of The Right Stuff, A Man's Man, Happy-go-Lucky, &c.

CHAPTER X .- THE ECCENTRIC GENTLEMAN.

IT was a lovely morning. Philip, tramping vigorously along a Hertfordshire highway, felt that if all his adventures were to be conducted under such a kindly sun as this he would have little to complain of. But at present his most pressing desire was to get as far away from the residence of Mr Montagu Falconer as possible.

He had quitted that restful establishment some three hours previously, escaping from durance by the simple expedient of opening the French window and walking out on to the lawn. He had caught an early morning train into the country, and, having travelled as far as one-and-ninepence would carry him, had also covered a considerable distance upon two sturdy legs. But he was uneasily conscious of the avenging power of the Law, which, goaded into activity by his late host—Heaven only knew on what charges!—might be interesting itself on his behalf over all the countryside.

Still, he felt that he had no alternative. If he had accepted Mr Falconer's pressing invitation to remain and be arrested at nine o'clock that morning, a still more involved situation would have arisen. For one thing, Pegs and Mrs Falconer would have been dragged into the fray—which would have been a most unnecessary complication; for apparently their choleric but obtuse protector had not scented their presence in the plot at all. They would certainly have confessed complicity and taken Philip's side; and this would have led to a domestic upheaval of a most monumental character. So Philip had cut the Gordian knot by running away.

It was eleven o'clock. He had breakfasted off the very inconsiderable remains of his supper, and was now acutely conscious of the existence of an excellent digestion clamouring for employment. He tramped resolutely along the wide country road, fingering the sum of elevenpence which remained in his right-hand trouser pocket,

and wishing he could come to a shop.

He also speculated as to his future. He was a clear-headed little boy; and though he had led a secluded life, he had spent it almost entirely with grown-up people, and was accustomed to marshalling facts and weighing probabilities. He ran over the list of his accomplishments and limitations.

He had no Latin or Greek, but was a good stenographer and typist. He could keep accounts and file correspondence with method and neatness. He was a promising mathematician, with a useful but unsystematic acquaintance with mechanics and physics. He had read and reread some twenty of Shakespeare's plays. He

knew long passages of Milton and Tennyson by heart, and was well up in the history of ancient chivalry. His favourite book was Sir Thomas Malory's Morte d'Arthur; next in order ranked a string of well-thumbed science manuals. It may be added that he had never read a novel in his life. The foundation-stone of nine novels out of ten is a woman, and the coping-stone thereof is love made perfect; so, naturally, such works had found no place upon Uncle Joseph's shelves.

He was fairly expert with singlestick and rapier, and could play piquet and double-dummy bridge with more than average skill. But he knew nothing of cricket and football; and the ordinary joys of the schoolboy's holidays—pantomimes, parties, and the like—were a sealed book

to him.

His labours on behalf of the Kind Young Hearts and Thomas Smith had introduced him to a large and varied, if unusual, circle of acquaintance, and he possessed a knowledge of human nature and the world in general that a seasoned

man about town might have envied.

For some time back his thoughts had been occupied with the contemplation of a suitable The profession of Knight Errantry career. having apparently fallen into desuctude, he had been compelled to resign himself to the prospect of a more humdrum occupation. With the true instinct for the surviving possibilities of romance, he had decided to become an engineer. Like all boys of the present age, he was consumed with a desire to understand, direct, and control machinery, especially the machinery of the automobile. The numerous cars which whizzed up and down the Finchley Road were an abiding joy to him. He could tell the make of any of them-just as a woman can tell the make of another woman-by the cut of its bonnet. Number-plates attracted him especially, for they stimulated his imagination. When a mudsplashed car displaying the letters S.B. stole silently past him in the gathering darkness, he realised with a thrill the bigness of the world; for this weary giant, now slipping into the roaring heart of London, had come all the way from the fastnesses of Argyllshire. He paid a penny a week for a small but highly technical journal which dealt with the latest mode in such things as sleeve-valves and detachable rims. He even executed designs of his own, inventing tires which never punctured and carburettors that never choked. So now, with the choice of a career suddenly thrust upon him, he had no difficulty in making up his mind. It had been made up for some time. At this very moment he was on his way to Coventry, whence he

knew that vast numbers of motor-cars emanated. What he was going to do when he got there he had not definitely settled. He felt that he already possessed certain saleable merchandise in the form of clerical skill; this he proposed to barter for technical instruction. He would arrange details when he reached Coventry. Philip was essentially one of those people who decline to think of the Vistula until they have crossed the Rhine.

Presently he came to an old, lofty, and warmly tinted brick wall, skirting the road for nearly a quarter of a mile on his right, and evidently sheltering some venerable house and garden. As he approached, Philip observed a large noticeboard jutting out for all to see:

MOTORISTS

PLEASE DRIVE SLOWLY ALONG THIS WALL. IT CONTAINS TWO HIDDEN GATES.

A quarter of a mile farther on, where the wall ended, came another board, which said, simply:

THANK YOU!

Philip's comment on this pretty device was characteristic. 'What a beast you would feel, he said to himself, 'if you didn't drive slowly, and then found that "Thank you!" sticking out at the end!'

He made a mental note that if ever he possessed a car of his own, and came to this wall, he would comply punctiliously with the request upon the first board, and so earn the right to read the second. He added a rider to the effect that if ever he possessed a house of his own like that, he would put out a similar board.

He had scarcely passed the second of the concealed gates—the first was a mere kitchen door -when there was a grinding of bolts, and the gates were dragged open, slowly but resolutely, first one and then the other, by a small but intensely fat girl of six or seven. This proceeding exposed to view the front of an ancient and ivy-clad house. Exactly opposite the front-door stood a motor-car of antique design and dilapidated appearance. From beneath the car projected a pair of human feet, attached to a pair of lengthy legs. The owner of the legs was apparently doing something painful to the underbody of the car, from beneath which came a stream of objurgations of a bloodthirsty but innocuous

type, punctuated by the clink of a spanner.

The small girl, breathing heavily, stooped down to inspect these operations. Presently, adopting a more comfortable but somewhat reptilian attitude, she crawled bodily under the car. Here she encountered the head of the

mechanic, who was lying on his back, engaged apparently in the task of removing mud stalactites from the bottom of the car with a spanner. As fast as the stalactites were dislodged they fell into the excavator's eyes or mouth.

'What are you doin' of, daddy?' inquired a

husky but interested voice in his ear.

'Eating mud,' replied the mechanic. did thing for the digestion, Dumps. 'Splen-Have some ? '

'No, thank you,' was the dignified reply. 'I shall be havin' a glass of milk at twelve. But I will watch you,' added Miss Dumps indulgently.

She rolled over with some difficulty on to her back, and lay staring solemnly at the mudencrusted vault above her, while her harassed parent resumed his task of digging with the spanner for a buried nut.

'I've opened the gates, daddy,' announced the small lady presently, in tones which were intended not so much to convey information as to remind her companion that he was forgetting his duties as a conversationalist.

'Thank you, madam,' replied Mr Mablethorpe. 'Is the road clear?'

'I seen a little boy.'

'Trust you for that! Well, we must contrive not to run over him. Just look in my left ear and see if you can find a nut, there's a good girl. I rather fancy I heard it drop in just now. No, don't bother. Here it is in my eye. Now we are really getting on!'

He adjusted the nut to the now exhumed bolt, and began to screw it tight with the spanner. The recumbent Dumps turned her head and regarded him admiringly.

'You are clever, daddy!' she said.

'You are right,' admitted her parent modestly. 'I am a wonder. People come simply miles Dash and confound the rotten thing! Run your finger round the inside of my collar, Tichborne. I think I can feel it lying somewhere round at the back.'

Once more the fugitive nut was recaptured and replaced, this time permanently. Mr Julius Mablethorpe wriggled painfully from under the car on to the gravel drive, and then, rising to his legs, politely dragged his daughter out by the heels, and having first stood her upon her head (in order, as he explained, to give her feet a rest), restored her to an upright position, and surveyed her doubtfully.

'We shall get into trouble with mother,

Dumpling,' was his first remark.

He was right. At that moment the frontdoor opened, and Mrs Mablethorpe appeared. 'I can only say, Julius,' she began at once—as a matter of fact, no one had invited her to say anything—'that I am not in the least surprised at anything you may do; but I think -her voice quavered tearfully—'that you might have had the sense to prevent that child from crawling about in the mud too.—Baby, go into the house and ask nurse to give you a bath at once. Your hands and face are black!'

'But I am quite white, mummy,' replied Miss Dumpling soothingly-one soon picked up the habit of speaking soothingly to Mrs Mablethorpe -'all over the rest of myself. Look-I'll show you!' Before any one could stop her, the infant had detached a stocking from its moorings and rolled it down to her ankle. 'There!' she said triumphantly.

Mrs Mablethorpe, fearing further enterprise, hurriedly reiterated her ultimatum on the subject of a bath. 'A good hot one,' she added.

'The kiddie would do much better to wash her hands and face in cold water,' said Mr Mablethorpe. 'What she is covered with is chiefly oil, and hot water will only open her little pores and drive it in.

Mrs Mablethorpe put her hand to her head dizzily. 'You know I cannot bear argument,

Julius,' she said, with a little moan.

'Sorry!' said Mr Mablethorpe humbly.-'Dumps, we must do as we are told. We will go upstairs and wash in hot water. Then we shall have black hands and faces for months and months, and mother won't be able to take us to church. Hurrah!'

And this undutiful parent and callous husband caught up his daughter upon his shoulder and carried her, shrieking joyfully, to the nursery. Five minutes later he descended, clean and smiling, and after caressing his hypochondriacal spouse, set to work to start up his engine. After three backfires this feat was accomplished, and the car, with much burring of gear-wheels and slipping of the clutch, started off upon its deafening career. The vehicle in question was an old friend, and, like most old friends, felt privileged to speak its mind on all occasions—which it did with no uncertain voice.

Mr Mablethorpe, having safely negotiated the gateway—no light feat, considering the amount of play on his steering-wheel-turned sharp to the right and proceeded northward. Presently he came to four cross-roads. At the foot of the sign-post sat a small, sturdy, and well-dressed boy, with short curly hair and hazel-green eyes.

As the car slowed down in case of cross-traffic the boy rose to his feet, and, ranging up along-

side, asked a polite question.

Mr Mablethorpe leaned over as far as he could. 'Is it very important?' he yelled above the din. 'If I stop this engine to listen to you I may never be able to start it again.'

Philip replied with the full pressure of his lungs, but the only distinguishable word was 'Coventry.' The amiable Mr Mablethorpe accordingly switched off the current, and the engine clanked itself into a state of coma.

Now let us hear all about it,' he said.

'Can you please tell me the way to Coventry?' inquired Philip.

Coventry, eh? Have you been sent there?'

Mr Mablethorpe's eye twinkled.

'No. I'm going of my own accord,' said

Philip innocently.

'First time I have heard of a man sending himself to Coventry,' mused Mr Mablethorpe. He surveyed Philip's bewildered face with interest. 'Perhaps you don't catch the allusion, Don't you ever send any one to though. Coventry at school?'

'I have never been to school, sir,' replied Philip.

'That's a pity,' said Mr Mablethorpe. 'But to resume. Coventry must be a good eighty miles from here. Do you propose to walk? 'Yes.'

Mr Mablethorpe eyed the pedestrian curiously. 'Running away?' he asked.

'Sort of,' admitted Philip.
'Well, I have only one motto in life,' said Mr Mablethorpe, 'and that is, "Mind your own business!" So I will refrain from comment. I don't know where Coventry is; but I should think you would not go far wrong if you kept along this road, and asked again later. Now, with your permission, I must be getting on.'

Mr Mablethorpe had not proceeded far upon his way—to his surprise and gratification the engine had come to life almost immediately—

when his conscience smote him.

'I might have offered the little beggar a lift,' he said to himself. 'Silly not to have thought of it. He has a longish journey before himthat is, if papa doesn't lay him by the heels. I might stop and let him overtake me. I wonder where he is.' He leaned over the side of the car and surveyed the road behind him.

(Continued on page 164.)

THE CULTURE OF HOUSE PLANTS.

By a PRACTICAL GARDENER.

HOUSE plants and cut flowers having greatly increased in popularity, this article is intended to suggest remedies for plants in a poor condition that might become well-grown if carefully treated and skilfully watered.

'How often should this plant get water?' is the question invariably asked by a purchaser.

This question cannot be answered off-hand, as some people imagine; but as watering is a most essential factor in successful plant-culture, it is necessary to give it careful consideration. For example, we will take two well-drained plants, and proceed to give each of them a drink. One has well filled its pot with healthy roots, while

the pot of the other contains more soil than roots. Both get a good steep in water at about the same temperature as the room wherein they are growing, until the air-bubbles which the heavier water forces out of the soil cease to come to the surface. When this takes place the soil is saturated, and the roots have a good chance to absorb what they Afterwards the difficulty that presents itself to the inexperienced is when to water the plants again. The answer to this is that water should not be given until the soil has become fairly sweet or dry. This condition occurs through loss by evaporation from leaves and soil. The rate of this loss depends on the moisture or dryness of the atmosphere. The plant in the pot full of roots will be ready for a drink in a quarter of the time required by the sparsely rooted plant. Therefore it is evident there can be no hard-and-fast rule laid down for any stated period to elapse before giving water. So the only reply is that a plant should be watered when it needs water.

When watering is done with a watering-can, care must be taken that the ball of soil is thoroughly moistened at every watering, or failure is likely to follow. When a plant gets too dry, and its foliage withers, the ball of soil shrinks from contact with the pot and leaves a space, with the result that the water given runs down between the ball of soil and the pot. The plant looks as if it were watered, but in reality it is starving; the delicate tendril roots become shrivelled, and the plant's function of taking up water and food is paralysed; the foliage fades through want of nourishment, and then follows total collapse.

Still taking two plants for illustration, let us turn now to the equally common mistake of giving too much water. We gave our two plants a good watering, say, a few days ago, and the well-rooted one is ready for another drink, and rightly gets it; but its companion with the scanty roots is still in a state of comparative saturation, although it may on the surface look dryish, so it gets a little too, just to keep it going. This is where the inexperienced may blunder; for, owing to the soil becoming cold and sour, no warm air having permeated to evaporate the moisture and dispel the acids generated, the roots perish. Foliage plants, especially in warm weather, must have their roots kept rather moist, but not constantly saturated. In watering and feeding plants, one person should have sole charge.

Another point worth noting is that the largeleaved foliage plants require a regular weekly sponging with warm soapy water. This keeps the pores open and helps to keep off the insects which otherwise would soon overrun and disfigure the plant. The worst insect pests foliage plants have to contend with are the scales. These are small, round, and white, but sometimes brown, and are found especially on palms. A good method of getting rid of these pests is to lay the leaf flat on the hand and scrub them off with a worn tooth-brush and warm soapy water, taking care not to injure the leaf. Among flowering plants, the green fly is the principal enemy to get rid of. Tobacco or quassia may be used for the purpose, as they may be safely handled by the amateur, and leave on the foliage a bitter taste most unappetising to the insects who are on the lookout for a meal.

Coming back to the subject of watering, it is safe to say that for flowering plants the treatment is much the same as for foliage plants. Let the plants become fairly dry before giving them a drink.

Nourishing or feeding plants is done by repotting, top-dressing, or giving manure in a liquid state. In potting, see that there is ample drainage composed of broken crocks or rough cinders; suitable soil can be got from the florist. Now turn the plant requiring repotting out of the pot, and rub away the old drainage and any exhausted soil or old roots; place the plant in the new pot, which must be dry and clean, and add the fresh soil, at the same time making it firm with a wooden rammer between the old ball and the pot. Most plants thrive best with firm potting. Then finish by watering. Keep the plant shaded and close for a while, being careful not to give water for some time after this operation, as the plant gets a check, and no circulation goes on until the roots are active, which in a cool room generally takes from a few days to a fortnight. Potting may be done about the end of April and in May, when the sap is on the move and there is no fear of a cold set-back. Top-dressing is done by removing with a fork some of the top exhausted soil, taking care not to destroy any tender roots in the process, and to add fresh soil, either mixed with some approved manure or without it, to replace the old soil. Or the soil may be loosened without removing it, and bone-meal sprinkled, a teaspoonful to a six-inch pot, twice in the growing season. There are various fertilisers sold in tins, clean and handy for home use; but these must be carefully used, for the fertiliser becomes a roison instead of a food if applied too often, as the different fertilisers vary in strength, and plants also vary in their requirements and as to the time when food should be applied. Directions as to quantity to be used are generally printed on the tins. The fertilisers may be given in weak doses to foliage plants such as aralias, aspidestras, and strong-growing palms and ferns, if they have plenty of healthy feeding roots.

The following hints on using these patent manures are worth noting. See that the soil is fairly moist when you apply them. Never apply them when the soil is dry, as they would be carried directly down through the soil, injuring the roots on their way, and get lost through the drainage-hole. When starting to feed plants in spring, begin with small doses. Stop feeding at the end of summer, as stimulated growth in the dull days and long dark nights of

winter is poor and weak. Flowering plants with plenty of roots and starting to flower require more nourishment than foliage plants, as they have to carry on the extra functions of flowering and reproduction.

In summer, foliage plants should be kept shaded from the sun from 10 A.M. till about 4 P.M., as they are liable to be scorched; while flowering plants require plenty of sun and air to ripen the wood that produces the flowers.

Worms in the soil are apt to disarrange and clog the drainage. This can be remedied by using lime-water, made as follows: Pour two gallons of water on one pound of fresh burned lime, stir well, and let the liquid stand forty-eight hours; then, having stopped the holes in the pots, deluge the soil with clear lime-water only, when the worms will come to the surface.

As to giving air, the most successful amateur gardener we know is a lady who cares for her plants exceedingly well; and they are such a picture of health that it could well be believed a professional gardener had them under his charge. All their wants are attended to personally, nothing being left to maids or others. Her method of giving air in cold weather is to shut all doors in the rooms, and open the windows a little from the top; whilst in the summer she judiciously lets in more air, top and bottom, as required. Of course one must discriminate between cold and warm air entering a room, and act accordingly. Cold air playing directly over palms

and similar plants means sure failure; therefore efforts should be made to keep them out of a draught. For room plants, a safe minimum temperature in winter is forty degrees; and while very hard frost is prevalent, plants should be moved back from windows for safety, and covered with brown paper or some such light covering, the soil being kept dryish. If, by accident or any want of forethought, a plant should get frosted, it should not be taken into a warm room to thaw. There is no surer way of killing it. If a plant is exposed to an atmosphere below freezing-point, the moisture in the sap-cells of the plant is drawn outside the membranous walls, and there frozen, the plant becoming contracted in the process. When thawing takes place, if done quickly in a high temperature, the frozen sap is suddenly melted, and as it is not able to find its way back through the membranous walls quick enough, the cells are burst by the expanding sap, and the plant is ruined. What should be done is to take the frozen plant into a room only a few degrees above freezing-point, sprinkle cold water over the foliage, and keep it shaded. This treatment allows the frozen sap to melt gradually, and gives it time to find its way back through the membranous walls of the cells to its former position.

From the foregoing it will be seen that plants are much like ourselves, and require a suitable environment, so that what life is in them may be lived at its best.

THE MASTER-KEY.

By IGNOTUS.

THE big clock in the Ordnance Yard was striking twelve as the noonday gun in the fort above the saluting battery on the hill boomed out its confirmation of the clock's accuracy, and immediately a chorus that seemed to have been waiting its cue chimed forth from the cathedral; silvery and clear, the notes dominated the everyday noises of the town, and I gave orders for the men to cease work and fall in, preparatory to marching back to barracks.

I should judge by the look of relief on their faces that they were not sorry, for a November sun in the West Indies seems, to those obliged to labour in it, to shine with almost a personal intensity; and shifting heavy ordnance stores, varied by packing camp equipment, is not precisely the sort of work one would select for choice to while away a tropical morning.

At the shout of 'Fall in, there!' men emerged from all sides like rabbits from a burrow; and while they were putting on their jackets and the roll was being called I sent for my pony. As it arrived the tally was complete, and the party of hot and dusty men marched sturdily through the big yard-gates, to be swallowed up

in the shimmering heat of the white coral road outside.

Shouting to my grizzled colour-sergeant, the very incarnation of a trustworthy subordinate, to take charge, I turned up a road on my right leading to the pay-office to draw the men's weekly pay; and, that wearisome business settled, I rode slowly back through the town to the little white-walled club. The green jalousies, drawn full down, were restful to the eye after the glare of the white road, and seemed to promise a pleasant coolness within; and as the hands of the cathedral clock pointed to a quarter to one, I was fairly certain of meeting congenial company.

In this surmise I was not mistaken, for, as I climbed the stairs and glanced into the darkened veranda, a little knot of men in one corner shouted to me to join them in throwing dice for the ante-luncheon cocktail. With my usual luck I found myself let in to pay for the lot; and, calling the negro 'boy,' we gave our orders.

Vickery, the heavily built, red-bearded man of Devon who managed the Cornucopia sugarestate in the Roseau Valley, was evidently turning over in his mind some conversation that had been interrupted by our general appeal to Bacchus, and, sluing himself clumsily round in his cane chair, he said to Martin, the chief of police, 'Well, what then?'

'Nothing, I'm sorry to say,' replied Martin, 'because, try as I would, I couldn't get the old beggar to speak again. Either he regretted having said so much because he thought he might unwittingly have put me on the track, or he feared something of our conversation might find its way back to the other squatters; for he gradually assumed that irritating air of stolidity that is such a safeguard to a negro when he does not mean to speak. Either way, I could get nothing more out of him, and so dismissed him.'

The subject was indeed one of general interest which at times assumes an acute form in the West Indies, being nothing less than obeah, or witchcraft. The negro, though those who do not know him would little suspect it, is one of the most conservative persons on the face of the earth; and although for some three hundred years he has been domiciled in the West Indies, the pagan rites and ceremonies that his heathen ancestors brought with them from West Africa when they were kidnapped and imported to labour on the sugarestates still linger; indeed, they show at times a most surprising vitality all the more astonishing when it is remembered that he has had the benefit of the white man's civilising influence and has accepted with ardour the tenets of Christianity. Not only does the average negro in the West Indies attend the morning and evening services, but numerous chapels-of-ease exist where negro ministers expound the gospel on Sunday afternoons, so that in many cases the day is one long orgy of churchgoing. Notwithstanding all this, close observers are convinced that the average negro's religion is far more superficial than is generally supposed. One of these revivals was just then suspected to be agitating the native mind; and as the practice and observance of obeah is associated with the most bloodthirsty cruelty, it is very rightly suppressed by law.

When indications seem to point to its practice the white community is naturally uneasy; and vague hints and suggestions had kept Martin pretty busy for some time past, though the very vagueness of the rumours had militated against his taking any definite action.

The conversation once more became general, and even reminiscent, old Charrington contributing what threatened to prove a blood-curdling account of occurrences on his father's property fifty years ago, which fortunately was interrupted by a servant coming in with a message that Dingley, the harbour-master, was wanted below.

I looked at my watch. 'One o'clock, by Gad!' I said; and the group broke up, dispersing to lunch either in the club or in their bungalows near by.

I followed Dingley downstairs; and while I was having my pony brought out from the club

stables he came to me, half-humorously bewailing his fate at having to leave the lunch which was just ready for him, and go off to a sloop newly arrived in the harbour.

It appeared there was a dispute between the captain of the sloop and the port officer of health, who had refused to grant her pratique—that is, a clean bill of health, and the consequent right to land—because of a shrewd suspicion that, despite her skipper's denials, she had come direct from a port where yellow-fever had been raging.

We walked the few steps that separated us from the wharf to have a look at her while Dingley's boat was getting ready to go out. There she lay in the stream, a typically dirty, gray-white native sloop flying the yellow quarantine flag, with a rope's-end trailing untidily astern, and her brasswork much in need of a little spit and polish. Close by, one to port and one to starboard, lay two water-police boats, fully manned, keeping watch and ward to see that the isolation ordered was maintained.

'Well, you are a fool, my dear chap, to let your luncheon get cold on account of a filthy hooker like that. Why don't you wait, and go off to her afterwards?'

'Not quite so much of a fool as you think, my son,' said Dingley with a grin. 'That's what I used to do—take my ease and let the beggars wait my convenience; but some of them grumbled and made a fuss, and the matter came to the Governor's ears; so his Excellency sent for me, and in a very friendly way gave me an unmistakable hint that, as a Government servant, I had better readjust my ideas of duty. Consequently now I don't give the beggars a chance of complaining if it is at all possible to go off and set matters right.'

'Very well, then, off you go,' I said; and mounting my pony, which they had brought me, I rode home. I got back to barracks, and, finding young Lister and a couple of boys still in the luncheonroom, amused myself by recounting some of the stories I had heard at the club, whereby I flattered myself I could see the hairs rise one by one and stand on their heads unsupported.

'Ah, my boys, you never know your luck, and what you'll see next,' I remarked; and, finishing my luncheon, I left the room hastily to avoid laughing at their faces.

As the afternoon waned and the air felt cooler, some of us crossed the harbour to go up to the tennis-courts on the hill. It was still pretty hot ashore, as we could feel by the difference in temperature directly the garrison boat pushed off and we got the sea-breeze coming round the point; but as the eel gets used to skinning, so too does the average Briton become pretty well heat-hardened. He does not necessarily enjoy it, but he learns to look on it as an unavoidable accompaniment to life in the tropics, and in this he is wise.

In an idle, detached way, as the boat crossed

the harbour, I looked for 'Dingley's sloop,' as I had mentally christened her; and, not being able to spot her, I made inquiry of our coxswain, who, with the nonchalance of the British tar, replied that he 'adn't seen nothin' of no sloop; anyway, there weren't nothin' there when the garrison boat come over at noon'—a piece of information that was given in a tone which suggested that I was suffering from a touch of sun.

We came alongside the landing-stage, and went up to the tennis-courts at the top of the hill. Some of the courts were occupied, but we found an empty one and soon got to work. Our set finished, I put on my coat and walked across to speak to Mrs Lawrence, the wife of the Colonial Secretary, and one of the most deservedly popular women in the island. Gray-haired and far-spent in years, she had the most marvellous tact and ability in reconciling opposing factions such as only too readily spring up abroad; and her success in this direction had been so marked that it was commonly accepted that should Lawrence ever die suddenly, his widow would at once add to her exiguous Government pension by taking a job as an animal-trainer in a wildbeast show. She was full of her boy's success at Marlborough, of which the last mail had brought news, the lad having gained his house-colours that term, to his great joy. While we were deep in a discussion of football and its many points, we were interrupted by Dingley, who strolled across to make his bow.

'Hallo, old chap, where 's your sloop?' I asked.
'Did you eat it instead of the lunch that was growing cold, or what's happened to it? I looked for it as we came across the harbour, and couldn't see a sign of it; and our coxswain, whom I asked, as good as told me I was dreaming.'

'Oh, well,' said Dingley in his slow, drawling way, 'she's gone. I boarded her, and being quite satisfied that she hailed, as she asserted she did, from Trinidad, I went ashore again, and talked it over with the doctor, who eventually granted her pratique; whereupon she landed a few native passengers, and at once stood out to sea again. She was out of the harbour by three o'clock, and, with a strong following wind, almost out of sight an hour later; so no wonder your coxswain regarded you with suspicion.'

Mrs Lawrence laughed, and the conversation veered to other topics.

There was a great deal of work going on just then in the Ordnance Yard, and it was therefore with no very great surprise that, a week later, I found myself one evening told off in the regimental order book to proceed with a working party to the yard next morning at 8 A.M. As we marched through the gates I nearly rode over Martin, who walked round the corner with such a preoccupied air that I had much ado to avoid him. I thought he looked rather haggard and drawn, even for the hot weather, and pulled up to speak to him.

'Gently does it, old boy! What's the matter? You're beginning to look a bit fine-drawn, and as though a trip home would do you no harm.'

'Trip home be hanged! Talk sense, my dear Preston,' was the irritable reply. 'I keep hearing about this obeah, and I simply can't find anything definite to go upon.'

'Haven't you any clue?'

'Clue!' said he. 'My dear chap, I've had dozens, all of which I've followed up, and all of them led nowhere. Besides'—and he lowered his voice with professional secrecy—'I've got another rather bothersome job.'

'Well, I can't stand here yarning all day, said I. 'I've got to get this party to work shifting stores. Come into the yard with me, and as soon as I have set them going we'll have a talk, if you like.—Now,' said I some five minutes later, 'I'm your man.'

'The fact is,' began Martin in a hesitating way, 'I've got a tracing job on. I mean to say I've got to try to find a fellow, and I'm really rather stuck for the next move. Do you happen to remember that about a week ago—exactly a week ago,' he corrected himself—'we were all sitting in the club having a cocktail, and that clumsy ass Vickery was trying to draw me, when all of a sudden Dingley was called for about a sloop—the Kittiwake she was—that couldn't get pratique?'

I nodded.

'Well, funnily enough, it has to do with that. You remember, she got pratique later, and landed some passengers?'

'Yes,' said I, 'I remember.'

'There were five passengers landed—three men and a boy in one party, and a woman alone. The woman is cook to Ryder,' he said, mentioning the biggest merchant in the town, 'and she had been to Trinidad to see a dying mother; and the three men and the boy belong to the Coulemin property, on the other side of Soufriere Hill, where Warren's new cocoa plantation is. At least, I thought they belonged to Coulemin, but I begin to doubt it now.

'Two days ago the mail came in, and it brought me a letter from the Trinidad police, saying that they had been notified of the disappearance of a boy, the son of a carter who lived near the Pitch Lake, and that they had reason to think the boy had been kidnapped and taken to one of the other islands. Every island within reach of Trinidad had been notified, and chiefs of police were being asked to make every endeavour to trace the movements of any children that had landed during the last month. The description given seemed topoint to the boy who landed here last Thursday, and the strange part of it is I can't trace the little beggar anywhere. You know how closenegroes are when you're trying to get to the bottom of a thing. In this case they're not only close; they 're hermetically sealed.

'First thing, of course, I rode out to Coulemin to find the three men, and had no difficulty in discovering them. Oh yes, they remembered

the boy, of course. The skipper of the Kittiwake brought him aboard, and they understood he was coming over here to live with an uncle. skipper seemed very harsh with the boy, and so they took him under their protection, gave him some of their grub, &c.; and when they finally got leave to land, the skipper asked them to put the boy on the road to Delcer, where his uncle lived.

'So far so good. I established quite independently that the men and the boy left the town together, and were seen just this side of the junction of the Coulemin and Delcer roads. Now, however, comes what I can't understand. Although admittedly they were together two days and three nights on the boat, and for several hours after landing, the men cannot remember (so they say) what the boy's name was, or the name of his uncle at Delcer, or what his business or occupation is, or in fact anything about him. Finally, no strange or unknown boy has lately come to live at Delcer. The men arrived at Coulemin during the night, and were at work with their gang the next morning, so apparently nobody saw them arrive; but one old mammy on the Coulemin road states that three men and a boy passed her one day about 5 P.M. going toward Coulemin, and gave quite sound reasons for remembering the date, which was last Thurs-

day.
'I saw Warren, and you know what a good for that gang chap he is. He at once arranged for that gang to work at bush-cutting next day on the far side of the property; and when we had seen them well away, he and his eldest boy and I went down and searched these men's huts, for they all pig in together. Quite illegal, of course; in fact, we should have got into serious trouble if we had been caught. But we drew absolutely blank, never found a single thing that bore the least reference to the boy, or that could connect them in any way with his disappearance.

'Strange!' I replied. 'Couldn't the men give any explanation of what had happened to the

boy?'

'I asked them, of course,' said Martin, 'and they gave the explanation that one might naturally expect-namely, that when they got to where the roads forked they put him on his proper road, gave him some grub they had left, and said good-bye; and since then they had not seen him.

'Well, their explanation, whatever it is worth, seems right enough,' I replied; 'and the only thing I can suggest is to have the bush and undergrowth on each side of the road from the cross-roads to Delcer thoroughly searched. But for goodness' sake, my dear chap, don't look so worried and miserable about it. You can't do more than your duty, and everybody who knows you knows how conscientiously you do that.'

Poor Martin, somewhat consoled, took himself

off to his office, and I turned away to see how my working party was getting on.

We knocked off that day, as usual, at midday gun-fire, and I am afraid I rather bustled them through the streets on our way back, as I had a good deal of regimental routine work still to do in barracks, which I wanted to get through in time to play polo that afternoon. We had rather good polo that day, I remember, for the garrison had just issued a challenge to another island, and we were engaged in a series of eliminating games, so as to put the best representative garrison team that we could muster in the field.

People used to ride up to the ground sans cérémonie to look on, and that day the Governor's wife turned up to show the ground to some globetrotting people she had staying at Government House. I went into the pavilion to get a cup of tea after playing my second chukker, and paid my respects to her ladyship, who introduced me to a very pretty girl with the English bloom on her cheeks, and, in the kindly way habitual to her ladyship, asked me to dine with her that night—an invitation I was glad enough to accept.

As I got to Government House that evening I heard a pony trotting up the drive behind me, and looking round, saw Martin in his dogcart.

'Hallo, Preston! I didn't know you were

coming to-night,' he shouted.

'Nor did I till five o'clock,' I replied; 'but Lady Armstrong came up to polo this afternoon, and invited me then; and I am just as keen as you to talk to nice, fresh English girls when I get the chance. You had better send your mare back, and we can walk home nearly the whole way together, and enjoy the night, for there is a moon up till midnight.'

'Very well,' he replied; and as the butler

answered the bell the cart drove off.

We spent a very pleasant evening, for the party was small enough to be intimate. John told some yarns of his early experiences in Cyprus and Hong-kong which raised a laugh; the punkahs kept the room deliciously cool; and afterwards in the big drawing-room the pretty English girl sang us the latest London songs. and I was unfeignedly sorry when Martin nodded at me across the room to go. Our movement broke up the company, and there was a general dispersal to find wraps; while Carson, the Governor's aide-de-camp, sent word to stables for the various dogcarts and traps.

Martin and I murmured our thanks to our hostess, and were first away, passing the sentry at the entrance-gates before the driving-folk caught us up. Refusing the offer of a lift, we turned to the left down the hill, meaning before we turned in to walk through the town to the club to see the cables that arrived daily from London. The moon was brilliant that night, the coral road shone like silver, and all the myriad scents and enchantments of a tropic night were about us as we walked. Our talk was of home, and how we meant to spend our next leave. At the bottom of the hill we had to turn sharp to the right past the principal stores and the bank, and then to the left once more to reach the club.

As we turned the corner I noticed how sharply defined was the black line of shadow thrown by the roofs of the houses; it seemed to cut the road lengthways, and I was just about to make a careless remark on the subject, when Martin gripped my arm as in a vice.

'Hush!' he hissed. 'Can you see anything

down there, or is it my imagination?'

'Where do you mean?'

'Down there in the shadow, by the bank doorway;' and as he spoke he drew me unresistingly into the porch of an adjacent house, whose shadow swallowed us up.

I strained my eyes through the darkness, rendered all the thicker by contrast with the moonlight on the other side of the way; and, his excitement communicating itself to me, I began to tremble, though I swear it wasn't from funk. 'By Gad! yes, I can,' I whispered. 'I can see some men in the bank doorway.'

I felt the grip on my arm relax as he replied in his ordinary slow way, 'So that's all right. Somebody's trying to break in and rob the bank, and we must collar him if we can.' Suiting the action to the word, he came slowly from the porch, and we wriggled with the utmost caution along the wall to the next doorway, where we called a halt.

He then explained his plan, which, like those of all great commanders, was of the utmost simplicity. We were to continue this beastly cat-like crawl to the porch nearest the bank door, and then, on his giving the signal, were to make a pounce and collar a man apiece if we could. I didn't care for his plan very much, for I am a bigger man than Martin, and I felt sure they would spot me even if they couldn't see him; but I couldn't suggest a better one, so we slipped off our shoes where we stood, and started.

Things went very well, I must say. to our jumping-off place unnoticed, and when he touched me and started we were on the beggars like a flash. He jumped at the nearest man, and I collared the chap next to him; and as I did so I saw at least one other man making what my colonel calls 'a strategic movement to the rear.' They had their backs to us, and I leapt on my man and got my fingers well round his windpipe, which I pressed with all my force. I was conscious at the moment of a peculiarly repulsive smell that reminded me, as such things will, of some dead mules we once passed on the veldt in the South African war; but I hung on and strained back, so that we both came to the ground together, I in the rôle of the under-dog. I couldn't see Martin, but hoped he was all right; and as I wanted to get to bed that night instead

of spending it in the gutter, I hallooed for help at the top of my voice.

Some men in the club heard me, for the night was very still, and they came running out just as our regimental picket turned the corner. Last of all, of course, came a policeman; and while some of them took my man off my chest the others assisted Martin, who had never lost his head for a moment.

While our captives were being hauled off to the police station he sent to the club for a stablelantern to see whether the men had actually effected an entry into the bank. We couldn't find a scratch on the door; but that same queer, nauseating smell clung to it, greatly to my mystification. Martin swung his lantern into every corner of the porch, looking for tools, and I saw him suddenly grow as white as his shirt.

'Hold up, old sportiboy!' I said as I slipped an arm round him. 'This has been a bit too much for you.'

He recovered himself instantly, and I saw him stoop and pick something off the ground. 'Now come along to the station, Preston,' he said; then, turning to the others, he remarked, 'I won't have anybody else in.'

The station was only a few yards away, and I followed, but simply couldn't approach Martin, as the smell seemed to have transferred itself to him. As we entered I noticed the two prisoners in the dock, and the room was full of a motley crowd of police, soldiers, and a few civilians. They fell back and made way for us, and Martin, without a word, pushed through them to the inspector's room and shut the door. Then at last I saw what he carried, and understood the smell. He had picked up two human hands, and pretty beastly they were. I am a strong man, but I felt sick, I assure you.

Martin, his face alight with professional enthusiasm, turned to me. 'I've solved the mystery of that boy. This is obeah,' he remarked quietly.

Into the details of that horrible trial I do not intend to enter; nor would anything have induced me to listen to them had I not been obliged to attend and give evidence; but, put in a nutshell, they amounted to this: These three animals had determined to practise obeah, and for this purpose required a human sacrifice. They had chosen one as inconspicuously as possible, and, after murdering the boy and committing unmentionable barbarities with his body, had cut off his hands; and when we caught them they were in the act of applying the hands to the bank doors, believing that, according to the formula of an old superstition, at the touch of a dead man's hands the doors would fly open! The third man's body was found three days later floating in the harbour, and no doubt he had jumped into the water when he found the game was up.

Obeah has ceased since then, and I do not think we are likely to have a revival of it in my time. At any rate, I sincerely hope not.

THINKING BLACK.

THE Duke of Wellington once said to a friend that he had spent all his life in trying 'to guess what was at the other side of the hill.' explanation he further declared, 'All the business of war, and indeed all the business of life, is to endeavour to find out what you don't know, by what you do; that's what I called guessing what was at the other side of the hill.' We have all our own methods of finding out what is behind Explorers, missionaries, and envoys of the hill. commercial companies have 'bored' their way so successfully into the Dark Continent that the map of Africa has been transformed from guess-What is on the other work to authentic details. side of the hill has been made manifest to the world. To famous pioneers, such as James Bruce, Mungo Park, Robert Moffat, David Livingstone, H. M. Stanley, Speke, Burton, and Baker, we owe many great travel books. To these and many unnamed heroic souls we are indebted for much of our knowledge of Africa.

Slavery, that great open sore of the world, for the extirpation of which in Africa Livingstone battled to the end, did not seem quite to be healed even so recently as twenty years ago, as we gather from a remarkable missionary book, Thinking Black, by Daniel Crawford (Morgan & Scott). Slave-gangs still march from the interior to the west coast; and there is an echo in the book of the brutalities of the rubber districts of the Congo. One is reminded by this more recent writer, who spent twenty-two years without a break in the long-grass lands of Central Africa, of Stacpoole's vivid and realistic book, The Pools of Silence. In following Mr Crawford's progress from Benguella, on the west coast of Africa, by Bihe, Chokwe, and Luvale, to Lake Mweru, south-west of Tanganyika, we are brought into close contact with the native and wild life generally, and introduced to various Rob Roys of Central Africa, the worst of whom was Mushidi, who is described as being in character somewhat between a wolf and a pig. There is a lifelike picture of him and his five hundred wives (one of them white) at Bunkeya. He made Bunkeya a museum of skulls; and his own head, preserved in a petroleum-tin, was taken down to the east coast.

To the writer all things European seem to degenerate in Central Africa—provisions, fruit, as well as men and women. We are told that the merchants in Benguella and Catumbella snapped up as much black ivory as possible for shipment to St Thomas for cultivating the cocoa plantations. A caravan of eight hundred souls, including tottering old men, mere shrivelled sacks of bones, dozens of women, and little emaciated boys and girls, all doomed to exile for life, took nearly three hours to march past him. One girl whom he saved from death by the roadside became a happy Christian

mother on Lake Mweru. The market value of a certain boy, whose name became Sikispence, was one coloured handkerchief at sixpence. Another youngster, stolen when his mother was out in the field, was sold for one shilling and fourpence. Dilunga's child was sold for an old waterproof coat, Musole and her child for two small bags of grain. As to the mortality on the route, a slaver admitted that, if lucky, they might get six out of every ten natives alive to Bihe; and if unlucky, perhaps only three out of ten.

Mr Crawford describes some of the upside-down methods and customs of the negro. The ferryman sits with his back to the stern of the boat and his face to the bow; and sometimes a pair of socks are worn outside the boots. The negro is described as a congenital liar, and to him God is but a name to swear by. The Bihean eats dogs, the Luban snails, and another tribe mentioned and described eat human flesh. The bee-hive hut is called a verminating hole, a den of disease. This circular hut is the seed-plot of all the negro's 'thinking black.' When natives gather in a meeting they crowd in a circle, and they think and talk in a circle. Native carved stools and utensils are circular; the villages are circular; and the movements of a body of natives on the march are not in a straight line, but in and out along a twisted path. The author asks if this twisted itinerary is not exactly like their twisted morals. A naked negro means naked speech, and the men at fourteen are soon ripe and rotten. The Bantu curriculum is described as the university of the beasts. Certain tribes, when the chief dies, send down to death with him good healthy specimens of human beings for company in the other world. Lukatula shut two hundred natives in a house and roasted them alive—'a whiff of roasting viands from the devil's kitchen.

We have stories of mission-work round Lake Mweru, a district which Livingstone wished to visit in his last days. The book is a genuinely interesting human document, with far more character and individuality than most missionary and travel books.

AN ANGLER'S DAYBREAK.

THE mists of morning lift a little way,
Slowly the glen, the nearer hills, appear,
Rugged and grim; yet nothing is too clear,
But all things wear a robe of hushful gray.
Down on the shore, from out the shrouded bay
The sea comes singing in, moved to unrest
By a fresh wind that breathes from the southwest,

And woos my cheek in soft caressing play.

I hear the rush of many streams unseen,
I taste a wine-air, moist, wild-scented, pure;
And far aloft, where the great cloud-caps break,
Trace faint one mighty peak, apart, serene.
Dreary? Did ever dawn more cheering wake
The fisher to his first day on the moor?

NEIL E. MACLEOD.



TRAVELLING EXPERIENCES.

By ZENO.

PART I.

I HEAR that some people are fond of travelling. It even seems that most people are, except those who have to do it by trade or profession. Why people should like it is a puzzle to me. I do not understand the pleasure of being knocked about, riding in public carriages, eating off public plates, and sleeping in public sheets. If it were only people who cannot travel who liked it, then it would be quite clear. But not at all. People who have never been able to travel, as a rule, do not wish to do it. It is an acquired taste, as the Americans say of terrapin.

Those who enjoy travelling are not moved by curiosity. They know beforehand what is waiting for them. They go on the trodden path, to visit the same capitals, where they stop every time at the same hotels, dine at the same restaurants,

and patronise the same theatres.

No doubt there are some people who go to the museums, and see the sights, and so on. They are 'innocents abroad.' But for them travelling is a job, and it is a bad one. They never do it twice. They are under the bondage of Cook's agencies. They renounce freedom, conscience, and human dignity. They are told to go here and there, and they go here and there; to sleep in this hotel, and they sleep when they are not sleepy; to get up at seven, and they get up when they would like to sleep; to eat at that restaurant, and they eat things that are not naturally meant to be eaten; to admire, and they admire. were told to rob, they would rob. As it is, they are robbed instead by ciceroni, hotel-keepers, and café waiters; and they return home with a light conscience, a light purse, and a heavy regret at ever having left their cosy hearths. For them, to travel is a verb that it is only pleasant to conjugate in the past tense. I will not speak of these unfortunates. I pity them. My heart melts whenever I meet them.

But the others, those who know what travelling means, all the discomforts, all the deceptions, all the fatigue and robbery and poisoning they are going to be the victims of—it is a wonder to me that they travel. Perhaps it is the movement that induces them. Since science has discovered that everything in this world is motion—the heat, the light, the sound; that life, in fact, is motion—people seem to think that the

more they move the more they live. People cannot be quiet nowadays. Life in our time is a perpetual St Vitus's dance. Perhaps the disease is contagious, like individual chorea.

I am aware of the progress that has been made in travelling facilities and comfort. Still, I have been travelling for nearly thirty years, and I do not think I ever went as far as thirty miles without having undergone some unpleasantness. I shall not speak of missing trains just by a fraction of a second. Once I missed two trains in succession. I wanted to take a train before luncheon to go to town-I was then in the country. As I missed it, and the next train would leave an hour and a half later, I went home to have lunch in the meantime. I missed that train by one second. Trains have a knack of starting the moment you reach the platform. That is a certain cause of the universal spreading of nervous prostration.

Once I missed a steamer. I must confess that this case is not so common. I was then in Rome, and had booked a berth in a steamer that was expected in Naples, say, on Thursday, coming from Australia and going to Gibraltar. My experience is that steamers always arrive later than they are due. Of course it is never the fault of the steamer. It is the weather, or the fault of the steamer. It is the weather, or the fault of the steamer accident. Steamers are meant to be punctual when there is no weather or sea, and when there are no more accidents than the regulation ones, whatever they may be—accidents that are not unforeseen.

Well, trusting to my experience, I was sure that the steamer due on Thursday would not come into port before Friday. Consequently I took the night train on Thursday, and on Friday morning I was landed in Naples. I went directly to the agent's office and asked with an ironical smile if the steamer So-and-So would leave that day. 'Oh, the So-and-So came in a day sooner than she was expected. She left the day before yesterday at 3 P.M.,' was the gracious answer, which was delivered with an engaging grin showing two rows of dazzling white teeth such as can only be seen in Naples or in the mouth of stage villains. On second thoughts, I am not quite sure whether it is the teeth that are too white or the mustachios which

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are too black. At the time I did not quite understand whether the steamer had left too soon or I had arrived too late. Such are the ways of the world. Everything is always too much one way or the other. People are too rich or too poor, too fussy or too lazy, too clever or too stupid, too deep or too frivolous. The weather is too hot or too cold, too dry or too damp. The days are too short or too long; life is too fast or too slow; even wives are apt to be too wifely or not wifely enough. There is no such thing as the juste milieu. As soon as you reach it, you find out that it is not in the least juste. It is the worst, dullest, most boring commonplace you can imagine. And because everything in this world is too much, or too little, or mournfully insipid, some people go travelling, and some commit suicide.

Take, for instance, elopements and honeymoon travelling. Two persons love each other. There are insurmountable hindrances to their coming together. Their opportunities are too few. They elope and go abroad. They take to travelling. On the contrary, everything favours the lovers. They marry. They are too much together, at least during the first month of their married life. Therefore they go away; they travel. Too little, too much—they have recourse to travelling.

There is much to be said in favour of honeymoon travelling. It is perhaps the only case in which travelling is excusable—nay, advisable. Any person of either sex who has ever been in love is aware that love is like a stream in this sense -that it is the obstacles that cause the falls and the rapidity and strength of the current. Now, travelling puts some restraint on the affections of a newly wed couple. It would be unconventional to see your own friends during the first period of that blissful state; but you may go abroad and see other people's friends. They do not know that you are just married, although they can easily guess it. Anyhow, according to the social canons, there is no impropriety so long as they are not sure that you are lawfully bound. At the same time, when your love is slackening, like a placid and fertilising stream, altogether too conjugal, the restraint that their presence imposes is enough to quicken the current and start it afresh. You must have something to hide, and somebody to hide it from, or you would not enjoy it. Oh dreadful perversity of human nature! To be perfectly happy you must deceive somebody. If there is no one else at hand, you must at least deceive your own self!

It is this power we have to deceive ourselves and our neighbours that makes life bearable. We live on illusions, our neighbours' illusions and our own. We could not decently live on realities. Of course every one of us has met disillusioned people. We may even be disillusioned ourselves. Some people think so. Some people believe that they have no illusions. Now, the greatest illusion of all is to think that

you have none!

People travel because travelling is an illusion from beginning to end. One starts with the idea that he is going to enjoy himself, to see new and better things, to improve his mind, and to rest from his labours. In reality, he is going to sleep badly and feed worse, and he could apply to the things he sees what Voltaire said to a novel-writer who asked the philosopher's opinion about a book of his: 'My dear sir, you express many good ideas and many new ideas; only the good ideas are not new, and the new ones are extremely bad.' The mind gets hopelessly confused, and instead of rest your life is a perpetual agitation. What with being in time for trains or to secure the best place for the new play; discussing fares with cab-drivers; losing your way in distant streets where there are no cabs, and your watch in crowds where the policemen have no time to listen to you; lighting upon gossiping acquaintances when you most wish to be incognito, and feeling depressingly lonely when you long for society; missing your luggage when you want it, and recovering it when you have given it upwith all those contradictory, useless, humiliating emotions, after a few months' travelling you return home a pitiable, tattered wreck, a disappointed, unnerved idiot.

But the worst of all in travelling is the means You take a steamer. I suppose of locomotion. you choose the best steamer, and you are not seasick. Many people prefer tramps or cattleships to the best liners. They explain to you that the food and attendance are much better, that such ships are much safer and have better accommodation than fast, overcrowded vessels. They enumerate all the advantages that induce them to take such abnormal means of conveyance. They forget only to mention that they are immensely cheaper. I suppose they are excellent, but I have never tried them. Being of a conservative turn of mind, I admit without discussion that cattle-ships are for cattle, and tramp-ships-well, I suppose they are for tramps; and whenever I am obliged to travel I am always in a hurry to reach a place of rest in this world,

not in the next.

I must acknowledge that I have had some delightful times on board the big liners. But all the pleasure has been derived from my fellowmartyrs and, as long as I was young, from my

healthy youth.

There was a time, for instance, when I was hugely amused by the exercises of a brigade of the Salvation Army going to Australia. I shall always remember a forcible speech made by a very pretty Salvationist introducing a dusky Australian native who had joined the Army. 'Look at him,' the pretty girl said. 'When he joined us his soul was as black as his face. And now, although his face is still black, his soul is white.' And I admired her love of truth for not pretending that her doctrines were a complexion beautifier. She might have showed her face and claimed that it was by joining General Booth's Army that it had become so pink-and-white. Leave alone her soul, she would make numberless converts among a lot of women whom it is my misfortune to know. She came very near enrolling me—I was then twenty-three—and, honestly, I did not care a rap for the shade of the Australian's soul.

In fact, I do not know what might have happened if the young lady-who, by the way, was a captain in the Salvation Army-had not been engaged to marry her own lieutenant. it was, I could only praise her wisdom in marrying a subaltern of her own company. It would be impossible to devise a better way of securing domestic peace. Any attempt at disobedience on the part of the husband would be construed as a case of insubordination, and punished accordingly. The marriage between the captain and the lieutenant meant martial law at home, with the wife as senior officer. Such a delightful state of affairs is far more common than is generally supposed or gracefully acknowledged either by wives or husbands.

Anyhow, every steamer does not include a brigade of the Salvation Army, and a brigade of the Salvation Army may be exclusively composed of white souls with ugly faces. What you are sure to face is abominable food. I suppose the navigation companies reason in this way: either the passengers are sick or not. In the first case, it is no good giving them good things to eatit would only improve the fishes' fare; in the second case, they are so hungry that they will devour anything that has the remotest possibility of being swallowed. And the companies are quite right. Besides, as there is no chance of taking a decent amount of exercise on board ship, so long as you satisfy your greed it makes no difference whatever whether you are properly fed or not. There is a line of steamers that prides itself on having never lost a passenger's life. I will not mention names, in order to avoid an action to recover damages. But once, while I was sailing on one of its fine steamers, the food I ate made my existence so miserable that I did not care to have my life preserved till the end of the voyage.

Another time a friend of mine took a steamer at Lisbon to go to England. The steamer was on her return trip from South America. She miled in the evening. Next morning my friend, who is an excellent sailor, sat at the breakfasttable with a strong appetite invigorated by the sharp sea-air. He had had in his cabin a cupful of a dark liquor, made of indefinite burnt beans, which in maritime slang goes by the familiar name of coffee. I have never inquired deeply on the subject; but it must have some remarkable medicinal properties, for it is a most unpleasant stuff, and still all the steamers provide it the first thing in the morning. A malignant fellowtraveller once suggested that it was meant to produce seasickness and save the victuals; and an unsophisticated one asked the steward, 'If this is coffee, bring me some tea; and if this is tea, bring me some coffee.' Anyhow, my friend was disposed to indulge in a hearty breakfast. When they brought him a steak he tried to cut it, but it was impenetrable to fork and knife. He redoubled his efforts, but the steak stared at him with true British stolidity, like the English infantry under the attacks of the French at Fontenoy. He gave it up at last, acknowledging his defeat. Summoning the head-steward, he blamed him for having Argentine beef, which must necessarily be tough after being two weeks in the cold stores of the ship, when they had just called at Lisbon, where he could have got fresh provisions. 'Argentine!' remonstrated the indignant head-steward. 'Argentine, sir! Excuse me, sir, it's English beef!' and he turned away with dignified contempt. My friend felt himself thoroughly beaten by the toughness of the English steak and the national pride of the English steward. He was never the same man again.

Another disagreeable thing on board ship is the number and variety of offensive smells. It is impossible to say which smells worse, the engine or the kitchen. But they think that is not enough, and they add disinfectants. Our forefathers were quite satisfied with the plague that God Almighty sent them; they did not increase the miseries of life by disinfecting everything that fell into their power. I wonder when we shall get over the microbe-hunting fad. We have outgrown witchery, aristocratic prejudices, and the indissolubility of marriage. When shall we outgrow the microbe fad?

Railway travelling, at least, is free from disinfectants. The trains may be sumptuous and neat, or poor and filthy. In any case, they are always dirtier than they look. But then that is the case with everything in this world, with the sole exception of the shaggy heads of some great artists, which look much dirtier than they really are. On the railway we travel in the best of fellowship with millions of microbes. We eat them, we drink them, we breathe them, we sit on them, they sit on us, we sleep in each other's arms, and, to tell the truth, we feel none the worse for their company—much better, in fact, than when eating, drinking, and breathing carbolic. But there are other discomforts, and much more serious ones.

The fare in the railway cars is never of the choicest. I do not know how it happens, but it seems that they grow special breeds of animals and vegetables to be consumed in the trains. Sometimes I have suspected they were all mineral matter, perhaps nothing but coal and iron. There was a time when the trains carried no provisions, and travellers had to alight at certain stations where there were restaurants. The incautious diner who began his meal by soup never went beyond that. The soup was brought, most appe-

tising, and so hot that one had hardly succeeded in swallowing the first spoonful when the signal was given for the train to start, and the poor traveller had to pay for a whole meal, and leave it untouched or miss the train. The hungry looks of the starving traveller were really pathetic in those prehistoric times.

(Continued on page 183.)

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XI.

THE car, which had been waiting for some such opportunity as this all morning, promptly mounted the footpath and charged a hedge. Fortunately it was climbing a hill on its first speed at the time, so the results of the impact were not serious.

Mr Mablethorpe, who was quite accustomed to mishaps of this kind, stopped his engine, and descended to earth to review the situation.

The first object which met his eye was Philip, a little blown and obviously taken by surprise, standing in the road with one hand still upon the Cape-cart hood.

'Hallo!' remarked Mr Mablethorpe genially.

'Still here?'

'Yes,' replied Philip. 'I thought I would run behind.'

'Better come and sit in front,' advised Mr Mablethorpe. 'But first of all we must get Boanerges out of the hedge.'

'Who?'

'Boanerges. Let me introduce you. I present Boanerges—my superb, four-seated, two cylinder, one dog-power reaping-machine—to—to—Mr'—

'Philip Meldrum.'

'To Mr Philip Meldrum. Now you know one another. At least, Boanerges knows you; you don't know Boanerges. Come and help to shove his ugly face in?'

Philip assisted his new and eccentric friend to pull Boanerges from the hedge and push him back into the roadway, and then obediently took his seat. He was trembling with pure ecstasy. He was in a motor-car! At last he had stepped from text-books into the realms of reality.

He surveyed the various appliances on the dingy dashboard. There were two switches of the electric-light variety, one marked M and the other A, which Philip knew stood for Magneto and Accumulator respectively. There was an oil-reservoir, with a piston-rod protruding from the top, and a glass gauge at one side to show the level of the oil. Last of all, suspended from its tail by a drawing-pin, came a clockwork mouse, which had originally been the property of the Dumpling, and was now spending its declining years as a motor-mascot. Meanwhile Mr Mablethorpe, with the assistance of the starting-handle, had been playing a monotonous and unmelodious tune upon his hurdy-gurdy-like engine. Presently he paused for breath.

Boanerges takes a lot of starting-up, he

explained. 'I'll have one more go, and if that fails we will run him backward down the hill and let the reverse in. That ought to do it.'

'Are you running on magneto or accumulator,

sir?' inquired Philip.

Mr Mablethorpe left the starting-handle and came thoughtfully round to the side of the car.

'I don't seem to be running on either,' he remarked. 'My mistake! Let us try this little fellow.' He turned down the switch marked A, and returned to his labours. The immediate result was a stunning explosion directly under Philip's feet. 'That is the first gun,' explained Mr Mablethorpe. 'He always gives us three before we start. The first is a protest; the second means, "Drop it, or there will be trouble!" and the third usually ushers in a conflagration. After that I blow the flames out, and off we go!'

But this was too sanguine an estimate. After five resounding backfires the engine still failed to exhibit any signs of abiding vitality, although the accumulator had been reinforced by the magneto. Mr Mablethorpe accordingly took his seat at the wheel, and, releasing the brakes, allowed the car to slide rapidly backward down the hill. At the same time he performed some

complicated evolutions with his feet.

Instantly the engine sprang into life, and Boanerges, with a playful swerve, shot stern foremost into a bank at the other side of the highway with a bump which nearly sent Philip back-somersaulting into the seat behind. The

engine immediately stopped again.

That resourceful but unconventional mechanic, the owner of the car, abandoned his pedal-work, descended once more into the road, and after dispassionately kicking Boanerges three times in the pit of his stomach—the radiator—seized the starting-handle and gave it another resolute twirl. This time his efforts were successful beyond all expectation. Boanerges promptly charged forward, nearly pinning his tormentor beneath his off front-wheel, and proceeded smartly up the hill once more, Mr Mablethorpe running frantically alongside and endeavouring to climb into the driver's seat over the spare wheel.

'Another little mistake of mine,' he panted, as he finally hopped on board and took the wobbly steering-wheel over from Philip. 'I left the gears in the first speed instead of the neutral. But it is all right now. We are off like an

Arab steed. Let me oil him up.'

He leaned forward and began to agitate the piston in the oil-reservoir, with the result that Boanerges, emitting dense fumes of black smoke from his exhaust, was soon breasting the slope with quite remarkable vigour.

'So you know something about motors?' said Mr Mablethorpe, as they reached the top of the hill and began to slide comfortably down the

other side.

'Only out of books,' said Philip. 'I have never been in a car before, but I think I understand the way the engine works, and the ignition.

Mr Mablethorpe surveyed him admiringly.

'Wonderful!' he said; 'wonderful! Fancy any human creature being able to understand text-books! They simply prostrate me. I dare say,' he added enviously, 'that you know what poppet-valves are! And worm-drives, and differential sprockets! Prodigious!'

'Only by what I have read about them in a

book,' explained Philip modestly.
'Well,' continued Mr Mablethorpe, 'I know of one thing you never read about in a book, and that was a car like this. Boanerges was built before the printing-press was invented-in the dark ages—in the days of the Black Art. at those two switches, marked M and A. They stand for Mephistopheles and Apollyon—the name of the firm who supplied the engine. Oh, it's an eerie vehicle, this! Observe this pedal, for instance. You wouldn't think a pedal could do more than just go up and down, would you?'

'It might take out the clutch, or put on the

brake, sir,' hazarded Philip respectfully.

Mr Mablethorpe waved his hand contemptu-

'That's nothing,' he said.—'Steady, old man!' This to Boanerges, who, feeling his owner's grip of the wheel relax, had swerved quite thirty degrees out of his course.—'This car was designed by a man without hands or arms—only feet and teeth. At least, I think so. His idea was to steer with his teeth and do everything else with So he started by abolishing gearhandles and side-brakes, and applied all his ingenuity to the pedals. Look at this one—the left. If I push it half-down the car stops. I push it two-thirds down the car starts again in the opposite direction, and the engine plays "I wish I was an Angel," instead of "Hitchy Koo!" We have a lot of fun in close traffic that way. If I push it seven-eighths down the radiator boils over, and I can have a shave or a cup of tea; and if I put it right down the car turns inside out and becomes a portable camp bedstead. I won't do that at present, because I am not sleepy.'

All this surprising information was communicated with an air of solemn and confidential conviction; and Philip, who had not previously encountered any one endowed with Mr Mablethorpe's peculiar brand of humour, merely gaped

dumbly.

'Yes, Boanerges is a car of mystery,' continued this excellent but frivolous man presently. 'There is a little handle-arrangement down here in the corner of the dash-board. I don't know who put it there; I just noticed it one day, after I had owned the car for some time. I have only turned it three times. The first time the whole of the back-axle dropped off into the road. The second time Boanerges turned right round and ran over a duck which was asleep on a cottage doorstep behind us. The third time a policeman with a note-book shot straight up out of the roadway in front of the car, and took my name and address for obstructing a funeral which had been trying to pass me for two hours. That was about seventeen years ago, just after I bought the car. At least, I didn't buy it; it was left to me by my great-grandmother. I have never meddled with that handle since.'

Philip, who had lived in serious company hitherto, and had no idea that grown-up people ever descended to imbecility of this description, began to like this strange gentleman. But he made no attempt to maintain a conversation with him. After the dictatorial austerity of Uncle Joseph, he felt pleasantly intoxicated by his present companion's frothy effervescence, and was well content to lean back in his seat and listen.

'Of course,' resumed Mr Mablethorpe presently, 'I may be wrong about the designer of this car having had no arms. He may have required them — one of them at any rate — for other For instance, he may have been purposes. engaged to be married. Are you engaged to be married, by any chance?'

'No,' said Philip.
'Ah!'

Mr Mablethorpe appeared to fall into a fresh train of thought, and after a little while inquired, 'What is your opinion of the female sex as a whole?

Not long ago Philip could have given his opinion on this subject clearly and concisely. Now he was content to quote the words of another. 'I don't quite know,' he said; 'but — He hesitated. Uncle Joseph thinks'-

Mr Mablethorpe might not be interested in Uncle Joseph. But this astonishing gentleman appeared to be interested in everybody. 'Tell me all that Uncle Joseph thinks,' he commanded.

'Uncle Joseph,' began Philip, 'used to wonder why women were ever created.

Mr Mablethorpe turned and regarded his small companion sharply.

'Aha! Uncle Joseph used to wonder that,

did he? Why?'

'He said,' continued Philip, warming to his subject as the familiar phrases came back to him, 'that there was no parallel to the female mind in any other branch of nature.'

'That is true,' remarked Mr Mablethorpe approvingly. 'I should like to meet Uncle

Joseph. Go on.'

'It seems incredible,' pursued Philip, with a curiously incongruous expression of intense wisdom upon his honest and ingenuous features, 'that Providence should handicap its own beautifully designed human engines by placing them in daily contact with such a piece of uncontrolled and ill-balanced mechanism as woman.'

'Oho!' said Mr Mablethorpe, manipulating the oil-pump, to the noisome satisfaction of Boanerges. 'Uncle Joseph said that, did he?'

'Yes; and he said putting women near a man was like putting a lot of bar-magnets round a compass. And he said they were parasites, too, actuated by predatory instincts. They'——

But Mr Mablethorpe interrupted him. 'Uncle Joseph, I take it,' he said, 'is a married man.'

'Oh no,' replied Philip; 'he is a bachelor. He never allows a woman into his house, even to wash; at least, he never did until the other day, when the Beautiful Lady came. And then—well, I didn't know what to think, sir,' he concluded helplessly.

'This,' commented Mr Mablethorpe, 'is elliptical but interesting. Proceed, my infant misogynist. Who was the Beautiful Lady, and

why did she call?'

Well, sir,' said Philip, knitting his brows, 'it was like this. No woman is ever—was ever—allowed into our house, because—because of what Uncle Joseph thinks—thought about them. Yesterday a lady called when he was out, and got in.'

'Who let her in?' inquired the accusing voice

of Mr Mablethorpe.

'I'm afraid I did, sir,' replied Philip apologetically.

'I am not in the least surprised to hear it,' said Mr Mablethorpe. 'What was she like?'

'She was all in black, and she sat and talked to me for a long time, and told me she had lost her little girl. Then Uncle Joseph came in, and —and—and they seemed to know each other quite well, sir.'

Mr Mablethorpe deliberately switched off his engine and slowed down to a stop at the roadside. 'Now we can talk without shouting,' he said. 'I scent copy. This is a real live Romance. Continue. How well did Uncle Joseph and the Beautiful Lady appear to know one another?'

'Pretty well,' faltered Philip, with boy-like

reserve

Mr Mablethorpe, who had once been a boy himself—there were some who said that he had never grown up—nodded understandingly. 'And what happened after that?' he asked.

'I ran away,' said Philip.

'Why!'

'They did not seem to need me any more,'

said Philip simply.

Mr Mablethorpe produced a pipe, and filled it with great care. He appeared to be thinking deeply about something. Presently, after lighting the pipe, he turned to Philip, and said, 'Are you in a pressing hurry to get to Coventry?'

Philip thought not, and said so.

'Then why not come and stay with me for a bit?' suggested this amazing man.

(Continued on page 181.)

THE CASE OF LORD SANQUHAR.

By H. G. Archer.

THREE hundred years ago London was startled by a cold-blooded murder committed in the heart of the City in open day. In the reign of James the First a well-known fencing-master named John Turner kept his school at the old Friary House, Whitefriars; and on the fine evening of 11th May 1612 he was atting at a tavern door near by. Here he was accosted by two strangers, to whom, after some conversation, he proffered refreshment. As Turner raised his glass to toast his prospective clients, as he thought, one of them drew a pistol from under his cloak and shot the fencing-master in the breast, and he fell dead instantly. The murderer and his companion took to their heels.

At that period the privileges of sanctuary still belonged to the precinct of Whitefriars; hence it was a favourite retreat of bullies, gamesters, thieves, and other outcasts of society, who, as a rule, poured forth by hundreds to defeat the ends of justice. But on this occasion the hue and cry summoned a mob intent upon apprehending the fugitives, whose garb proclaimed them to belong

to the hated race north of the Tweed. The influx of Scots who followed their king across the Border, and their bearing, which in the eyes of the English nobles savoured of presumption, created a feeling of racial antipathy which in process of time affected the minds of the common people as well. 'This nation,' as a contemporary writer expresses it, 'was being rooted up by those Caledonian boars.'

Carlyle, the assassin of Turner, managed to elude his pursuers in the labyrinths of 'Alsatia,' as the precinct was called; but the other man, named Irving, lost his way, ran into a cul-de-sac, and was captured by the watch, or rather rescued by them from the mob engaged in the congenial work of tearing a Scotsman in pieces.

When the news of the murder spread west, everybody at the Court appeared immediately to have suspected a Scotch peer, Lord Crichton of Sanquhar, of compassing the death of Turner. It was common knowledge that his lordship bore a bitter grudge against the fencing-master for the loss of one of his eyes whilst fencing with him

seven years previously. Crichton confirmed the universal belief of his guilt by withdrawing himself from public view. Hearing, however, that he was thought to have fled from London, and that a proclamation offering five hundred pounds for his apprehension was about to be issued, he surrendered on 14th May to Archbishop Abbot at Lambeth, declaring that he had had no part in the crime. Three days later Gilbert Gray, a Scotsman, was arrested at Harwich, when he was boarding a ship for Denmark, for complicity in the murder. Gray confessed that he had long ago been hired by Lord Crichton to kill Turner, but had given up the job in disgust. He had been Carlyle's first confederate, and he had only in this way abandoned the design two days

before it was actually executed.

Robert Crichton, sixth Baron Crichton of Sanquhar, was the head of a family which was ennobled in 1488, and had been of knightly rank from a much more distant date. The date of his birth is not known, but he must have been very young when he succeeded his father in 1570. As a youth a relative speaks of him as 'much given to idle voyages and gadding about.' On coming to man's estate he was a frequent offender against public order, and was often cited before the Privy Council on the complaint of his neighbours about his tyrannical conduct. In 1597 he was at feud with Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, whose servants were shamefully wounded by his agents. He also brought a charge of theft against one of Kirkpatrick's tenants, and usurped the king's princely power by having the man executed. His conduct was all the more reprehensible as he held the king's commission as Sheriff and Justiciary of Nithsdale. But though Crichton was a man of revengeful disposition, and subject to morose moods, there was another side to his character. He possessed high natural endowments, and also cultivation and refinement of manners, the latter the result of residence at Court and of foreign travel.

My lord was among the first of the Scottish expectants who followed James to his new kingdom. His unfortunate meeting with Turner occurred in 1605, when he was on a visit to Ricot, Oxfordshire, the seat of Lord Norris. There are two versions of the affair. One states that the peer, in a spirit of bravado, sought to give an exhibition of his skill at the expense of the maître d'armes, and pressed him so hard that Turner had no choice but to-make a pass at the upper part of Sanquhar's body, which resulted in his inadvertently piercing his adversary's eye. Sanquhar's own account is that he was a poor swordsman, and that he asked Turner to treat him as a novice—which implied that the master would spare the face of any one fencing with him. It is fairly evident, however, that Sanquhar's expressed belief that Turner had put out his eye on purpose did not begin to possess him till much later; but whether the obsession seized him before or after the following

incident, which first inspired him with the idea of taking mortal revenge, is a moot point. While he was on a visit to the Court of Henry of France, the king asked him how he lost his eye. He told him it was done with a sword; and the king sarcastically replied, 'Doth the man live?'

In February 1608 Lord Crichton was one of the twelve actors—the costumes costing each about three hundred pounds—at a splendid Court masque performed at the marriage of his friend Lord Haddington and the Lady Elizabeth Radcliffe, daughter of the Earl of Sussex. A few weeks later Sanquhar himself became a Benedict, espousing, on 10th April, Mary, the beautiful young daughter of Sir George Fermor, of Easton Neston, Northants. In March 1612 his lordship seems to have participated in one of the numerous broils of the period, leading to duels and murderous animosities between English and Scottish courtiers. The scene was Croydon horseraces, and the trouble arose through Lord Haddington switching the Earl of Pembroke over the face. Despite Pembroke's prowess in outdoor sports, he did not reply to the aggressor; but the English noblemen and gentry present responded to the challenge, and set to work to hustle all the Scottish visitors. Swords and daggers were unsheathed, and a battle-royal threatened. It was not the fault of a Surrey squire that this did not ensue. That gentleman was Mr John Pinchback; and although a married man, and having the perfect use of but two fingers, he rode about, dagger in hand, crying, 'Let us break our fast with them here, and dine with the rest at London!' Eventually harmony was restored, and 'there was nothing spilt but the reputation of a gentleman.' Pembroke's mother, the famous sister of Sir Philip Sidney, 'tore her hair at the report of her son's dishonour.'

Subsequent events, however, revealed the latter as both a bully and a turncoat. The quarrel at Croydon so inflamed the bad feeling between the English and Scots that the sensation caused by the murder of Turner seemed likely to end in vengeance being wreaked upon the Scots colony in the Metropolis. The king at once displayed great zeal for bringing everybody connected with the crime to justice, but his activities in this direction were evidently prompted more by terror than by any higher emotion. A reward of one hundred pounds for the capture of Carlyle procured his arrest in Scotland, whither he had made good his escape. The actual murderer was brought back to London under strong escort, extraordinary pains being taken that he should learn no lessons to stand mute. Of course, if he had refused to plead he would have suffered the terrible penalty of being pressed to death; but then he could not have been convicted, and in that case Sanquhar could not have been brought to trial as an accessory before the act.

Carlyle and Irving were tried at the Old Bailey on 23rd June, and being found guilty,

were hanged a day or so later on two gibbets set up at the Fleet Street end of the present Bouverie Street. Carlyle's gibbet was higher than the other, because he had some pretensions to gentle birth; though both convicts were described as 'yeomen' in the indictment.

Lord Crichton demanded to be tried in the court of the Lord High Steward, but his Scottish peerage was not held to entitle him to that advantage or honour in England. He was arraigned on 25th June in the court of the King's Bench by the name of Robert Crichton, Esq. The prisoner pleaded 'not guilty,' but that he did as a mere matter of form. At his trial he freely and fully admitted his authorship of the crime. He related how the French king's taunt was the beginning of a 'strange confusion in his working fancy, which neither time nor distance could compose;' and he described how he had tracked the poor fencing-master for several years with the intention of slaying him, till, wearying of the pursuit, he entrusted the foul work to hired assassins. Bacon, who replied for the Crown, said he must tell the prisoner plainly that he conceived he (Crichton) had sucked those affections of dwelling in malice rather out of Italy than out of any part of this island of England and Scotland. Sentence of death by hanging was then passed by Mr Justice Yelverton.

Turner was buried privately by the king's orders, so as to avoid an outburst of feeling; and now, in order to appease the great clamour and murmuring of the people demanding revenge, the execution of 'the Lord Zankor,' as he was called by the lower orders, was directed to be as public as possible. Great efforts, however, were made to save his life, including a written applica-tion from the Queen of France. But James was inexorable. It is said that the king had a private grudge against the condemned man. Crichton had on one occasion failed to resent an insult offered to His Majesty in Paris. At the French Court some one remarked that the English king was a second Solomon; and Henry the Fourth interjected, 'What! Solomon, the son of David [Rizzio]?' At which jeu d'esprit none laughed more heartily than the visitor from Scotland.

Sanquhar's execution took place in Great Palace Yard, Westminster, on 29th June. He was hanged on a gibbet with a silken halter, in deference to his rank, and the body was allowed to hang a longer time than usual to demonstrate to the spectators the king's greater justice. The corpse was taken down by Lords Roxburgh and Dingwall, who had it embalmed and sent to Scotland for interment. The dead man's clothes had to be redeemed at a great price from the hangman, to prevent their exhibition.

Lady Crichton behaved nobly to her husband during his last days. A week before his arrest she had divorced him; but she went to him while he was in prison, and took up his cause After his sentence, 'she sat very heartily. beside him, bathed in tears, yet sought by every affectionate word and act to strengthen him against the fear of death.'

As they had no children, the title passed to a Legally the family estates were forfeited to the Crown by the sixth lord's conviction for felony; but the new peer took peaceful possession of them, and was never disturbed in their enjoyment. Evidently King James considered that justice was fully satisfied, for in 1617 he honoured the seventh lord with a visit, on which occasion he handed his host a document confirming his right to the estates. His lordship is said to have used the paper as a torch to light His Majesty to bed. This Lord Crichton of Sanquhar was created Viscount Ayr, and in 1633 Earl of Dumfries.

To return to the sixth Baron Crichton. His conduct at the trial seems to have created a favourable impression in many quarters, so much so that, according to Sir Edward Coke, he became almost popular with the people; but there was a revulsion of feeling when, on the scaffold, he confessed himself a Roman Catholic. Coke speaks of the revengeful lord as 'a man of great courage and wit.' On the other hand, Chamberlain describes Sanquhar as 'a man nothing gracious among his own nation, and one who might well be spared;' while Archbishop Spottiswoode, a fellow-countryman, observes that his death was not much regretted by the Scots.

Lady Sanquhar is falsely reported to have married one Sands of Buckinghamshire six weeks after her husband's disgraceful death. matter of fact, she married, on 17th July 1615, Barnaby O'Brien, sixth Earl of Thomond, who was created Marquis of Billing by Charles the First; but the patent never passed. They had one son, who succeeded to the earldom. Lady Thomond survived her first husband sixty-three years, being buried on 13th April 1675 at Great

Billing, Northants.

PÈRE MUMBART.

'IF it was hard work taking up the previous sacks, it was nothing to what followed, for the others weighed quite thirty kilos each, and were full of meal. The cripple and Mumbart could only carry one at a time between them, and

it was nearly two in the morning ere the arduous task was finished and the wagon once more departed. With all the doors securely locked, the sacks were opened, gags removed, and then between twenty and thirty fresh country porkers

were running about testifying the pleasure of their new-found freedom by deep grunts, which became even louder and deeper when they had their meal from the pretty china washing-basins and enamelled foot-baths.

"Now," said Mumbart to the cripple, "go out on to the stairs. I will shut all the doors, while you listen if you can hear anything."

"No; it's all right," said the cripple, as his

uncle let him in again.

'After a good meal, they tried some of Bardar's wine and cigars. The arrangement was that Mumbart was to pay afterwards for what he drank and smoked, so Bardar had marked the price on each case and box, and a good price, too, as he had reckoned that his tenant would want something knocked off; but as Mumbart had not the slightest intention of ever paying for anything at all, he had disdained to haggle, and thereby rose considerably in his landlord's estimation.

'By the 19th September the Prussians had completed their iron circle round the doomed

'However much the locataires had been exercised by the arrival in their midst of the celebrated writer, they saw little or nothing of him; but they argued that a man engaged on a monumental work which was to go down to posterity was naturally busy, and so they thought little of it. If they had got up about six, they would have met the great writer and his nephew every morning carrying a couple of buckets smelling strongly of carbolic, which they emptied down the drain that took away the surface-water used for cleansing the streets.

'Used as he was to live en plein air, Mumbart was sorely tried by his sedentary life. he had many acquaintances in Paris, and he was always fearing that he might meet some of them. At seven, when in the early autumn it was only just light, he took a brisk walk for a couple of hours, usually up the Bois de Boulogne to see the hundreds of sheep and cattle tethered there, and as their numbers grew less the more pleasure it gave him as he thought of his pigs in

Bardar's recherché drawing-room.

'One day he had a great shock, for he unexpectedly met a couple of friends; but he got rid of them by asking them boldly if they had a room to let, as they had a case of virulent smallpox (petite vérole noir) at his own abode. After that rencontre he bought a large black beard and a pair of spectacles, and so well did this disguise succeed that he had the satisfaction of passing Didot on more than one occasion without the latter even giving him a second glance. Just as he went out in the morning, so when dusk came on his nephew took a stroll for an hour or two.

Thus the days went by, October passed, and Metz fell, and with it the last real hope of France; and then came November, when the cruel winter really set in, and the sufferings of

the poor became worse than ever. The terrible disasters of their country brought the little coterie of locataires even nearer together than before. Even the jovial Major became quieter. They used to meet in each other's rooms to condole with one another. They talked of the war; they talked of the weather-in fact, of almost everything; but there was one thing they never mentioned, and that was their own individual stock of provisions. Each had accumulated a secret store; but each made out, even in October, that they could not last another week. Major made jokes about rat and mouse traps, and even went so far as to buy a couple of them; but his pleasantries were not well received, as the locataires knew he had a lot of money which he had derived from the sacking of the Emperor of China's Summer Palace at Pekin, and that he used secretly to go and guzzle at the Café Anglais at least three times a week. Never seeing anything of Monsieur Losnay, as they called him, the *locataires* had almost forgotten his existence; but on more than one occasion some of them complained that the air at his end of the courtyard was not so fresh as it might be.

"Ma foi, quelle odeur /" exclaimed Madame Mardin, bringing out her handkerchief just opposite Mumbart's door as she descended the stairs one evening in the middle of December.

"Yes, it is frightful," replied her husband.
"I really think we ought to ask Monsieur Losnay about it," she said. "It's not the first time I have smelt it either. The other night, when we had that skinny old high pheasant I gave forty-five francs for, I had to open the window; but I was obliged to shut it again, as there was just the same horrible smell. I think you ought to see him."

"No, no, my dear," replied her husband. "You see, we are above him, and he would say at once that our drains were wrong; and we don't want any one prying about among our sacks of

flour and potatoes.'

'It was not only that the price of provisions had now reached an unheard-of figure, for cats were fetching eight francs and small dogs ten; but the gas had been cut off. The little that was made was kept for the balloons; so that everybody suffered from the terrible price of substitutes in the form of oil and candles; and to save them, rather than go to bed at dusk, the locataires came to an arrangement to meet at each other's salons, where they would talk and play cards round one small lamp or a single candle.

'Mumbart, as he sat with his nephew contentedly playing écarté, smoking, and drinking on Christmas Eve, little dreamt that his enterprise was destined to come to an end a week or two before he intended, all through one of these nightly causeries. In the ordinary way, the Major had looked forward to Christmas-time, especially to the réveillon, and would have gone to the Café Anglais every night to celebrate

the joyous time of the great festival; but he had caught a cold, and was just recovering from it.

'That evening they had all met at Madame Legrange's. As a great Christmas treat she had brought out a bottle of St Estephe, according to the label, but petit bleu as regards the quality. She even supplemented this with some eau sucrée. The Major thought, though he did not say so, that she was wise, for it was only by mixing the two together that the stuff could be

"Hark!" suddenly cried Madame Charbot. the wife of the organist, "voilà Josephine * qui

"No, I don't think it was, madame," said Monsieur Mardin, rising. "I think it was a rocket much nearer.—What do you think, Major ?"

"Well, it sounded out that way," he replied, going to the window, "and I think it was a gun." The room looked due north.

'Now, Mumbart's appartement at the end of the court was to the left. Familiarity breeds contempt. Every night, especially when he first came, though he opened the windows slightly at dusk, he had taken very good care to draw down the blinds and fasten the curtains very carefully; but, as bad luck would have it, the blinds had come down two or three days before, and he had not dared to get any one to repair them, so he had pinned the curtains. That evening, however, perhaps because the whole courtyard was dark, though they were drawn there was a space.

"Dites donc! what a bright light that man Losnay has!" said Monsieur Mardin, who was "Look! Why, I can see still at the window. him quite clearly, smoking and playing cards; but I can't see who is playing with him. Sainte

Vierge, he's got a dog in there!"

"A dog! Pas possible/" exclaimed the others, who had returned to the table, as they

had seen no rocket.

"I swear it," he continued. "It's a black one. I suppose he's going to have it as a bonne bouche for the jour de l'an. I think I shall call on him."

'Every one had come to the window by this time. The thought made their mouths water.

"There, can't you see it?" continued Mardin to Monsieur Legrange.

"Yes, I can see it," said the latter; "but it's a white one."

'This made them more excited than ever.

"Here, my dear, get my lorgnettes," Monsieur Legrange said to his wife.

"I can't see it," said Major Ledelle, who had

got on to a chair.

"Sacré bleu / Well, I never!" exclaimed Legrange very slowly, in an awe-struck tone. "I never did! I should never have believed it!"

"Believed what?" they cried, as he turned with the glasses in his hands, and whispered in an awe-struck voice, "Pigs! Holy Virgin, he's got pigs! Dozens of them!"

'For a moment his hearers were too dumfounded to speak, and before they could get over their astonishment the Major had almost

snatched the glasses from his hands.
"Good heavens, yes!" he cried.
"There's a black one, and now there's a white one; and, sapristi, there's an old one with a litter!" His hands trembled and his face had become purple

with agitation.

'This was too much for the organist, who, while every one was looking through the window, had surreptitiously been drinking the dregs of the claret out of the bottle, for he was so carried away by the news that he had upset a glass; but luckily for him no one paid the slightest heed. All took, in turn, a look through the glasses; and then, in a state of suppressed excitement, they looked at one another, each inwardly calculating how he might profit individually.

"Now," said Ledelle in a hushed voice when they were a little calmer, "we must hold a This must never go farther council of war.

than this room."

"No, this must not go any farther," they all

repeated in solemn tones.

"If it were known,' continued the Major, "thousands of the starving canaille would be in the courtyard. To-morrow morning at ten we will go and see him. We will tell him that we know everything, and give him to understand we will pay a fair price for some pork; but if he won't sell, then we will tell the authorities."

"Now I've got an idea," said Charbot the organist; "the plumbers who came last week have left a long ladder, and when Monsieur Losnay's light is out, I propose we put it up against his window and just see how many pigs

there are."

'Many of his hearers thought there was something in this; but the Major, who had his own plan, pooh-poohed it: firstly, because he had a cold, and did not want to mess about in the snow; secondly, because the noise of the ladder might put Losnay on the qui vive; and, thirdly, because—and the organist had to admit it-if the light was out, of course they could not see the pigs. The whole party was in such spirits at their discovery that their hostess brought out another bottle of wine; and while this was being opened Monsieur Mardin, who, with fascinated eyes, had been looking through the glasses again, suddenly told them that Losnay had put out his lamp; whereupon the wine was hastily drunk, and the guests took their departure, after all had again solemnly promised to keep their pledge of secrecy, and went to their several quarters.

"I've no faith, Henri," said Madame Mardin as she carefully placed her teeth in a tumbler.

^{*} This was the name of a great gun at the Fort St Ouen, which was as large as another called St Valerie at the Fort Valerien, the fort that Von Moltke was innocently shown over when he went to the Exposition in 1867.

"in that vieux serpent de Major. You'll see, he will try to make terms for himself. If he can only get two or three legs of pork out of that man below, he won't care in the least if we get none."

'But the ex-colonial governor could not be brought to believe that any one could be so base, and the two argued warmly for some time; but gradually her husband began to have his doubts

too, so eloquent did his wife become.

"Now, if this creature, with his disgusting pigs," continued madame, as she sat in front of the glass tying up her back-hair, "is really writing a book on China, it seems to me, Henri, with your vast experience of the East, that you might just as well go downstairs, now that all is quiet, and tell him you might be able to help him. Take a book with you, Les Fleurs de Chine or Histoire de Pekin, anything you like, just to get into the place."

"Really that's a most excellent idea, ma cherie," returned her husband, who began putting

on his clothes again.

"Now, dépêchez-vous," whispered madame, "or he will be asleep; mais allez doucement, très doucement. I will light you from the top of the stairs."

'Very quietly they opened the door; but as they did so they heard the door of the courtyard open and stealthy steps slowly mounting the stairs in the dark. Quickly they drew back, but kept the door ajar. Then the steps ceased at Mumbart's door beneath. A slight tap was given, but no notice was taken; then at intervals others, each getting louder.

"What do you want? Who are you?"

"I hear you are writing a book about China, and I've been there," said a voice which monsieur and madame at once recognised as the Major's, and significant glances were exchanged.

"I know all I require," replied Mumbart.
"I want," continued Ledelle in a loud

whisper, "to see you about a private affair." "You can go and be hanged!" was the curt

answer.

"Don't be too sure, mon vieux coq," cried Mumbart's visitor. "I know you've got pigs." "" You know too much," said the voice, "so

va-t'en au diable." And the inner door was

heard to slam.

"Did I not tell you so?" said madame, as they listened to the Major descending. "But hark!" she continued as the courtyard door was again opened quietly just as Ledelle had reached the bottom, so that he only had time to stand up against the wall as some one passed in the dark close to him. Breathlessly the Major waited, guessing at once, just as the Mardins did, that Mumbert's appartement was the magnet that drew the visitor, who felt his way cautiously up the stairs. Then there was another knock, and yet another a little louder, ere Mumbart was heard asking who he was and what he wanted.

"I've often heard you, or your nephew," said a voice (for the nephew was a fine pianist and sang well), "playing the piano. I am Monsieur Charbot, organist, and I thought you might like some music I have brought."

"I don't want it; we have plenty."

"I hear you are writing a book about China," continued Charbot, not to be daunted. "I had a cousin who went there, and I want to know if you ever met him."

"You and your cousin and your rubbishy music can go to the devil!" replied the voice.

"But I want to speak to you about a private You had better let me in, or you will regret it." But all the answer that the organist got was to hear the inner door slam again.

'Bursting with stifled laughter, not to say pleasure, as his own little manœuvre had not come off, the Major slipped quietly out without Charbot's being the least aware that the Major or the Mardins had heard him.

"Well, after that," said Mardin sadly, as he gave his wife back the pretty books, "I sha'n't

try."

'Thus it came to pass that in three appartements there were muttered swearing and regrets. for the outlook on the morrow did not seem quite so rosy as the occupants had anticipated. But it was quite otherwise with the Legranges. Fully half the night was spent by them in speculating on the amount of pork they would get, and the beautiful gravy it would make. Two of their treasured apples, they determined, should be used for the sauce; and when at length they went to sleep, they dreamt of pigs and crackling.

'At ten the next morning all the men met. Somehow there was not quite that open, gushing cordiality that they had shown on the previous night. There was a bright spot on the Major's nose—always a sign of irritability.

"Now, as regards that scamp," the Major said

brusquely, "we will stand no nonsense."

"You are quite right, Major," said Charbot

warmly; "we must be firm."

'Legrange, in his innocence, knowing nothing of their nocturnal visits, was quite taken aback by their vehemence.

"Mais, messieurs," he said gently, "you must remember we have to deal with a very distinguished man, a man of culture, with a great reputation, a celebrated writer "-

"Bah!" interposed Ledelle, "that's tout-àfait blague. I don't believe he knows China from Peru. I want some pork, and I mean to have it. Allons /"

'So the four men set off. There was a sharp knock at Mumbart's door. No notice was taken of it. The knock was followed by a loud kick.

"He's coming," said Charbot, who had been looking through the keyhole, and now stood back.

"Are you the gentleman," said a voice, "who kindly came last night to tell me about China?"

"What on earth does he mean?" asked

"I don't understand it," said Mardin, in

simulated surprise.

"Bah! he's drunk," said the Major. "Yes, of course he is," said Charbot.

"We know you have got pigs in there; so open the door, I say, or we will go for a gardien," said Ledelle.

"Well," replied the voice, "I tell you now what I told you last night-you can all go and

hang yourselves."

'So the whole party—cursing and swearing, with the exception of Legrange, who was quite mystified, and wanted to know what was meant by the allusions to last night's visits—went down vowing vengeance. After a short consultation. as Ledelle had a cold, Charbot went out to find an agent.* In about ten minutes he returned, and with him was a tall, thin, poor, half-starved individual, with a pale face and a red nose. Charbot and the man had hardly mounted the stairs, when the concierge flew up to Mumbart's room, gave three sharp taps, put a piece of paper under the door, and hurried back.

"One at a time, messieurs," said the gardien, producing his note-book. "Who is going to

make the accusation?"

"All of us," they cried.

"No; one will do." So it was agreed that it should be in the Major's name.

"Ledelle, Achille, Major en retraite, deuxième

Régiment d'Artillerie."

"Bon /" said the gardien. "Now, what is the accusation?"

"He has got pigs in his appartement," said Ledelle.

"Pigs!" exclaimed the astonished man.
"Pigs! Pas possible!" But they all clamoured round him and swore to it. Licking his pencil with avidity, he wrote it down. "Allons!" with avidity, he wrote it down.

he said, closing his book.

"Not so fast, my friend," said the Major. "Taking one thing with another, it seems to us that we had better keep the affair to ourselves. If he likes to give us, including yourself, two kilos each-shall we say i-three times a week, there will be no need to make a fuss about it; but if it gets abroad, probably neither you nor we shall get any. Vous comprenez, mon ami?" he continued, with a wink.

"Si, si, je comprends bien," said the agent hurriedly; "mais, allons, I want some pork."

"So do we," they cried, and once more they set off for Mumbart's rooms.

'There was a loud knock, which brought from Mumbart the usual inquiry.

"Je suis Agent Drax. Open, in the name of the Law," answered the gardien in a deep voice.

'The door was at once opened, but the chain was up, and the group saw Mumbart with a pistol in his hand. "Enter, agent," he said, taking down the chain; "but I will shoot any one else who tries to enter."

'Charbot, who was nearest, had hastily drawn back, partly because of the terrible smell that came from the inside, and partly at the sight of the

weapon. Drax went in, and the door closed.
""We have got him," cried the Major triumphantly, and in high spirits they congratulated each other. But the time went by, and they looked at their watches. Charbot glued his ear to the door, and swore he could hear the pigs.

"Yes," he exclaimed; "it's like a lot of

Germans in a Bier Halle."

'More than an hour went by, and most of them were seated on the stairs. Suddenly the door opened, and, almost pushed from behind, the agent appeared, and the door was shut. His face was flushed; his nose shone like a lantern. With bulging pockets, he stood irresolute for a moment, and then he made a dart for the bannisters and held on firmly.

"What arrangement have you made?"
"What's he going to do?" "What are we going to get?" were some of the excited questions that were demanded. With a glassy eye and an imbecile grin on his face, the agent placed his finger to the side of his nose and solemnly winked.

"You're drunk, you brute!" cried the Major angrily. "I will report you. Do you hear that? Tell us, what did he say?"

'The agent tried to pull himself together. "Affaire sh-sh-shérrieuse. Affaire sh-shérrieuse," he replied in a thick voice.

"Yes, it will be for you," said the irate

"No humbug! Tell us what is going to be done," said Charbot.

'" Je vais voir le commissaire; je vais chercher mon supérieur."

"Well, go, then," they said.

'But Agent Drax was in no hurry, and he would not let go the banisters for some time. Then, still clutching them, he went downstairs backwards, burst through the door, and went zigzagging across the courtyard, where the concierge, seeing the state he was in, took charge of him. It was with difficulty that the others restrained Charbot from going to fetch another agent, and got him to understand that the less that was known about the pigs the more pork there would be to divide among themselves. While the agent was sleeping off his carouse the locataires held another council. They had been completely foiled hitherto, and it began to dawn on them that they might be defeated altogether if they did not take care.

"Depend upon it," said the Major, "if that commissaire de police gets into Losnay's rooms without our knowledge, that coquin will square him. Every man has his price; we

^{*} After the 4th of September the police duties were undertaken by the Garde Nationale; but a few of the regular police were retained, and wore the uniform of the former.

must see what a couple of louis will do with the concierge."

'This seemed sensible; so they gave ten francs each, and the Major saw him; and as the jour de l'an was approaching, when he became more tractable than usual, the concierge, for cash down,

agreed to let them know of the man's arrival. However, to make doubly sure, the *locataires* determined to keep watch themselves; so they placed an arm-chair on the landing above, outside of Mardin's room.

(Continued on page 186.)

FOREST DWELLERS.

By JAMES DRUMMOND, F.L.S., F.Z.S.

IN an immense gorge in the heart of the Urewera country, the last part of New Zealand to come under the influence of civilisation, there stands a little cottage, built partly of canvas and partly of rough planks and shingles hewn out of trees that grew close by. It is old and weather-beaten. Rose-trees sprawl along the uneven fence; honeysuckle climbs up one of the walls; a weeping-willow grows in front; and behind, up the slopes of the hill, there are apple, plum, and peach trees. In front of the cottage there is a road that has opened up the fastnesses of this wild and beautiful region. At the bottom of the gorge, the Hei-pipi day and night sings a gentle song as it trips over stumps and boulders on its way to the sea, where it becomes the mighty Whakatane River. Mountains covered with gigantic trees and an extraordinary wealth of undergrowth rise up on all sides; but on the north there is a dip, through which the sun strikes the cottage and lights up its tiny windows. Telegraph and telephone wires do not run in this district, newspapers do not circulate in it, time does not count, and the hills do not send back the faintest echo of industrial activity.

The cottage, in fact, is in one of the most secluded and romantic places in the wide world; and there Paitini and his wife Margaret live the simplest of simple lives, and pass their declining days in peace and happiness. They have few needs, which are easily supplied. In the shooting season, Paitini slings his gun over his shoulder and goes out into the forests to shoot woodpigeons, which Margaret cooks to perfection. At other seasons he catches native trout—the sluggish kokopu—with nets made by Margaret's own hands on patterns handed down from generation to generation by honoured ancestors. There are also hinau and tawa berries, mashed and mixed with honey; fern-root cake, flavoured with the sweet juice of the tutu, squeezed out of the plant's poisonous berries; potatoes; wild strawberries, which were planted by the thoughtful missionaries some seventy years ago, and which have spread up hill and down dale; the flesh of vegetarian pigs; and some of the white man's staple foods.

Paitini belongs to the Tuhoe people, forestdwelling Maori tribes who occupy the Urewera country, and who are well versed in the ancient forest lore; and he consented to instruct me in the old methods of snaring birds taught to him in his boyhood, long before seventy years had bent his shoulders and bleached his hair. When I shook hands with him he wore a blue flannel shirt, blue dungaree trousers, and a red woollen scarf round his waist. A red flannel jersey showed up on his chest where the shirt had been thrown open at the neck. He wore neither hat nor boots.

Just before we passed into the forests to search for birds he swept the skyline with his hand, and said in broken English, 'All my land—ten tousand acre.' I asked this strange and picturesque overlord of thousands of the best broad acres in New Zealand why he did not make some use of them. He replied that he would gladly sell them if the Government would allow him to do so; but as for using the land for cattle or sheep, or cultivating it after the methods of Europeans, he was far too old and too contented with his present circumstances to contemplate incurring responsibilities and worries in that way.

As we roamed the forests, following tracks invisible to any eyes except his own, he occasionally muttered to himself chants and sayings of old times. Civilisation has taken a strong grip of him, but he stands only half-way between the old order and the new. In religion he follows 'Hau-hauism,' a strange intermingling of ideas, based largely on the Old Testament. He treasures many old customs, and he refuses to relinquish beliefs which were very real to him when he, a young toa, went forth under Rewi-Maniapoto and Te Kooti to chase the hated white men back into the sea. He told me that Tane is still god of the forests in Tuhoeland, and that all the trees, birds, and insects are that deity's children; Tangaroa is lord of the waters, Rangi and Papa are heaven and earth, and Maui fished New Zealand out of the sea, and very nearly succeeded in wresting immortality for man from the Great Lady of the Night. He assured me that in Tuhoeland, where these and other gods hold their sway, it is not advisable foolishly to offend them by neglecting ancient rites and practices.

When the mists began to creep down the mountains, and purple shadows were cast on the distant slopes, and Tane's giant children took

gaunt and unnatural shapes, we returned to the cottage near the road, where Margaret had prepared a bush dinner of wood-pigeons and potatoes, set out on a small table in her kitchen. The room is about ten feet long and six feet wide. The fireplace is almost as large as the room itself. Chains hanging from a heavy cross-bar support kettle and pots over the burning firewood, and on each side there are great hobs. One of the walls is furnished with shelves and racks, which hold rows of plates, cups, and saucers, probably a present from a European friend. It is a compact little kitchen; and it is as scrupulously clean and tidy as if old Margaret kept a regiment of domestic helps to attend to her household work.

After dinner, Paitini, Margaret, and three little Maori girls they have adopted gathered together in the room allotted to me as bedroom and sitting-room. It is a box somewhat smaller than the kitchen. The furniture consists of a table three feet square, a low bed, and shelves, and there is matting on the floor. A log sparkling in the large fireplace lit up the room and the faces of the group of Maoris, and kept out the biting cold of the frosty night. Stretched full length in front of the fire, Paitini told me the story of Rewi-Maniapoto's defence at the Orakau fort forty-seven years ago, when the rebel Maoris, asked by General Cameron's messenger to cease fighting and to surrender, in order that their lives might be spared, shouted back the defiant answer, 'Friend, we will fight against you for ever! for ever!' Four years later Paitini was present at the less heroic Mohaka affair, on the east coast, with Te Kooti as his leader; and later still both he and Margaret were with the armed tribesmen who tried to stop the soldiers' advance into jealously guarded Tuhoeland, the Maoris' last stronghold.

'But enough of this,' he said; 'it is finished. The fighting was good while it lasted; the white men fought very bravely, but not always fairly, and we are all at peace now.' He then recited some of the songs and sayings of the old days. One is the song of the parasitical shining-cuckoo and the long-tailed cuckoo, which place their eggs in the nests of the whitehead and other small native birds, and leave the foster-parents to hatch the young. The words of the song are:

'Oh son, who sleepest there, awake and arise! When strangers ask, "Whose child is this?" swift be your answer, "I am the offspring of the shining-cuckoo, of the long-tailed cuckoo, left for the whitehead to cherish."'

He recited a lament composed by an old Maori woman when all her children were scattered, and she was left alone and friendless. Into it she introduced a reference to the belief, still held by Paitini, that the kiwi bird lays its eggs in holes under the roots of the fagus tree, covers them with leaves, and allows them to hatch out the best way they can—a process which takes so long, he said, that the roots of the tree sometimes grow large enough to block up the hole before the eggs are hatched! In expressing the deep feelings of her heart, she compared her children to the titi, the black petrels, which fly at night from the sea to their haunts in the mountains, and herself to the kiwi's egg: 'The wailing titi fly onward and alight in pairs; but I, oh bird, am like the kiwi egg, left under a tawai tree; and this, when hatched, will be my only offspring.

The old man dismissed his womenfolk with a wave of his hand. As they opened the cottage door to go to their own hut, some twenty yards away, they cried out loudly to frighten the evil spirits who still come about at night in Tuhoeland, and I heard them run for their lives in case they should be seized by invisible hands.

Paitini took off his coat and made a pillow of it; he wrapped himself up in a fourfold blanket, curled himself up on the hard floor close to the fire, and immediately fell asleep. On turning down the blankets on my bed, I saw on the white pillow-case, done neatly in needlework by a skilful hand, the letters, 'E moe kia kaha,' an invitation to 'Sleep strongly,' which was not wasted. My slumber was broken only once, shortly after midnight, when I awoke to find Paitini piling wood on the fire. The disadvantage of the ordinary fire, he explained, is that, while it roasts one side of a man, the other side might be almost frozen; and he suggested that it would be a good thing to have a fire which would keep both sides warm at the same time. He had hardly concluded this wise remark before he was fast asleep again, the happiest and most contented man in New Zealand.

WHAT IS THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS SONG?

By GEORGE A. WADE.

You have sung it many a time, but will say you've never heard it when first you read this.

THERE cannot be the least doubt whatever that the most famous song in the world, judged by its being known in the most lands and by the most varied nations, and by its being one of the oldest and most widely sung ditties

ever known, is that which has for its first line, 'Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre;' which, if we were to give the English version of it, instead of the older French words, would be, 'Marlborough goes away to the war.'

But you say, 'That the most famous song in the world! Why, we must be dreaming! We

never even heard of it! What about our grand old "Home, Sweet Home"? What about "God save the King"? What about "Auld Langsyne"? And what about the "Marseillaise"? Why, we've known and sung these all our lives, so to speak, and they are heard in every country; whereas that song you've just mentioned—bless us, we don't even know the first line of it!'

Yes, it does sound funny, doesn't it? But wait till you've read this; then we'll see what you say! There can be no doubt that if you took any hundred people in England, and asked them which was the most famous and bestknown song in the world, they would all select one of the four you yourself spoke of just now. The Scotsman would swear by 'Auld Langsyne,' and would have some good reason on his side; the Englishman would probably go solid for 'Home, Sweet Home,' finding the Scotsman willing to put that second; the Frenchman would plump for the 'Marseillaise;' whilst both the English and the Scots would acknowledge that the great French song might well claim high place. But nobody, not a single man out of all the hundred, unless he were a specially knowing person, would ever venture to suggest that 'Malbrough' was the most famous, the most widely known, the most often sung, and had by far the most glorious traditions amongst all the songs of the world's many and varied countries. Yet it unquestionably is so; and that you've acknowledged yourself many a time, though you've not known it! Yes, you have! For, I repeat again, there has never been such a popular song as 'Malbrook,' and you yourself have agreed to this often and often when you have sung so enthusiastically and heartily the song's splendid refrain:

> For he's a jolly good fellow, For he's a jolly good fellow, For he's a jolly good fellow, And so say all of us!

Let me give you the history—a perfect romance in itself-of this wonderful song, which has gone into almost every civilised spot in the world; which is sung by Arabs in the Sahara, by wild Turks on Asiatic steppes, by Britons in every clime at festal gatherings, by vivacious Frenchmen on every continent, by Hindus swarming on 'India's coral strand,' by trappers on the bleak icy plains of Labrador. Hear how it was chanted by the brave Crusaders as they marched to fight for the Holy Sepulchre seven centuries ago; how it was crooned by queens and nurses during the palmy days of the grand empire of Louis; how it rang out amid the wild orgies of the French Revolution; how it is shouted with glee wherever Englishmen or Scotsmen gather to-day to greet with enthusiasm the hero or the true man!

The gallant Crusaders, when they returned from their wars for the Holy Sepulchre in the

thirteenth century, brought back with them to France a tune which they had learned afar. They sang it and hummed it as they marched, till it caught the nation's fancy, and became at last one of the songs of France, whence it soon crossed the Channel and delighted the English. Where the Crusaders actually got the song is a matter of much doubt. But, as the Arabs of Palestine knew the song well, and were often heard singing it by Chateaubriand and others, it is not improbable that the Crusaders actually learned it from their enemies when fighting the Saracens. This theory is negatived, however, by many high authorities, who suggest that the true air and the best-known words of the song, as we have it to-day, unquestionably come from the period when Louis the Fifteenth sat on the throne of France.

In any case, we are entirely on safe ground when we come to the days which saw our own Duke of Marlborough going to fight the French in Flanders during the reign of Queen Anne. For then the French, who had for centuries, as we have seen, sung this song beginning 'Mabrook s'en va-t-en guerre,' made an easy change of a word in the first line, and so hit off the situation to a nicety.

Let us explain here that the original word 'Mabrook' did not refer to the Duke of Marlborough at all; it was the name used in the song for generations previously. Now 'Mabrook' itself is an Arab name, and this would seem to afford strong proof that the famous song originally came from the men who during the great Crusades fought (under the name of Saracens) against our own kings, and who to-day travel over the wide deserts.

By a clever thought the French altered 'Mabrook' to 'Marlborough' about the time of Malplaquet, and so made the song tell how our great Duke set out to the war, but returned not; how his lady went to the top of the tower to watch for him, but saw not his banners; how at last a page came, announcing that the Duke had been killed and buried. All this was like the theme of the original song as brought from the East by the Crusaders, and you will see how exactly it fitted in with what the French now wished might happen to Marlborough, and how neatly his name was substituted.

Now the paraphrase of this French version runs freely as follows, with regard to the first verse, to which a special chorus was added from an unknown source. But this chorus became immediately a tremendous success with the French. Thus the song went:

> Marlborough, prince of commanders, Has gone to the war in Flanders; His fame is like Alexander's; But when will he come home?

> > He won't come home till morning, He won't come home till morning, He won't come home till morning, Till daylight doth appear!

This was the French version of the song. But by this time the fine air and parodies of the words had become known to many in England, and they saw that the 'He won't come home till morning' was the wish which was father to the thought, as we say. So in derision they themselves retorted with another chorus, which made the great song run:

Marlborough, prince of commanders, Has conquered the French in Flanders; His fame is like Alexander's; And he's the best of all.

> For he's a jolly good fellow, He's a jolly good fellow, He's a jolly good fellow, And so say all of us!

It was thus, then, that the greatest song in the world took on more or less of its present form. To-day the verses of the song are unknown to most ordinary folk, because, having little or no topical relation to present things, they have long been passed by in ignorance or forgetfulness. But who doesn't know and hasn't yelled out the chorus thousands of times? And, mark this, that same air and chorus are to-day just as popular in nearly every other land where Britons and Frenchmen gather, in every country which the Arab traverses, as they are in our own, with, of course, several variations of words to suit the There cannot be the slightest spot and time. question that this is the song which is the best known and most widely sung throughout the whole world in this year of grace 1914.

One cannot leave the subject, however, without recalling the marvellous list of illustrious names directly connected with this glorious song. Just think of them for a minute! Marie Antoinette sang it as a cradle-song to her babies; the famous musician Beaumarchais introduced it into his Marriage of Figaro in 1784; Beethoven used it in his well-known 'Battle Symphony' in 1813, as emblematic of the march of the French army under Bonaparte! Napoleon held it in special favour, and was heard singing it to himself as his army crossed the river Niemen on its way to Russia in 1812; whilst at St Helena, not long before his death, he remarked to one of his old friends, 'What a great man that Duke of Marlborough was! What a thing is ridicule; it even attacks the victor!' And a moment later, almost with death right in front of him, the great 'Scourge of Europe' began to sing softly, 'Marlborough s'en va-t-en guerre.' It was a magnificent tribute in itself to the hold this wonderful song has had over so many of the world's greatest and most illustrious men.

Messieurs Siraudin, Bizet, and others brought out this song in an opera-bouffe at the Athénée, in four acts, about 1867; and Barras sang it much farther back than that. Even more famous was the immortal Charlotte Corday, who often chanted its strains; whilst Queen Hortense made it the foundation of her famous tune, 'Partant

pour la Syrie,' and the noble poet André Chénier also based his 'Mourir pour la Patrie' on the song. Curiously, too, the Finns to-day sing words to a tune identically the same; and Helberg, at the Copenhagen theatre in 1826, won immense applause by introducing the song, in which all the dames joined with much fervour.

Now will you deny that 'Malbrook' is the most popular song the world has ever had or known? No other song has ever approached its fame, glory, and popularity with every nation that has heard it or known it! The verses may be forgotten, but the chorus is immortal, whether we vary it, as in Britain, with 'We won't go home till morning!' and 'For he's a jolly good fellow!' or whether we sing, like the French, 'But when will he come home?' or whether we join the Arabs in their favourite strains of 'Woo-ela metta yerja-ya lail.'

The splendid song, the inspiring words, the magnificent lilt and simplicity of the tune, fairly hit you in the eye, as the Americans say. And in honour of hero, king, friend, true man, indeed any one who distinguishes himself in what is brave, manly, and noble, every Briton, every Frenchman, every Arab, every Finn, every Dane, every Turk, every American will join enthusiastically in the immortal chorus of

For he's a jolly good fellow, For he's a jolly good fellow, For he's a jolly good fellow, And so say all of us!

CLEOPATRA.

THE long, low light across the Nile
Athwart the barge's purple gleamed,
Where, proud, with slow, luxurious smile,
The Queen of Egypt dreamed.

Gems glittered 'mid her dusky hair, On the white wonder of her arms; Great Orient's treasures rich and rare Crowned Cleopatra's charms.

Splendid, magnificent, she leaned;
Voluptuously her velvet eyes,
'Neath languorous lashes softly screened,
Flashed to the radiant skies.

The amber hues of saffron sands
And sun-kissed waters shrined her, while
Her barge to dim and distant lands
Slipped smoothly down the Nile.

To that last port of human call, Regal, she drifted, grand, serene; While darkness folded as a pall Egypt's imperious Queen.

And as her barge steered far apart,
And purple shadows darkly fell,
The asp warm on her pulsing heart,
She waved her proud farewell.
MARY M. CURCHOD (MYRA).

ALGIERS.



THE AMERICAN LOYALISTS: THE FOUNDERS OF BRITISH CANADA.

By A. G. BRADLEY, Author of The Making of Canada, Britain Beyond the Seas, &c.

BRITISH CANADA is so intimately associated in the public mind with material prosperity, acquired by the hard, peaceful toil of successive waves of British immigration, that the origin and character of its founders are utterly lost sight of in this country. I am sometimes tempted to think that they are forgotten by the Canadians themselves! How many British people, at any rate, realise that this was a military colony, born of sentiment and bloody war, and nurtured in physical tribulation; that its founders and creators were not people from these islands at all, but Americans; and that for half-a-century after its acquisition from the French its British-born element hardly counted? From the conquest (1760), associated in most minds with Wolfe's glorious victory on the Plains of Abraham in 1759. till the revolt of the American colonies, Canada was governed by our viceroys mainly with a view to the welfare and loyalty of the French population. Save for a few Anglo-American traders in Quebec and Montreal, and the British officials and garrison, there were no British in the colony. Nobody at that day-and with good reason-foresaw an immigration from British America, much less from Britain.

The government was paternal, the laws and land tenure of the French of a semi-feudal kind, and the Roman Catholic Church was established. The country was regarded by Americans as arctic in climate and barren in character, and its institutions impossible for the alien settler. In Great Britain it was not regarded at all except for its strategic value and martial associations, and by politicians as a field for controversy in the methods of governing a remote community of transatlantic Frenchmen. But the revolt of the American colonies, during which they very nearly captured Canada, changed all this, and like a bolt from the blue the whole situation in North America, Canada included, was utterly changed. This isolated little French nation, which we were to govern paternally very much after its own ideas, and keep it loyal, till kingdom come, was suddenly thrown into the melting-pot, very much to its own disgust. For, on the whole, it liked our governors and soldiers, but hated with the traditional hatred of ancient enemies its British neighbours south of the St Lawrence. It was now to be forced by circumstances into civic partnership with them—the Ultramontane, feudal-minded, ignorant French-Canadian yoked to the Protestant, liberty-loving, politically minded, arrogant Anglo-American! And this, of course, is how it came about.

At the close of the American war the British Commander-in-Chief at New York, the same Guy Carleton who seven years before, as Governor of Canada, had saved it, found himself with thousands of ruined American Loyalists upon his hands, of whom all the able-bodied males had fought through the war in the irregular regiments raised by the Crown. They had now no foothold left but the British camps at two or three seaports; and when peace was declared, New York alone was temporarily retained by the British forces. At the evacuation of Philadelphia, Charlestown, and Savannah, thousands of Loyalists had left the country for Florida, the West Indies, or England, in most cases virtually destitute of present means or future prospects. At the peace, early in 1783, Carleton had some forty thousand on his hands at New York; but before following the destiny of these unfortunate people, a word must be said of the causes which brought them to such a pass.

The old school-book notions of 'tyranny' as applied to King George's dealings with the colonists have long been laughed out of court by modern American historians. It was really a very intricate constitutional question, with about as much right and equity on one side as on the other. It is enough to say here that when the more violent spirits roused the mobs, the mass of the thinking classes found themselves compelled to take one side or the other. Safety, selfinterest, kinship, and a score of similar motives influenced men in making a decision they would gladly have postponed, often perhaps indefinitely. Once sides were taken, intolerance and persecution on the part of the rank and file of the revolutionists sprang up almost at once, and grew by degrees into ferocity as the war proceeded. In most districts it was much easier and safer to declare for the patriot side. To hold by the British connection usually demanded from the

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first a stouter heart and a greater courage of opinions; for it meant infinite petty persecution to both sexes, often unblushing robbery of goods and lands, sometimes physical violence, and occasionally death; the better people among the patriots being either at the front or impotent as a restraining force. When, in the varying fortunes of the war, the Loyalists had a chance, they retaliated in kind. The net result was that at the close of hostilities the Loyalists, or 'Tories,' were regarded as irrevocable outcasts. In spite of every effort, no terms could be procured for them by the British Government. The French, whose assistance had secured the victory, interceded for them, but were told to mind their own business. Confiscation of land and goods was the official, expatriation the social, verdict of every colony. This seems a strange judgment for a free and enlightened people to pass on fellow-countrymen who had merely fought for the ancient allegiance of the country on a purely constitutional question not raised by themselves. Nor does any sane American to-day attempt to defend it. Indeed, the Americans, for practical reasons, had bitter cause to regret it. It was forty thousand of these expatriated people who founded British Canada, not English and Scottish immigrants, and the feelings toward the American Republic that they carried into the wild woods of the north may be readily imagined. yet it accounts for many things in Canada that British visitors cannot well understand. There they were, however, in 1782-83, these homeless victims of a lost cause, huddled in New York, and mainly destitute. General Carleton wrote home that it made his heart bleed to see these people, 'including great numbers of the very first families in the various colonies, born to the fairest possessions,' who had lost their all in the king's service, and had nothing in the world but the half-pay granted to the officers and some trifling pensions to the widows.

It was, in truth, a critical and heart-rending situation; and there was only one way out of it—namely, to convey the refugees to some unoccupied country within the dominions of the Crown, and in due course—for such a measure, with the best intentions, was full of intricate detail—to vote

them a money compensation.

Nova Scotia, then including what became later New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, though British territory for the past seventy years, only contained some fourteen thousand more or less British people and three or four thousand French Acadians, these latter the remnant of the famous deportation of 1755, with Halifax as the seat of Government. But nearly all this vast region was a howling wilderness covered with dense timber, and it was now offered as a home of refuge to all Loyalist exiles who were willing to go there. Nearly all were willing, for they had no alternative except Upper Canada (Ontario), and the choice, as it may well have

seemed to these people, was merely one of two evils. Almost concurrently Upper Canada had been for the first time realised as a possible place of settlement. But of this anon.

In the meantime some thirty thousand of General Carleton's refugees at New York decided for Nova Scotia. During the lull before the peace, and the whole summer following it, prior to the military evacuation in 1783, ship after ship loaded with these unfortunate people and the miserable remnant of their personal effects sailed for the then inhospitable shores of old Acadia. 'Hell or Halifax,' in the catchword of the day, tersely expressed the Loyalist prospect. The Crown surveyors had already been busy. Tracts of wild forest land were apportioned in extent according to military rank, for most had become soldiers, and to others upon a somewhat similar scale. To find enough vessels for such a throng of people, the average capacity of those available being under a hundred tons, was a cause of infinite labour to Carleton. He postponed the military evacuation again and again, notwithstanding the protests of the Republican Congress, stoutly declaring that he would not ship a soldier till the last Loyalist had been removed. A few of the latter had tried the experiment of returning to the neighbourhood of their despoiled homes, but found the vindictive passions of the hour too strong for endurance.

Washington and other leaders had denounced this unworthy attitude, and Congress had given utterance to well-meaning platitudes; but each state was a separate autonomy, for federal government, weak in such matters as it still

is, was not yet.

The dumping of these forlorn shiploads into the woods of Nova Scotia is as tragic a tale as British history has to tell, and few events have been more fruitful of results. There are none of which the average Briton is so deplorably ignorant; though, thanks to Longfellow's misleading poem, 'Evangeline,' two or three generations have wept over the numerically trifling expatriation of rude Acadian peasants, who, in the teeth of repeated warnings, had persistently refused the oath of allegiance. This Loyalist exodus was altogether another business. The only fault of these capable and highly civilised exiles lay in having fought for a Government that they and their fathers had immemorially lived under and sworn to obey. Their judgment may have been right or wrong, but their principles were above reproach. They came from all the provinces-New England, New York, the Jerseys, Virginia, and the Carolinas. We have a list of the principal people among them, and who they severally were, which of itself fills an octavo volume. Judges, clergymen, professors, country gentlemen, planters, lawyers, and substantial merchants make up the roll; though most of them by now were soldiers too, and of several years' hard service.

Government had done all that it could for the

moment, under the great transport difficulties of those early days. Besides the forest lands allotted to them, the exiles were to receive farm implements and rations for two years. Even this poor provision—owing to the usual contract blunders. or worse, and lack of precedent for so great and distant an undertaking—was miserably deficient. A large number of clap-board houses had been run up at one or two points on the coast for some, and the little town of Halifax afforded a temporary shelter for others. But such makeshifts were of little use to thousands of refugees who in the main had to disperse over a region as large as Ireland, and hew a hard living out of dense forests; this, too, in a country which was under snow for nearly half the year! It would have been a severe test for a rude peasantry with no past to regret, and such future as they might carve out a clear gain; but all of these people, in their different degrees, had left home, comfort, and prospects behind them, and, stripped of everything, stood between a cold and often foggy sea and a forest-covered wilderness that even pioneers had then but a poor opinion of. What they suffered, more especially the gently nurtured among them, the women, and the old people; how heroically they bore it; and how great at first was the mortality among them, there is no space to relate here. Nor is there room for the more complicated tale of the manner in which the lands were selected and settled upon. These grants were scattered about in various parts of the province according to groups, regiments, and similar affinities, and often entailed long, arduous journeys by water or through trackless woods. struggle was won through in the end, though at what cost will never be more than half-known.

But in the course of years a brighter future dawned, and comfortable homesteads and thousands of acres bearing fair crops were opened to the sun. Small towns, too, arose, affording scope for trade and the professions. What is now New Brunswick attracted so many settlers up its rich river-valley of the St John that almost immediately it was cut off from Nova Scotia into the modern province. The fertile island of Prince Edward, to the northward, also attracted its quota. Hard as were the primitive conditions of the Loyalist settlement of these maritime provinces, they were not quite so terrible to the pioneers as those of their brethren in Upper Canada. was at least a settled Government, a focus of administration ready-made, at Halifax. All this, too, was a maritime country, open everywhere to the trade and shipping of the Atlantic. tunities in lumbering, fishing, and trading, as well as farming, came in time to the settlers. Parliament in the meantime had voted three and a half millions to the expatriated Loyalists; and, though it took some years to allot this money, the Nova Scotians in due course got their share. A settled Government, with a quickly growing population of fifty thousand, provided many

berths for the more highly qualified among the Loyalists, most of whom had small military pensions, and nearly all eventually their share of compensation-money, which brought not only relief but a start in some business enterprise.

No sensible flow of ordinary immigration came thus early into the maritime provinces, but some thousands of Gaelic-speaking Highlanders were introduced by philanthropic agencies. After thirty years Nova Scotia was practically in the hands of the United Empire Loyalists, as they proudly called themselves, with a large residuum of simple, useful, but ignorant Highlanders and still more ignorant French Acadians. Much the same conditions prevailed in New Brunswick.

Representative government was established in both provinces under a British governor, a nominated council, and an elective Lower House. Class distinction in the old American colonies had been clearly marked. The 'Tory' refugees, who hated republicanism and all its dogmas with a bitter hatred, had not been weakened in their social traditions by their temporary hardships. The class among them who had been leaders in the old colonies became the natural leaders in these new ones. In fact, an oligarchy arose which came in time to monopolise all power, place, and favour; and, in spite of some moderate waves of immigration from England and the Scottish Lowlands, it was not broken for half-acentury. Halifax society is to-day the most 'English' in habit of all the older Canadian cities. Of the half-million souls in Nova Scotia, probably every other person is of United Empire Loyalist descent, and he will let you know it at the first opportunity! Of the others, half at least are of Highland origin, and Gaelic is still spoken in remote places.

Upper Canada was thrown open to the refugees on the same conditions and at the same time as were these other provinces. West of Montreal, the limit of French settlement, all was then a howling wilderness. The present fertile and prosperous Ontario was vaguely regarded as uninhabitable. But official prospectors had just been despatched thither, and reported favourably; so surveys were at once made. The chief base was formed at the eastern end of Lake Ontario, and became the now well-known town of Kingston. A smaller nucleus of settlement was formed at the lake's western extremity, near Niagara Falls. About eight thousand Loyalists went in the first batch to Upper Canada, including seven Loyalist regiments, with their friends and families, some disbanded regulars, and other non-military groups. Upper Canada was more difficult of access than were the maritime provinces, and pioneer life there even harder. Some of the exiles found their way by sea to Montreal, and struggled thence up the St Lawrence, with its many unnavigable rapids; and more toiled painfully through the northern wilderness which then stretched far south of the Canadian boundary of to-day. Scattered here

among the dense forests along the shores of Lake Ontario, then lifeless but for the western trader's cance, these people suffered even worse things than the Nova Scotians, or at least suffered them much longer. It was better land, to be sure, when once cleared; but the utter want of an outlet to the world intensified the struggle and the suffering. Furthermore, it baffled the Canadian Government's overtaxed endeavours to maintain the supply of food, implements, and necessary draught animals. In the second winter the founders of British Canada were on the verge of starvation. All the horses and oxen had been devoured. Tradition tells of much-prized beefbones which made the round of half-starved families to be boiled and reboiled by each. Women and children roamed the spring woods in quest of roots and herbs to maintain existence. Their clothes were all worn to rags, and some had to cover their nakedness with skins; and though many of these people were raised in luxury, fortunately the mass were plain countryfolk, at least used to North American conditions, not helpless, inexperienced Europeans. were neither doctors nor even drugs. The scarce grain was pounded into flour with cannon-balls. All families, whether they owned a thousand or a hundred acres, were alike in their rude huts shut in by the tangled, forbidding forest, congealed in winter and alive with stinging insects through the summer, against which the greatest courage, under such ill-equipped conditions, could make but slow way. The first two wheat-crops were grown mainly in the little, stump-strewn clearings, with the aid of no implements but hoes and mattocks. Wolves howled round the houses, and, with the bears, destroyed what few sheep or calves the early settlers possessed.

This is no fancy picture. It happened but yesterday, and a large amount of testimony is forthcoming. Indeed, any one who knows the Canadian forest primeval knows well that such sufferings and many more were inevitable to the situation and condition of those brave but hapless Loyalists. The climate, however, was healthy and the land rich. As in Nova Scotia, the settlers won through in course of time. The higher class, aided by the rather belated compensation-money, left the forests, founded small towns, and, following professional and commercial life, became an oligarchy like that of Nova Scotia, and practically ruled Upper Canada till the rebellion of 1837 broke its back.

But after these United Empire Loyalists had proved the quality of the soil of Upper Canada, and particularly when, in 1791, it was formed into a separate province from Quebec, under repre-

sentative government, Americans began to pour in their thousands into the cheap fertile land, as they are pouring now into north-western Canada. They were accepted by Government on taking the oath of allegiance, but regarded askance and mightily mistrusted by the Loyalists, who in the good things of the now rapidly developing country had got a long start of them. These later Americans, mainly plain working folk, soon outnumbered the Loyalists; but the latter had a grip of the country which the Yankeephobia of their own rank and file enabled their leading families to keep a tight hold of, politically and socially.

By the time of the American war of 1812 there were seventy thousand people in Upper Canada—probably twenty-five thousand of United Empire Loyalist stock, thirty-five thousand casual later Americans, and ten thousand British and Irish, nearly half Gaelic-speaking Highlanders. In French Canada there were about three hundred thousand French and thirty thousand Loyalists and later Americans, the two last-named, however, in a region to themselves, south of the French country, and united by their antipathy to Racial animosity, indeed, made the French. representative government at Quebec stormy and farcical. In Upper Canada the successful determination of the Loyalist oligarchy to govern the later Americans and British Old Country element made it quieter, but equally farcical; while in the maritime provinces racial divisions had no place, and all went comparatively smoothly. With the three years of fierce fighting against American invaders (1812-15) the French had very little to do. The United Empire Loyalists of Upper Canada, with the British regulars, bore the main brunt of the attack, a fact which seemed to give them a further claim on the country. It was not till the long peace after Waterloo that British and Irish emigrants seriously went to Canada, and then they fairly swarmed in. The point to be remembered is that Canada had been ours for fifty years, had founded four Parliaments, had fought two successful wars, and had achieved a British population of nearly a quarter of a million before Englishmen or Lowland Scotsmen, save as Government officials, began to take any share worth mentioning in its life. Most of the leading families to-day in the maritime provinces are of American Loyalist origin. Twenty years ago, before the huge changes in its fortunes, half of the more prominent families of Ontario were of the same stock. And these are the people who, as a class, always have been, and in the main still are, most actively attached to the British. connection.



A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XII .- RED GABLES.

AN hour later, shopping commissions having been executed, they clanked majestically homeward. The journey was completed without further mishap; though a frisky calf encountered by the way almost wrecked its own prospects of ever becoming veal by an untimely indulgence in the game of 'Come to Mother, or Last Across the Road'—that was how Mr Mablethorpe described it—gambolling unexpectedly under the very bows of Boanerges in response to the ill-judged appeal of an anxious parent on the opposite side of the highway.

Presently the long red wall, with its polite notice to motorists, came into view on their left, and the car slowed down. Philip realised with

pleasure that this was his destination.
'Did you put up that notice, sir?' he inquired.

'I put it up,' replied Mr Mablethorpe, 'but my daughter composed it. She makes rather a special feature of the common courtesies of life.

Mind your elbow against that gatepost.'

Two minutes later Philip found himself being presented to a languid but still pretty lady, who assured him-in a speech which appeared, in some curious way, to be addressed to Mr Mablethorpe rather than himself—that she was charmed to meet him, in spite of a headache, and that she had no doubt that fresh servants would ultimately be forthcoming to take the places of those whose resignations the introduction of an unexpected boy into a hitherto tranquil household would naturally precipitate. Adding a mournful postscript to the effect that Philip would doubtless have made an admirable secretary for her husband but for the fact that his uncle would inevitably insist upon his speedy return to Holly Lodge, Mrs Mablethorpe, with a look of patient endurance upon her delicate features, faded away upstairs, to bedew herself with eau de Cologne and partake of luncheon in bed.

'Friends,' observed Mr Mablethorpe solemnly as his wife disappeared, 'are requested to accept this (the only) intimation and invitation. Now, Philip, come and be introduced to my daughter.'

The three spent a perfectly happy afternoon together. Miss Dumpling treated 'the new inmate,' as Mr Mablethorpe called Philip, with marked favour, introducing him seriatim to three cows, named respectively Boo, Moo, and Coo; a family of lop-eared rabbits; and an aged gramophone suffering from bronchial weakness.

Towards tea-time Mr Mablethorpe, who knew his wife almost as well as he loved her, penetrated to the invalid's bedroom, and there apologised in the most handsome manner for several crimes which he had not committed. Mrs Mablethorpe, having delivered herself of a brief homily upon the whole duty of a husband entrusted with the

care of a delicate wife, now felt sufficiently recovered to come downstairs and partake of a tea of encouraging dimensions.

Philip surveyed her curiously. His feminine

horizon was enlarging itself.

'Julius dear,' observed Mrs Mablethorpe presently, 'I know, of course, that it is perfectly useless to say anything to you about Baby's upbringing—the child is ruined for life by this time; but I must protest, however feebly, against your feeding her with that sweet and sticky cake. We shall have her running in and out of the dentist's every five minutes in a year or two.'

'You hear that, Daniel Lambert?' asked Mr Mablethorpe of his ruined child. 'Mother says we aren't to have any more cake. I think it is most tyrannical of her; she knows how we love running in and out of the dentist's. But we must obey orders. About turn, and let us get back to the bread-and-butter! Come on, I'll

race you!'

Mr Mablethorpe began to munch bread-and-butter with enormous enthusiasm; and poor Dumps, reluctantly laying down a generous slice of plum-cake, followed his example. But when the trio finally obtained permission to retire to the library and play at 'bears'—a pastime to which it appeared that Mr Mablethorpe was much addicted—and tumbled upstairs together, Philip overheard the unregenerate father whisper to his daughter, 'If you wish a wish and then feel in my pocket, old lady, you may find something.'

In the library the Dumpling offered Philip a

share in a large slice of plum-cake.

Philip retired to bed that evening in the room which had been prepared for his reception (fortunately without causing any break-up in the staff of the establishment), but did not sleep for a long while. He had much to think of. It seemed almost incredible that he had left Holly Lodge only yesterday, and that it was only last night that he had slept with the wolf-scarers in Montagu Falconer's studio; yet it was a fact. The remembrance of the studio brought back visions of Peggy. He wondered when, if ever, he should see her again. He compared her with Dumps, but quickly realised that comparisons were impossible. Dumps was a decent little kid, though fat; but she was not Pegs.

Then he thought of Dumps's parents, and he began to understand that it takes all sorts to make a world. He was beginning to realise the importance, in every department of life, of 'making allowances.' This duty was not confined to one sex, as he had previously imagined. Mrs Falconer, it was true, spent her life in making allowances for Mr Falconer. But here was Mr

Mablethorpe doing precisely the same thing for

Mrs Mablethorpe.

Finally, he thought of Uncle Joseph and the Beautiful Lady. Perhaps, he reflected, if these two had made allowances for one another earlier in life, their coming together would not have been delayed for ten years.

Incidentally he made a note that, dragons having become obsolete, a Knight might do worse than set out to persuade people to make allow-

ances for one another.

CHAPTER XIII .-- THE OFFICIAL DEMISE OF TOMMY SMITH.

NEXT morning Mr Mablethorpe, after a quite unexpectedly serious conversation with Philip, departed upon Boanerges to seek out

Uncle Joseph.

Having achieved a comparatively unadventurous journey-if we except a collision with a milk-cart in the Finchley Road-he drew up at Holly Lodge, which looked very much the same as when Philip had left it two days before, save that a large board, newly painted and announcing that This House was to be Let or Sold, projected over the laurel hedge which separated the gravel-sweep from the roadway.

Uncle Joseph was at home, and received his

visitor in the library.

The owner of Boanerges came to the point at 'My name,' he said, 'is Mablethorpe. do not suppose that the information will interest you in the least, but it is customary to give it. What is more to the point is the fact that I have found a stray nephew. Have you lost one?'

Uncle Joseph admitted that this was so.

'He appears to have left home,' continued Mr Mablethorpe, 'two days ago, owing to a sudden and rather unexpected change in your domestic routine.'

'He told you the story, then?'

'Yes.'

'I cannot quite understand,' said Uncle Joseph, 'why the event to which you refer should have made it necessary for him to leave my house. In fact, I should have thought it would have been an inducement to him to remain. Have a cigar?'

Mr Mablethorpe helped himself, and replied thoughtfully, 'I gather that the-the event to which we have referred absolved him, in his rather immature judgment, from further allegiance to your person and service.'

Uncle Joseph eyed his visitor keenly. 'Service -eh? Did he explain to you the nature of his

services?'

'Yes; he told me all about it—The Kind Young Hearts, the Unwanted Doggies, Tommy Smith—everything. I made him tell me every shred of the story. I would not have missed a word of it. It was priceless—immense—the most brilliant thing I ever heard of. As a brotherartist, in a smaller and less remunerative way, I beg to offer you my felicitations and thanks. But our young friend Philip appears to have found his share of the work uncongenial. Apparently his conscience'-

'Not his conscience,' interposed Uncle Joseph; 'his disposition. The boy is a born sentimentalist, like his father before him. I had noticed the paternal characteristics developing for some time, and I expected an upheaval sooner or later. The—the event to which reference has been

made precipitated matters, that is all.'
'Quite so,' agreed Mr Mablethorpe. 'But whatever his underlying forces may be, your nephew appears to be a youth of some directness of character. When I intercepted him yesterday he was on his way to Coventry, with the intention of studying the mechanics of automobilism. He is now in my house, and, on my representations, has agreed to place his future unreservedly in your hands. But I don't think you will persuade him to go back to the Little Tommy Smith business, you know.

'There is no need,' said Uncle Joseph. 'Little Tommy Smith is dead, and his works are perished

'So I had gathered,' said Mr Mablethorpe. 'How!' asked Uncle Joseph, a little startled.

Mr Mablethorpe waved his hand in the direction of the window. 'Partly from the presence of that board outside,' he said, 'and partly because, in the light of—of recent events, any other dénouement would have been an inartistic anticlimax, contrary to the canons of the best fiction.'

Uncle Joseph surveyed his rather unusual visitor with interest. 'You appear to know

something of men and women,' he said.

'I have to,' explained Mr Mablethorpe. 'I make a living by studying the weaknesses of mankind, and publishing the results of my observations at four-and-sixpence nett.'
A novelist, I gather?'

'Yes, but of the obsolete school. I hate your morbid, soul-dissecting, self-centred, pessimist like poison. I go in for happy endings and the eternal good in human nature. In this respect I rejoice to observe that you are not going to disappoint me.'

Uncle Joseph's cold blue eyes glowed suddenly.

'No, thank God!' he said, 'I am not.'

After that he told Mr Mablethorpe the rest

of the story.

'Her husband died five years ago. I rather gather it was drink, but I did not press the point. I am quite content to accept the official virtues of the deceased as enumerated on his tombstone, and let his hobbies drop into oblivion. She had one little girl, who died too; and since then she has been living alone—quite alone. Poor soul, she has paid—paid in full! Perhaps I have too. Pride—pride! Have you ever Pride—pride! noticed, in your observations of human life, how very heavily—disproportionately, one might say -God punishes Pride? Sins which arise from weakness seem to get off, on the whole, rather more lightly than they deserve; but the sins of the strong-pride, obduracy, even reticencenever! I suppose it's God's way of rubbing in the fact that Strength belongeth to the Lord alone.

'I don't think that the strong get punished more heavily than the weak,' said Mablethorpe; 'but they feel their punishment much more keenly. It is impossible to punish the weak. They run howling to their betters the moment they feel the first whack, and unload their woes But the strong, especially the on to them. proud, endure their punishment and say nothing. That's why it hurts so.'

'Perhaps you are right,' said Uncle Joseph. 'But we appear to be digressing into philosophy. I am to be married next month, and we are going to live in the country. She has been left very poorly off, as the money has passed on with the title. But I think we shall be tolerably comfortable, and busy. We have some small arrears of happiness to make up.'

'And your benevolent exercises,' said Mr Mablethorpe, after a long silence, 'are now a

thing of the past?'

'Yes. Frankly, I am sorry; for the people who paid the money extracted a large amount of innocent pleasure from giving it, and it was a perfect godsend to the people who ultimately received it. But, of course, pedantically speaking, the whole thing was illegal, and Vivien has

all a woman's respect for the letter of the law. So I intend to close down. My charities will suffer, I fear; but possibly I shall be able by personal service to make good some of the deficiencies caused by my failure as a source of revenue. Still, I shall miss it all. I enjoyed composing the appeals particularly.'

'I rather fancy I once received one from you,' said Mablethorpe. 'I read it with great appreciation. In fact, I answered it. But now, as to Master Philip. What are your views?'

'Supposing I hear yours first?' said Uncle

Joseph.

'Very well. I am a comparatively prosperous man. I have no son. The boy interests me, and I scent copy in him. I also want an occasional secretary and amanuensis. I suggest that he should make his headquarters with me, and I will be responsible for his education. He shall visit you whenever and for as long as you want him. The only stipulation I make is that we have no formal agreement or business arrangement about him. I am not a man of business, and I hate legal contracts and attempts to harness the future more than anything in this world. Will you let me have the boy for as long as he is willing to stay with me?

'Certainly,' said Uncle Joseph.

And with that word Philip's career as a misogynist and recluse came to an official conclusion.

(Continued on page 196.)

TRAVELLING EXPERIENCES.

PART II.

TWENTY years ago I was in Barcelona, on my way from Rome to Madrid. I was in a hurry to reach Madrid in order to witness a great bull-fight, in which Frascuelo, the famous diestro, was to kill the bulls in the most approved fashion. When I declared my intention of leaving by the next train, all my acquaintances in Barcelona protested against my rashness. The express only ran three times a week. If I waited twentyfour hours, I could take the express instead of travelling by a slow train. My admiration for Frascuelo gave way before the arguments of my Barcelonese friends, and I postponed my departure till next day. The following day, on entering the train, I asked how long the express would take to go to Madrid. 'Twenty-two hours.' was the answer. 'And how long does the slow train take?' 'Twenty-four hours.' You may not believe me, but I did not swear. I did not swear, because I was dumfounded. I had lost twentyfour hours, and a bull-fight and Frascuelo, just to save two paltry hours in the twenty-four!

There were no Pullman or sleeping cars in the train, so I made myself as little uncomfortable as possible in a first-class carriage. The carriage was empty, but not for long. A gentleman came

in with a large gray moustache, and a larger box that he placed on my feet. Then followed a priest with another big box, a bag, and two baskets, which he placed promiscuously on my knees and my neighbour's arms; then a very polite, black-bearded hidalgo, with several boxes and a pasteboard hat-box, which were distributed over our feet, knees, arms, and shoulders. To make a long story short, in a quarter of an hour the carriage was full of boxes and bags of all descriptions, painfully supported by me and nine high-spirited, good-humoured, talkative gentlemen. I tried to protest, but every time I opened my mouth something fell on me. We had only time to attend to the several articles that lost their precarious balance owing to the jerky movement of the train, and endangered the safety of our heads and limbs. My fellow-travellers seemed quite familiar with these dangers, and dexterously avoided them, and kindly preserved my life; and they showed such good humour that I could not but enter into the fun of the thing. In an hour from our start the train had shaken us all into place-boxes, bags, baskets, and travellers - so that we were relatively comfortable—the boxes very much so.

could not move, it is true; but after such violent exertions we did not want to.

Time went on, and I began to feel hungry. After a few hours I was positively starving. When I felt I was going to faint, I pulled out what energy was left in me and inquired from my neighbours at what station was the restaurant where I could get some luncheon. The answer was that there was no restaurant on the line. The train stopped at a station every quarter of an hour, but never for more than five minutes. Quick lunch had not yet been invented—at least not in Spain. I was in a terrible plight. I had bought a railway ticket for a living person at Barcelona, and I was going to land a corpse in Madrid. It would be a most irregular proceeding on my part, but it was not my fault. Anyhow, considering the kindness that my right-hand neighbour had shown, I began to impart to him my last wishes. But then all the boxes—hatboxes, leather boxes, wicker baskets, everything —came down (not by their own will this time); charitable hands opened them, and out sprang the most appetising things my hungry nostrils ever smelt. The gray-whiskered gentleman produced a brown roast-fowl, the blackbearded hidalgo presented a whole turkey, the priest unveiled the best-seasoned salpicón that was ever made in Catalonia, and veal and mutton and beef all danced before my dazzled eyes, and shortly afterwards through my parched throat. And bottles of blood-red, blood-making Val-de-Pena and Rioja, and gold-coloured, gold-worth sherry, were quickly opened and more quickly emptied. And I blessed the Spanish hospitality and the Spanish geniality, and the Spanish way of travelling with boxes, and above all the Spanish salpicón.

Spain would be a charming country if it had no railways. The railways have destroyed the picturesqueness of the country without adding much to the traveller's comforts. Once I landed at Vigo, coming from England to take the train to the Portuguese frontier. As I landed at noon I went to the best hotel, which was no better than a decent inn, and inquired what time the train would leave. They told me it left at halfpast seven in the evening. I asked when the table-d'hôte dinner was served, and was told, 'Six o'clock;' whereupon I concluded that I should have an hour to dine and a full half-hour to drive to the station, which was quite near. I was punctual at dinner, quite against my principles; the bill of fare was very substantial, well cooked, and rather long. At seven sharp I had finished my dinner, a cup of excellent coffee, and a little glass of ojen, and had lighted a cigar. I

ordered a cab.

'What for?' a man asked.

'Why, to take me to the station.'

'It is too late, sir.'

At that moment I heard a long whistle, and a few seconds after the panting of an engine.

'Don't you hear?' added the man. 'It is the train.'

This time I could not keep my temper. I swore in Spanish. I must say that Spanish is for swearing what Latin is for improprieties and French for nonsense—they don't sound bad. When I had exhausted my repertory of Spanish oaths I remonstrated with the innkeeper. 'Didn't you tell me that the train leaves at half-past seven?'

'And so it does, sir.'

'But, then, your infernal clock is half-an-hour slow, on purpose to mislead the unsuspicious traveller. You are'——

'Excuse me, sir,' interrupted the innkeeper in his grandee manner, 'the train leaves at halfpast seven, Madrid time, which is seven o'clock in Vigo.' And he turned his back on me with as noble a gesture as if he carried a black cloak and a rapier, and had a feathered hat on his head.

The next train was to leave at six o'clock the following morning, Madrid time, which meant half-past five by the local clock. I ordered a little omnibus at five to take me and my luggage. The omnibus was punctual. They put my boxes on the top, and I stepped into the disjointed vehicle, drawn by a still more disjointed horse. All the windows of the omnibus were The morning was raw, and I had got a cold. So I pulled up the window behind me. The frame rose, indeed, but there was no glass in it. I tried all the frames one by one. The glasses had all been broken, no living person remembered when, and had never been replaced. In this way I drove to the station. I don't call it a comfortable way. Nor was it a quick way; but this I must own: it was the only way. Therefore I drove on without grumbling. Besides, it would have been very difficult for me to grumble. I had to grumble or to sneeze, and under the circumstances I had no choice. If I had had the choice, I would rather have done something in the grumbling line.

As soon as I reached the station I looked for a first-class carriage. Every carriage seemed to be third-class, considering that there are no fourth-class carriages in Spain. Finally I entered one which a railway official assured me, under oath, was a first-class. The plan of that carriage was rather new—the only thing that was new about it. Two long, longitudinal, back-to-back seats ran down the centre; and at each window there were two small seats. I took one of the window seats. The country in the north of Spain is really beautiful. The only trouble was that the windows were so high and the seats so low that one had to make a choice between sitting down and seeing nothing but the sky, or enjoying the view and standing all the time. I suppose the old spirit of the Spanish Inquisition has invaded the Spanish railways. I began by standing and enjoying the earth, and finished by sitting down and contemplating the sky.

While I was engaged in enforced meteorological observation I noticed that the train stopped every ten minutes, and every stoppage lasted about a quarter of an hour. I was astonished that there should be so many stations and so much heavy traffic to justify the delay at each of them. I got up and put my head out of the window, only to see an empty platform, and two lonely railway officials and the guard of the train smoking innumerable cigarettes with philosophical disregard of time. I called to the guard and inquired why we did not start.

'Si no hay prisa, caballero' ('There is no hurry, sir'), was the calm reply.

'But I am in a hurry,' I retorted.

'Then you had better walk;' and he lighted his twentieth cigarette, and went on discussing the last doings of the *alcalde* of some neighbouring town.

Now, the carriage was bad, the line was bad, the service was bad, but the advice was unquestionably good. I remained in the carriage, risked the line, submitted to the service, and did not follow the advice. Such is human nature; such is at least the human nature of a traveller.

They are never in a hurry, those proud, romantic Spaniards. If they walked fast, how could the Spanish women keep their graceful carriage, balancing their hips, which gives you a slight suggestion of some sensual Eastern dance? How could every young man throw flowers at every pretty woman he crosses in the promenade? I do not mean actually throwing real flowers. To throw flowers (echar flores) is a Spanish locution that means to pay compliments. Is it not picturesque and poetical? A pretty woman passes, and every young man (and some old ones too) will say something to praise the dark fire of her eyes, the smallness of her feet, or the bright red of her lips. No, the Spaniards are never in a hurry. That is why railways, telegraphs, and all those abominable things that shorten distances and life are incongruities in Spain; and it is quite natural that they should try to adapt themselves to the surroundings. They do it by showing the utmost indifference to all considerations of time and space.

A friend of mine was once travelling on a little provincial railway in Spain. In the middle of the night the train stopped. Being a methodical man, he looked first at his watch and then at the time-table to see what station it could be. To his great surprise, no station corresponded to the hour. Then he looked out, and in the pitch-dark night he could distinguish a barren wilderness. The engineer and the guard, muffled up, were walking up and down beside the train, smoking cigarettes. Some accident had probably happened. Therefore he alighted in order to inquire what was the matter.

⁷ Pues nuda, caballero; se acabò el carbon' ('Why, nothing, sir; the coal's all gone').

Nothing of the kind could happen in the United States. But that does not mean that

travelling is bliss there. Misadventures are the general rule. I am not going to bother you with boxes lost when they were needed, and found when they were no longer useful.

Some exacting Europeans complain of the heat in the American trains. In fact, they are artificially heated, and heated in earnest. Everything is properly done in America. As the trains go fast and the roads are dusty, all the windows and ventilators are carefully shut. That is why some travellers think the air is stifling. No doubt there are cold cars too, but they are only for pork or fish.

But the most objectionable feature of the American trains is the sleeping-cars. They are long cars with two rows of beds on each side, and you have to dress and undress on your bed. I forgot the number of my bed, and as I pulled the curtain aside to climb on to it I was greeted by the wild screams of the occupant, a virtuous spinster, who lay in bed with a cap on her head and pince-nez on her nose. I tried the next one, and was received by the most appalling swearing. Finally heads popped out of every curtain, and a negro porter pushed me ignominiously to the end of the carriage to the accompaniment of the laughter, scoffing, swearing, and threatenings of the passengers. My bed was in the next carriage.

Travelling through the ages as well as through the world, I have come to motoring. A few years ago an American lady, a friend of mine, asked me to join her motoring-party for the last part of her trip across Europe; we were to meet at Strassburg and motor to Boulogne. I thought I had found the ideal method of travelling. should not be the slave of time-tables. I should be able to have my meals quietly, and the necessary amount of sleep; to stop in a place as long as I fancied it, or go on if I did not like it. I accepted the invitation with alacrity. I arrived at Strassburg at night, but there was no news of my friend. The hotel porter obligingly informed me that there was a telegram for her, and I politely informed him that I had sent it, informing her of my arrival. Next day, while I was in the cathedral watching the famous clock as it struck twelve, previous to taking the train back, I saw my friend walking up the church in disreputable clothes, dusty and shabby, as if they had borne the brunt of innumerable battles. She had been motoring for two months with only a small valise. I went up to her, when she told me that the motor had broken down the night before, and could only be repaired that morning. Would I mind going at once to the hotel and ordering lunch, as we had to start in an hour, without seeing Strassburg? As my friend said there was no time for explanation, I had to trot off. We sat at lunch, had some eggs-and then, would I mind going without the mutton, the pudding, and the coffee, as it was getting late, and we must start at once?

Then I understood. She had committed some enormous crime, the police of the whole world were pursuing her, and she was running for her We rushed along the roads. At 5 P.M. we stopped anywhere, sat by the roadside, and there she produced some lukewarm tea out of a thermos flask; we drank it in a hurry while we swallowed a couple of biscuits; and again we started. At eight o'clock, she said, we must arrive at Saarbrück, and dine quietly at a hotel there. So we fled again from the pursuing party, but we missed our way, and at eight o'clock nobody knew where we were. Nor did the police, fortunately. We had some cold beef at a roadside inn, and again we started. We arrived at Saarbrück at half-past ten, and went to bed, exhausted by the wild chase that had lasted the whole day. Next morning we had to get up at seven, take a hurried breakfast at nine, and start again. My wily friend, no doubt to put her pursuers off the scent, always announced that we were going to have a quiet meal at a good hotel in some big town; and every time we lost our way, and had to content ourselves with some scraps at a 'pub' by the roadside. In this way we crossed charming Nancy, with its memories of Marie Leckinska's father; Rheims and Amiens, with their splendid cathedrals; and never did we stop longer than was necessary to sleep and have a hurried breakfast. At the end of a week we arrived at Boulogne, without having stopped to look at anything but Michelin shops. Now and then my friend insisted on driving, and she always man-

aged to burst a tire. She was particularly clever at that, and it broke the monotony of the race.

Then we all collapsed, the car as well. There was nothing to do but submit to our fate, and I had visions of my poor friend arrested, convicted, and executed. Next morning she appeared at breakfast as collected and cheerful and amiable as she used to be before she possessed a motor-car.

'Wasn't it delightful?' she said. 'We drove at an average speed of forty-five miles an hour.' 'And three tires a day,' somebody added.

After all, there was no crime, no police, no chase; only a race against time and common-sense.

This was not the last of my travelling experiences, which have been more varied than pleasant. But I think no more are needed to justify my astonishment at the depraved taste of people

who travel for pleasure.

Now a new field is open for novel experiences. After the railway, the steamer, and the motorcar, the day of the aeroplane is just dawning. And when the long-projected tunnel between England and the Continent is built, we shall be able to go either under the sea or over the sea, for nobody will ever go on the sea. Life then will be unbearable. And the surface of the earth will be the last refuge of the fishes and the birds, that by that time, having a due share in the progress of civilisation, will travel alive, as they now travel dead, by train or motorcar; and, judging from my experiences, they are sure to arrive at their destination in a worse condition then than they do now.

PÈRE MUMBART.

PART III.

'WITHOUT the slightest suspicion, the cripple went out that evening as usual, and returned at half-past nine, never dreaming that he was being watched. Charbot, being the youngest, bravely volunteered to sleep in the chair, and heard the two go out with their buckets in the dark on the following morning; but otherwise he passed a wretched night for nothing.

'At nine o'clock the Major relieved him, and at about eleven their plan met its reward. Very quietly the door of the courtyard was opened, and stealthy but heavy steps were heard ascending. Instantly on the qui vive, the delighted Major went down just as the commissaire—a short, jovial man, with eyes twinkling in anticipation of some pork—arrived, with his subordinate Drax, outside Mumbart's door.

"Ah, you have come at last!" exclaimed the Major, paying no attention to their unutterable surprise. "We have been waiting for you.—Mardin," he continued, raising his voice, "he's come! he's come!" and very soon Mardin appeared on the scene, and, opening the

window, rang a great hand-bell to bring the others.

'Fairly caught, the commissaire was silent.

"Now, look here," said the Major to the commissaire, as Charbot and Legrange came hurriedly up the stairs. "Understand this: if that scamp in there, with his filthy pigs, does not allow us to have some pork, I will go out into the street with that bell, and return with a hundred poor starving wretches and break the door down;

so you can tell him that."

"I will. I will certainly do so," said the disconcerted commissaire as he knocked at the door, which was quickly opened to admit the two, and closed as quickly again. The inner door could not have been properly closed, for as they stood with their ears against the outside door they distinctly heard the pigs grunting near them. This was music to their ears, and the locataires smiled sweetly and knowingly at each other. They could even hear voices inside, but at first they could not catch what was said. Soon, however, they heard the clattering of knives and forks, and then the popping of champagne-corks.

Gradually restraint was thrown to the winds as the wine began to work.

'Out of sheer ennui, having nothing to do to pass the time, Mumbart had taught his pigs some little tricks, such as walking on their hindlegs and begging. And now, to amuse his guests, he made them perform. The animals, it appeared, had all got names. "That white one is Wilhelm," said Mumbart amid great laughter, "and that's Fritz, and that's Moltke," and so on.

'Von Roon, he told them, was very fond of rum.
"Come, Roon; here's some rum for you,"
cried the cripple.—"Now, you'll see, messieurs,"
he added, "when he has had it, he will lie on his
back and wriggle his tail, with his legs in the air."

Amidst roars of rough laughter, in which even the *locataires* could hardly help joining, they were evidently making the animal drunk. But so far as those outside the door were concerned the laughter suddenly ceased.

'Mumbart had a fine sense of humour, and was a good mimic, and it became evident to the listeners that he had picked up from the concierge particulars of their habits and customs, to an

extent that rather surprised them.

"It was the drollest experience, messieurs," said Mumbart, "that I have had for a long time. The other night two of these gentry came quietly upstairs to tell me about China. One was an old roué of a red-nosed Major who plays écarté with five kings if he gets the chance. Well, I very soon sent him about his business. Then came a bankrupt organist who married a sentimental widow without any hair on her head, simply for her money—an imbecile who writes silly songs that nobody sings, all about the spring and little birds on rose-trees. This fellow had an imaginary cousin in China, and he wanted to know if I had ever met him; but that game did not come off either. Then there's an old man as yellow as a louis, who has got two anæmic and neurotic daughters, who have had visions ever since they went on a pilgrimage, and who go to Mass at unearthly hours in the morning, and come back in a bad temper that lasts for the rest of the day. There's only one gentleman among the whole lot, and that is a Monsieur Legrange.

'These and many other piquant details the astonished listeners heard for the first time. Then the cripple went to the piano. He sang and played uncommonly well, especially the songs from La Grande Duchesse; even Charbot had to admit that. "Je suis moi le General Boum" was capitally rendered; and when the cripple sang them "Voici le sabre, mon père," with its rollicking chorus, it was as much as he and

the locataires could do not to join in.

'But at last the *commissaire* found that his time was up, and then, in a low voice, he and Mumbart arranged matters.

"They are coming now," cried Charbot, and

they all fell back from the door.

"Messieurs," said the jovial police-officer,

"Monsieur Mumbart and I have arranged everything. This is the 27th; on the jour de l'an you shall all have two kilos of pork, and the same amount twice a week in future, as long as the animals last. You must understand it is a question of their food lasting. I think you will admit this is a satisfactory arrangement."

'This proposal was at first received with great delight and loud acclamations, though some wanted to know why they could not begin at once; but Mumbart, who was standing behind the door with the chain up, was firm on that point; so, with mixed feelings, they followed the two officers downstairs, regarding with envy their pockets bulging with pork and Bardar's cigars, to say nothing of the bottles of cognac

that showed under their coats.

The next day a tall man with an unhealthy, white, waxen face and black beard, whom the concierge had never seen before, paid Mumbart a visit. It was a long, serious business, and entailed a great deal of haggling. The want of a large pair of scales was much felt. Mumbart and the visitor disagreed as to the weight of the At last, however, they came to terms. During the day two other strangers also came, and the same haggling took place. All that evening and the following day—the 29th— Mumbart and his nephew were so busy that they never went out. About midnight, in the little dark by-street behind, an ambulancestretcher on wheels, with a rounded cover, appeared with four men-Monsieur Blanard, the commissaire, the Agent Drax, and the cripple. Sacks were quickly lowered by ropes, and then the procession set off in the dark toward the boulevards; and when they got there, strangers, in some cases, as they met it, reverently took off their hats when they saw the Red Cross and the solemn men who walked slowly beside it. Exactly the same thing took place on the following two nights, the 30th and 31st December. The only difference was that on the last occasion, instead of going to bed as usual, Mumbart, with an enormous sack on his shoulder and a huge bag in his hand, went very quietly downstairs. He purposely went quietly, as he did not think it fair to wake the locataires, who were so thoroughly enjoying their rest, and dreaming of the pork that would so soon be theirs. Whatever sort of visions the two neurotic ladies may have had before, the visions they had that night were of a very worldly character.

'The concierge was dressed and ready. He was told, as a hundred-franc note was put in his hands, that he would find a nice piece of meat, some cigars, and a bottle of rum upstairs; and, with a hearty shake of the hand, Mumbart staggered along to Blanard's Repository, where he lived in clover till the siege was over.

'The jour de l'an, with a bitter wind, a gray sky, and murky clouds, heavily charged with snow, arrived at last; but to the expectant

locataires, when Mumbart's flight became known, instead of being a happy time, a day of gush and guzzle, similar to the English Christmas Day, of felicitations and good wishes for the New Year, it was only one of unmitigated sadness and bitter disappointment. Madame Charbot, who had written a pretty little ode on Hope, was so upset that, to quiet her nerves, she took to her bed; while her husband gave vent to his feelings by playing the piano in such a way that he smashed nearly half the notes. As for a pork-inspired March that he had composed to celebrate the occasion, he threw the manuscript on the floor and stamped on it; though, for all that, he did not disdain months afterwards, when his bitterness had to a certain extent evaporated, to use it as a "Gloria" in a Mass. Monsieur and Madame Mardin never spoke a word all day; and Celestine and Angelique, on learning the news when they returned from early Mass, went to their rooms and had hysterics. The Major, after the first explosion of anger, got out a riding-whip, and went round to see Charbot, and together they went to pay a visit to the concierge. Luckily for him, he was out. However, they ransacked his den, and helped themselves to some of Mumbart's thoughtful étrennes—a small box of cigars, half a bottle of rum, and a stale loaf, but, alas! no pork.

'To console himself that evening the Major went to a celebrated café on the Boulevard des Italiens. As an old and valued habitué, the proprietor, a tall man with a waxen face and black beard, received him warmly, and wished

him the compliments of the season; but the Major was still irritable and sulky, and hardly returned them.

""We have a bonne bouche for our old clients," said his regular garçon, with the extra politeness that is usual on the jour de l'an.

"What's that?" asked Ledelle.

"Fresh pork cutlets," returned the man in

an impressive whisper.

"Pork cutlets!" exclaimed the astonished Major, with shining eyes. "Sainte Vierge, why, I have been thinking of pork all the week! What's the price?"

"Fifteen francs for a small and twenty for a

large one."

- 'It was a terrible figure, especially as the Major had been reckoning on getting two kilogrammes twice a week for nothing; but the smell of some crackling from a neighbouring table was too much for him. It made him smack his lips and caused his mouth to water. But, after all, was it not the jour de l'an? So he ordered the garçon to bring him a large cutlet and a bottle of Barsac.
- "Do you call this a large one?" he exclaimed savagely when he saw it. "A large one?" he continued, putting on his glasses to inspect it.
 "Mais, monsieur," said the waiter apologetically, "you can see it, can't you?"
 "Oh yes, I can see it."

"Very well, then, that proves it must be a large one; because you can't see the small

THE END.

HOW TO PREVENT EXPLOSIONS IN COAL-MINES.

By J. B. ATKINSON, M.Sc., Consulting Mining Engineer, Retired H.M. Inspector of Mines.

THE disastrous explosion at Senghenydd, Glamorganshire, in October 1913, has once more drawn the attention of the public to the dangers of coal-mining; and suggestions are being put forth, and will be for some time, as to how these frightful accidents may be prevented.

It seems an appropriate time to draw attention to a subject which has for many years caused experts grave anxiety, not only on account of the inherent danger of the matter to be referred to, but also because it has been shown again and again that practical miners are extraordinarily ignorant of the danger, and act accordingly. The danger referred to is coal-dust.

It will be necessary, to some extent, to deal with the matter technically; but the writer will attempt to avoid too much technicality, and to bring home to the public in language as simple as possible the fact that hundreds of thousands of lives are almost daily endangered through neglect of the most obvious precautions.

The temperature of mines increases with depth. At about fifty feet below the surface the temperature of the strata is usually about the mean annual temperature of the district. Below that it increases one degree Fahrenheit for every sixty feet; so that at considerable depths the temperature is considerably higher than the mean annual temperature of the district. The effect of this is that the currents of air entering deep mines are raised in temperature, and their drying-power increased, and this leads to deep mines being very dry. Up to about one hundred yards in depth the mine may be wholly damp; then, as the depth increases, frequently only the main arteries along which coal is hauled and fresh air passes to reach the workings are dry, while the working faces and return airways are damp. At still greater depths the whole of the mine becomes dry.

Fire-damp is not found in great quantities at shallow depths, but after a certain depth is reached—usually about one hundred yards—it is always found in greater or less quantity. This fire-damp is usually only seen at the working faces, abandoned parts of the mines, and sometimes in the air-current in the return airways which carry off all the gas made in the mine, but which are rarely affected by extensive explosions, while the intake airways and haulage roads are often wrecked for their entire length. In the early days of mining this was a great mystery, and led to some very curious empirical explanations, such as, 'The explosion always faces the fresh air,' or 'always extends to the downcast shaft as an outlet,' or 'The gas seeks the fresh air;' the real explanation not being known.

Professor Galloway, of South Wales, deserves the credit of being the first mining engineer to offer the true explanation of the phenomena of great colliery explosions; and this explanation is afforded by the drying-power of the air increasing, as already explained, with depth, the consequence being that the main arteries of mines, along which all the haulage is conducted and the fresh air travels, and which are used for the passage of workmen and horses, have their surfaces more or less covered with dry coal-dust, which comes from two principal sources: (1) dust shaken out of or blown from the trains of tubs, often hauled at speeds up to fifteen or twenty miles an hour against large currents of fresh air on roads rendered perfectly dry by these currents; (2) coal-dust from the screening operations at the surface, usually conducted close to the tops of the downcast shafts, being caught up by the air descending the mines and carried along the intake airways. In the case of an explosion at Wingate Grange Colliery, long lengths of intake airways were wrecked in the Low Main seam, owing to an explosion of coal-dust and air on these roads, the coal-dust coming from the coal of the Harvey seam lying below. The coal of the Low Main seam was not a dusty coal, and the workings, except the intake airways, were not dry. The coal from the Harvey seam, a very dusty coal, was drawn at the downcast shaft past the Low Main seam, and screened close to the top of it, and in the course of many years dust from the screens was carried down the downcast shaft and deposited in the intake airways of the Low Main seam, extending for a distance of about one thousand yards from the downcast shaft, beyond which the intake airways were very free from coal-dust.

The explosion was initiated by the firing of a charge of geloxite, an explosive authorised by the Home Secretary for use in gaseous and dusty mines, on one of the main roads. The charge was not placed in a drilled hole but in a cavity, and was intended to dislodge a projecting piece of stone. The miner who fired the charge had no authority to act as he did; but having explosives with him, and nothing particular to do at the moment—he was waiting for mine-wagons into which to fill some stones which had fallen during the week-end—he employed his time in the manner stated, and had certainly no idea of any risk, as there was no probability of fire-damp being present, and naked lights were allowed to

pass the point, one having been carried past an hour or two before. The explosion was confined to the Low Main seam, and did not reach the dusty roads in the Harvey seam, lying below, owing to the absence of coal-dust in the shafts, which were more or less damp.

Another source of dust is coal blown from tubs raised at high speeds in the downcast shaft against a descending current of fresh air. The effect of these causes is that many intake airways in old collieries are as black as a chimney, the amount of dust usually diminishing, and often being nearly absent altogether, as the coal-faces are approached. This dust is not confined to the floor, but is heaped up on all projecting surfaces, and often accumulates as a sort of fringe on the underside of timber, brick arching, and roof-stones. It is wind-selected, and of a fine, impalpable nature, easily dislodged, and readily forming a cloud in the swift currents of air.

The writer, when Assistant Inspector of Mines in the Newcastle district, in conjunction with his elder brother, Dr W. N. Atkinson, I.S.O., now Divisional Inspector of Mines in South Wales, had from 1880 to 1885 the opportunity of investigating six considerable colliery explosions, causing a loss of life ranging from four to one hundred and sixty-four persons. In the explosion causing the loss of four lives there was more evidence of the existence of fire-damp in considerable volume at the time of the explosion than in any of the other explosions, which were all similar in respect that it was the main intake airways which were wrecked for thousands of yards, the working faces being only affected to a limited extent, and in some cases not reached at all; the return airways, which were free from coal-dust, escaping altogether.

The influence which coal-dust must have in colliery explosions was thus forced upon the present writer's notice, and in 1886 a book on Explosions in Coal-Mines was published, calling attention to these facts. The conclusions as jointly stated by the author and his brother are now accepted by every mining expert who has studied the question; but unfortunately the mass of practical miners are still unconvinced.

It may be stated that it is improper to speak of an 'explosion' of coal-dust or of fire-damp. Neither substance is explosive in itself, but only when mixed with a sufficient volume of air. Both are inflammable, and if the combustion takes place under certain conditions it is accompanied by violence. The conditions for both the initiation and spread of explosions of fire-damp and air with violence are easy of attainment. coal-dust and air it is different; but on the intake airways already referred to, where the coal-dust exists as an impalpable powder in positions from which it is readily shaken into the air, and subsequently sustained as a cloud by the swift current, the only other condition necessary for its ignition is a sufficient flame, and this has

in many cases been supplied by the firing of a shot on the intake airways; such shots having often, in former times, been fired, at the orders of the manager, by miners who had not the least

suspicion of danger arising therefrom.

The experiments on a large scale carried on under Dr Garforth's supervision at Altofts in Yorkshire, and financed by the coalowners of the country, have demonstrated without the shadow of a doubt that violent explosions can result from the combustion of coal-dust in air free from fire-damp.

The important point is the remedy. Nothing

is so imperative in connection with coal-mining as to keep these main arteries, the intake and haulage roads, so free from coal-dust that an explosion of coal-dust and air can neither be initiated nor extended along them. The provisions of the Coal-Mines Act (1911) dealing with this matter are lame and halting. The problem is by no means insoluble, and until it is solved there is just cause for complaint that enough is not done to protect the lives of miners. It is a public scandal that this has not been dealt with before.

CAGLIOSTRO AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.

By MAURICE MACDONALD.

[Count Joseph Cagliostro, a great eighteenthcentury charlatan, was one of the most important members of the Court of Louis the Sixteenth. He was expelled from France soon after the execution of Marie Antoinette, and died in prison at Rome. Contemporary writers state that he foretold the execution of the unfortunate French queen and Josephine's rise to power.]

IT was a beautiful, mild October afternoon. Seen from the Trianon, the magnificent palace of Versailles shone with unparalleled splendour. The noble avenue leading down to the lake, on which graceful swans glided to and fro, the glittering cascades, the stately trees, the gaily attired ladies and gentlemen who awaited the coming of Europe's fairest queen—all this looked like a scene from fairyland.

The courtiers assembled at the Trianon had not long to wait. Marie Antoinette, dressed in a perfectly shaped dark-green costume lavishly embroidered with gold, came quickly down the palace steps, followed by her friends Princess de Lamballe and Madame de Beauharnais (a new arrival at Court), and a little company of ladiesin-waiting. They were followed by the Marquise

de Neuilly, the queen's reader.

Once in the park, the procession turned to the right, following the wide alley which leads to the farms. Chattering gaily, this little group of beautiful young women presented a charming spectacle. Their bright-coloured dresses harmonised exquisitely with the tinted leaves, the green lawns, and the fresh autumnal flowers. The sun was still warm, and shone serenely in an almost cloudless, deep-blue sky. Below, the soft grass seemed to invite the caress of dainty, tripping feet.

The group of courtiers were impatiently awaiting their arrival, and one of them advanced

to meet the queen and her party.

'Ah, here is Monseigneur!' cried the queen

gaily.

Tall and well built, the king's brother, Count d'Artois, came quickly forward, followed by a

few gentlemen-in-waiting. He had been chatting with a stout man of short stature, who now stood a little apart. It was the celebrated Italian adventurer, now Count de Cagliostro, who had lately become a 'lion' both in society and at Court. His big, round face was olive-coloured, and his two large, protruding eyes were set above a thin, slightly turned-up nose. His cocked hat was adorned with a white ostrich feather, and the long tresses which hung from his oiled and perfumed wig were gathered together by a silken bow. His costume was a mixture of violet and gray, profusely embroidered with gold. Even the buttons of his scarlet waistcoat were precious stones of great value. His feet were shod with high-heeled, diamond-buckled shoes. His fat, white hands were set off with cuffs of priceless

As he was an Italian, a magician, and a man of wit, the eccentric foppery of his dress was regarded with indulgence; since it had become known that he was a protégé of the king's brother, certain gentlemen at Court tried to copy his dress and his accent.

'Madame,' said the gallant Count d'Artois to his sister-in-law, 'we are like poor plants exiled from the sun; we were languishing in the absence of your Majesty.'

Marie Antoinette gave a mocking little laugh. 'Your pretty compliment means that I have kept you waiting. But it's the fault of my dressmaker and Madame de Beauharnais, who has only just

arrived at Court.'

The queen indicated the new-comer, who seemed much embarrassed at finding herself the object of so much attention. The strange, exotic beauty of the young woman seemed to interest the Count, who saluted her in most courtly fashion, and began to converse with her.

Chattering, joking, rhyming, and flirting, the gay company arrived at the picturesque building which was then called the Queen's House. Marie Antoinette was perfectly at home there. Dainty little white sheep, all curled and beribboned, answered to her call; they were quite tame, and

rubbed their soft heads against her dress, begging for the tit-bits they were accustomed to receive. The other ladies and gentlemen extracted little dainties from their pockets, and fed the gentle animals, thus adroitly flattering their sovereign's harmless mania.

After a few minutes thus agreeably spent, a table was laid in the adjoining garden, and the queen took her accustomed place in the middle. The Count d'Artois sat opposite her, and Madame de Beauharnais found herself placed between him and Cagliostro. The only aliments provided were bread and milk from the farm, and, following the example of the queen, everybody found them delicious. Conversation soon became animated and boisterous, and on one occasion the Count d'Artois laughed so heartily that he broke the handle of a cup when placing it on the table.

The queen pretended to be very angry. brother, you are very awkward. You know the proverb, "He who breaks glasses pays for them;" and you will pay, my brother—you will pay. If you don't, something will surely happen

to you.'

'Is your Majesty superstitious?' Cagliostro asked.

'Very little,' replied the queen, 'although I have heard all sorts of evil predictions about myself. The great earthquake at Lisbon happened on the day of my birth, and the day of my marriage was one of terrible disaster at

A flight of crows went cawing hoarsely by in the blue sky.

'And you, madame,' inquired Count d'Artois, turning towards Viscountess Beauharnaisyou believe in prophecies and horoscopes?'

'Oh no, Monseigneur!' replied his fair neighbour, 'especially since'—— She stopped suddenly, visibly embarrassed.

'Especially since?' repeated the king's brother. 'I could not dare, Monseigneur, in presence of

Her Majesty.'

'My dear child, "my Majesty" orders you to

continue,' said the queen, smiling benevolently.

Madame de Beauharnais still hesitated. At last, after an effort, she decided to go on. as your Majesty orders me, it is especially since an old negress who has been in our family for a great many years told me, some time before I left Martinique to come to France, that I should one day be-more than queen.' She finished her story with a bright, merry laugh.

The ladies and courtiers all smiled, looking at

the queen.

'Truly,' said the queen, glancing meaningly at her brother-in-law, 'I don't see why the old negress's prediction should not come true. The viscountess is charming enough to reign despotically over many hearts.

'Oh madame!' protested the young woman,

blushing deeply. Cagliostro, who had been attentively watching his beautiful neighbour for some minutes, now remarked, 'Am I indiscreet, madame, in asking if you were married at the time of this prediction?'

'No, sir; it was five or six years ago.'

Taking from his pocket a small writing-slab of tortoise-shell, the magician placed a sheet of paper upon it, and handed it to the young woman. 'Would you have the goodness,' he asked, 'to write your Christian names and your maiden name on this sheet?'

Considerably astonished, the viscountess wrote the following words with a slightly trembling hand, 'Joséphine Marie Rose Tascher de la Pagerie,' which the astrologer read aloud.

'Strange!' cried the queen. 'You have two of

my Christian names—Joséphine and Marie.'
'Tis a great honour for me,' murmured Madame de Beauharnais timidly.

During this time Cagliostro had set to work. He erased some of the letters composing the names, and added others. After a few minutes he raised his head, apparently well pleased with 'I have never seen an anagram so easy to combine; it really arranges itself?

'And what does it say?' asked the viscountess, with a touch of inexplicable anguish at her heart.

'This,' replied the magician, amid an impressive silence: 'A l'âge de rose, Joséphine sera impératrice.* L'âge de rose,' he added, 'signifies, in occult language, the age of woman's greatest beauty.'

The sensitive young woman's eyes filled with

'Oh madame!' she cried, turning to the queen, 'it is only an amusement. I never aspire to be anything but your Majesty's humble servant.'

My dear child,' replied the queen, 'console yourself. I know it is only a harmless pastime, but I find it so amusing that I will see what our illustrious astrologer can make out of my name.' Raising her voice, and with a slightly mocking tone, she added, 'Monsieur de Cagliostro, be good enough to tell me what you can read in the Christian names, surname, and title that I received on the day of my birth: Marie Antoinette Joséphine Jeanne de Lorraine, Archiduchesse d'Autriche.'

The man of mystery, at this unexpected request, gave a violent start. 'Madame,' he replied, 'I respectfully beg your Majesty to allow me to decline her request.

The company of ladies and gentlemen looked on and listened in amazed silence. A bright gleam shot through the green eyes of the queen, whose expression had become suddenly grave. Assuming an authoritative tone, she rejoined, 'Monsieur de Cagliostro, I am one of those beings whom destiny cannot frighten, and who are always ready to meet their fate. Just now I requested, but now I order you, to cast my

^{*} At the age of the rose, Joséphine will be empresa.

horoscope, as you have done for Madame de Beauharnais.'

Smiling grimly and mysteriously, the magician bowed low. 'Your Majesty's will be done,' he replied. Then, turning to one of the servants, he asked for a piece of strong paper or cardboard and a pair of scissors. These articles were quickly brought, and while cutting out a circle in the cardboard of about a hand's-breadth in diameter, he explained, with perfect coolness, 'The large number of letters contained in your Majesty's names forces me to make these little preparations. I think,' he continued, addressing the queen, 'that your Majesty was born in the month of November 1755?'

'On the 2nd of November,' replied the queen.
'Is your Majesty still resolved to go on with
the experiment?'

Marie Antoinette, half-impressed, half-incredulous, answered, 'I desire it more than ever.'

The astrologer bowed gravely, and then his expression immediately changed. His whole attention riveted on the centre of the disc, his eyes alone seemed to live. They appeared to concentrate all the mental force of his being. After a few seconds he made the card, on which he had written the letters composing the queen's The letters names, rotate rapidly on a point. now appeared to make dark circles on the card. As the rotation decreased he picked out a prominent letter, and wrote it down on a sheet of paper, at the same time crossing it out on the card. Without moving, he repeated this process sixty times, while the company looked on with breathless attention. At last, with a sigh denoting intense mental and physical fatigue, he took up the paper, on which all the letters were now transcribed, and separated them into 'Madame,' he said, as he offered the paper to the queen, 'here is the anagram you ordered me to make. Fate often expresses itself in dark, mysterious language, which only the future can make clear. Do not ask me for any explanation, as I should not be able to give it.'

As if urged by an irresistible force, the queen seized the paper, glanced at it rapidly, and then read aloud, 'Attention, reine parue hier si chérie, à la hache déjà montée sur son lit de son.—J. C.'*

Courtiers and ladies looked at each other, stupefaction written on their faces. The first moment of surprise passed, the paper was handed from one to another and commented on in divers ways. It came at last to Count d'Artois, who read it and re-read it, muttering, 'What the devil does it mean?—Truly, Cagliostro, your anagrams are mortally lugubrious.' He then handed the paper to Madame de Beauharnais. 'Decidedly, madame, this oracular phrase is too vague to be compromising for its author. Yours was more gallant and more explicit.'

'But equally vain, Monseigneur,' she replied, smiling a little.

'Madame,' retorted Cagliostro, 'have you never heard that the ways of Providence are mysterious?'

'Heavens!' exclaimed the queen mockingly, 'I have never been so sure of that as I am to-day. But the air is becoming cool. Let us go in.'

On the 16th of October 1793, exactly ten years after this strange experience, a sinister-looking cart entered the Rue Royale from the Rue Saint Honoré. An immense crowd surrounded it on all sides. The rough paving-stones of the Paris streets made the tumbril jolt and shake as it proceeded on its fatal journey. In it were sitting a woman robed in white and a man dressed in black. Neither spoke nor heeded the vociferations of the crowd. The woman, whose hands were bound together, was Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, Archduchess of Austria; the man was a republican priest named Girard.

On the Place of the Revolution, now known as the Place de la Concorde, the crowd surged madly to catch a glimpse of the woman who had passed triumphantly by the same place, on the day of her marriage, twenty-three years before.

As they approached the place of execution, the citizen Girard heard her murmur, 'La hache montée.' A few minutes later the scaffold was reached, and the unhappy queen was laid on the fatal plank. Before the axe fell, at a quarter past twelve, the executioner heard her mutter, 'Le lit de son.'

Thus was fulfilled the great Italian magician's famous prediction; though whether it was clair-voyance, foresight, or merely coincidence, none can ever tell.

HER LITTLE SON.

My little son is five years old,
And the spring wind sweeps the skies;
The blue of heaven is not more clear
Than the light in his baby eyes.
Long is the course that his feet must run—
My little son.

My little son is fifteen now.
Oh the scent of a rose-filled bowl!
But roses themselves are not more pure
Than the thoughts in his boyish soul.
Onward he pushes through work and fun—
My little son.

My little son has become a man.
The autumn leaves crackle and part;
Their glowing colours are not more deep
Than the strength of a brave man's heart.
Fifty, but still the race is not done—
My little son.

Twenty more seasons bloom and fade;
How bitter the time of year!
The frozen snowflake is not more chill
Than the hearts that had held him dear.
Sadly they leave him; the race is won—
Her little son.

EDITH L. ELIAS.

^{*} Take heed, queen who seemed yesterday so beloved, to the axe already set up on its sawdust bed.—J. C.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

DIFFERENCE between cities of highest importance and other places which are very near to them, as we think of distance in terms of an earth and the universe, has been well displayed by some recent events. A statesman of the time rose with piteous tale of patches of Britain that had lapsed back to a primeval state in which no man inhabited or cared anything for They had become deserted and desolate, like the surface of a planet upon which life had become extinct. Something had gone wrong with the system of human arrangement and control, and those who lived there once had gone This did not seem to be a proper state of things in the mother country of a most wonderful Empire. So the orator gave us some idea of the possibilities of one aggravating case. This seemed to be, then, one of that vast multitude of perplexing matters that so much weary and sadden the altruist of the wider outlook, one of those in which 'something ought to be done.' And just as this disturbing sentiment came to exist, a duke arose and said that to an enterprising Government he would dispose of some two hundred thousand acres of that desolate land at the price of twenty-two shillings and sixpence for each acre. Now it did seem that such a price for land was uncommonly small. An acre represents quite a good-sized piece of ground; you might build a large house and have handsome gardens surrounding it on less than one Within a few yards of where acre of such land. I write there is a fine restaurant with gilt and mirrors and gorgeous servants in knee-breeches and gold-laced garments, and there most of the bottles of champagne cost more than the price of one of those acres of northern Britain. Or, if it came to that, we could in a few minutes peck at some dainty dishes that together would cost us more than a couple of those acres. Again the reflection springs upon us and hurts a little as we think of the acres that might have been bought instead of other things, and which would have remained when, alas! their alternatives were such very fleeting pleasures that all we ate would not for one hour stop the hunger of some of the things that roam on those northern patches; and, again, that if landlord there, one might produce from the land most of what,

at such high expense, one now eats in London. It might not reward pecuniarily to do so, but that is not the question now. For the price of an evening's entertainment a whole acre of land for ever and ever, freehold in full title, and in the central country of the British Empire! Surely for the mere sense of ownership it would be good to buy many acres of land like this, when those nine half-crowns for each of them could never be missed. I feel that at such a price I would at any time buy a few acres of real estate on the chilly and distant moon. However, when writing now, the orator and the duke have done no great business together, and their negotiations are not concerned with the point we have in mind.

The other thing that has just happened, marking the difference I have hinted at, is that the other day a friend, with whom sometimes I play a game of golf, went into London and bought a patch of land in the very middle of it. He purchased nineteen acres, and along with his bit of Metropolis he took three or four theatres, a club, a market, an hotel, and a police court. It was a variegated lot; but on the whole it looked a little dirty, and as if it might need much cleaning and changing to acquire a thousandth part of the natural grandeur of those northern acres in all their desolate wildness. Yet my friend had to pay more than twenty-two and six an acre for what he bought. He had a few minutes' conversation with the representatives of another duke, and the result was that he agreed to pay nearly three million sovereigns for his piece of land. That seems to be a large sum of money. We are led to believe that there are gold-deposits beneath the surface of this land, and a little London 'rand' might be engineered here perhaps; but it is one of the wonders of this town that no gold-mine underneath would compensate for the disturbance of the surface, and owners would need to be convinced of large diamonds underground ere they moved the things on top to look for them. And another thought that comes upon us when we think of values and the changes worked by time is that much of this fine land that my friend has taken possession of belonged at one time to the Church. One of the bits of things that he has got for

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his money is a considerable property known as Covent Garden, a market for the sale of flowers, fruit, and vegetables; while those in need of parrots and canaries and such-like minor pets may obtain them there as well. is young in London, I know no more fascinating diversion than that of walking through this Covent Garden soon after daybreak on a summer morning. It is better to have gone to bed betimes the night before, but better not to go to bed at all, than miss this, which is commended to all thoughtful strangers as one of the most interesting and impressive occupations to be enjoyed in town. I have done it on many occasions, with bed before and without it, and would not lose those reminiscences of early days when all this land was like enchanted country of magicians and supermen. This part of town and another which is less than a mile away, being the Fleet Street of the newspapers, are the two busiest places in England at daybreak on the summer morn. In Fleet Street all that is done is indicative of the tremendous working of man, his magnificent enterprise, his explorations into the mysteries of earth and science, his difficulties with his kind in his own country, and his more serious trouble with the men of other lands, leading to angry words and acts, and the killing of tens of thousands of the human race. Fleet Street then, intensely human, is worldly to extreme. It is of the world, cent. for cent., pound for pound, love and hate, life and death, ego always-Cui bono? And it may not have struck the dwellers therein that no flowers grow in Fleet Street, and that, indeed, the people hardly ever wear them there. I have walked along this thoroughfare some thousands of times, and not yet have I discovered a flower-shop there; nor do I recall a flower-seller on the kerb, as there is on nearly every other kerb in London. In this one may be wrong, and does not quite remember. All that we can find of flowers in Fleet Street is a paragraph or two in its papers printed there, in which such mere things of nature have occasion to be named. A few lines in late winter will tell us that there are flowers coming to Covent Garden from the Scilly Isles, and in another place one reads of the flowers that decked the table of Countess A. at the fashionable dinner that she gave in her mansion in the West End the other night, and of the others that she wore in her hair with such effect that she is considered to have 'looked very handsome in a pale blue gown'—as we may be sure she did. That is all the business that Fleet Street has with its sister of the early morning work, the Covent Garden that my friend has bought.

And see the difference in the meaning of the two! What is there worldly about this Covent Garden? Only a little buying and selling at a fair profit such as heaven itself would freely sanction, honest labour having been done all

round; and they are so imbued with the good purpose and bountiful method of kind Nature in this Garden of the town that the sellers there on a sunny morning, seeing the stranger watch them, will sometimes make him a present of a basket at their hands, filled with something nice or good from distant fields; or at worst they will sell it to him at the traders' price, or a trifle less. They certainly did those things when first I prowled in Covent Garden, and they seemed there to have acquired, from the Nature in whose simple goods they deal, some of that generosity which now is rare enough in towns. Here to this market in the very heart of the roaring Metropolis, in these early morning hours when life comes into the world again after a little fitful slumber, there come tumbling, rumbling in, great wagons laden with all the best that the fields and gardens in their seasons can give. There are beautiful flowers of every tint, luscious fruits, and the coarser vegetables-everything that can be bought from a farthing to a pound; and all these things that please and benefit come from the soil, from plain Nature. Here in the shortest contemplation we see the splendour of the earth in its powers for reproduction, and we see also the needs of London and the people of other parts who feed from it calling up the best of everything from every quarter of the There is a splendid contrast in it all between the worldliness and the human demand of the people here and round about, and on the other hand the work of simple Nature to give them what is needed; and there is some pathos in the contrast too. So indeed this Covent Garden on the summer morning is one of the sights not of London only, but of the world, for those who have eyes to see such things; and it will make an odd reflection to them, if they come to inquire who was Sir Covent or the John Covent, as might be supposed, who gave his name to this Nature mart, as men give names to bits of London, that there was no person of the name of Covent concerned with it, but that once upon a time it was not a Covent Garden, but a convent garden in the days when it was the property of priests, and hereabouts was the garden and the burial-ground in which the nuns of those early times did 'bury their dead out of sight.' This explanation is simple and reasonable; but still it remains as an odd coincidence that what was the garden of the nuns should become, not through any borrowing of the name, the very real and necessary and splendid fruitgarden of the great city where the folks no longer take their vows and pray their way through solemn lives.

* * *

Three millions of sovereigns! It is a goodish price. The soil of London is precious stuff. Once, when I was looking and wandering round about the down-town end of Broadway in New

York, being in the neighbourhood of Wall Street, where so much of the American financial business is carried on, some of the money men of the quarter explained to me with a certain pride that there before me was quite the most valuable land on earth. There are some slummy bits of New York, as there are of London, for which one would hardly give more dollars or pounds than for those lone acres in the north of Britain; but time will work its way with them, for the strength of New York is greater even than the strength of most other cities in the value of its land, in that the city is on an island, a lump of rock which is called Manhattan Island, and, with the water all around it, can never be enlarged. All the time there are more and more people, and they all want a trifle of that precious island for the transaction of their business. It is for that reason, the one of necessity, that New York builds up and up far into the sky, instead of outward more and more, and not because it has an unearthly taste for living and working on a forty-second floor. When the white men first came to America and pounced upon Manhattan Island there were Indians there, and terms had to be made with them. It is simple tradition—the story may not be strictly accurate, but yet it is probable—that the white invaders bargained with the Indian owners of the island for full ownership and possession for a matter of twenty dollars' worth of mere tobacco. It does not seem to us now that if the whole world were turned into a tobacco-garden, and grew the precious weed for eternity, there would ever be enough grown and sold to pay for the purchase of half New York from the people who now have possession of it. One bit of this New York land, at which we were looking at the time, just so much as to hold one big building that was to be set on it and no more, had been sold for a number of dollars representing more than two million pounds of British money. One building site! And since that time I have seen the building on it, and the whole outlay is explained to have been a matter of five million pounds. That is for a little piece of land on which, if it were plain soil, you and I could not grow sufficient food to last us for a year. This bit of Broadway would be insufficient for a cow; but in a very little while as much money will be dealt in there as would buy up the whole of China. The Indians and their tobacco—and the millions and millions of pounds! The bleak acres in the north of Scotland-and that precious bit of London! These variations in the price of land which intrinsically is much the same—and if not, then the advantage is with the earth of Sutherland over the rock of Manhattan Island -are somewhat bewildering, even with all the explanations, which are simple enough in their way. Men decide to meet together to live and do their work; their gregarious system is the essence of the living scheme of things, and where they meet there is the value.

* * *

The Americans made it their first and greatest principle of investment, one of which they preach continually, that there is nothing that can ever compare with real estate for security and value, meaning the simple land of earth; and the truth of that principle is sufficiently plain since, though many things may pass away from the world, there is one that always remains while the earth itself endures, and that is the soil. It becomes the more valuable as it is made the scarcer; through the population increasing it is coveted more and more. There is a demand that is constant, but a supply that is fixed immutably. The value of London soil is so good that a man might be proud if he owned but a yard of it at a special place, and one who rents only a trifling patch for his regular purpose has privileges of high value. A little while since I was talking to a Lord Mayor shortly after his appointment to that office of high dignity, and he murmured that he lived in a house the rent of which at the lowest calculation would be fifty thousand pounds a year. Of course he meant the Mansion House in the heart of the City. There is an old church in the City, Austin Friars, for which a million pounds was offered, and refused, not so very long ago. A sum of more than three million pounds has been paid for a freehold site not far from here, which works out to something like ten shillings a square inch, and at that I think we beat New York, despite its island boundary. Could we not beat out half-a-sovereign to cover an inch of space? That being so, how nearly literally might it be said that the streets of London are paved with gold! Bits of the Strand have been sold for nearly a million Bits of the pounds an acre; and a million and a half of pounds an acre, or thirty-five sovereigns for each square foot, have been paid for pieces in Bond Street. The way in which the value of this land still goes on increasing is an amazing thing. There is an insurance office in the City whose ground once, long ago, was sold for seven thousand pounds. About fifty years back it was sold for eighty thousand pounds, and more recently was sold again for eight hundred thousand. is the same not all over but in many parts of this wonderful town; and sometimes we may think of such things, and recall that, as the historians have it in their conjectures, the very first people who saw the land of London, being the early humans who made their tools of stone, felt that they did not care for it. They may have roamed about it and lingered there for a little while, and fought the wolves and bears and the elephants even that held to unbuilt London then. But, no, the Stone Age men did not like the look of London, and they went

away. The Celtic Britons knew something better to do than that. They stayed. They made a little town of mud huts, and it was called Lakefort or Lyndyn. Land in Lyndyn went cheap just then, and in a natural way it had some charm of looks. There were purling rivers, There were purling rivers, leafing trees, and growing grass—sights that townsmen pine for now. Woods and forests, marshes and streams, surrounded Lyndyn then. East and west were the deep ravines of the Walbrook and the Fleet. The Celtic Britons persisted; even in those early times men knew their business well. And from those days, with little hitches in the run of history, the soil of London has gone up and up in value; and for the veriest trifle of that great land, at the whole of which the people who first saw it turned up their noses and went away, the gentleman to whom we have referred has now paid his three million pounds. In this modern age we who must

struggle and work always are, all things considered, contented beings. We bear our burden and we make provision constantly, and with the most definite system, for our own respective posterities. We, in a sublime unselfishness, are always thinking of posterity. But we too are a posterity of some who once were here, and what provision did they make for us? We have something good, no doubt; but free gifts seem few. Oh ancestors, who had a posterity to come in this twentieth-century London! But a little of that raw City land which could have been bought for your posterity at such a trifling sum! The price of a butt of Malmsey wine would have bought us land that would have given us wealth to-day, and made us proud men as we walked the City streets. There are some things for which ancestors can never be forgiven. On the whole, they seem to have been a thoughtless lot.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

BOOK II.-LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

CHAPTER XIV .- THE GOLDEN AGE.

I.

PHILIP'S life during the next ten years resembled All Gaul in that, as Cæsar puts it, it was divided into three parts. It was spent partly at a little house in Cheltenham, whither Uncle Joseph, with all his old austerity and cynicism thawed out of him, had conducted the Beautiful Lady two months after their marriage, partly at Red Gables, and partly at a series of educational establishments, ranging from a private school in the neighbourhood of St Albans, where he was initiated into the mysteries of Latin prose and cricket, to the great engineering shops of the Britannia Motor Company at Coventry.

Life at Red Gables was a very pleasant business. Philip's duties as secretary were of an elastic nature. Sometimes he wrote out cheques for tradesmen and coaxed Mr Mablethorpe into signing them. Sometimes he battled with publishers about copyrights and royalties. Sometimes he acknowledged the receipt of the letters—chiefly from seminaries for young ladies—of those who wrote to express their admiration of Mr Mablethorpe's works.

'I suppose, Philip,' said Mr Mablethorpe one morning, ruefully surveying a highly scented missive in a mauve envelope, forwarded by his publishers, that my books are read by other people besides schoolgirls; but why in Heaven's name should no one else ever write to me about them? Not that I want any one to write at all—the penny post is the curse of modern civilisation—but I could do with a touch of variety now and then. I have only once in my life received a

letter, as an author, from a man, and that was

from a pork-butcher in the north of England, who wrote to point out, most helpfully and sensibly, that I was guilty of a technical error in making my hero purchase both kidneys and bacon at the same shop. I should like to get a lot of letters like that. They are extremely valuable. But what do I get? Letters by the score from schoolgirls—sometimes from a syndicate of schoolgirls—all asking for my autograph, and endeavouring to find out, by more or less transparent devices, how old I am, and whether I am married or not! You can't choke them off. If you don't answer they write again, enclosing a stamped envelope, which hangs round your neck like a millstone for weeks. If you do, they tell all the other girls, and before you know where you are you find you have tapped Niagara. Let us see what zenana has found me out now.'

He opened the mauve envelope, and read the

letter with savage grunts.

'This, Philip,' he said, 'is from Gwendoline Briggs and Clara Waddell. You will be interested to hear that they sit up reading my innocuous works in the dead of night, after the others girls have gone to sleep. Well, I hope the head mistress catches them at it, that's all! Here you are: what did I tell you!

"We often wonder what you are like. One of us thinks you are about forty, with rather

tired gray eyes."

'Impudent minx!

"But the other thinks you are much younger than that; clean shaven, with a very firm mouth."

This sort of thing makes me quite sick. Yes.

I thought as much; they want my autograph. "Will you please send two, please, as we are not sisters, only great chums.

'Where do these brats hail from?'

Mr Mablethorpe turned back the page and

consulted the heading of the letter.

'Bilchester Abbey School, Bilchester, Hants. That's a new name to me. Throw over that directory, Philip; on the third shelf, to your right. Let me see: Founded 1897. Governing Body: The Lord Bishop of—— Quite so. Head Mistress: Miss Yes, yes. Assistant Never mind them. Gravel soil; Gymnasium; Altitude, four hundredhere we are: Number of Pupils, two hundred and seventy-three! Great Heavens! This must be stopped. Get the typewriter quickly, Philip, and take down something.

'Mr Julius Mablethorpe regrets deeply that he is unable to accede to the request of Mesdames Briggs and Waddell for his autograph. Mablethorpe had the misfortune some years ago to be deprived of the use of his hands (owing to an explosive fountain-pen), and now finds himself compelled to dictate all his work into a gramophone. Mr Mablethorpe is seventy-eight years of age, and is still in possession of a fair proportion of his faculties. His eyes used to be gray, as Miss Briggs (or was it Miss Waddell?) surmises; but he now possesses only one, having lost the other while on a visit to a Dorcas Society, together with a portion of his scalp. He has been married four times, and possesses sixty-nine grandchildren, reckoning thirteen to the dozen. For further details see Who's Who.

'That ought to choke them off,' observed Mr Mablethorpe with childish satisfaction, as he finished dictating this outrageous document. 'Now, what about this grubby epistle here? It does not smell so vilely as the first, but I bet it is from another of the tribe.'

He began to read:

"DEAR MR MABLETHORPE, -All your books

are in our House Library"

He broke off. 'I tell you what it is, Philip,' he said, 'I shall have to write a really shocking novel—something unspeakably awful. Then I shall be banned from girls' schools for ever. My circulation will probably go down by ninety per cent., but it will be well worth it.'

"My name is Elsie Hope, and I love them all. I have no father or mother, and I have just read a story of yours about a little girl who had no father or mother either. It made me cry."

'Snivelling brat!' commented the unfeeling

author.

"I have not been here very long, and I do not know many of the girls yet, so your books make splendid company. I thought I would like to tell you. Good-bye."

'Gracious!' said Mr Mablethorpe incredulously. 'She hasn't asked for my autograph! Hallo, what's this?'

He turned over the page. The letter continued, in a different handwriting-prim, correct, and

"Elsie has gone to bed. I found her writing this letter, and she showed it to me quite frankly. As the child seemed really eager to write to you, I have undertaken to finish her letter and explain the circumstances. I feel sure you will understand, and pardon the liberty. Do not trouble stand, and paruon to reply.—Yours faithfully,

"Ellen Wardale."

Mr Mablethorpe laid down the letter. 'Ellen Wardale is a good sort,' he said. 'As for Elsie Hope, she has not asked me to write to her, so I shall do so. Now, Philip, get out The Lost Legacy, and we will have a go at Chapter xiv. It is going to be a difficult bit. The hero, who is the greatest nincompoop that I have yet created, finds himself suspected by the heroine of having transferred his affections to another lady. tween ourselves, it would have been a very sensible thing if he had done so, but of course he is incapable of such wisdom.) As the story is not half over, we can't afford to get him out of the mess just yet; so this morning I want him to make an even greater ass of himself than before, and so prolong the agony to eighty thousand words. Here goes!

After this they would work steadily until

lunch-time.

Philip had other duties to perform. attended to the wants of Boanerges, and in time reduced that unreliable vehicle to quite a surprising degree of docility. He became gradually infected with the romance of our mechanical age. He saw himself, a twentieth-century Galahad, roaming through the land in a hundred-horsepower armoured car, seeking adventure, repelling his country's invaders, carrying despatches under cover of night, and conveying beauteous ladies to places of safety. He spent much of his spare time seated upon the garden wall, watching for the motors that whizzed north and south along the straight white road. (It is regrettable to have to record that many of these disregarded Dumps's notice-board.) He saw poetry in the curve of a radiator, and heard music in the whirring of a clutch.

One day, in an expansive moment, he confided ese emotions to Mr Mablethorpe. That manythese emotions to Mr Mablethorpe. sided man did not laugh, as Philip had halffeared he would, but said, 'Romance brought up the nine-fifteen, eh? I must introduce you to a kindred spirit.' And he led Philip to a shelf filled with a row of books. Some were bound in dark blue, and consisted mainly of short stories; the others, smaller and slimmer, were dark red, and contained poetry. 'There,' said Mr Mablethorpe, 'are the works of the man whom I regard as the head of our profession.

Wire in!'

Philip spent the next three days learning MacAndrew's Hymn by heart.

There were many other books in the library upon which Philip browsed voraciously. Uncle Joseph's selection of literature had been a little severe, but here was far richer fare. Philip discovered a writer called Robert Louis Stevenson, but, though he followed his narratives breathlessly, found him lacking in feminine interest. The works of Jules Verne filled him with rapture; for their peculiar blend of high adventure and applied science was exactly suited to his temperament. He had other more isolated favourites: The Wreck of the Grosvenor, Lorna Doone, The Prisoner of Zenda, and By Order of the Company, which last he read straight through twice. But he came back again and again to the shelf containing the red and blue volumes, and the magician who dwelt therein never failed him. were two fascinating stories called The Ship that Found Herself, and 007. After reading these, Philip ceased to regard Boanerges as a piece of machinery; he endowed him with a soul and a sense of humour. There was a moving tale of love and work called William the Conqueror: there was a palpitating drama of the sea called Bread upon the Waters; and there was one story which he read over and over again—it took his thoughts back in some hazy fashion to Peggy Falconer and Hampstead Heath—called The Brushwood Boy.

Only one book upon this shelf failed to please him. It was a complete novel, and dealt with a love affair that went wrong and never came right. The hero, a cantankerous fellow, became blind, and the unfeminine independent heroine never knew, so went her own way and left him to die. This tragic tale haunted Philip's dreams. It shocked his innate but unconscious belief in the general tendency of things to work together for good. He considered that the author should have compelled these two wrongheaded people to 'make allowances for one another,' and so come together at the last. He even took the opinion of Mr Mablethorpe on the subject.

Mr Mablethorpe said, 'His best book, Philip. But I read it less than any of the others.'

Then he introduced Philip to Brugglesmith, and the vapours were blown away by gusts of laughter.

(Continued on page 213.)

THE OCCUPATION OF THE TURKISH PROVINCE OF EL HASSA.

TO the loss of her African and European provinces, as the outcome of the wars with Italy and the Balkan states, Turkey must now, perforce, add that of her possessions in the hinterland of Arabia, bordering on the west coast of the Persian Gulf, where the elements of disintegration have suddenly revealed themselves, and the slender chain which for the last fortythree years linked the province of El Hassa to the Turkish Empire has been unexpectedly severed by the decisive action of the Nejd Arabs, under the leadership of Abdul Aziz bin Saoud of Riad, a direct descendant of the founder of the formidable Wahabite dynasty, Mohammed bin Abdul Wahab of Ayinah in Nejd, who flourished toward the close of the seventeenth century.

The province of El Hassa, with its capital, Hofuf, and the towns of Katif and Ojeir on the littoral, covers an area of approximately fifty thousand square kilomètres, and is inhabited principally by Mohammedans of the Sunnite sect, with a small admixture of Shiites. The total population in 1895 was officially estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand souls. After the final suppression of the Wahabite rebellion in the 'sixties, the inhabitants of Nejd again revolted, but were reduced to subjection in 1870 by Midhat Pasha, the Governor-General of Bagdad. Hassa, including the port of Katif, was then formally annexed to Turkey, and, under the title of the Sandjak of Neid, formed one of the administrative

divisions of the Vilayet of Bagdad. In 1876 the province was again in rebellion, and Nassir Pasha es Sadun, supreme chief of the Montifik Arabs, was despatched by the central Government to restore order. Nassir Pasha proceeded by sea to Hassa, taking with him Sheikh Bezih al Araer, son of the former governor of the sandjak; while his own son, Mizied es Sadun, marched overland from the Euphrates at the head of one thousand Montifik horsemen, accompanied by one thousand camels with supplies and provisions. The two forces met at the gates of Hofuf, invested the town, released the Turkish garrison which had been imprisoned by the inhabitants, and returned to Nassriyeh, after quashing the rebellion and installing Sheikh Bezih as mutessarif, or local governor, of the province. Only a few months elapsed before troubles broke out afresh, and necessitated another expedition. Nassir Pasha and his son occupied Hassa a second time, and taught the inhabitants such a severe lesson that all ideas of further struggle for independence seemed, for the time at least, to have been effectually banished from their minds. In 1884 the Sandjak of Hassa was incorporated in the new Vilayet of Bussorah, and has been administered since that date by a Turkish governor appointed direct by the central Government at Constantinople.

annexed to Turkey, and, under the title of the Sandjak of Nejd, formed one of the administrative the Turkish occupation the province has been

practically closed to European travellers. Hofuf was visited by Captain Sadler in 1819, Palgrave in 1863, Sir Lewis Pelly in 1865, and the American missionary Zwemer in 1893. usual route to the interior is by boat from Bahrein to Ojeir on the mainland, and thence by caravan to Hofuf; the distance from Ojeir to the capital being thirty-six miles. Ojeir is without a bazaar or settled population, but has a mud fort, wells, and a custom-house, which also serves as a caravanserai. Its shallow approach, protected against north and south winds, forms a suitable landing-place for the rice and piece-goods shipped in large quantities from Bahrein to the interior. The country from Ojeir to the oasis round the capital is bare desert, streaked here and there with prominent ridges of sand, and distinguished in one place by a vein of green limestone. Hofuf is encircled by palm-trees and gardens, and approached through fields of wheat and rice; as Palgrave describes it, 'a white and yellow onyx chased in an emerald rim.' The ancient town was the citadel of the celebrated Beni Kindi and Abdul Karis in 570 A.D., and is the first stage on the direct caravan route from east Arabia to Mecca and Jeddah. Like every other town and village of Hassa, Hofuf owes its existence to the underground watercourses which are the characteristic of the province. The region is capable of rich cultivation; but owing to Bedouin robbers and official exactions, most of it remains desert. The date-palm predominates, but the sidr or lotus-tree, fig, and pomegranate flourish; indigo, cotton, rice, sugar-cane, and other vegetationsuch as onions, radishes, beans, vetches, and maize are cultivated freely.

The town itself is surrounded by a mud wall about four and a half miles in circumference. The Government offices, barracks, hospital, and principal buildings form an enceinte in the centre of the town, and are approached through the bazar. The houses, unlike most Oriental towns, are widely scattered, and divided by well-cultivated gardens. In the north-west corner is an old disused mud fort abutting on to the ramparts; and the moat is now dry, and half-filled with the débris of the walls, which are not in good repair.

In the spring of 1913 the Turkish garrison, composed of the second and third battalions of the 112th Regiment of the line, consisted of about seven hundred and fifty men and fourteen guns, among which were two mitrailleuses and several heavy pieces of field artillery. Of these troops, about four hundred men, with the bulk of the artillery, were stationed at Hofuf, and the remainder at Katif and Ojeir. The last phase has been graphically described by an Arab eye-witness who accompanied the expedition:

'Abdul Aziz bin Saoud of Riad had long been in secret correspondence with the townsmen of Hofuf, who, tired of Turkish misrule and the illegal exactions of a corrupt body of Ottoman

officials, turned a willing ear to the proposals of the young Wahabite chieftain. Having collected his tribesmen to the number of six hundred, toward the end of the first week in May Abdul Aziz, unknown to the Turks, pressed rapidly forward to within five hours' march of the capital. Here he halted during the heat of the day and called a meeting of the principal sheikhs, at which several of the confederate townsmen were present. The leader made a vigorous and impassioned speech, pointing out that they were now almost in sight of Hassa, the hereditary possession of his ancestors, of which his family had been unlawfully deprived by the Turks for upwards of forty years. The sufferings of the inhabitants, who clamoured for release from the hated Turkish yoke, demanded redress. As their overlord and master, according to the rules of tribal succession, he was especially entitled to pose as their champion and protector. The ground was well prepared, and the seed already sown promised a fruitful harvest. The inhabitants of Hassa had solemnly sworn on the Koran to rise at his bidding, and expel or destroy the Turkish intruders; the townsmen were ready to receive him as their leader, but before casting the die he wished to consult the opinion of the sheikhs of Nejd. If they agreed to support him, he would go forward in the firm belief that Allah was on their side; but if they disapproved, he would retire modestly, as befitted his age, and yield to the sager counsels of the elders who now surrounded him. The speech was greeted with a subdued murmur of unanimous approval; and cries of 'Al amrak!' "At your orders!"), which ran round the assembly, encouraged the speaker to proceed. He called for volunteers—two hundred men mounted on mares-for the attack; the camels and the remainder of the force would follow slowly, and remain at a distance, but within call if assistance were required, while the attacking party went forward rapidly and prepared the way.

'The sheikhs gave their assent, and oaths were sworn and vows exchanged on the Koran. At sunset Abdul Aziz set out with his flying column, and halted in the oasis on the outskirts of the capital, about half-an-hour's distance from the walls, until midnight. Having tethered their mares, the party advanced stealthily on foot, guided by certain townsmen of Hofuf, and scaled the wall of the old fort at the north-west corner of the ramparts; the men lining up against the wall and standing on one another's shoulders till the summit was reached, where the topmost man lowered a rope to his companions, and some of the party climbed to the top of the fort. They then ran along the wall to the town gate, and, rapidly despatching the eight guards stationed there, opened the doors to their companions who were waiting outside, and entered the town. The Turkish authorities, completely taken by surprise, shut themselves up at the first alarm in the inner fort situated in the centre of the town, but failed to communicate with the military outposts in the outlying districts. Both sides remained under arms till noon on the following day, but did not

quit their houses.

'At noon Bin Saoud addressed an ultimatum to the Turkish governor, demanding the immediate surrender of himself, the Turkish officials, and the garrison if they wished to save their lives. This ultimatum was supported by the townsmen of Hofuf, who urged the mutessarif to comply, and pointed out the futility of resistance. Turks surrendered, and Bin Saoud was careful to exact from the governor sealed letters addressed to the commanders of the garrisons at Katif and Ojeir, informing them of what had occurred, and instructing them to surrender likewise. granted such of the Turks as had families a day's grace to make their preparations, but ordered the garrison and the Turkish officials to leave immediately. The soldiers were allowed to retain their rifles and ten rounds of ammunition per man, and the Turks were permitted to take with them anything they could carry. An Arab escort was provided for them to the coast, and the emigration began at once. The fourteen guns in the town, including the two mitrailleuses, were seized, together with all reserve arms and ammunition, and the cash in the Government treasury; dhows were collected by Bin Saoud at Ojeir and Katif for the transport of the garrison and officials, who proceeded to Bahrein, and thence by steamer to Bussorah; and largesse was distributed by him among the soldiers, while the officials were given a suitable sum of money for the expenses of their journey.

'The news of the occupation of Hassa without opposition and the expulsion of the Turks was duly reported in a letter addressed by Abdul Aziz himself to the Governor-General of the Vilayet of Bussorah. In this epistle the Arab sheikh observed that forty-three years ago his father entrusted the Turks with the administration of the province of Hassa for the betterment of the people and the security of their trade. Nothing had been done from that day to this, and the state of affairs had gone from bad to worse, complaints were disregarded, and the

people were oppressed by the unlawful exactions of ignorant and avaricious officials. For this reason he had taken back what his father had given. He remained the loyal and obedient servant of the Sultan; but if the Turkish Government tried to wrest Hassa from him he was prepared to oppose them.'

Thus was Hassa lost to the Turks! Can they retake it and hold it; and, if so, will it be of any service to them? At present they would seem to have neither the means nor the opportunity. The despatch of a brigade to recover the province would involve considerable expense, and a smaller force might spell disaster. The maintenance of a Turkish army in a hostile country would be, moreover, a dangerous and costly experiment. The troops immediately available for the purpose are Arab levies from Irak, and the policy of the Committee of Union and Progress Government has already alienated the sympathies of the Arab populations of Syria and Mesopotamia. The Montifik tribes are unlikely to assist them again; and, indeed, there are many outstanding questions to be regulated in that turbulent sandjak before the Government could rely on the loyal adherence of Montifik tribesmen in such a cause. The Arabs of Hassa are eminently averse to a restoration of Turkish rule; the régime has been tried for forty-three years, and has been condemned. Hassa is useless to Turkey for the purposes of conscription, and the district has hitherto contributed nothing to the dignity, security, or support of the Empire. One cannot help feeling that its retention is likely to prove a source of weakness rather than strength to the central Government, and that the Turks would do well to let it remain, as it is at present, an independent province under the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan. Bin Saoud would be prepared to accept the titular office of mutessarif, and the issue of a firman to him in the Sultan's name for that purpose would humour Turkey's amour propre. In any case, he is likely, from all accounts, to prove a more satisfactory ruler than the handful of degenerates who for the last four decades have attempted to govern Hassa in the name of Turkey, and have so signally failed.

AT BOTHASFONTEIN.

By W. G. LITT.

THE golden hues of the rising sun were already flooding the veldt with light when Louis Vanderburgh, Boer spy by necessity, ruffian by choice, yawned lazily and threw off his ragged blanket. For a moment he gazed idly at the other members of the commando lying around him before he slipped on his worn veldtschoen and strolled across to the embers of the cow-dung fire.

Necessity is the mother of invention, they say;

and certainly the ground and roasted Indian corn which he added to the water soon boiling merrily in a battered corned-beef tin made a sufficiently good imitation of coffee to wash down biltong with.

His teeth were still engaged on that exceedingly tough variety of preserved meat when the commandant sauntered up to him.

'I want you to-day, Vanderburgh,' he an-

'Yah! What is it, commandant?'

'You must get into Bothasfontein again to-day.' Vanderburgh's face fell. 'It was very difficult the last time. It will be still harder now.'

'So?' the Boer leader said indifferently.

much the worse for you, then.

'There is a great risk of being shot by the British sentries,' the spy muttered.

'It's a risk you'll have to take,' the commandant said. 'Anyway, it's the last time, for I shall attack to-morrow.

'Then why want me to go there to-day?'

'As a safeguard, Vanderburgh. Merely to make certain that the outposts will be the same to-morrow as they were when you were there

'When am I to return if I do get into Bothasfontein ?'

'Oh, you must wait until midnight to make certain there's going to be no alteration. But you'll manage to fall in with us on your way back. Unless you wave a lantern three times we shall know the outposts are the same, and attack at dawn to send the sleepy rooineks to sleep for ever. It's our last chance, for General Blackburn's column reaches there to-morrow night.

The spy nodded. 'I shall want a pony, commandant.

'You lost one the last time you went there. I can't spare another; but I'll drive you in my Cape-cart to within ten miles of the town. You must walk the rest. We'll start in two hours' time.

That was always the commandant's way, to want things done in a hurry; and so, though Vanderburgh objected very strongly to walking, especially in the heat of the day, he said nothing further. But when, later, he stood and watched the Cape-cart turn back toward the commando, he made up his mind to wait until darkness fell before attempting his dangerous task.

Perchance the little mimosa thorn-bush near by influenced his decision, for its shade was certainly inviting. At any rate, Vanderburgh lay down

beneath it and lit his pipe.

It was noon before he opened his eyes again, and saw that great lakes of water seemed to hide the distant kopjes about Bothasfontein. But though the sight of that mirage, shimmering in the midday heat, failed to deceive him for more than a moment, it did remind him of the real water close at hand.

He rose quickly to his feet, but instantly fell prone. There, with his back turned to him, sat a British officer upon a thirsty pony that stood knee-deep in the muddy pan.

The Dutchman reached for his rifle, and slowly brought its butt in to his shoulder. Very slowly and gently his finger pressed the trigger.

The sharp report of the rifle seemed to galvanise the tired figure into life—but only for a second. Then that figure grew more limp than ever, and, shuddering sideways, splashed into the water.

With a chuckle, the Boer carefully ejected the cartridge and closed the breech.

The foot that hung entangled in the stirrup was still, and no movement showed beneath the water; but, for all that, Louis Vanderburgh waited ten minutes before he waded into the pool and drew the dead body ashore.

Half-an-hour later one of the ant-bear holes beside that pool held a naked figure huddled amidst cast-off rags, and a patient pony bore southward another figure that wore the British

Gradually the mirage faded as the pony neared those gaunt kopjes that looked so deserted. Indeed, so devoid of life did those hillocks appear that even the expectant spy could barely repress a start when the hoarse challenge rang out: 'Halt. Who comes there?'

With an effort he answered, 'Friend.' 'Advance one, and give the countersign.'

One can hardly help admiring, ruffian though the spy was, the cool way in which he obeyed that order. 'Countersign?' he queried. 'How the devil can I know the countersign when I've come from Jacobsdaal?'

The sentry scratched his head doubtfully. 'I

'Haven't you been told what to do in a case like this when an officer approaches?' Vanderburgh continued.

For answer the sentry looked anxiously to his

'Of course it's no particular business of mine whether you understand orders or not,' Vanderburgh said hastily. 'But your officer won't thank you for dragging him into the matter. I shall have to report this incident to headquarters unless I'm allowed past immediately.

The private soldier looked at the threatening man in the officer's uniform; and private soldiers never do like threatening officers. So this one said, 'Orl right, sir. I begs your pardon. Pass friend; all's well.

Thus it was that, by the aid of consummate assurance on the one side and monumental stupidity on the other, Louis Vanderburgh found himself safely within the British lines.

Once he was on the inner side of those encircling outposts, no one seemed to pay much attention to him. There are always so many odd people within a war-camp-scouts, war correspondents, conductors of wagons, a thousand and one others. So he came at last, unnoticed, to the dusty main street of Bothasfontein, a road bounded by those scattered corrugated-iron shanties so typical of the Afrikander town.

A British officer just leaving a store glanced at the spy as he halted outside it. But if for an instant Louis Vanderburgh's heart beat more quickly, the sleepy eyes which looked into his lulled it at once.

'What fools all rooineks are!' he thought as he swung himself out of the saddle, and, hitching the reins over the tethering-hook, entered a shop. 'Good-day, mynheer /' Vanderburgh said, as

he closed the door behind him and held out his

hand to the storekeeper.

'Good-day, sir,' the other began, then altered 'Why, it's Vanderburgh! And in a British uniform, too!'

'Yes. I'm glad you didn't know me at once.

It shows that the disguise is good.'

'Yah. You're quite a gebore Engelsman.'
'Yes. I'—— Vanderburgh stopped suddenly at the shopman's warning sign, and turned to see the officer that he had met outside entering the shop.

Captain Peterson walked straight to the counter and stood there, waiting to be served.

Nor had he long to wait, for the storekeeper immediately moved toward him.

Dick Peterson shook his head. 'No. Serve

the other officer first. 'Please don't bother about me. I'm in no

hurry. I'll wait,' Vanderburgh hastened to say. Peterson looked at him. 'Oh no, I'll take my turn,' he said.

'But really I'm in no hurry.'

'Nor am I,' Peterson told him genially. 'Still,' he added after another sleepy glance at the other, 'perhaps, if you don't mind, I will go first after all. Thanks awfully !-- I forgot just now that I wanted a pound of Magaliesberg tobacco,' he informed the shopkeeper. 'Thanks very much. Good-day.'

The door had barely closed behind him before Vanderburgh turned on his companion with an oath. 'Coward!' he said savagely, 'your face is covered with sweat. Behave like this, and

you'll get us both hanged.'

'You can't know who that officer was.'

'I don't-nor care.'

'It was Captain Peterson.'

'Indeed! And who may he be!'

'Be? He's the British scout. Never heard of Richard Peterson?

'Yes, now you mention it, I believe I have. He looks as big a fool as the rest of the rooineks.'

'He has a great reputation.'

'Bah! amongst the rooibatjis maybe. They are all fools.'

'Perhaps so,' the shopkeeper said doubtfully. 'Yet I wish he had not come in.'

'Well, he certainly heard nothing. you'd better take me somewhere where we sha'n't be interrupted again. But, first of all, have my pony stabled, or people will wonder what his owner is doing here so long.'

'What time shall you want him again?'
'Not to-night. When I leave I shall go on foot.' Meanwhile Dick Peterson made his way thoughtfully down the street with never a backward glance from eyes in which more than a hint of steel had replaced the sleep. For, though the Boer spy had failed to recognise the British scout, the converse was very far from being true.

'Vanderburgh!' he muttered to himself. 'What is he doing here in our uniform, ch? I

must think this over with a pipe.'

That tobacco must have helped his thoughts swiftly, for at the bottom of the street he snapped his teeth so suddenly that the worn mouthpiece broke between them. 'That's it!' he said aloud. 'That's bound to be it! Well, now for headquarters.' But in a moment the elation had died out of his face as he continued, 'Ah, if only the poor old General were about! This idiot in his place hates me like poison. I'll bet he won't listen to me.'

How true his estimate of Colonel Rosskin was he learnt shortly, when he stood in the presence of that officer of small stature but immense importance.

The colonel looked superciliously at him out of jaundiced eyes. 'No time to see you, Captain

Peterson,' he announced testily.

'It's very important, sir.' 'All communications must reach me through the proper channels. You ought to know that. I had to call attention to the matter in Orders yesterday.'

'I know that, of course. But in this

instance '-

'I must apparently remind you again that any report you may have to make must be in writing, and will receive attention to-morrow morning.

'But in this case'-

'Did you hear what I said?'

'Yes.

'Then kindly pay attention. Good-day.'

Peterson drew himself up and saluted. 'Goodday, sir.'

'Good heavens!' he said to himself when he stood once more in the street. 'The ignorancethe colossal ignorance and insolence of the man! And to think of the poor old General,' he continued, 'lying, a wounded and defeated man, in that hospital over there, only waiting to be relieved by General Blackburn to-morrow! Relieved for what? Why, to go home that the papers may tear him to pieces even more than they've done already. Poor old chap, he'll have a pretty reputation when the result of this fool's blundering is tacked on to it! Not that I or any of us here will be alive to hear it.'

But, luckily, to a man of Peterson's stamp a rebuff is simply the incentive to renewed effort; and in a moment his mind was made up, and he was striding toward the market-place, where the Red Cross of Geneva flapped idly upon its pole.

'Well, Peterson,' a cheery voice greeted him as he reached the hospital, 'what can I do for you, eh? Chlorodyne or whisky-and-soda?'

'Neither, thanks, doctor. How's the General?'

'Bad. Very bad.'

Peterson's face grew grave. 'He's conscious,

I suppose?'
'Well, he's asleep now, as a matter of fact. The best thing in the world for him, too. If that sleep continues he may pull round. But if not, why '-

'He'll die, eh, doctor?'

'Hardly a doubt about it,' the doctor said gravely.

'But he is conscious when he is awake?'

'Yes.'

Peterson's eyes wandered for a moment. Then suddenly he asked, 'Is death the worst thing that can happen to a man?

That's a bit of an awkward 'Humph!

question, isn't it?'

'Would it be the worst thing that could happen to the General?' Peterson insisted.

'Ah, Peterson,' the doctor said sadly, 'we who know him so well, and realise how little he was to blame for that unfortunate disaster, may perhaps wonder if it would be.

'What's his life worth to him, doctor, if he

goes back to England now?'
'Heaven knows. Why do you ask me?'

- 'Because I believe I can retrieve his reputation.'
- 'How?

'By speaking to him.'

'But you can't do that. I've already told

you it will kill him.'

'And even if it does, does it greatly matter? Oughtn't we to put ourselves in the dear old chap's place, and act as we think he would wish? Do you doubt what that would be?

'No, I don't doubt; but as a doctor I'm not concerned with that. My duty is to try to

save his life.

- 'Beyond that you've got a grander duty-to the British arms
 - 'You forget I'm a non-combatant.'

'I don't forget. What's that got to do with it really? You're just as keen as I am on securing victory for Great Britain.'

'Ah yes, of course I am. I know I often feel inclined to tear off this wretched Red Cross band

on my arm.'

'Well, I'm waiting for your answer,' Peterson said.

'My answer! Why can't you speak to Colonel Rosskin instead?'

'I've tried to do it. He won't listen to me. Well ?'

The doctor looked steadily at the scout, and for a moment the eyes of each man burnt into the other's.

At last the doctor spoke. 'You say it is necessary?

'In my opinion it is vitally necessary,' Peterson answered slowly.

'Very well, Peterson. Come with me,' the doctor said, and led the way to a marquee.

Within the darkened tent Sir Arthur Westerhouse lay upon a little camp-bed, sleeping so quietly that Peterson thought he had ceased to breathe. But when his eyes had adapted themselves to the gloom he saw that the thin sheet covering the wasted form rose and fell ever so slightly.

He stood in silence looking down upon those pallid features whose hue matched so well the pillow on which they lay. How different that face was now from what it was that morning when he had fallen, vainly trying to rescue his column from a situation in which the very fates

seemed linked against him!

One can hardly wonder that for a moment Dick Peterson's iron resolution wavered. It seemed almost murderous to kill that poor helpless figure on the chance of a guess; for such he knew it But it was only for a moment. Then his grim jaws clenched and the lips tightened till the red of them was almost gone.

He nodded to the doctor, who stepped to the bedside and laid his hand upon the General's.

The dying eyes opened vacantly, only to contract with pain as a groan burst through the ashen lips. 'What's the matter, doctor?' he whispered, and there was a husky rattle in the voice that cut the scout to the quick.

Captain Peterson, here, wishes to speak to

you, sir.'

'Eh, who? Peterson? Ah yes.—What is it, Peterson?

- 'I've tried to tell Colonel Rosskin, sir; but he won't listen.'
 - 'Well, what—what is it?'

'There's a Boer spy in the town, sir.'

A gleam of interest, almost a sparkle, shone

somehow through the filmy eyes.

The scout gulped violently before he continued, 'I don't want him arrested, sir. I want him to be allowed to leave of his own accord. Because, sir, he must have come in to find how the outposts are placed to-night.'

'Why?

'So that the Boers can attack at dawn to-morrow.'

'Why to-morrow?' the General gasped.

'Because it will be their last chance before General Blackburn's column relieves us. They'll know all about that, of course, and realise that unless they attack before he comes, all the information their spy has acquired will be They will expect to surprise us at useless. dawn.'

'Yes, yes, I see. You want me to see Colonel Rosskin ?'

'Yes, sir.'

The General fought back a groan of anguish. 'Very well, Peterson; fetch him at once."

The scout straightened himself and walked swiftly to the tent-flap. Once outside, he turned and ran as never before.

Colonel Rosskin, in the act of mounting his pony outside headquarters, uttered, with an oath, 'Now what the'----

'The General wants you at once, sir,' Peterson

'The—the General!' the colonel stuttered.

'Yes, at once, sir. He's dying.'

It is only fair to the memory of an officer who, whatever his faults were, died very bravely the next morning, to say that he asked no more, but drove his spurs into his pony. Peterson clutched at the stirrup-leather and raced beside him.

As they entered the tent they saw that the General had struggled up in bed, with the doctor's

arms about him.

For all that death was so close at hand, the veteran looked very sternly at his deputy.

Colonel,' he began, 'I have sent Captain Peterson for you because -- because 'voice wavered and stopped. He seemed to fight for breath.

Peterson spoke suddenly, 'Because you have

given me your orders.

The General's head seemed to nod before it fell loosely, and with a shudder the body huddled back upon the bed.

It was very dark when, close on midnight, Louis Vanderburgh left the shelter of the store, and, keeping in the deepest shadows, made his way toward the outpost line. But, careful and crafty though he was, his keen eyes never saw the shadow following, that only moved when he did. That shadow halted at the outposts, and watched with a smile the Boer creep past the sentry there.

The sudden crack of the sentry's rifle cut short the smile. 'I 'eard somethin' crawlin' down there, sir,' the sentry told Peterson as he ran up.

'Oh fool'—— Peterson began. 'Never mind, though,' he continued. 'It's not your fault. You couldn't know.'

'I couldn't know, sir, as you says, 'cause I couldn't see nothin'. Did I do wrong, sir?'

'If you didn't see anything it's quite all right, as you're sure to have missed him.

'Sure to have missed him?' the sentry gasped. 'Yes, yes. Never mind, though; you won't understand.'

If Captain Peterson erred in his surmise one can hardly blame him, especially if one takes the trouble to study the butt registers of the regiment to which Private Jones belonged. But doubtless the soldier's ears were more accurate than his eyes, for his bullet had sped truly enough to a

billet in the spy's thigh.

Out there in the darkness, only some thirty yards away, Vanderburgh lay fighting back his groans as he ripped the British puttee off his shin and bound it tightly about his thigh. But when he tried to rise and continue his journey, the agony of the wound held him bound to the spot where he had fallen. He gave up the effort presently, and, concluding from the slight hæmorrhage that the actual damage was small, composed himself to await with what patience he might the oncoming of the dawn and the Burghers.

That dawn came at last, filtering like a gray ghost through the shadows; and with it other ghosts came creeping, taking the shape of men as the light grew stronger. Rather late for the attack, the spy thought as he strained his eyes to watch them. Still, he chuckled to think that even so they were yet in time, for no warning shots sounded from the British sentries. A brooding silence, as of death, seemed to hang over everything.

'What fools those rooineks are!' Vanderburgh

muttered.

Even as he did so a rifle-shot rang out.

The spy rubbed his ears. Somehow that report seemed to have the double knock-knock of the Mauser! Somewhere close at hand a bee had buzzed past him! Suddenly he leapt to his feet, heedless of the pain in his thigh. This time the bee had torn itself through the sole of The rooineks were awake, and firing his boot. at him! Again that double knock-knock. He screamed aloud. It was not the rooineks. No, no; it was the Burghers who had fired. Frantically he waved his hands to that line of men now crawling so close to him. They took no notice, and he started to run toward them.

But the bearded men behind the boulders had seen British officers waving on their men before. Did not British officers always stand up to be killed, and make very good targets?

Vanderburgh paused suddenly as he realised the effectiveness of the disguise he wore. Then, with a scream of fear, he twisted about, and ran before the spitting Mausers back toward the outpost line. Stumbling and gasping, he topped that rise where yesterday he had lied to the sentry.

What lie, if any, lay ready to his tongue to explain whence he came no man will ever know. For no outpost or firing-line met his haggard gaze.

The place was absolutely deserted!

He gave one wild, backward glance, to see a Boer rise to his feet and sight a rifle at him; then he fled again. On he swayed, whither he hardly knew or cared, so long as it was away from the death behind. Onward across the donga and up its farther side he fought his way, tripping amidst the rough rocks that strewed the steep ascent. And then at last he saw the khaki figures he longed so fervently to see, and ran toward them shricking.

The rattle of Lee-Enfields answered him. Blood was streaming from the wild, gesticulating figure as it turned from the blaze of fire and started backward, panting. That bursting brain never realised that Lee-Enfields were speaking behind and beyond the Mausers. Those throbbing ears never heard the echoing shout with which the British infantry drove steel-shod against the Boer rear. Those bloodshot eyes never saw the Burghers, caught between that force and the new outpost line, turn to flee. Yet that much at least he might have known before a Mauser bullet drove through his brain.

There is little need to tell the result of the surprise to any of the British race. History books can tell us that, and how General Westerhouse, lying at the point of death within the hospital at Bothasfontein, yet dragged himself from that brink to act on information which he had received, and lay the trap which proved the turning-point in a long series of disasters.

Good news, they say, never kills; and hope and success are perhaps better medicines than any contained in Royal Army Medical Corps'

chests.

We all know how Sir Arthur recovered, and how he reaped yet other victories. But most of all we realise how unfair and monstrous was that verdict which, in our haste and ignorance, we passed upon the reverse that forced him to fall back on Bothasfontein. Strive though he may, and as he frequently does, the Field-Marshalfor such he now is—can only remember vaguely that he was told something by Captain Peterson. How or why he made those dispositions which the scout explained to the late Colonel Rosskin he does not know. But that he did so there can be no doubt, for the only two men who heard him give those orders say that he did, and he cannot question the word of the doctor or of Captain Peterson.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ELECTROLYTIC TREATMENT OF SEWAGE.

THE economical, effective, and hygienic disposal of sewage is a problem of importance, as every community is required to dispose of sewage in an innocuous state. During the past few years many improved methods for dealing with this waste material have been devised, and the electrolytic treatment has recently received considerable attention. An English inventor has elaborated a system which, while simple and inexpensive to install, is thoroughly hygienic, and as power is generated during the treatment it is also remunerative. The installation includes a tank, called a regulator, divided longitudinally into two sections, which is placed at the outfall of the main sewer. Here a steel grating serves to arrest the passage of wood and other solid matter. Opposite this grating each section is fitted with a sluice-valve, through which the liquid flows in a graduated stream. From the regulator the sewage passes over a wheel of overshot or undershot type, to which a dynamo is coupled. In passing over the wheel the matter in suspension becomes broken up, and then passes into the main tank, where the electrolytic treatment takes place. The two compartments are charged with filter-plates, the filtering material being coke. In the first compartment there is a sump where the solid matter collects, the liquid passing into the second, where it is subjected to an electric current transmitted from the powerhouse. The passage of the current completely sterilises the liquid, which in its purified state flows into another tank or balancer, where sufficient head is provided to enable it to gather force to drive a water-turbine, which is coupled to generators in the power-house, and the liquid is then permitted to escape either into the river, stream, or sea. The solid matter or fetid sediment, which is collected in the sump, is likewise rendered innocuous by the current, and removed periodically. This sludge can be submitted to further treatment for the extraction of grease and other constituents, pressed and converted into fuel, or put to other uses. The electrolytic action is so completely effective in its sterilisation that there is no danger of pollution from the liquid that is run off. The process has the great advantage that there is no possibility of secondary putrefaction. A combined sewage and power station is a somewhat remarkable combination; it is an illustration of the ingenuity of modern invention.

ECONOMICAL HOUSE-HEATING.

Though steam-heating is universal throughout the American continent, it has never been fully appreciated in the British Islands, where a blazing coal-fire is considered so cheerful and pleasant. Unfortunately the Britisher pays dearly for his love of the fire. Even with the most scientifically designed grate there is a considerable waste, as the heat escapes up the chimney; and although the firebrick backing of the grate, which absorbs a large proportion of the heat, reflects much of it into the room, it also radiates an appreciable percentage through the bricks behind. The utilisation of this waste heat and a means of making the back brick perform a more useful purpose has been the object of considerable research, as the waste heat is sufficient to warm three or four rooms. The latest improvement comprises a combination of the favourite open coal-fire and steam-heating, the latter being utilised in the adjacent rooms. The plan involves the fixture of a horizontal or vertical diffuser or distributor at the back of the fire, in reality a hot-water boiler, somewhat similar to that employed for heating a greenhouse. From the fire-grate attachment hot-water pipes extend to small steam radiators fixed in the adjoining rooms. When, for example, the sitting-room fire is alight, a hot-water circulation is set up between the diffuser and the radiators. The water, as it is heated, passes from the heater at the back of the grate through the radiators on the lower floor, rising to those in the rooms above, and then returning to the boiler. In its broad principle the installation is similar to the thermosiphon cooling system used on motor-cars, except that its object is exactly the opposite. The heating service comes automatically into operation directly the fire is lit, and continues while the heat is maintained; no more fuel is consumed, and there is no interference with the normal working of the fire-grate; while, for the simple reason that the apparatus is not visible, it is not unsightly. The invention should appeal to householders as an economical solution of the problem of how to heat more than one room without increasing the fuel bill.

A SAFE GAS-LIGHTER.

The pocket automatic lighter, which creates a spark by flint and steel to light a benzine or petrol wick, is familiar to all. In view of its convenience to the smoker, it is not surprising that a similar idea should have been evolved for lighting the gas. The little tool resembles a large safety-pin in its general design, and works upon a very similar principle, the free end of the pin being moved over a small cross-piece, creating a spark. The free member is pressed by the fingers, and when released it flies back under the action of a spring to bring about ignition. In this manner the incandescent burner or the stove can be ignited in an instant in perfect safety, or a gas-burner lit in a gust of wind. As no flame is produced there is no such danger as may arise when a lighted match is discarded. The little device, which can be hung upon the wall, never gets out of order. It is a safe igniter for a child to use, as there is no risk of clothes being set on fire.

ELECTRICALLY HEATED GLOVES FOR MOTORISTS.

It would appear as if the motorist is to become the most pampered traveller on earth. scuttle-dash protects his body and chest from the wind, the side-door is a preventive against draughts, goggles are a guard against insects and dust, and now he is given electrically heated gloves to keep the blood in circulation through his hands while gripping the steering-wheel. Needless to say, this is perhaps one of the greatest of boons, especially in countries where a low temperature prevails in winter. It is scarcely necessary to remark that this latest comfort hails from the United States, where in some districts taking the wheel in winter is an unenviable task. The first move in this direction was a wheel having a hollow stem and rim, through which the exhaust gases were circulated; but this was clumsy and somewhat of a makeshift. Then came the electrically heated wheel, which is far neater and more satisfactory. The radiation of warmth is accomplished by two distinct methods. In one the glove itself is heated by means of units coiled around the fingers. On the inside of the index-finger and the thumb there are two contacts. The rim of the wheel at two places is fitted with short segments of metal which are connected to the storage-battery lighting system. When these two segments are gripped by the gloves the contacts establish a circuit, the fine coil units around the fingers become heated, and the fingers are kept in a warm glow. When the hand becomes too hot the motorist does not move a switch to cut off the current, but merely moves his hands to grip a non-metallic part of the wheel. The second device is a modification of this, since some motorists prefer to grip the wheel with the bare hand. In this case the segment of the wheel on each side is bound with a small heating coil which is continuously energised. By gripping these sections the hands are kept warm and active so far as the palms and the inner face of the fingers are concerned. Here again, when the hands become uncomfortably warm, one has only to grip the wheel in a different spot where heating coils are not provided. volume of current consumed is extremely small but highly effective.

A FOOT-OPERATED VACUUM-CLEANER.

The degree of ingenuity which is being manifested in connection with vacuum-cleaners for the home is remarkable, and serves to indicate the popularity of this domestic appliance. The majority of such implements operate on the bellows system, the bellows being worked by one hand, while the other manipulates the dustextracting nozzle. But, unfortunately, handpumping is somewhat fatiguing, as a little experience soon proves. One inventor, appreciating this drawback, has effected an improvement by which both bellows are worked by the feet, with the minimum of exertion. The device is really a double bellows, disposed longitudinally, with the small ends facing. operate the implement one merely stands upon it, with one foot upon each of the bellows, and these are worked by moving the body slightly to and fro. It is a seesaw motion, but when performed regularly maintains a steady and continuous suction action. The appliance occupies small space, and is probably the easiest and least exhausting home machine to manage.

FIRING LOCOMOTIVES MECHANICALLY.

The increase in the size and power of the locomotive is rendering the task of the fireman more and more exhausting. In fact, further development is restricted by the physical capacity of the man who has to keep things going, inasmuch as an engine which is not stoked adequately to maintain its power is wasteful. In order to lighten the task of the fireman, several efforts

are being made in the direction of mechanical stoking. A large and powerful mallet of the 2-6-6-2 wheel classification, built in the United States, has been shipped to the South African railways for experimental purposes, and to ascertain just what can be achieved by this method of firing. The system incorporated is that known as the 'Street.' Although the fireman is spared the fatiguing task of shovelling coal from the tender to the furnace, yet he has to keep a small crusher machine supplied. This crusher is placed on the tender, at the mouth of the shovelling door, and is driven by a small engine placed behind the brake pillar. The object of the crusher is to reduce the coal to a uniform size. After being crushed, the coal drops through a chute into a small receiver also placed on the tender, beneath the footplate. Here it is picked up by a small bucket conveyer, and carried forward and upward through a pipe to a hopper above the furnace-door on the engine, where it is discharged, the conveyer continuing its passage down a second pipe under the footplate and back to the receiver. The coal is injected into the fire-box through one or all of three pipes disposed so as to throw the coal where desired, the injection being accomplished by the aid of steam. The conveyer is worked by means of another small auxiliary engine which is placed above the hopper on the engine, while the force of the steam-jets is controlled by means The locomotive is to be subjected to exacting tests to ascertain the relative advantages and defects of mechanical stoking. Although the fireman is spared the actual work of slinging the coal from the tender to the furnace, he has to keep the crusher well and continuously supplied. One great objection to the invention is the noise created by the running of the auxiliary machinery, which in some quarters is maintained to be a decided drawback, as it renders the communication of orders between the fireman and the driver extremely difficult. Moreover, as the attention of the stoker is confined to feeding the crusher and standing with his back to the driving direction, he is unable to give the driver much assistance in reading the road.

HAS THE SAFE AEROPLANE ARRIVED?

Considerable interest has been aroused by the announcement of the new Wright invention for automatically ensuring the transverse stability of aeroplanes. The device is exceedingly simple, and the first machine which has been built with a modified example of this stabiliser incorporated has proved highly successful. The essential feature is a pendulum. This is connected with a three-way valve, which by its movement either admits, expels, or locks a charge of compressed air in a servomotor, a tank of compressed air serving as a reservoir for this purpose. The piston of the servomotor is connected to a wind-

lass by a rod working in a slot. When the piston moves, owing to the inclination of the pendulum, there is a pull on the cables which actuate the warping mechanism of the Wright machine. The movement of the pendulum, however, is restricted within certain limits in either direction by means of stops. The pendulum has a decisive action. Directly there is a disturbance it swings to the utmost extent of its travel, so that just the same amount of counteracting force is exerted when equilibrium is threatened by a slight puff of wind as by a heavy gust. A similar apparatus and method of working is also installed for the maintenance of longitudinal stability, with the exception that no pendulum is introduced. The device is in its infancy, and it is yet too early to express an opinion as to its efficiency. The machine which the Wrights are using is fitted with an apparatus which, though achieving the selfsame end, differs considerably in detail from that patented. There is no doubt that success to a very appreciable degree is dependent upon the skill of the Wrights in the handling of their machine, and whether it will prove quite as successful in the hands of a stranger remains to be proved. Undoubtedly further experiments will be conducted with the apparatus, because the invention is generally regarded as possessing great possibilities.

A SAFE EXPLOSIVE.

No small interest has been created in mining and other circles where explosives have to be used by a new blasting agent known as 'ergite.' In the preparation of this explosive no nitroglycerine is used, the main ingredient being a byproduct obtainable in almost unlimited quantities, the manufacture consisting merely in mixing the ingredients, a process which can be carried out easily and with safety at the point where the explosive is to be used. As the ingredients are non-explosive, transportation by rail or water is no more difficult or dangerous than that attending ordinary merchandise, so that 'ergite' can be shipped at ordinary rates. As a very small quantity of fumes is emitted, and they are less noxious than those incidental to nitro-glycerine, headache is not experienced in working with 'ergite.' The explosive is frost-proof, does not deteriorate or become more tender from prolonged storage in any climate, and, not being affected by moisture, it can be used under water, and even after prolonged immersion will fire instantly. It is cheaper than any of the nitro-glycerine groups, and will do as much work as an equal quantity Being plastic, it can be pressed into a borehole of any shape without difficulty, and, not being elastic, it does not spring back like nitroglycerine explosives; therefore, as it finds the very bottom of the hole, proportionately more rock is cut out. Nitro-glycerine compounds are somewhat dangerous when handled by the inexperienced farm-hand, and for this reason explosives are not

meeting with the widespread favour they deserve in farming operations; therefore 'ergite' should prove useful in agriculture.

PANAMÁ, AND WHAT IT MEANS.

Mr John Foster Fraser has a varied record as a globe-trotter, having cycled round the world; journeyed by train, boat, and sledge through Siberia and across Manchuria when it was closed to strangers; and having been frequently over Europe, the United States, and Canada on journalistic missions. One of his more recent journeys has been to the Argentine and across South America. He has written a bright and informative book on Panamá, and What it Means (Cassell), which enlightens the reader regarding the history and methods of construction of this great canal. The commander-inchief of the huge industrial army which has made this possible is Colonel Goethals, chairman of the Canal Commission and chief engineer. He has been compared to our Lord Kitchener in some of his methods. His will is law, and the work has gone forward under militarylike discipline. It is expected that the total cost of the canal will be upwards of eighty million pounds, a vast expenditure, the results of which are quite effective as compared with the millions previously sunk in swamp and jungle under the French scheme, which helped to ruin thousands of small investors. This progress has been achieved as the result of careful preparation, the passing of the necessary legislation, the securing of legal transfer of the French rights, and arrangements made with the Republic of Panamá for a zone in Panamá which should be United States territory. The United States has now possession of a strip of land ten miles wide and running forty miles north to south-east from sea to sea. The distance from deep water to deep water is fifty miles, which may afterwards be negotiated in from ten to twelve hours. The sixty thousand persons in the canal zone have been fed like an army in the field, and twice a month an armoured train crossed the isthmus laden with bullion to pay Almost as wonderful as the skill the workers. and science shown in making the canal has been the banishment of yellow-fever and other diseases from the American zone. War was declared against the mosquito, marshes and pools were treated with kerosene, the house-fly as a spreader of typhus was kept down, and the amount of quinine required by white men was immensely reduced. Where the French employes had died like flies, the death-rate has been reduced to twenty-five per thousand a year. To accomplish this a staff of fifteen hundred men has been necessary, and an expenditure of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year. This result, in a heavy, languorous, sickly atmosphere so enervating to the white man, means much, and shows the practical progress made in the study of

tropical medicine. It was reported that the first passage of the canal in 1913 was made by a small steamer which originally belonged to the old French Panama Canal Company. If so, this was a delicate compliment to France, which made the first attempt to cut the canal. There will be great practical progress in the lessening of distances. By the Panamá Canal the trip from Liverpool to Chili will be reduced by three thousand miles, from New York to San Francisco by eight thousand five hundred, and from New York to Australia by four thousand miles. It may be expected, also, that South America will receive a large European population and great commercial impetus. There was a paper on the making of the canal by the Hon. Mrs C. G. Murray in our 1912 volume; and in 1913 there appeared articles on the Panamá Railway and on 'A Remarkable People at Panamá' (the San Blas Indians) by Mr W. B. Lord.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

NIGHT IN AUSTRALIA.

A moment's blaze on the mountain crest, A paling flush in the painted west, Gray shadows over the green vale cast, A deepening gloom, and the day has passed.

The earth-light fades on the southern hills, A sudden stillness the wide world fills, The breath of the evening breeze blows keen, And night, dark night, envelops the scene.

Not a sound save the howl of a restless dog, No light but the glow of a burning log Where the great gray gum-trees solemnly stand, Like sentinels guarding a silent land.

From north to south, from east to west, From pearl-strewn seas to the pelican's nest, O'er mount, and forest, and fertile plain, There is peace, calm peace, in that vast domain.

Not a jarring note in Nature's breast,

The hush of a land at perfect rest;

But through the still night the storm birds fly

From a crimson cloud in the northern sky.

NEVILLE BOSWORTH.

ORANGE, N.S.W., AUSTRALIA.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps

should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

By CHARLES D. LESLIE.

CHAPTER I.

'WELL, gentlemen,' said the King, 'what do you advise?' But, though he waited for a reply, mutely interrogating in turn each of the three men who sat with him at the Council Board, none came. There seemed a reluctance among the triumvirate, popularly supposed to rule Saarland, to break the silence.

King Henry struck the table with his open hand. 'What the devil! are you all dumb? Usually I get more advice than I seek.—General,

what have you to say?'

Prince Hannemann, the old and grizzled Commander-in-Chief, who loved Henry as a son, sat frowning and rubbing his shaven chin. Suddenly his clouded face broke into a smile. 'My opinion, sire, is best expressed in a familiar quotation which I have just recalled to memory: "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." For "Danaos," translate not the Soldavians, but Queen Margaret. I distrust the Italian woman, and never more than when she writes proposing friendliness for Saarland and her King. I would rather see your Majesty marry a princess of any other nation than Soldavia.'

'That is your advice?' Henry spoke in a tone of irritation. He was the most undiplomatic of kings, and his face was almost invariably an open book to read. Clear was it to see the General's words displeased him.—'What say

you, Chancellor?'

'The question in this case is one for your Majesty to decide,' said Prince Braken, Chancellor and Prime Minister, suavely. 'Your Majesty is seated so firmly on the throne of your ancestors and in the hearts of your people that if this suggested alliance with Princess Stephenie of Soldavia pleases you, it will please them.'

'What say you, Count?'

Count Zunger, to whose skilful control of finance Saarland owed much, answered promptly, 'I approve, sire. The Princess is rich—indeed, wealthy. From the monetary point of view you could not make a better choice.'

'You are in a minority, General,' the King

pointed out.

'It doesn't matter if my views are those of the minority or majority,' bluntly answered the old soldier. 'I can see your Majesty's mind is made up.'

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'I confess Queen Margaret's overtures, though totally unexpected, appeal to me. The Princess is pretty. I saw her twice when in England last June: once at the Opera House in Covent Garden, and once at a place—I forget the name—where a polo-match was being played. We were not introduced, but we looked at each other from afar. And I think, gentlemen,' the young King smiled ingenuously, 'that the Princess prompted this letter—that I made a conquest.'

'It is very probable,' flattered the Chancellor. 'H'm!' said the General; 'perhaps Princess

Stephenie made one also?'

'Faith, no,' answered the King frankly. 'I am heart-whole. But marry I must, and the choice for a king is limited. I naturally prefer a pretty wife to a plain one.'

He spoke aggressively at the Chancellor, who had been long strongly advocating a marriage with a certain Princess who was plain even to

ugliness.

'An alliance with Mazzara,' said Prince Braken, 'would, diplomatically, suit us even better than one with Soldavia. The war was only twelve years ago. Old animosities will be awakened.'

'Is it wise or unwise, this projected alliance?' the King asked the Minister of Finance. 'State

the facts, and sum up the matter.'

'For forty years there has been enmity between Saarland and Soldavia, and long-standing points of difference kindled into war in 1900, when our late King Henry reigned over us, and King Frederick over Soldavia. The war was short, the issue decisive. Our army was quickly mobilised, crossed the frontier, and at Luzon totally defeated the Soldavians. Their Crown Prince fell in the final charge of the Soldavian cavalry. King Frederick escaped, to blow out his brains rather than re-enter his capital a defeated commander. Medena capitulated, and peace was signed. The Kaiser'——

General Hannemann gave utterance to a savage grunt. The Peace of Medena was a sore subject

with him.

'Intervened,' continued the Count. 'Soldavia secured very favourable terms. We received a small indemnity, but not a rood of land, and the two nations have never resumed diplomatic relations. Since the peace, Soldavia, though

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MARCH 7, 1914.

still nominally an independent nation, has become virtually a German province. Queen Margaret, the King's second wife, Regent for her son Paul, now fifteen years of age, calls the Kaiser "Soldavia's best friend;" and Soldavia, sure of Germany's support, does not trouble to keep in repair the fortifications she erected against us. And now Queen Margaret writes a friendly letter suggesting a marriage between the late King's niece, Princess Stephenie, and our King Henry, and simultaneously a renewal of diplomatic relations and a readjustment of the Customs duties between the two nations. It would certainly be an advantage to us commercially if Soldavia were a friendly and not a hostile neighbour; moreover, the Princess's dowry would include the silver-mines at Fürst, which are adjacent to our frontier, a very valuable addition to the natural resources of Saarland. The only disadvantage is the possible hostile attitude of those Soldavians who have not forgotten Luzon.

The Minister of Finance paused, and then prepared to continue. He was evidently about to enlarge on the subject; but the General struck in impatiently, 'What's the good of talking further? The King desires a favourable answer to be sent to Queen Margaret. We're wasting time.'

'I think an interview on neutral ground,' said the King, 'might be arranged; that doesn't commit us to anything. I can draw back if I

want to.'

'But you won't,' prophesied the General.

CHAPTER II.

THE suggested interview duly took place at Nice, where Queen Margaret had a villa. King Henry travelled openly to the Riviera, and appeared in the Casino at Monte Carlo; but his visit to the Queen Regent of Soldavia was conducted with the utmost secrecy. He was received by Colonel Talc, the Queen's Private Secretary, and presently—his suite of three gentlemen waiting without—was ushered into a drawing-room where the royal ladies awaited him.

Henry was almost as eager to meet the Queen as to meet the Princess. Rumour declared her the inveterate enemy of Saarland and its ruler, and the only reason he could conceive to explain her volte face was that the Princess had fallen deeply in love with him. The King was of a romantic temperament, a lover of fair women; and one glance at Stephenie as he entered confirmed report, her photographs, and his somewhat distant views of her in London, as to her good looks.

The Queen naturally claimed his first salutation. There was little of the queen about Margaret, though born in the purple in Italy. She was forty-five, a plain, thin, dark woman, with a snub nose and colourless eyes; but behind them lay one of the shrewdest brains in Europe. Soldavia owed much to her, and cordially and respectfully disliked her, making grudging ac-

knowledgment that she never spared herself, and did her duty to the orphan niece she mothered. They even granted she might love her son Paul; certainly, if she had any affection to bestow, he absorbed it. Her greeting to the royal visitor was formally and impeccably polite.

'Madame,' said the King, bowing over her hand and respectfully touching it with his lips—it was the coldest hand he had ever kissed, he told the General later—'it gives me infinite pleasure to accept your invitation. I have long wished this opportunity'

wished this opportunity.'

Margaret suitably and ceremoniously replied,

and Stephenie was introduced.

Her hand, which the King kissed with more ardour than Margaret's, was delightfully soft and warm to the touch, and her voice pleasant to the ear as she murmured a conventional greeting. Henry was agreeably impressed. Stephenie, at close quarters, conquered at a glance. Her eyes were blue, clear, and candid; she had regular features, a small red mouth, and golden, silken, luxurious hair. She had more than beauty, a certain mystical allurement, unconsciously possessed, unconsciously exercised. There was something elusive about her; she possessed that strange nunlike quality that clings to some girls like a cloud, which seemed to set her apart, and made her infinitely more desirable.

Straightway Henry decided that he would

marry the Princess.

They sat down and drank tea and talked commonplaces, just like folk of less exalted rank; but King Henry was not one to waste time, and in a few minutes he and Stephenie were ostensibly admiring the view from one of the windows, while Queen Margaret remained at the tea-table.

'Princess,' he said, in his most seductive voice, 'you know the object of my visit? Dare I hope that I am acceptable to you as a suitor?'

Then King Henry received a painful shock.
Stephenie, perfectly composed, replied calmly,
'I am willing to marry you. My aunt says it is
for the good of Soldavia. But it would be a
marriage of convenience. I was to marry Karl;
I loved him as a child, and I shall never love
anybody else, least of all one of our former
conquerors.'

Karl was her cousin, the Crown Prince, who fell at Luzon when Stephenie was ten years of

age. He was still the national hero.

But if Henry was discomfited, he rallied quickly. 'Never is a big word,' he said. 'We belong to the present, you and I. The Crown Prince and the war belong to the past. Even your aunt, who has so much to forgive, is willing to let the past be buried. Will you be more hostile than the Queen Regent?'

'I am willing to obey my aunt and give you my hand. My heart I could not give, even if I

desired.'

'At least, then, I am favoured above other men. You declined to do as much for Prince Augustus and the Grand Duke of Selbeck-Walstein—so rumour says,'

'My aunt allowed me to refuse them. She has desired me to accept you. Myself, I do not wish to marry at all.'

Henry glanced covertly at the slight, dark figure seated at the tea-table at the other end of the room. 'She desires the marriage, then?'

'I wonder why?' he mused aloud.

'Yes.'

Stephenie shook her head. 'I do not understand politics,' she said. Had she been plotting to fascinate she could not have chosen a more seductive rôle. Her apathy, her placid acceptance of her fate, puzzled the good-natured but somewhat vain-glorious King, accustomed to facile triumphs over feminine hearts. He went away in love; not for the first time, it is true, but the first time his love had fallen upon a woman he could marry. The triumvirate were bidden to push the matter forward; and very shortly afterwards Europe learned that the King of Saarland was to marry the niece of his father's old foe, the King of Soldavia.

The two nations chiefly concerned received the news with huge surprise and moderate approval. Some were pleased at this healing of the old feud; others shook their heads. There were Saarlanders who said nothing good could come out of Soldavia, and Soldavians who said the same of Saarland. On all sides wonder was expressed at the attitude of the Queen Regent. Whoever would have thought that she would consent to the alliance? It passed belief; and the conclusion was the old discovery that women, whether queens or commoners, were incomprehensible.

Following the formal announcement of the engagement, King Henry went on a visit to Queen Margaret at the royal castle at Istafel, in Theracia, the northern province of Soldavia. He left after a skirmish with the triumvirate. Prince Braken desired the visit to take place on neutral ground, and suggested Nice; but Queen Margaret's physicians declared that the Queen, who was a little run down, needed the mountain

air of Theracia to recuperate. The General's objection was, frankly, that it was dangerous to go; but Henry overbore all opposition.

Part of Theracia is flat and fairly fertile, but as the traveller approaches the mountainous region it becomes more and more barren. The railway ends at Haave, and a thirty-mile ride on horseback is necessary ere the castle, originally a fortress built to overawe the Syvians, is gained. It stands, an outpost of civilisation, surrounded by countless miles of rock and plain and forest. Farther north, in the mountains, dwell the remnant of the Syvians, a race distinct from the Theracians. The region they inhabit lies part in Soldavia and part in Saarland, and to this day they pay only a nominal allegiance to their rulers. Formerly their raids were impartially distributed between both countries; but for thirteen years they had mended their ways. Just before the war the two kingdoms combined to send a punitive expedition against them, which carried fire and sword into their remotest fastnesses. It was a savage reprisal for savage crimes, and effectually tamed the remnant left. They clung close to their inaccessible haunts, and left the cattle of the neighbouring farmers severely alone.

The castle, being medieval, was unsuitable for the requirements of modern royalty, and was occupied by the garrison. Queen Margaret had built a hunting lodge by it, and here she received King Henry and his small suite.

General Hannemann remained in Soult, the capital of Saarland, alert, suspicious, watching the wires. He feared 'the Italian woman' as he feared no man living. 'She'll kidnap you,' he said; 'she's at peace with the Syvians, and she'll bribe them to carry you off. But let her beware. I can mobilise the army in four days; in two more three columns, each of a hundred thousand men, will be at the walls of Medena. Our guns will thunder on the town, our aeroplanes drop bombs over it. Neither Germany nor Europe shall save it if she deals treacherously with you.'

But King Henry only laughed. (Continued on page 230.)

A ROYAL ARCHÆOLOGIST.

By L. A. M. PYNSENT.

QUEEN ELENA, the much-loved Queen of Italy, has long been famous for her good works, for her fearlessness in danger, as testified by her visit to Messina at the time of the last earthquake, and for love of her adopted country and its people. Her fame is great even as a good housekeeper and careful mother of her children; but it is only quite lately that she has become known as an ardent archæologist, having preferred to keep her investigations secret. Recently, however, it has become known that at the royal villa

and hunting-grounds of Castel Porziano excavations have been going on since 1903, of which she has been the head and inspiration, as well as an active co-worker.

The King, whose private hobby is numismatics, and who has a rare collection of ancient coins, has also shown much interest in, and given much attention to, the work which has been so long in progress. He is said to have a surprising intuition about such things, and seizes the meaning of his archæological professor before he has half

finished his explanation. Even the royal children enter into the spirit of the work, and take their little picks to see what discoveries they can make. Princess Mafalda, the eldest, is especially bright and intelligent, besides being full of energy. She resents being a girl; and her brother, the little heir-apparent, delights in asserting his masculine rights. Nothing upsets her more than to hear him say, in accents of boyish arrogance, referring to himself and his sisters, 'Io sono il maschio; loro sono femmine' ('I am a boy; they are girls'). Yet, for all that, or perhaps on account of it, he never fails in courtesy toward his sisters, always, for instance, rising to open the door for them.

It may be remarked that all applications for permission to visit the royal grounds, formerly so easy to obtain, have during these later years to be submitted to the King, and have been very rarely granted. Thus the secret of the excavations has been well kept, only Professors Lanciani, Pigorini, and Vaglieri being allowed to see the result of the researches, and this solely for the advantage of their wide knowledge and the help of their advice. The Queen has wonderful aptitude for archæology, and her patience is unlimited. She studies the subject thoroughly, catalogues even the smallest discovery, photographs the most important finds, copies in water-colours the mosaic pavements, statues, and frescoes, and keeps a conscientious journal of the progress of the work. All this has a most desirable effect; for, unlike what unfortunately happens on too many other occasions, out of loyalty to their Majesties a strict guard is kept on the treasures found.

Castel Porziano is situated near to Ostia, in the maritime district of Latium, which extends down to Anzio, and was called Laurens or Laurentum by the ancient Latins and Greeks. From this the very ancient city of Laurentum took its name, derived from the abundance of laurels adorning its shores until as late as the second century of the Christian era, as we are told by Herodian, a Greek who resided in Italy, and wrote a history of Rome during the period between 180-238 A.D. He relates that after a great plague which devastated Rome, the Emperor Commodus was advised by his physicians—amongst whom was the celebrated Galen, then flourishing in Rome—to betake himself to Laurentum on account of the pure air of the sea and the grateful shade of the laurel-trees. This tract of coast between Ostia and Anzio has already given up the remains of thirty-five Roman villas, and innumerable others await their turn of resurrection under the picks of the excavators. This is not surprising when we consider that this area formerly contained fourteen cities and villages, the population of which amounted to about one hundred and fifty thousand, and ports capable of containing all the warships and merchant-vessels of Rome.

From as far back as the Stone Age there was

communication between the Ægean and the East on the one hand and Italy on the other, and this has led to the supposition that this spot was that immortalised by Virgil as the place where the old king Latinus started in his sleep at the voice of the oracle announcing to him the coming of his future son-in-law. Here, it is said, were the royal domains where came Æneas, borne by the fiery horses of the old king; here the Fury, the sæva Jovi conjux, spread confusion, causing fierce enmity against the fugitives, and resulting in Such is the opinion of many the Latin war. historians; but Professor Pigorini is dubious on the point, as the only known immigration into these parts at this period was that of the Arians, and no other irruption of outsiders is certain. There is no doubt, however, that one interesting memorial of the Æneid is to be seen on these shores, and that is at Decimo, where Lanciani has discovered an enormous tomb, as yet only partially excavated, measuring thirty-four mètres in diameter, which has been proved to be the tomb described by Virgil, the last resting-place of King Bercennius.

The remains of ancient Laurentum extend along the shore for nearly a mile, beginning at a place called I Muriccioli, and ending at Tor Paterna, where commences the road of Castel Porziano on one side, and on the other that of Via Laurentina, which goes to Rome, marching with the aqueduct on one side, and passing Trigonia, where columns, marbles, a wall of opus reticulatum, &c. have been found. After Trigonia it entered the picturesque inequalities of the shady valley of the Fontanelle, where the road dropped from sixty-one mètres to thirty-one, whence it continued on its course to Rome, entering it by the Porta Nevia, after having passed over the river Almone by a bridge no longer existing. Laurentum was the cradle of the Roman people, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Latium. When Lavinia was founded by Æneas and Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus, as legend tells us, its happier position caused loss of importance to Laurentum, which became part of a new republic. As time went on it became transformed into an imperial villa, of which the extensive and enormous ruins still exist. The district around suffered the same fate; and here ruins of a hitherto unknown suburb have recently been unearthed, rich in public baths and public and private edifices.

The excavations for a new road, one of many with which the King has enriched his domain, have brought to light in the locality called Capocetta some ancient monuments, inscribed and sculptured, as well as the notable remains of a village similar to the Vicus Augustinus. The importance of this discovery is due to the fact that there had been no suspicion that the spot had ever been inhabited, as has now been proved, by a considerable population. The tombs discovered along the road are numerous,

and bear interesting inscriptions, now being studied by Professor Lanciani. The number of the inhabitants is the more surprising as the site has hitherto been considered unfitted for human habitation, the seventy-two miles between Civita Vecchia and Anzio having at the present day but four little villages: Fiumicino, Ostia, Pratica, and Ardea; but in those far-off days the aqueducts rendered all this territory healthy and fruitful, so that Pliny affirmed his villa at Castel Fusano to be pleasant in winter, and still more so in the summer; and Marcus Aurelius delighted in his house at Bottacia, at the present day a most pestilential place on account of the malaria. Numberless remains of villas have been found on the shore in this part in the direction of Rome, where lofty pines lifted their heads and gave grateful shade. woods have now for the most part covered up the ruins, and the roots of the trees have entwined themselves amongst the mighty ruins of fallen cities; whilst around them, on the ground, are to be seen broken columns and capitals, fractured pieces of ornamentation, marbles, and other precious remains. In the villa of Mucius, fatherin-law of Marius, near Trefusina, there are still to be seen the remains of a pavement of white mosaic, as also in other places. Where Castel Porziano now stands was the villa, the Solonium, of Caius Marius, giving proofs of its most ancient origin in Laurentum times; it is situated in one of the four districts described by Macrobius as having been cultivated rationally by the inhabitants, they having learned the agricultural methods of the neighbouring Etruscans.

The mass of the material so far discovered is, according to Professor Lanciani, of the Iron Age, a little more recent than the most ancient tombs of the Latin Hills. A sword found is of the original Ægean type, a type which penetrated into Italy through the cities on the coast and

travelled as far north as Norcia; and this fact seems to corroborate the tradition as to the foundation of Lavinio by strangers coming from the Ægean Sea. In this opinion Lanciani seems to be opposed by Professor Pigorini, who is inclined to disbelieve in the coming of Æneas, and he accounts for the Trojan arms by explaining that from the time of the Stone Age the people were navigators, and that the arms were brought in the way of commerce, for it was not the natives of Italy who made voyages by sea, but the inhabitants of Asia.

Lately many Etruscan tombs have been found, about which Professors Lanciani and Pigorini have consulted together; but in deference to the wishes of the Queen they keep their observations private, only admitting that these tombs are a valuable proof that this shore was inhabited down to the very dunes from the most remote times. Professor Pigorini has admitted that these excavations are of the utmost interest, as they go back to prehistoric times, and, although of no special importance so far, give indication of greater things to come. Unfortunately those excavations already made have yielded up few things in perfect condition, but great hopes are entertained of Ardea and Lavinio.

The excavations cease whilst the King and Queen are absent during the summer, but they are resumed whenever they return to Rome. It is hoped that excavations will be made which will enrich the story of the prehistoric aborigines, and which will be of far greater importance than the discovery of the Roman tombs dating from the end of the Republic and the beginning of Imperial times. These proved the relations existing between the East and the Latin shore, whilst those now expected will be the proof that the country was populated from the earliest ages, and may give us some hint of their customs.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

By IAN HAY, Author of The Right Stuff, A Man's Man, Happy-go-Lucky, &c.

CHAPTER XIV.—continued.

H

PHILIP'S orthodox education was not neglected.
After a year's attendance as a day-boy at
the establishment near St Albans he was sent to
Studley, a great public school in the south of
England. Here many things surprised him.

Having spent most of his life in the company of grown men, he anticipated some difficulty in rubbing along with boys of his own age. Master Philip at this period of his career was surprisingly grown up; in fact, he was within a dangerously short distance of becoming a prig. But he went to school in time. In three weeks the latent instincts of boyhood had fully developed, and Philip played Rugby football, indulged in un-

wholesome and clandestine cookery, rioted noisily when he should have been quiescent, and generally tumbled in and out of scrapes as happily and fortuitously as if he had been born into a vigorous family of ten.

He achieved a respectable position for himself among his fellows, but upon a qualification which would have surprised an older generation. The modern schoolboy is essentially a product of the age he lives in, and the gods he worships are constantly adding to their number. Of what does his Pantheon consist? Foremost, of course, comes the athlete. He is a genuine and permanent deity. His worshippers behold him every

day excelling at football and cricket, lifting incredible weights in the dormitory before retiring to bed, or running a mile in under five minutes. His qualifications are written on his brow, and up he goes to the pinnacle of Olympus, where he endures from age to age. Second comes the boy whose qualifications are equally good, but have to be accepted to a certain extent upon hearsaythe sportsman. A reputed good shot or straight rider to hounds is admitted to Olympus ex officio, and is greatly in request, in the rôle of Sir Oracle, during those interminable discussionscorresponding to the symposia in which those of riper years indulge in clubs and mess-roomswhich invariably arise when the rank and file of the House are assembled round a commonroom fire, in the interval, say, between tea and preparation.

There are other and lesser lights—the wag, for instance. The scholar, as such, has no seat in the sun. His turn comes later in life, when the athletes are licking stamps and running errands.

But the Iron Age in which we live has been responsible for a further addition to the scholastic aristocracy—the motor expert. A boy who can claim to have driven a Rolls-Royce at fifty miles an hour is accorded a place above the salt by popular acclamation. No one with any claim to social distinction can afford to admit ignorance upon such matters as high-tension magnetos and rotary valves. The humblest fag can tell at a glance whether a passing vehicle is a Wolseley or a Delaunay-Belleville. Science masters, for years a despised—or at the best a tolerated race, now achieve a degree of popularity and respect hitherto only attainable by Old Blues, because they understand induced currents and the mysteries of internal combustion. Most curious portent of all, a boy in the Lower School, who cannot be trusted to work out a sum in simple arithmetic without perpetrating several gross errors, and to whom physics and chemistry, as such, are a sealed book entitled Stinks, will solve in his head, readily and correctly, such problems as relate to petrol-mileage or the ratio of gearwheels, and remedy quite readily and skilfully the ticklish troubles that arise from faulty carburettors and short circuits.

It was upon these qualifications that Philip originally obtained admission to the parliament which perennially fugged and argued round the fire on winter evenings. It was true that he had never been fined for exceeding the speed limit in Hyde Park, like Ashley major, or been run into in the Ripley Road, like Master Crump, but his technical knowledge was very complete for a boy of his age; and, being an admirable draughtsman, he could elucidate with paper and pencil mysteries which both he and his audience realised could not be explained by the English language.

In time, too, he became a fair athlete. Cricket he hated, but he developed into a sturdy, though clumsy, forward at football; and his boxing showed promise. His speciality was the strength of his wrist and forearm. On gala nights, when the prefects had been entertaining a guest at tea—an old boy or a junior master—Philip, then a lusty fag rising sixteen, was frequently summoned before the quality to give his celebrated exhibi-

tion of poker-bending.

Having discovered that the boys at Studley were much more grown up than he had expected, Philip was not altogether surprised to find that some of the masters were incredibly young-not to say childish. There was Mr Brett, his Housemaster. Mr Brett was a typical product of a great system—run to seed. Our public schools are very rightly the glory of those who understand them, but they are the despair of those who do not. Generally speaking, they produce a type of man with no special propensities, and consequently no special fads. He has been educated on stereotyped and uncommercial lines. He is not a specialist in any branch of knowledge. His critics say that he is unfitted for any profession, that he cannot write a business letter, that he is frequently incapable of expressing himself in decent English. But—public school tradition has taught him to run straight and speak the truth. The fagging system has taught him to obey an order promptly. The prefectorial system has taught him to frame an order, and see that it is carried out. Games have taught him to play for his side and not for himself. The management of games has instilled into him the first principles of organisation and responsibility. Taking him all round, he is the very man we want to run a half-educated Empire.

Possibly these truths had been known to Mr Brett in his early days. But, as already stated, his principles had run to seed. In the vegetable world-of which schoolmasters are dangerously prone to become distinguished members—whenever judicious watering and pruning are lacking, time operates in one of two ways. A plant either withers and wilts, or it shoots up into a monstrous and unsightly growth. In Mr Brett's intellectual arboretum every shrub had wilted save two-Classics and cricket. These twain, admirable in moderation, had grown up like mustard-trees, and now overshadowed the whole of Mr Brett's mental outlook. In his House he devoted his ripe scholarship and untiring care exclusively to boys who were likely to do well in the Sixth; his mathematicians and scientists were left to look after themselves. French and German he openly described as a sop to the parental Cerberus.' His modern-side boys forgave the slight freely-in fact, they preferred it; and their heavily supervised classical brethren envied them their freedom. But cricket was a different matter. Mr Brett had probably begun by regarding Classics as the greatest intellectual, and cricket as the greatest moral, stimulus in the schoolboy world—a common and, on the whole, perfectly tenable attitude of mind. But by the time that Philip came under his charge it is greatly to be feared that he regarded both as nothing more than a means to an end—Classics as an avenue to scholarships and House-advertisement, cricket as an admirable instrument wherewith to lacerate the feelings of other House-masters.

Cricket was rather overdone at Studley in those days. There were cricket leagues and cricket cups innumerable. Play was organised exactly like work; the control of their pastimes was taken from the hands of the boys themselves and put into the hands of blindly enthusiastic masters. Masters flocked on to the field every afternoon, and bowled remorselessly at every net. Healthy young barbarians who did not happen to possess any aptitude for cricket, and whose only enjoyment of the game lay in the long handle and blind swiping, were compelled to spend their allotted ten minutes standing in an attitude which made it impossible for them to slog the ball, listening giddily the while to impassioned harangues upon the subject of playing forward and keeping a straight bat. Cricket, thus highly officialised, soon began to be accepted by the boys as a mere extension of school routine, and, being turned from play to work, was treated by them as they treated Casar and Euclid—that is to say, they did just as much as they were compelled to do and no more. But their enthusiastic preceptors took no account of this. They glowed internally to think how unselfishly they were devoting their spare time to improving the standard of school cricket (as indeed they were), and cementing the entente cordiale between master and boy (as most assuredly they were not). It did not occur to them that it is possible to have too much of a good thing. Nine boys out of ten would have been grateful enough for half-anhour's coaching a week; but to be compelled to spend every afternoon repressing one's natural instincts, debarred—by that unwritten law which decrees that no boy may address his fellows with any degree of familiarity in the presence of a master—from exchanging the joyous but primitive repartees and impromptus of the young, struck the most docile Studleian as 'a bit too thick.

Worse still, these excellent men quarrelled among themselves as to the respective merits of their pupils. Many a humble fag, contentedly supping off sweet biscuits and contraband sardines in the privacy of his study, would have been amazed (and greatly embarrassed) if he had known that his merits as a leg-break bowler were being maintained or denied with the utmost vehemence over Common-Room port by two overheated graduates of Oxford University. Housemasters plotted and schemed to have the dates of matches put forward or set back in order that some star-performer of their own, at present in the sick-house or away at a funeral, might be enabled to return in time to take part in the fray. Elderly gentlemen, who ought to have known better, rose straight from their knees after evening prayers and besought their pupils to make runs for the honour of the House.

Into this strange vortex the unsuspecting Philip found himself whirled. His first term was comparatively normal. He went to Studley in January, and being, as already recorded, a healthy young animal, soon found his place among his fellows. Of Mr Brett he could make little or nothing. He was by reason of his training in many ways a grown-up boy. There were times when the cackle of the House Common-Room bored him, at which he would have enjoyed a few minutes' conversation with an older man, say upon the morning's news, or some book recently disinterred from the top shelf of the House library. But intercourse with his Housemaster was not for him. Mr Brett, finding that Philip knew little Latin and no Greek, had dismissed him abruptly to the Modern Side, as one of that noxious but necessary band of pariahs whose tainted but necessary contributions make it possible for the elect to continue the pursuit of Classics. As for Philip's football promise, it was nothing to Mr Brett. This most consistent of men considered the worship of football 'a fetish.'

All hope of further intimacy between this antagonistic pair ended during the following summer term, when, to Philip's unutterable amazement, Mr Brett declined to speak to him for the space of three days, because Philip, by inadvertently running out the most promising batsman on his side in the course of a Junior House League match, had deprived Mr Brett of a possible two points out of the total necessary to secure the Junior House Cricket Cup. The incident did not disturb Philip's peace of mind to any extent. It merely crystallised his opinion of his Housemaster. He possessed a large measure of his uncle's gift of terse summarisation of character.

'This chap,' he observed to himself, 'is the most almighty and unutterable sweep in the scholastic profession, besides being a silly baby. I must turn him down, that's all.'

Henceforward Philip went his own way. He met his Housemaster but seldom, for he was naturally excluded from such unofficial hospitalities as Sunday breakfasts and half-holiday teas. Neither did the two come into official collision, for Philip was a glutton for work, and reached the top of the Modern Side by giant strides. The only direct result of their strained relations was that Philip was not made a prefect when the time came. Mr Brett could not reconcile his conscience to placing in a position of authority a boy who was neither a Classic nor a cricketer, who was lacking in esprit de corps, and made a fetish of football and science.

But Philip was contented enough. True, he could not take his meals at the high table, neither could he set fags running errands for

him, but he possessed resources denied to most boys. He became the devoted disciple of one of the junior Science masters, Mr Eden, who, almost delirious with joy at having discovered a boy who loved Science for its own sake, and not merely because the pursuit thereof excused him from Latin verse, took Philip to his bosom. Under his direction Philip read widely and judiciously, and was permitted in fullness of time to embark upon 'research work'—that is, to potter about the laboratory during his spare hours and make himself familiar with the use and manipulation of every piece of apparatus that he encountered.

He had his friends in the House too. was Desborough, a big, lazy member of the Fifth, the son of an Irish baronet, much more interested in sport than games, though he was a passable enough athlete. Desborough disliked the rigidity of Mr Brett's régime, and pined occasionally for the spacious freedom of his country home, with its dogs and guns by day and bridge and billiards in the evening. there was Laird, a Scot of Scots, much too deeply interested in the question of his future career as a Cabinet Minister to suffer compulsory games and unprofitable conversation with any degree of gladness. And there was Lemaire, the intellectual giant of the House, who, though high up in the Sixth, was considered by Mr Brett to have forfeited all right to a position of authority among his fellows by having been born into the

world with a club foot. But though he could play no games, Lemaire exacted more respect and consideration from the House than Mr Brett dreamed of, for he possessed a quick wit and a

blistering tongue.

It was with these three that Philip forgathered during his later years at school. The Quartette, as they were called, resembled secondyear undergraduates rather than third year schoolboys in their attitude to life and their methods of recreation. Being endowed with no authority, they escaped the obsession of responsibility which lies so heavily upon the shoulders of youthful officialdom, and they conformed to the rules of the House and school with indulgent tolerance, observing the spirit rather than the letter of the law. Which was just as well, for boys in their position could have done incalculable harm had they felt so disposed. The prefects were secretly afraid of them, and left them to themselves. The House as a whole venerated them, especially Philip and Desborough, and would gladly have been admitted to greater intimacy. But the Quartette would have none of them. They preferred to hold aloof from the turbulent camaraderie of the Common-Room, and congregate in one or other of their studies, where it was rumoured that they talked politics.

But rumour was wrong, or at any rate only partially in possession of the facts, as you shall hear.

(Continued on page 226.)

THOUGHTS OF A TRAVELLER.

By F. G. AFLALO.

I .- TROUBLES BY LAND AND SEA.

TIME, the healer, robs retrospect of bitterness. When from the regained security of the domestic hearth we look back to the wanderings of years in other continents, it is easier to recall the sunshine than the rain. Next to our inability to see what the future has in store for us, this optimism of reminiscence is our most blessed gift. Were it otherwise, were we not only to remember the unhappy hours of yesterday, but also to foresee those of to-morrow, this our life would be unbearable.

Yet there are thorns and stones which even the most enthusiastic globe-trotter cannot wholly obliterate from memory; and, since it is better to profit by the mistakes of others, his friends may even turn such memories to account when their turn comes to face the long trail. A few of these trials, recalled from years of wandering up and down the earth, may possibly be of use to those happy ones with the road all before them. They are trials encountered only on the beaten track of tourist travel. The dangers and difficulties which beset those more hardy adventurers who brave the polar ice or breast the tropic jungle are sufficiently familiar in current books of travel. Yet the railroad and mail-boat also have their traps for the unwary.

What, for instance, could be more disconcerting to inexperienced travellers, particularly of the gentler sex, than the publicity of the sleeping and dressing accommodation on American and Canadian railroads? What more chaotic than the feelings of a nervous woman able to secure only an upper berth in a crowded Pullman? She has to climb the steps, held perhaps by a grinning negro, in full view of a score of men and women; and then, behind drawn curtains, she has to divest herself as best she may of her clothes and dispose of these on and round In the morning she must attire her bunk. herself scantily but decently, and then make her way between the other beds, stumbling in the half-light over boots and 'grips' to a tiny cupboard of a dressing-room, already occupied, it may be, by two or three others of her sex. If so fortunate as to secure a 'lower,' she is somewhat better off, for her boots and bag can at any rate go underneath, and there is no painful performance with the ladder. At best, however, the sleeping quarters on even the most luxurious of the 'limited' trains, short of the expense of a 'drawing-room,' are wretched, and offer much less comfort at twelve shillings a night than our own north-country trains do for a smaller sum.

The price charged for meals on these trains is often extortionate. It is true that on a few lines, notably the Intercolonial of Canada. a fair meal is supplied at the inclusive price of a dollar; and no one can object that four shillings and twopence is too much to ask for half-a-dozen courses cooked and served in transit. On other lines, however, the meals are served à la carte, and at such charges that it is not unusual to spend seven or eight shillings on a dinner of no immoderate length. The catering is careless, with no provision for emergency crowds, with the result that during a fair at Toronto or a Congress at Montreal there may be three times as many people in the cars as were allowed for, and those who come last, while paying the same as the others, have to do without sufficient milk, butter, and other articles.

Then, again, who has not suffered east and west, north and south, from the selfishness of those who dislike fresh air worse than sin? Why, with the repeated altercations and complaints brought to the notice of the guards and conductors, will the companies do nothing to alleviate the misery of those who dislike the underground atmosphere affected by badgers? A simple solution of the difficulty would offer itself in the supply of one or two carriages of each class in which the windows should be closed on the requisition of a single inmate. It would then be perfectly simple for the guard to stow the whole of the anti-fresh-air brigade into this special accommodation, and the rest could breathe. As it is, with neither written nor unwritten law, beyond the very vague custom which gives the choice to the passenger next the window and facing the engine, guards and passengers alike have nothing to go upon.

Why should there be no rule touching the disposal of hand-baggage inside the carriage? The Americans dispose of the matter effectually by forbidding any but the smallest 'grips' or parcels inside the cars. The French and some other Continental nations have a more intelligent practice of assigning to each occupant the space on the rack immediately over his head, thus precluding the selfish habit, too common on our own trains, of a single passenger taking possession of an empty carriage and promptly seizing the whole of the rack for the rest of a long journey with several stoppages, leaving no room for the small luggage of those who join the train later. First come, first served, is often an admirable rule, but it can be carried too far.

Porters, or the lack of them, may constitute

a serious drawback to the pleasure of railway travel. On the American continent, indeed, porters are rare and independent, for the simple reason that the majority of Americans would rather carry their own bags to a cab than pay a porter to do so. In Canada the traveller is rather better off, as there is generally a contingent of 'redcaps' awaiting the arrival of each train. Yet these also, weary perhaps of the indifference of the considerable American contingent of tourists to their offers of assistance, sometimes fail to be on the spot when required. Latterly, indeed, some of this unreadiness of porters has been noticeable even at our own London termini. The 'tip' is probably at the root of the evil, and until railway companies are compelled to pay these humble servants a wage which, while not putting them above such gratuities, should at any rate enable tips to be dispensed with, porters will continue to look askance until they are wooed with a humility which forecasts extra largesse.

Ocean travel has, it must be confessed, fewer trials for the inexperienced, simply because the officers and stewards of all well-appointed liners, mail-boats or otherwise, make it their business to see that the passengers are properly looked after—a duty which devolves on no one connected with a train, and which is at best indifferently fulfilled by an unusually obliging or conscientious guard

Sea-sickness is the ever-present drawback of board-ship life—not always your own, but sometimes that of others. Nothing can well be more horrible than to share a cabin with a sufferer from this distressing malady; while it is only a little less upsetting to see your neighbour at table suddenly make a wild bolt for the door of the saloon, or the occupant of the next deck-chair rushing with great determination to the railing. There is hardly a remedy for these contretemps; though it may be possible for a friendly purser to change your cabin, and it should not be difficult to have your deck-chair put next to that of some one immune from such sudden calls on his time.

One-half of the little social troubles on board ship arise from scandal-mongering, and the rest from want of tact. The golden principle of give and take can be ignored only with disastrous results to all concerned. While, on the one hand, those who indulge in boisterous deck-games should exercise tolerance of invalids and others with no inclination for such recreation, something is also due from the last-mentioned, who should not intentionally have their deck-chairs planted in the way of the players. Gossip, save of the most harmless sort, should be sternly discouraged. There is nowhere else where it so easily becomes a habit, mainly from lack of more wholesome occupation. Practical jokes are quite out of place, particularly with comparative strangers; yet there are people gifted with a hilarious

temperament who unhesitatingly try them on all and sundry, feeling aggrieved if they are resented.

In every voyage in the tropics there is certain to be more or less vermin in the ship. Rats may be out of place in cabins, but fleas are most certainly not, and it behoves the philosophic passenger to provide himself with insecticide powders, and to drive the enemy from his berth without endless complaint to the authorities.

Pet animals are sometimes a nuisance on board, and at others a pleasure. They resemble children. They are a pleasure when they are your own, and a nuisance when they belong to some one else. There is no need, however, to make a fuss just because some small marmoset or chipmunk or squirrel is brought on deck for an airing. Dogs, parrots, and monkeys should be sternly suppressed, because they are noisy; but voiceless creatures like lizards or tortoises do no harm to any one. The intrusion of passengers from the second-class into first-class precincts is a minor annoyance which may usually be dealt with by quiet reference to the deck steward or quartermaster. It is certainly not worth troubling the captain about. Few of these little grievances are. He has enough to do in looking after the safety of the ship, and is neither a policeman nor an encyclopædia, though many passengers insist on regarding him as a combination of both.

H .-- OUT AND HOME.

What a gap there is between the first day of a journey and the last! The willing exile, who loves travel for its own sake, steps lightly up the gangway, with an anxious eye on the porter with his lighter luggage, and a curious glance for the new home and for those who are to be his comrades for a week or a month of sea and sky. Then he leans on the rail and looks down at the busy quay as the mailbags and the last of the passengers come aboard. How he has planned and worked for this trip! How much it has meant for him: the change of scene, of food, perhaps of language; new illnesses, it may be new sensations; but, agreeable or otherwise, all new! He is obeying the unconquerable instinct to 'go and look behind the ranges; and the comfort of his club and the peace of his hearth seem already far away, for it is too soon to feel regrets that may come later. As the gangways are hauled ashore, the great ropes cast off, and the little tugs help the great liner out into midstream, he looks his last on Liverpool or Southampton, then goes below to settle in his new quarters.

Three months later, camping under the clear Canadian sky, or watching the wanton fireflies from a Jamaica veranda, or elbowing his way through the dusky press of some Eastern market or bazaar, he suddenly thinks that it would be good to be home again. This nostalgia is a strange mood, coming without warning, not even

brought on by a letter or other reminder; though more often resulting, it may be unconsciously, from some annoyance or disillusion of the new The sport is a failure; the guides are insubordinate; the heat, the cold, the mosquitoes, the dust, the extortion of hotels, the monotony of human ebony, a recurrence of malaria—in short, some drawback of his travels, rather than the sweetness of home, is the surest magnet to draw him the way he came. Without such excuse, indeed, this Heimweh is a morbid mood, since the tourist voluntarily turned his back on home, to discover its virtues only when it was lost to view. This hankering after what we have not got is the commonest of human foibles; but the home-sickness which obsesses men in the jungle or on the veldt is a deeper-rooted emotion proper only in those whose exile is compulsory, the pioneers of empire, soldiers, administrators, and humbler workers of our outposts. In those who seek other scenes for change, home-sickness is a confession of weakness and discontent.

And so, either prematurely or at the appointed time, the exile comes home again. He may land at Liverpool or at Southampton in April sunshine or November fog. He may be met on the quay by those impatient for his return, or he may slink away to the waiting train unnoticed and unwelcomed. He may come back to the embrace of his family or to the bailiffs. Yet, whatever the circumstances of his return, he has come home, and there is no getting away from it. The landmarks of the journey to town fly by. Crewe is passed, or Winchester; Euston, or Waterloo, lies ahead. His trip might all have been a dream. He can hardly realise that since he last flew by these trim hedges and village churches he has smelt the East, or looked upon the awful majesty of the Rockies, or luxuriated in the hospitable sloth of West Indian burgalows. Yet, in case he should entertain any doubts as to the reality of his odyssey, there, on the seat beside him, is the faithful old suit-case, its frayed leather a crazywork of hotel labels of every size, shape, and colour, pasted on this moving hoarding by officious hall-porters East and West. The Grunwald of New Orleans overlaps the Pera Palace of Constantinople; the Myrtle Bank, recalling the phœnix renascence of Kingston, is cheek by jowl with the Place Viger of northern Montreal; the Portland brings back the scent of roses, the Tahoe Tavern the flash of trout; here is a label that recalls sunshine in the Puerta. del Sol, there a fragment reminiscent of robed paynim entering or leaving the Mosque of the Ommayedes in Damascus. And over all, newer than the rest, affixed but the evening before by the cabin steward, is the legend 'London.' London indeed, at once the beginning and the end of his travels, must be looming near. It is time to pull himself together, and to realise that one more trip has joined the memories that

WHEN THE CATTLE PANIC.

By G. TREVOR ROLLER.

LITTLE PANCHO blew a smoke-wreath into the air, sat back in his saddle, and surveyed the restless herd. His ear was well used to the noises that filled that cold hour before the dawn. The restless tramping, the occasional clashing of horns; then almost a silence, only to be broken by the quick, rushing pad of hoofs over the baked ground, a thud, and a coughing (almost human) grunt from some steer that had taken it broadside; then the trampling and horn-clashing would start again. Little Pancho knew it all so

Twelve years of the cattle-roads had taught Pancho that these restless sounds might mean nothing, and yet, again, might mean everything; so he pulled his serape tighter round him, looked up at the strip of sky that showed cold and gray between the high barranca walls, and philosophically prayed for the dawn. Before him, halfasleep in his saddle, sat his master, the man whose word meant law to him; and yet that man's experience of cattle-driving in Mexico was as nothing compared with his. The man before him was boss because of superior brains, because of superior knowledge of the commercial value of cattle. He was the man who figured, and bought, and saw the cattle safely to the railroad. Pancho was only the foreman vaquero, a cattledriver, and as such must take his orders from the tall, sleepy Englishman before him.

Pancho wondered rather why that loose-limbed son of the North could sit so peacefully, his unlit pipe clenched in his teeth, while the cattle whirled and stamped. Ah, he forgot; this señor was English, a cattle-buyer only, who knew nothing of the nature of the beasts-their weight perhaps at a glance, their value, even their shrinking capacity, but not their nature. No, he could not know that! He came from wellregulated stockyards. What could he know of the cattle-roads, the rest-places, the storm herd-And yet that Englishman had always taken advice from him on this trip; yes, and on the last, when they had first met. until to-night. To-night nothing would please him but the barranca. He would not stop in the open country to the west; he would not press on through the barranca to the rest-house and tienda to the east. 'No,' he told Pancho; 'when we camp near a tienda the men sneak off and guzzle tecela; they get very drunk; they are hard to rouse in the morning. No; we will camp in the barranca. The cattle will take little herding there—two men to the east end, two men to the west. That's how we shall do it, eh, Pancho?' est. That's how we shall do it, eh, Pancho?'
Pancho had taken that as final. He was sorry

now he had not protested. A barranca is a bad place to camp in—a very bad place! The cattle have no room; panic comes quickly in a crowd, a crush. Boulders have a way of loosening in barranca walls and roaring down upon sleeping cattle, that wake half-dazed, with one thought only-to gallop, gallop madly, from the noise that came on them in the dark in their sleep. And then, again, the rains were at hand; there was a feel as of thunder. Upon the plains all would be still; but down here, in this narrow walled lane, mysterious warm draughts seemed to be moving, stirring the few dried leaves on the scrub oaks, making spiral eddies of the dust. The cattle felt the eerie strangeness. Pancho felt it, and Pancho's half-broken pony felt it more than all. Pancho was a cow-puncher to his backbone, and he knew the signs. When the pony between your knees behaves like an overstrung woman, it is time to look out for trouble. First he would see what singing would do, for cattle like to be sung to; so he turned and rode to the north. Then, swinging in his saddle to the time, he sang, in that weird yet soothing tone of the mule-drivers and cowboys of Mexico, a song as old as himself—ay, older. Verse after verse he crooned to the cattle. For these songs have many verses full of sadness, full of love; they tell of the passions of the South, the soft arms of women, the hot, unchecked quarrels of rivals, the peace of lonely lovers clothed in a velvet night. They told of life as he knew it, unfettered, free to live.

At the barranca wall Pancho turned back to the other side, passing his master, but still singing. Back and forth he rode. Across the herd, to the west, the other cowboys had taken up his song. At first the cattle seemed to become quieter, but not for long. Again they started their aimless moving. Pancho pressed his pony alongside the Englishman.

'They are restless to-night, Pancho,' his master said in Spanish. 'I've never seen them like

What frightens them?'

'They expect a storm, señor; they are like this when they expect a thing, and when it comes they are quiet. But while they are waiting is the time to fear. A sudden surprise now, and that would start them stampeding. And yet, again, it might not; one never knows with cattle. I have seen a herd started by the clapping of a child's small hands; and I've seen a drunken vaquero fire his revolver over a restless bunch, and they stood like old work-oxen. Ah señor, they are like women; one never knows!' Pancho necked his pony to the east. 'More room, señor,' he said; 'let us give them room.'

The Englishman followed. He dropped his reins on his pony's neck and started filling his pipe. A stampede, he thought, would be a

novel thing for him; and he was out here with his eyes open for new things. Then, as he looked at the pitchy-black road before him, and remembered the half-dry watercourse and nasty holes he had seen the evening before, he thought that a ride in front of a half-mad bunch of cattle down that barranca would very well surpass any hunting run he had ever known for excitement; and he shuddered. Then to think how the cattle would waste-his beloved cattle, that he had bargained for and bought, staking his reputation on his judgment! They would lose pounds and pounds in weight. Why, a restless night like this was bad enough; but—— He kicked his pony up to the Mexican. 'We mustn't let them stampede, Pancho. Can't we ride into them and cut them out, and make them spread a bit?' he asked.

'No, no, señor / If we ride near them, too near, they will start milling; they will move on to the other side, perhaps. The cowboys might not be able to hold them, who knows? Ah, look, señor / they are loosening; some have spread out. That is better.'

A few shadowy forms loomed up and took shape; they came toward the horses, stopped, and turned aside. Pancho dismounted and led his little nondescript-coloured pony away. Presently the Englishman heard splashing. He too dismounted and walked to the water.

'Don't let your pony drink, señor. I do not let mine. I only came to find out where the watercourse ran.'

'But why not water them now, Pancho?' asked the Englishman.

'A mouthful only, then, señor,' answered Pancho. 'Later let them drink their fill, for here is the dawn.' He pointed to a band of gray in the east. 'We may have to gallop, señor, and ponies gallop badly when they are full of water.'

'But I thought you said it was all right?' said the Englishman, gazing at the herd through the growing light.

'I said things were better, señor; one is never all right with cattle at times like this.—Ah, you ill-bred cayote! would you put your unworthy feet on the señor's toes, you he-goat!' This to his pony, that had started back and crowded the Englishman.

The little Mexican's vehemence amused his master, and, with a low laugh, he leant forward to push the pony in the flank and make it stand over, as he would have done to an English hunter. No sooner had he touched the pony than it was away from him. One single jump, and it landed some yards off, all four feet in a bunch, emitting a snort, not of fear, but of defiance.

'Nice sort of pony!' said the Englishman; 'he's more like a jack-rabbit.'

Pancho hauled in the pony by the head-rope and gently rubbed him behind the ears till he pricked them again.

'Oh, he is gentle, señor /' he said. The Englishman laughed.

So, in defence of his cow-hocked little terror, Pancho continued: 'Now, yesterday, in the morning, he was bad. You think of that, señor. But it was my fault. The cinch slipped back under his belly; then of course he bucked till he bucked himself out of the saddle. Ah, my little Juarez would do that; he would stop to do it if a stampeding bunch of cattle were after him.-No, you do not like the girth too far back; you do not like to be hurt. Otherwise you are very gentle, are you not Chicito? Yes, truly!' Then, as if to give the lie to his words, he carefully took the bridle just above the bit in his left hand, pulled the pony's head round to his shoulder, put his right hand on the saddle-horn, and mounted. When he was quite settled he let the pony's head go. A wise precaution, if one were to judge by the laid-back ears and tucked-in tail of the 'gentle one.'

The light had grown apace, and the herd could be seen like gray ghosts in the dawn. They were still rather packed and rather restless. The air was very still all round them; dark clouds

were banking up in the west.

'I think, señor,' said Pancho, 'we should move little by little down the barranca. I will shout to the others to drive little by little very gently; then the cattle will spread out for a mile or more. That will give them room. Then the storm will come, and they will turn their tails to it and be quiet, and we can leave a man at the head of the gulch and go back to the camp for some food.' So saying, he shouted and signalled to the other cowboys.

The Englishman looked across the backs of the cattle to the camp that lay on a stretch of higher ground. Already dim figures moved about amongst the equipment. Pancho shouted to them—they were the men who had watched through the earlier part of the night—to saddle up and help to loose the herd. Then he turned the pony and started up the barranca, crying to the cattle. 'Hoo-ar novel-yos, hoo-ar novel-yos /' he sang merrily, as the Englishman rode at his side. But, call as coaxingly as he could, the cattle would not follow. The leaders would advance a step or two, stand with their feet apart for a moment, and move off to the right at a shambling walk; then, throwing up their heads, they would crowd back into the herd. The two mounted men on the other side were using their ropes, swinging them round and bringing them down with a thwack on the backs of the steers. But still the cattle came forward on Pancho's side, turned to the right, and walked back to the herd. It was the beginning of a 'mill.' Soon, if they were not careful. that great bunch of fourteen hundred head of cattle would be turned into a living maelstrom; they would not be merely coming out, turning to the right at a walk; they would be gallopinggalloping their hoofs off in a whirling, maddening 'mill.' Then two or three half-mad steers would break from that sickening dust-cloud at the point of least resistance, followed by others; they would be the edge of the wedge; but the others would follow until the barranca was filled from wall to wall with a wave of tossing horns and crazed, galloping hoofs.

Pancho knew this, and he tried to break the 'mill' before it became chaos. His rope was out now; he wheeled the little pony and galloped back to the cattle, forcing against the stream; but they only crowded from him, pressing on the centre. Worse still, they no longer walked; it was a silly, half-dazed trot, and the dust rose up in dense red clouds. Those in the centre were bellowing, for the pressure was anormous.

Then things began to happen quickly. Pancho was galloping backward and forward, cursing and shouting, and whirling his rope. Two steers tried to break away. The Englishman instinctively rode at them and turned them. Pancho dashed up to him in a cloud of dust to help. Then all at once, behind him, up by the barranca's northern wall, they broke, a stream of them pelting under the wall like an avalanche.

'Keep ahead of them, señor!' yelled Pancho.
'I will try to thin them out.'

The Englishman galloped to the front; then, turning in his saddle, he fired his revolver at the leading steer. Whether he hit it or not he did not know, but he fired again and again. He might have shot at an Atlantic roller for all the difference it made on the maddened Pancho had ridden straight for the stream of cattle, trying to cut it. As he rode a steer's flank pressed against his left leg, and he slashed the animal over the face with his rope, blinding it. Suddenly he glanced over his right shoulder, and that glance told him the game was up. The cattle no longer followed the wedge; they were coming in a mass, coming like hell let loose, fourteen hundred head of cattle-fourteen hundred head of crazed steers that would not stop in that narrow defile for any power on earthnot now. They were fairly alight, and Pancho knew he could not save them. They would go on for two miles till the barranca opened on to the plain, then pour forth like water from a culvert, spread out, and stop. There was no stopping them here; they would cover that two miles if they were their hoofs to the bone. There was no saving them, and many would be killed.

As for Pancho, he had no wish to figure in

As for Pancho, he had no wish to figure in that casualty list, and he had no wish that his master should. The little pony was speedy, and he had no trouble in ranging alongside the Englishman. 'Ride, señor /' he cried. 'We can't save them; we must keep ahead—well ahead. There is no way out of the barranca except at the end. We must get there—first.'

The ponies now fairly stretched to their

work. They were cattle-ponies born and bred, and they went over the rough ground like cats.

For a few moments the Englishman did not grasp the reality of the situation. looked back, and saw only a short way behind a very inferno—the flying dust, the straining cattle; but the noise of that moving hell was more appalling than the sight. He knew now he was riding for his life. A false step meant a fall. Perhaps he would not be knocked out; he would get on to his feet, there would be a short run, a frenzied run, as in a dream, and then—— He glanced at Pancho. The little Mexican was looking behind him now and again, watching the track in front, then jerking a look behind. Suddenly a change came over Pancho's pony, and the Englishman noticed it. The pony's ears went back and his quarters seemed to go under him. 'If the girth got too far back my little Juarez would stop to buck even if a bunch of cattle were after him.' Those words flashed through the Englishman's mind, and he glanced at the girth.

'Good heavens, Pancho, your saddle's slipping!'
Pancho looked down at his pony's withers,
then turned his head. Despair was written on
his face. 'Yes, señor,' he said, 'it is slipping.
You ride on; you can do nothing.'

'Can't you undo the girth, Pancho?'

Pancho's face suddenly brightened, and he grinned. 'Oh, I'm loco' he cried. 'Not undo—cut, yes.' His knife was tucked in the leg of his high boot, and in a moment he had it; but in that moment the pony's stride had shortened. He was going to stop there and buck, with death at his heels, because a girth had slipped back! He made a rocking plunge forward, fighting for his head; but as he did so Pancho slipped the knife under the webbing cinch, gave one tug, and it was flying loose. Throwing the knife from him, he flung himself over the saddle-horn on to the pony's neck, and the saddle fell to the ground. For a second the pony wavered, then stretched to his work again.

'My saddle will be spoilt,' shouted Pancho.

The Englishman said nothing. He had come very near to tragedy; he had very nearly been required to make up his mind whether to wait and try to save this man while his insane pony was endeavouring to buck himself free of his saddle, or whether to ride on. And a three seconds' wait meant death! It was not pleasant. He sat forward in his saddle watching—watching the end of the barranca, which was now in sight. Only a short distance now and he would get away from that ghastly roar behind him.

The little Mexican, sitting the barebacked pony as if it were an arm-chair, shouted to him, 'Turn to the right, señor, when we come out. They will spread and stop. The others will round them up.'

The two reached the open at last, swung to the

right up a sharp incline, reined in their reeking ponies, and looked back on the fourteen hundred head of destruction-dealers that followed. Out they came with a burst. A steer in front fell, two more turned over him, and then the main bunch hid them from sight. On they came. The leaders had expanded. As the animals in the rear emerged the Englishman saw some of the men, the greater part bare-backed. They went to right and left to get round the bunch. One raised his arm and shouted as he caught sight of the two on the hill.

Far out on the plain the cattle were spreading, the boys riding through them to get in front. For the first time the Englishman realised it was raining. He took his poncho from his saddle and threw it over him. The storm had come.

Pancho stood beside his pony, rubbing its ears affectionately, watching the plain. 'They hold them now, señor,' he said. 'Come, let us ride back to the camp. Coffee will be ready for us.'

The Englishman would have liked to stand

there on that rising ground and put in a bit of thinking. He had just finished the most exciting ride of his life. He had been within a few feet of death. And it was so new, terribly new; yet this little brown-eyed Mexican beside him talked of coffee!

'You've been in that sort of thing before,

Pancho?' he said.

'Si, señor,' answered Pancho. 'We have to take these things as we take other things—pleasant things, the rough with the smooth. We pay a price for the air we breathe, the women we love, the free life we lead. That was bad, señor. I have lost a saddle. You have lost some steers. We both nearly lost our lives. But now it is over; it is behind us. Come, señor, the coffee—and perhaps eggs. Quien sabe?'

The Englishman looked at him for a moment. 'Great Scott, the beggar's a fatalist!' he thought. They started riding slowly back to camp. Then he felt suddenly very hungry. 'Coffee,' he said aloud, 'and perhaps eggs. Who knows?'

IN PILGRIM GARB.

THE modern pilgrim has possibly quite material ends in view, and may be little of an idealist, in journeying to the Rhine, the Riviera, or around the world. Matters of business, restless curiosity, love of adventure, or quest of health may each and all mingle in the decision which sends him away from home surroundings. Certain enthusiasms warm the heart of the historical and literary pilgrim who finds shrines for admiration and wonder wherever a great man has lived or died, or a great deed has been done. The magnetism of Westminster Abbey, Stratfordon-Avon, or Abbotsford draws such pilgrims from the ends of the earth. The religious pilgrim may either be very enlightened or very ignorant. He appears to have flourished most in the least enlightened times and countries.

Chaucer has graphically shown us a company of pilgrims-twenty-nine 'sundry folk' whom he met at the Tabard Inn, Southwark, bent on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. People suffering from curable or incurable trouble resorted to our Lady of Walsingham; to Glastonbury, with its holy thorn which flowered at Christmas, and its Church of St Joseph of Arimathea; to the tomb of St Cuthbert at Durham; to York, Winchester, or Beverley. Pilgrimages were incessant in the Middle Ages, to fulfil a vow or expiate sin. The pilgrimage has survived to these times. Since a peasant girl, fifty-five years ago, announced that the Virgin Mary had appeared to her at a grotto in the then unknown hamlet of Lourdes, countless pilgrims have gone thither. Thousands of pilgrims go annually to Benares, the most sacred city of the Hindus, as Mecca and Medina

are goals of the devout Mussulman. The pious Russian pilgrim has Jerusalem as his goal, where he visits the holy places, and afterwards bathes in the Jordan in the shroud which will be his winding-sheet.

To visit Mecca and return scathless the Christian pilgrim must adopt a disguise, and otherwise be alert, clever, resourceful, and a good linguist. Among the first Christians to visit Mecca was Domingo Badia-y-Lablich, a native of Barcelona, who crossed to Africa in 1801 disguised as a Mussulman, under the name of Ali Bei. A later visitor was U. J. Seetzen, in 1809. The well-known Eastern traveller John L. Burckhardt (1784-1817), after his wanderings in Abyssinia, visited Mecca, and performed the rites of a pilgrim there, going round the Kaaba and acquitting himself as a Moslem. He mingled with the pilgrims without being suspected, and spent September to November 1814 in Mecca. Later he visited Medina. Sir Richard F. Burton, the famous linguist and traveller, used various disguises on his way to Mecca in 1853. Burton says that, however safe a Christian might be in Mecca, nothing could preserve him from the ready knives of enraged fanatics if he was detected in the holy house. The very idea is pollution to a Moslem. 'Those,' he says, 'who find danger the salt of pleasure may visit Mecca; but if asked whether the results justify the risk, I should reply in the negative.

Arminius Vambery, orientalist and traveller, disguised as a dervish or mendicant friar, performed a remarkable journey through the deserts of the Oxus to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand with a herd of fanatics by whom he would have

been torn in pieces if they had discovered who he was. His experience led him to support the opinion that the rule of Britain in the East was more beneficial than that of Russia. Vambery found that the preservation of his incognito was a tremendous mental and physical exertion. His poverty-stricken and dirty appearance helped the disguise. Sand and dirt gathered in the seams and cracks of his face, and where water was unavailable, the sand of the desert had to do instead. The sufferings he endured from hunger, thirst, and vermin were worse than anything possible in Europe. His headgear was ragged and coarse, his eyes rolled wildly, and he slept squeezed among a row of snoring beggars. What he suffered from lice is beyond description. Catching vermin was a favourite after-dinner occupation of these beggars. The garment might be held over red-hot cinders, and the lice died a fiery death with a crackling noise. Another method was to strew the garment with sand and expose it to the rays of the sun, which caused the vermin to shift their quarters. When neither fire nor sand was available, the garments might be left near an ant-hill. The ants streamed out and captured their lawful prey.

In his book, With Russian Pilgrims (1893), the Rev. A. A. Boddy records a visit he paid to the White Sea Monastery of Solovetsk. A later pilgrim in disguise was Mr Stephen Graham, who has written an admirably descriptive record of his trip With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem (Macmillan & Co.). The excellent photographs further illuminate the text. Such a journey has never been so well described before, and the author of A Tramp's Sketches is just the man to do it justice. It reads like a prose poem, in which due place is given to fact. Mr Graham knows the Russian language and is full of religious sympathy, and has projected himself very cleverly into the Russian mind. By his aid we can mingle in the crowd of Russian pilgrims in sheepskin coats, with their bundles, as they leave in the overcrowded steamer which sails from Constantinople to Jaffa; and can realise the life on board, the unspeakable condition of the hold, where four hundred human beings were crammed, the terrible storm, and the whole fortnight's voyage to Palestine. The writer is a born wanderer, a rebel against modern conditions and commercialism. He tells us he has tramped alone over the battlefields of the Crimea, visited the cemetery where lie so many British dead, wandered a thousand miles along the Black Sea shores to New Athos monastery and Batum; has been with seven thousand peasant pilgrims to Jerusalem, and lived their life in the hospitable Greek monasteries and in the great Russian hostelry at the Holy City; has bathed with them in Jordan, where all were dressed in their deathshrouds; and has slept a whole night with them in the Sepulchre.

There was not a sailor on board the steamer

Lazarus but laughed at the five hundred and sixty pilgrims, and called them fools. Stephen Graham, being intelligently sympathetic with them, gained their confidence, and knew many of them well ere the journey was over. They were all peasants, the upper and middle classes being unrepresented. Some had walked a thousand miles or more through Russia before embarking, perhaps spending the savings of years on the journey. Nearly all the men had wadded overcoats or fur-lined jackets, and long-haired sheepskin caps. The women were arrayed in bundles of petticoats, with layers of homespun linen over their shoulders, and thick gray shawls over their heads. The dark, foul-smelling hold contained a wilderness of linen packs, men and women lying among them. Those who were ill, feeble, or maimed were in the most noisome recesses. Some prayed and sang aloud all night; others sat in groups and read the Bible aloud, or sang songs or hymns. There were some typical Turkish passengers; a Greek Jew showman, with barrelorgan, three apes, and a bull with two mouths; Syrian women with baggy trousers; also saucy unveiled women, without stockings, but with gold rings on their big-toes, heavy silver serpents on their ankles, and bracelets at their

Among this motley crew Graham was disguised in an ancient blue blouse, looking like the discarded wear of an engine-driver, with a burden on his back similar to that of Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. As it was impossible for him to sleep in the hold, he chose as his bed a carpenter's bench on deck. He was taken for granted, and photographed as a pilgrim by a German. An old woman, thinking it unfriendly for a man to read books by himself, took a book out of his hand, saying, 'Don't read so much, or God will make a saint of you and take you from us.' Another dame, finding him scribbling, asked the loan of his pencil, as she also was a poet! As they neared Jaffa one peasant was heard to say, 'God has made the sea calm and the earth beautiful. It is because we are nearing the Holy Land.' The poorer pilgrims brought piles of black bread in waste ends and crusts gone mouldy. These were exposed to sun and air; hot water and salt were added to make a kind of soup; oil and black olives made it a festival diet; or it might be soaked in tea and eaten. Some ate the crusts along with a spring onion. Richer peasants had sacks of beans and potatoes, and made themselves porridge, or bought oranges, locust-beans, nuts, honey, or figs. One of their spiritual guides, Father Yevgeny, advised the pilgrims to read the Gospels, Psalter, and the history of the Church, but to have nothing to do with contemporary writings. 'Never look at anything foreign or modern. Truth has no need to be modern. When people come to you with new ideas, have nothing to do with them. Just answer, "I'm a simple Mouzak. I'm too

stupid to understand it." Graham thought he preached a gospel of stupidity and dullness, in opposition to the cleverness of faith and wisdom.

After a night spent in a monastery at Jaffa, some went by train and others walked to Jerusalem, besieged by Arab beggars and Turks who wished to carry bundles. At Jerusalem they obtained a place in a general hostel like a railway cloakroom. Jerusalem itself was a place of disillusionment; they passed through it, whispering prayers, making religious exclamations, in appearance jaded and woebegone, in reality feverish and excited with a pleasant feeling of brotherhood. They visited all the holy places, slept a night in the Holy Sepulchre, bought relics, bathed in the Jordan, and travelled north to Nazareth. 'Why the pilgrim goes there at all,' says Graham, 'seems a mystery; but all who do go wish to go again.' The scene on the banks of the Jordan must have been a strange sight as the peasants undressed and stepped into their shrouds to bathe in the river. In these now sacred shrouds they hope to be buried. The women had long robes like nightdresses; the men wore full white shirts and pantaloons. Those who came unprovided stood quite naked on the bank. The priest engaged in a service, and sanctified the water; the ikons and the cross were ranged around a wooden platform over the water. The priest called out, 'Come, ye thirsty, and take water gladly from the Wells of Salvation.' He bent down and scooped up water from the stream. Candles were lighted, and to the music of hymns, the towel-swathed cross was dipped first in the basin, and then in the river three times. At the dipping of the cross as many pilgrims as could bathed, crossing themselves and shivering. Men and women were mingled; there were no towels, and afterwards, naked, they stood or sat in the sun drying themselves. The pictures supply a realistic view of the strange occasion. 'It was a wonderful sight, that plunge in the life-giving stream, that rush from the bank of glittering lit figures into the strange little yellow-green river. For a whole hour there was a scene that baffles description, the most extraordinary mingling of men and women, all in white, dry and gleaming, or wet and dripping.

Typical pilgrims were Abraham, seventy-five years old, who was at Jerusalem for the twentieth time; and 'dear old dyadya' (uncle), fifty-five years of age, 'a gentle, reverent, innocuous, and outwardly seeming uninteresting pilgrim,' with whom Graham had intimate talks. Dyadya, when at Golgotha seeing the life-size representation of the crucifixion, bought a cross to take back, with other relics, to his native village. He suffered much from the night spent in the overcrowded Church of the Resurrection. He believed that all he heard was real as to the stone of anointing, the stone where Judas kissed Jesus, the real basin in Pilate's house, and that the sacred fire was

that actually received from heaven on Holy Saturday; also that the Bethlehem manger was the real manger, and that the pieces of the dress shown at Nazareth were really from that worn by the Virgin, and the planks those that Jesus planed. The journey from Jerusalem to Nazareth, though less than a hundred miles, is a hard one for the pilgrims on foot, but they are hospitably treated at all the monasteries on the way. The Imperial Orthodox Palestine Society has control over the hostelry at Nazareth, and gives free medical aid and more liberal supplies of food than those in Jerusalem. For threepence a day the pilgrim gets a typical village meal; if he cannot afford this, he can get a plate of porridge for three-farthings. After Nazareth the shore of the Sea of Galilee was visited, and the sites of Gadara, Capernaum, and Magdala. Then the return was made in gladness to Jerusalem, where seven thousand pilgrims had gathered for the ceremonies of Holy Week.

The author makes it plain that there is a world of difference between the outlook of the tourist upon Jerusalem and that of the pilgrims. 'The Russians have superstition, they are simple, they can be deceived, but they have life.' He concludes that if the Russian nation continues on the upgrade among the Powers of Europe the Sepulchre may fall into their hands, with all the duties of ministration at the shrines of Palestine.

Graham left on Easter Day, and was fortunate enough to get the last steamer that, owing to the outbreak of the Balkan war, was then allowed to pass through the Dardanelles. When at last Odessa was reached, and he heard again the language of business and pleasure, he felt that he was now far from the scenes of the simple faith of the pilgrims he had accompanied to Jerusalem.

CHARMS.

SIMPLE the charms that with wonderful power Stir the deep waters of memory's well; Fragments of song or the scent of a flower—Potent are these like some magical spell.

Back we are borne on the waves of remembrance, Scenes long forgotten grow clear to the view; Marvellous power hath some subtle fragrance To conjure up round us the friends whom we knew.

Faded old letters, grown yellow with keeping, Speak as it were with the voice of the dead, Charm us to laughter, or low, bitter weeping— Echoes are they from the years that are fled;

Ghosts from a time that is gone past recalling, Visions and spectres that rise as we gaze; Dim apparitions, with aspect appalling, Point to the folly of those vanished days.

Letters may burn, we may keep not a token, Naught to remind us of years long gone by; Music will haunt though the last link be broken, The scent of a flower bring tears to the eye. Frances A. Manks.



NERVES VERSUS HAPPINESS.

By ISABEL MACDONALD, D.N., A.R.S.I.

PESSIMIST has been described as 'a person who of two evils chooseth both;' but a neurasthenic chooses all the evils which find a place in a fertile but peculiarly morbid imagination. There is no condition more inimical to the happiness of home life, and more particularly to that of the person concerned, than a tendency to 'nerves.' It is one which should be combated from its earliest stages; but the dangers of giving way to it are rarely realised until the condition has gone almost beyond the individual's power to cure, even with the most sound medical advice and treatment. I can almost hear some one exclaim, 'Yes, precept is so easy, but practice, even in the early stages, so hard.' I quite agree that to overcome the tendency requires a tremendous effort of will, and will-power alone is not sufficient. Unselfishness, common-sense, sympathy, intelligence, hygiene, occupation, all these, and other factors as well, must come to the rescue.

I can remember the remarks of a friend of my own who suffered excessively from what she termed her 'nerves.' She appeared to be surrounded by all that heart could desire-a nice home, a husband who made her happiness his first care, bright, healthy little children, and numberless friends. Our conversation had arrived at the usual topic-her condition of 'Yes, auntie keeps telling me how lucky I am, and I know all that; but I cannot overcome this awful feeling of vague, overwhelming unhappiness. I keep on dreading that some one will be ill, or that we may not always be able to go on living in this pleasant, comfortable way. A hundred and one things I fear, and I simply live through days of heaviness in a kind of nervous dread of what life holds for me. No amount of trying will overcome this indefinable, vague anxiety, and it particularly overwhelms me in the early hours of the morning.' Poor lady, she had yet to learn that the greatest tragedies in life are those which never arrive. Yet a habit of meeting these phantoms is destroying the happiness and health of thousands of people in these strenuous days; and one still more pernicious than looking ahead for trouble is that of dwelling on the past. A fate more serious than that of Mrs Lot awaits those addicted to this, for they are in imminent danger of becoming pillars of nerves and living examples

of the futility of vain regrets. Better far to cultivate a spirit of self-forgetfulness, and be pillars of strength for those with greater burdens and sorrows. A healthy interest in other people's affairs is one of the best antidotes to 'nerves,' and one of the finest rules for mental hygiene is, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.'

I do not wish, however, to confine myself to what may appear to some to be mere platitudes; and there is no denying the fact that in these days our lives are strenuous to the point of overstrain. The pace of existence grows rapid and ever more rapid, more complicated, more exhausting; nevertheless, if we meet the demands of modern life in a sensible way, there is no reason why our nervous system need refuse to bear the strain. After all, it is worry, and not overwork, that is at the root of most cases of nervous breakdown. The habit of 'crossing the river before you come to the bridge' never avails much, and only lessens the power to overcome difficulties when they do arise. If we wish to preserve our own happiness, and that of others more or less dependent upon our mental barometer, it is well to grasp at their commencement the importance of such symptoms as irritability, depression, and self-pity. A determined effort should be made to overcome these, because the more frequently they are given way to, the more easily will our ideas travel back over mental tracks and connections, leading to the recurrence of such moods, and still harder will it be to resist them, until, at last, the 'nervy' habit is established, to the destruction of all real happiness, whatever one's worldly conditions. There is benefit untold to be gained from a determined effort to look on the bright side; though few can hope to attain to the heights reached by an American optimist who, falling from a thirty-four-story skyscraper, and having reached the thirtieth story, congratulated himself that he had got thus far safely.

Occupation is a valuable antitoxin to a nervous condition, for work is one of the best means of retaining mental elasticity. Many people, like the lady of my parable, complain of an excessive depression in the early hours of the morning. Then my prescription would be, 'Get up and do something.'

In dealing with this subject we can by no means neglect the physical aspect of the question.

Reserved.]

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Nervous irritability and depression are all too frequently the results of ill-health, and very often have their origin in some serious illness or incomplete convalescence. The condition may arise from some chronic ailment which does not appear sufficiently serious for medical interference until the mental state which it has aroused has become established.

Let us remember, too, the close connection between hygiene, particularly mental hygiene, and ventilation. There is no better tonic for the nervous system than pure fresh air. Good digestion is another matter of importance, and, incident to this, the condition of the teeth. Neither can we overestimate the value of an adequate amount of healthy exercise, taken for preference in the open air. Not only will this tone up the physical system, but it will rest those mental centres in use during working-hours. For the great brain machine is never at any time really idle, and when awake and not employed in some needed exercise or amusement it will, in brain-workers, often call into activity centres already overdone or others ever too liable to occupy themselves in pandering to that disease of the age—worry.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XIV.—continued.

TV

THE Studley masters were not a particularly gregarious body. The Head lived in secluded state with his wife and daughter in his official residence on the north side of the Close, emerging periodically to overawe the Sixth, preach in chapel, or discharge a thunderbolt in Big School. The Housemasters dwelt severally in their own strongholds, thanking Heaven that their Houses were not as other Houses were; and the Junior Staff lived round about, in cottages and chummeries and snuggeries throughout Studley village.

But once a week the whole hierarchy forgathered in the Masters' Common-Room and dined together. Usually the Head presided in person; and from the soup to the savoury every

soul present talked shop.

Schoolmasters appear to be quite unique in this respect. For three months on end they live in everlasting contact with boys. Sleepy boys confront them in those grisly hours of school which occur before breakfast. Restless and inattentive boys occupy their undivided attention from breakfast until luncheon. In the afternoon they play games with, or watch games played by, energetic and overheated boys. From four o'clock till six they stimulate the flagging energies of boys who are comfortably tired and inclined to be drowsy. In their spare time they lavish individual pains upon backward boys, or castigate sinful boys, or fraternise with friendly boys, or comfort unhappy boys. At the very end of the day they pray with and for all boys together.

A man who has never been a schoolmaster might be excused for supposing that when this overdriven band desisted from their labours and sat down to their evening meal they would turn with a sigh of relief to some extraneous and irrelevant topic—politics, literature, sport, scandal even. But no, they never talk of anything but boys—boys' work, boys' games, boys' pranks, boys' crimes, boys' prospects. They bore one another intensely, these excellent men; for just as no young mother ever desires to hear of or

talk about the achievements of any other baby than her own, so no keen cricketing coach will listen with anything but impatience to glowing accounts of his next-door neighbour's protégés. But they never desist. The shop varies, but boy is the only theme.

This weakness is not confined to schoolmasters, of course. All bodies of men of the same calling herded together for protracted periods of time are inclined to the habit, but most of them take elaborate precautions to eradicate it. In military and naval circles, for instance, certain subjects are taboo. Even undergraduates mulct one another in pots of beer if the line be crossed. But schoolmasters are incorrigible. They talk boy and nothing else. The explanation is simple. Boys are the most interesting things in the world.

Studley Senior Common-Room was no excep-At the top of the table the Head and his senior colleagues discussed high school politicsscholarships, roseola, and the latest eccentricity of the Governing Body. About the middle of the table, where Housemasters and form-masters were intermingled, a Housemaster would explain to a form-master, with studious moderation and paternal solemnity, that owing to the incompetence, prejudice, and spite of the form-master, a certain godly and virtuous youth named Jinks tertius was making no progress in his studies, and was, moreover, acutely depressed by the injustice with which he was being borne down. In reply to this the form-master would point out, in the most courteous and conciliatory tones, that the said Jinks was an idle young scoundrel, and that until the Housemaster abandoned his present short-sighted and officious policy of habitually intervening between Jinks and his deserts—to wit, the rod—no further progress could possibly be expected. Why couldn't Why couldn't Housemasters back form-masters up a bit? And so on. Lower down the table, three singleminded partisans were hotly disputing as to whether, upon a given date last summer, in a

given junior inter-form cricket-match, one Maggs (of the Lower Remove) did or did not feloniously give one Baggs (of the Upper Fourth) out legbefore-wicket at the instigation of a muscular bowler named Craggs. The only two persons at the table who were not talking boy were Mr Chigley and Mr Cleeve. Mr Chigley, between mouthfuls, complained bitterly and unceasingly of the food; while Mr Cleeve remorselessly conducted an inattentive audience, hole by hole, step by step, stroke by stroke, through the intricacies of a battle fought by himself against apparently incredible odds that afternoon, and of a victory snatched away on the last green. seemingly by the sudden and officious intervention of Providence, after what must have been one of the worst and most uninteresting exhibitions of golf ever seen.

Dinner ended, the company dispersed abruptly, summoned back from refreshment to the neverending labours of the schoolmaster, by house-prayers, scholarship coaching, or the necessity of administering justice. Mr Brett and two other Housemasters were invited by the Head to a

rubber of bridge. •

'By the way,' observed the great man as they cut for partners, 'you fellows must really see that your boys wear greatcoats on their way up to and down from football. Last Saturday I noticed four or five young idiots, in a most overheated condition, standing about on Big Side watching the Fifteen without so much as a sweater among them. It nearly gave me pneumonia to look at them. You and I, I think, Brett. We have choice of seats.'

'I think I will sit away from the fire,' said Mr Brett. 'My deal, I think. Will you cut to me, Haydock? Personally, I never permit any boy in my House to go up to the playing-fields without his greatcoat. Hearts!'

'My feeling in the matter,' said Mr Allnutt, on Brett's left, 'has been, and always will be, that we coddle boys a great deal too much. In my young days at'——

'Hearts!' repeated Mr Brett loudly.

'In my young days at Chiddleham,' pursued Mr Allnutt, quite unruffled, 'sweaters had not been invented, and'—he threw out his chest proudly—'we were none of us a penny the worse. Shall I play to a heart, partner?'

'If you please,' said Mr Haydock patiently. Mr Brett played the hand and won the odd trick.

'The nuisance about occasional apparel, such as a greatcoat,' said Mr Haydock, gathering up the cards, 'is that a boy wears his some wet morning up to school, and at the end of the hour, finding that the sun is shining, and being a forgetful animal, comes down without it. Net result—a greatcoat kicking about in a form-room till it is lost or appropriated. Your deal, partner.'

'It is merely a matter of taking a little trouble,' said Mr Brett precisely. 'Once boys have been taught to grasp the fact that rules

are made to be obeyed and not ignored, the thing is simple. My House'——

'Partner, I leave it to you,' said Mr Allnutt

fortissimo.

'No trumps!' said Mr Haydock.

'As a matter of fact, Brett,' observed the Head, as the dummy was laid down—he was a genial despot, and Mr Brett's pedantic fussiness was a perpetual thorn in his flesh—'the boys I saw on Saturday were yours.'

Mr Allnutt laughed loudly, and Mr Brett, greatly put out, omitted to return the Head's lead, with the result that his opponents made

four odd tricks.

'Game!' announced Mr Allnutt, quite superfluously. 'Thank you, partner. Pretty work!'

'It was a pity you did not return my diamond, Brett,' remarked the Head mildly. He was counted one of the great Headmasters of his time, but he was as human as the rest of us where lost tricks were concerned. 'I had the game in my hand.'

Mr Brett stiffly expressed regret, and continued, 'Would you mind giving me the names of the boys you saw? I simply can't understand it. I think there must be some mistake.

No boy in my House'----

'As a matter of fact,' said Haydock—he was the acknowledged peacemaker and mediator of the staff—'it is very difficult to get boys to wear their greatcoats. I can't help sympathising with them. They usually don't require overcoats at all, for they run straight up to their game and straight down again. But when, as sometimes happens, they find an exciting match going on on Big Side, they can't resist the temptation of waiting for a minute or two'——

Mr Allnutt interrupted. Listening to other people was not a foible of his. 'Nonsense!' he said with great gusto, as the Head began to deal the next hand. 'You can't tether healthy boys with red tape. Always disregard red tape, that's my motto!' By red tape Mr Allnutt meant instructions from headquarters which did not happen to meet with his approval. 'Now, my

boys'---

'Spades!' said the Head gloomily.

'Shall I play to a spade, partner?' asked Mr Haydock.

'Certainly, so far as I am concerned,' said Mr Allnutt. 'Glad to be out of it!'

Mr Brett, whose hand contained four aces, flung his cards upon the table and glared at his superior.

'Very sorry, Brett,' said the Head, 'but it had to be done. I had nothing above a nine in my hand. I was afraid they would double anything you declared. My cut, I think, Haydock.'

For the next ten minutes, fortunately, Mr Brett was too much chagrined to speak, and the topic of the overcoats was allowed to drop.

The game continued for another few rounds, with the luck fairly divided and the scoring low.

Presently the Head, who usually contrived to achieve a good deal of quiet legislation during these social evenings, remarked, 'We shall have to create three new school monitors at the end of the term. Have you any candidates, Allnutt?

'You can select any boy in my House you like,' replied Allnutt. He was habitually truculent to those set in authority over him-he regarded them as a humanised form of red tape—but the shrewd Head, who knew that Allnutt was a good man at bottom, suffered him with humorous resignation. 'They are all equally incompetent. Luckily I am in the habit of looking after my House myself, and not leaving it to half-baked policemen.

'Thank you,' said the Head. 'That leaves me with a comfortably free hand. Have you

any one to recommend, Brett?'

'Yes,' said Brett, 'I have. I have considered the matter most carefully. I have at least four boys who would make admirable monitors.'

'Game all!' said Mr Allnutt impatiently.

'Your deal, Brett.'

'And I have decided,' continued Mr Brett, bending his brows judicially, 'to recommend Ericson and Smythe.'

'Nincompoops, both of them,' observed Mr

Allnutt at once.

'I fancy Brett was addressing the Headmaster,'

said Haydock dryly.

'Oh, this is quite an informal discussion,' said Mr Allnutt cheerfully. 'The best boys in your House, Brett, are Meldrum and Lemaire. Why don't you recommend them?

With a great effort Mr Brett kept his temper. 'They do not happen to be House prefects, replied stiffly, 'and are therefore ineligible for

monitorships.

Much to Mr Brett's discomfiture, all three of his companions turned and gazed at him in undisguised astonishment.

'Why, man,' burst out Mr Allnutt, 'Lemaire is the most brilliant boy in the school!'

'His bodily infirmity'-- began Mr Brett

majestically.

'I see, I see,' said Allnutt. 'Bodily infirmity is a bar to promotion in your House, but not mental infirmity—eh? I suppose you have noticed that Ericson is a congenital idiot?'

Mr Brett, pursing his lips, began to deal the

cards with great stateliness.

'And what about Meldrum?' continued Mr Allnutt, following up his attack. 'He has more character than all the rest of your House put together.

'Unfortunately,' replied Mr Brett icily, 'he

has no brains.

Here Mr Brett made a serious blunder. He offended the only man in the room who might have felt inclined to protect him from the bludgeonings of Mr Allnutt. Mr Haydock happened to be senior mathematical master at

Studley, and, like all broad-minded men, hated anything like intellectual snobbery.

'Meldrum,' he remarked, 'is the soundest mathematician in the school, and quite the most brilliant scientist we have had for ten years.

'Possibly, possibly,' said Mr Brett;

does not affect my point. No trumps!'

Mr Haydock flushed red at this gratuitous piece of offensiveness. But he said nothing, and took up his cards.

'Shall I play to no trumps, partner?' inquired Mr Allnutt.

Mr Haydock glanced over his hand, and sighed to himself softly and gratefully. 'I shall double no trumps,' he said.

Mr Brett grew greatly excited. 'I shall re-

double!' he exclaimed.

'And I,' replied Mr Haydock gently, 'shall

double again.'

The Head, upon whom the asperities of the last ten minutes-since he might not take part therein himself—had begun to pall, sat up startled, and the game began—at ninety-six points a trick.

Mr Brett's hand contained eight spades, to the ten, knave, queen, king; the aces of clubs, hearts, and diamonds; and two small clubs. It was a tempting but treacherous hand, for singleton aces are but broken reeds.

Mr Haydock had nine hearts to the knave. queen, king; the ace of spades; and the king of clubs, singly guarded. His hope of salvation was founded on the sure and certain knowledge that Mr Allnutt would lead him a heart, for they conformed to the heart convention. Assuming that Mr Brett held the ace, the hearts could be established in a single round. After this he looked to his ace of spades or king of clubs to regain the lead for him. Of course if Brett held an overwhelming hand of diamonds the game was lost. There was also the possibility that Allnutt had no heart to lead. But there seemed to be a good sporting chance of success.

And, sure enough, the Fates-very justly, considering his recent behaviour to Mr Haydock -fought against Mr Brett. Mr Allnutt led a small heart; the Head, with a rueful smile, laid down a hand containing two knaves and a ten; Mr Haydock played the king; and Mr Brett, having nothing else, took the trick with the ace.

Then Mr Brett, scrutinising his hand and putting two and two together, broke into a gentle

perspiration.

The ace of spades—the one card necessary to give him every trick but two-was in the hands of the enemy. Still, eight spades to the ten, knave, queen, king, mean seven tricks once you have forced the ace out. Hoping blindly for the best, and pretending not to hear the contented rumblings of Mr Allnutt, the wretched Mr Brett played the ten of spades.

Mr Haydock promptly took the trick with his ace, and then proceeded to make eight tricks in hearts. After this he graciously permitted Mr Brett to make his other two aces and remaining spade.

'Three tricks,' said Mr Haydock. 'Game and

rubber.'

'Hard luck, partner,' murmured the Head heroically.

'What exactly,' inquired Mr Allnutt, brimming over with happy laughter, 'does three times ninety-six come to? Two hundred and eighty-eight? Thanks. What a lightning calculator you are, Haydock! A mathematician has his points, eh, Brett?'

(Continued on page 246.)

BULGARIAN ROSES AND ATTAR.

By GEORGE ADAMS.

THE clang of arms and the reports of fighting in south-eastern Europe have caused the beautiful and romantic kingdom of Bulgaria to loom largely in the public eye. Yet, on the whole, we know little of it. Comparatively few of us are acquainted, for example, with its interesting historical remains, the desperate struggles of the various races that have striven for the mastery of its soil, its abundant flora, its rich mineral treasures, or its magnificent rose-gardens and that exquisite natural perfume they produce.

An extensive portion of Bulgaria south of the main Balkan range is a region of roses, standing some thousand feet above the sea-level, and stretching southward to Philippopolis, the capital, a distance of about sixty miles in a straight line. From east to west it has a like extension. On all sides it is practically bounded by mountains, hills, stupendous rocks, passes, ravines, and precipices, with scattered forests of walnut, chestnut, and other trees. Altogether it offers a combination of charms the like of which is probably not to be found in Europe, if indeed in the world. Through it meanders the slow Tundja, a tributary of the Maritza, the river that flows past Adrian-ople. The Tundja has its source in a gorge of the Balkans, and flows for more than one hundred and seventy miles through an almost unbroken succession of defiles, valleys, and plains. It waters a tract of country about equal to half of Wales.

Roses are everywhere. They have bloomed there for centuries, but never so profusely as during the last two centuries. At certain seasons the air is almost oppressive with the scent of countless blossoms. Rose-gardens, large and small, lie in all directions, in the plains and val-leys and on the hillsides. They present a medley of whites, pinks, reds, and yellows, embedded in a mass of many-shaded leaves. The trees and bushes-many of them brought originally from various parts of the Old World, India and Persia having provided a goodly proportion of themare thrown together in wild, though happy, confusion. Roses abound, too, in yards and backgardens, on the walls of cottages and outhouses, and along paths and roads. They are as inseparably connected with the region as is Yarmouth with herrings and Newcastle with coal. Kazanlik and a score of hamlets and villages are buried in them.

In and around this huge rose-garden flourish, in well-nigh tropical luxuriance, yellow gentian, wild lilac of various tints, and many other flowers. Among these is the scarlet geranium, the favourite of the Bulgarian peasants. And all this is amid a blueness of sky, a wealth of sunshine, and a purity of atmosphere to which we in these islands are all but strangers.

Kazanlik is the world's greatest centre for the preparation of attar of roses and rose-water. Ages ago Persia and India supplied immense quantities of the former; but now their produc-tion has fallen very low. For some years France, Germany, and a few other states have manufactured a cheaper but inferior attar. Repeated experiments, however, have proved that no artificial product can equal the natural one. Kazanlik stands on a spot where the Balkan slopes end in the plain comprising a large portion of Eastern Roumelia. From a distance its appearance is striking. In the background is a range of majestic mountains, with imposing rocks and boulders, and miles of dark forest stretching towards the snow-line. At its foot are hills broken with clumps of trees and patches of fields, and rose, fruit, and vegetable gardens rising on the north-west to the famous Shipka Pass. One part of the town rises, terrace-shaped, on a declivity; the remainder advances towards a portion of the plain, rich in mineral springs and adorned with tumuli, some of which are quite twenty centuries old. The Kechidere, a small but picturesque river, threads through it before joining the Tundja. Above all tower the massive and gaudy cupolas of the Bulgarian churches and whitewashed minarets topped by gilded crescents.

The interior of the place partly dispels the enchantment lent by distance to the view. All the streets are badly paved and generally insufficiently lighted. Many of the lanes are paved only in parts or not at all. The quarter inhabited by the Turks closely resembles almost any part of Adrianople or the more purely Turkish section of Stamboul. The others are mostly a strange jumble of Bulgaria north of the Balkans, south Russia, and Greece; but in some spots Turk and Christian are more or less blended.

Lumbering country carts, seemingly constructed to cause the maximum of creaking, and drawn by oxen yoked in the manner of a thousand years ago, crawl to and fro. The driver usually walks before his cattle. His whip, when he has one, consists of a thin stick, two or three feet long, to which is fixed a cord of about the

same length.

The Mohammedan women display a certain uniformity of dress, generally black or dark in colour. The Christian women also largely follow one style; but they seek to outrival the glories of the rainbow, especially when they wear their Sunday best. Practically every style and colour, however, is sported by the men. If you have watched the crowd passing backward and forward over the Galata Bridge at Constantinople, you have at once a fairly good notion of what the men of Kazanlik look like, not to mention those of its environs.

Bulgarian rule has raised Kazanlik from a large, scattered, and sleepy village to a town possessing two high schools and several factories, one of which boasts of a solid local reputation for cloth. The town contains twenty-five thousand inhabitants, of whom about one-tenth are Turks, while as many belong to other nationalities.

The rose-gatherers are mostly women and children, working in gangs. According to the district, they are paid by the hour, by the quantity plucked, or by the area worked. To them rose-picking is equivalent to 'hopping' among the Kentish country people and the denizens of the East End of London. Operations commence betimes in the morning. Whenever possible, the flowers are gathered only in cool weather and in the forenoon; a hot sun, it is said, deprives them of half their sweetness. How far this is correct need not be discussed here. In some places the close of rose-plucking

time is marked by rejoicings, in which drinking, singing, and curious styles of dancing by groups of women play a conspicuous part.

Except in a few rare cases the distilleries and methods of distillation are equally primitive. The average Bulgarian owns the house he lives in, besides a plot of land and a few head of cattle; but his supply of cash is usually limited. Like most small landlords, he is strongly conservative, and thrifty almost to the point of avarice. Further, generations of Ottoman domination have taught him to cling tenaciously to his money. Thus he rests content with his small and old-fashioned distillery in a shed or backyard, and fails to grasp how expenditure for improved appliances would increase his returns.

Attar is exclusively obtained from young roseleaves. The quantity required varies considerably according to the kind of rose. On the average, however, from one thousand five hundred to two thousand buds provide one ounce of the perfume. After the distilled liquid has stood for two or three days, the attar, a lightyellow oil, rises to the top, and is immediately skimmed off. One pound weight of it costs from fifteen to twenty pounds. At the beginning of the present century nearly nine thousand pounds weight of it were exported annually. This total has probably been much exceeded, as the demand is ever increasing for industrial purposes; but trustworthy statistics are not available. Approximate calculations, however, show that the quantity sent abroad in the twelve months preceding the two recent wars must have amounted to some twenty-four thousand pounds weight. This enriched the south Bulgarian peasantry by close upon half-a-million pounds sterling.

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

CHAPTER III.

THE simple life,' said Henry; 'how delightful it is! What liquid blended by man can compare with this delicious natural element? Princess, I pledge you in water clear and sparkling as your eyes, sweet as your voice, pure as yourself—and cold as your heart.' He drained the cup of his hunting-flask, which he had filled at the rill flowing at their feet; then, stooping, washed the metal cup, and offered it, brimming with the limpid spring water, to Stephenie.

'Water,' she reminded him, returning the empty cup, 'is unstable, and it can be treacherous. Sometimes it kills its votaries.'

'Not if they can swim.'

'Many swimmers have been drowned. Remember the fate of Leander.'

'That happened,' he pointed out, 'a good many years ago. But you are out of spirits to-day. Why?'

The two stood on a plateau of rock some

thousand feet above the plain, where, looking like pygmies, waited their retinue and horses. Henry enjoyed these excursions and picnic-lunches taken in Stephenie's society. He enjoyed the freedom of the mountains, the escape from the duties and ceremonies of his rank. He felt like a schoolboy on holiday. One drawback only was While he was falling more and more in love with Stephenie, she was deaf to his pretty speeches, her heart as cold to him as the water to which he compared it. He counted it for nothing that he had erected a certain atmosphere of camaraderie in their relations. Friendship and love may lie close as parallel lines on a blackboard, and, like parallel lines, never touch. To-day Stephenie was not herself. She had been very silent all the morning as they rode side by side, with her lady-in-waiting and his gentleman fifty yards in the rear, and the escort of an officer and two armed soldiers-which Queen Margaret insisted on their taking-another fifty yards behind.

They had climbed some way up the mountain, bidding the little retinue wait below and unpack the luncheon-basket, and now stood looking at the panorama outspread like a map before themthe plain they had ridden across, and in the distance the towers of the castle glittering golden in the sunshine.

The Princess, slim and graceful in her ridinghabit, met his glance doubtfully, and looked down; her colour came and went; she plucked idly at her whip; then, raising sad eyes, she said, 'I am troubled about you. I—I wish to warn you'—she spoke with intense reluctance, and Henry's look questioned her, but he remained silent-'to go away.' Suddenly her tongue became loosened, and the words came quick and 'Make some excuse and go away at once. fast. And then break off the engagement.'

'You ask me to do this?

'I beg you-for your own sake.' She came a step nearer, and, though they were so utterly alone, whispered the next words as if fearing to be overheard: 'Your life is in danger. Ask me no questions; only believe I speak the truth.

The King's face hardened into flint. at the bottom of his heart he had distrusted Margaret, and yet treachery seemed inconceivable. He was her guest, had eaten her bread and salt. Moreover, she dared not let harm befall him. His country would exact a terrible retribution. 'You must tell me more,' he said. 'I can keep a secret. How do you know my life is in danger?

Stephenie told him, against her will, for he dominated her. Unstrung, after a sleepless night, she could not deny the interrogation of voice and eyes. Possibly it was a relief to unburden her bosom of the secret it held. The night before, by accident, she had overheard the Queen speaking to a trusted maid—just a few words—as she stood an unwilling and unseen listener behind a curtained doorway; but the purport was a frank joy that King Henry's doom was at hand. In a few days at most he would be dead, said the Queen.

With lowering brows, King Henry listened. The grim tale bore the impress of truth. And did not the blood of that Queen who wrote the day of St Bartholomew in letters of blood in the history of the world run in Margaret's veins?

But he would not believe.

'You must have misunderstood her. I know she doesn't like me; but to compass my deathimpossible! Politically, leaving ethics out of the question, the deed would be folly. Princess, your fears run away with you. I am in no danger.'

He repeated the words under his breath as he turned away, and, stepping to the edge of the plateau, looked down. Politically the deed would be a folly. In no way could Margaret contrive his death and free herself from blame or her country from punishment; in no waydenly a thought illumined the darkness of his mind. Yes, there was a way! He caught his breath sharply, and fear, though not for himself, laid a cold finger on his heart. There was danger in the air; the very breeze carried a premonition of it. And then the crack of a rifle turned suspicion to certainty. It came from behind a spur of the mountain several hundred yards to the right; it was followed by a dropping volley of shots, directed at the little group below. Of the five tiny figures gathered together, three immediately became animated, while two lay very still. But the splutter of musketry continued, and one after the other the tiny manikins ceased to move, and five separate blotches lay like dead flies against the pale brown of the earth beneath; while the hobbled horses, untouched, neighed and plunged in panic terror. The firing ceased. And only two minutes before he had told Stephenie he was in no danger! Death was in the air, not only for him, but for the girl by his side.

Her hands were gripping his arm convulsively, her white face close to his as he turned, white to the lips also. 'What has happened?' she cried. 'Who is firing?' Mercifully, she had

seen nothing.

'It's a Syvian raid,' he answered; and with that—crack / crack / crack / and a bullet broke in two the eagle's feather Stephenie wore in her hat; another tore the cloth on his right arm. Unseen marksmen were firing at them from the lip of a crag a couple of hundred yards away. But by stepping back a pace, which they promptly did, a jutting rock gave them protection.

King Henry carried a revolver. His premonition of danger was only two minutes old, and he had smiled at the escort which, by the Queen's command, followed him in his excursions; but, a crack shot, to amuse Stephenie, almost every day he gave her an exhibition of marksmanship, one of his suite tossing coins in the air for him to fire Thus fortune so far favoured him that he possessed a weapon, and could at least die fighting, if die he must. As he drew it his eye wandered, seeking a more suitable spot to sell his life to the best advantage than the overhung path where they stood. Some thirty paces farther he marked a cleft in the rock, and hastened to it, drawing his companion with him.

To his joy, the aperture, just wide enough for one to enter, opened into a small cave. He thrust

Stephenie in, and followed.

The cave extended some dozen feet back, and they heard a faint drip, drip of water percolating through some flaw in the rock, silenced almost immediately by the savage shouts raised by the Syvians charging up the path in search of them. The first half-dozen mountaineers ran past the cave; but discovery was inevitable. One, pausing, peered in and spied them; and a second later he pitched forward dead, his body blocking the entrance, the shout of discovery expiring unuttered on his lips. But the pistol-shot advertised their hiding-place, all the same.

In the flush of their onset the Syvians tried to take the cave by assault; but it was one of those occasions when a man with a revolver is equal to an army. The enemy could only enter singly, and, owing to the lie of the rock, could not fire into the cave unless directly in front of it, and the path without was narrow. Henry fired thrice, each time taking a life; and, leaving the bodies lying, the mountaineers drew out of range of the deadly firearm.

The King reloaded, wiped his hot face, let his tense muscles relax, and turned to Stephenie. 'You are not hurt?'

'No, no!' she answered. 'What does it all mean? And what has happened to the others?

'They are-captured,' he said. He knew all, including Baroness Arnheim, were dead; but it would serve no good purpose to tell her. And he fancied the ruthless wiping out of their retinue foreshadowed their own doom. If Margaret, as seemed likely from Stephenie's story, was behind their assailants, she intended to sacrifice them The girl's death, unmarried, meant that the rich silver-mines of Fürst would revert to the Crown-in other words, to Paul. And if Stephenie died with him there would be no retributory war; the two nations would sorrow in unison. Thus at a stroke the Queen would achieve the vengeance she had long nursed, and at the cost of a niece she secretly hated, gain immunity for the deed and wealth for her son.

But this was all surmise. Yet the truth was easy to learn. Henry raised his voice, and, using the Syvian patois, with which he was acquainted, demanded to speak to the leader of the attacking

party. Presently a voice answered.

Stephenie, who was ignorant of the language, listened in puzzled silence to the dialogue that ensued. But that the news he learned was bad his grim, set face told when it ceased. And suddenly she remembered it was her father who had led the punitive expedition into the Syvian fastnesses thirteen years before. That almost forgotten fact now assumed a sinister significance. Abruptly she said, 'Is it our lives they seek, or is it a question of ransom?'

Henry could not tell her the truth, could not meet her mute, questioning glance. Obliquely he answered, 'He declined to discuss ransom. But I have about fifty cartridges, and for a while we are safe here—till nightfall at any rate.'

'But what hope of rescue have we?'

'A slight one. Stephenie, it would be cruel to buoy you up with false hope; but there is hope, though not from Istafel, for the end will come one way or the other before a search-party from the castle sets out to seek us.'

'Then where'-

'From the air. While we were on the plateau I looked south towards Saarland, and high up I saw something in the air, something too big for a bird. And I saw it yesterday. I think it is an aeroplane watching over me.

'Then will that come to our rescue?'

'No; but Tamur is only twenty miles away. Suppose mind this is only a supposition—Hannemann has stationed a cavalry regiment there? He feared danger for me from the Syvians. It's quite likely he has been having me watched from an aeroplane during our daily rides. And, if so, the aeroplane would be in wireless communication with Tamur. They will know now that the Syvians are on the warpath, and their King dead or in the utmost peril.'

Stephenie nodded gravely; and after a pause

she asked, 'Are you thirsty?'

'Yes; but I dare not leave my post. They

may attempt to rush us at any moment.'

The rill, a very tiny one, trickled through the cave. The Princess stooped over it, and, rising presently, came to him, her curved palms brimming with water, and he drank from her hands. Hardly had he finished when she gave 'I had forgotten there is the ghost of a laugh. a cup to your flask.'

'Princess, it is sweeter thus,' he answered gallantly. Then, in another tone, catching her right hand with his left, he said, 'Stephenie, one thought tortures me. I have brought you to this peril—I, in my selfish desire to win you. If we escape I swear to annul the engagement. shall marry whom you please or not at all.'

'Do not reproach yourself. I am not afraid. You give me courage. I believe rescue will come.'

It was pleasantly cool in the cave, and from their unseen but lurking foes came no sound. Henry lay down, propping his revolver on a stone and venturing to rest his fingers. Time went by. He wondered what the Syvians were doing. Luckily they were only armed with muskets and pistols of antique pattern, and knives. Had they possessed hand-grenades or bombs, neither Stephenie nor he would be alive. But when night fell, at the cost probably of one life, they would force the entrance. He did not think they would attack earlier. They had them as safely as rats in a trap. And he wondered—for life is sweet-whether rescue would come in time.

Stephenie crouched on the ground a little in the rear, their shoulders almost touching. They spoke little, and on trivial topics only; but there was a sense of intimacy between them hitherto

lacking. And so passed two hours.

They were not taken by surprise when the attack came. Their senses, preternaturally acute, heard danger in the air. King Henry was ready, while Stephenie, behind him, held the cartridges; but the scheme was well laid, and—pushed a little more resolutely, for the revolver only held six shots—might have succeeded.

From each side a man armed with a knife bound to a sapling sprang at the opening; others with levelled muskets or pistols followed, firing into the cave and yelling as they fired. Henry answered swiftly, shooting first one spearman, then the other; but for all his speed the second had time to lunge, and the blow fell on the King's uplifted left arm, ripping the flesh from wrist to elbow. The cave was full of smoke, and through the screen of it the savage faces of the mountaineers showed at the opening. Again and again Henry fired, then swiftly took the cartridges Stephenie proffered and reloaded. But the fight was over; the entrance was blocked with dead or wounded men; and the rest—shrinking from the deadly marksman within, who, sheltered behind a spur of rock, remained invisible—drew sullenly away. Victorious, but sick and faint, Henry leaned against the side of the cave, the blood dripping from his arm.

Silent and apathetically he let Stephenie minister to the wound and lave his face with water. Then, as the bleeding ceased and the arm was tightly bandaged, the feeling of nausea and the trembling at the knees passed; but for two or three minutes he was hors de combat, and the Syvians, if they had only known it, had them at their mercy. He looked at her, smiling faintly.

'Rescue is at hand,' he said. 'They see my dragoons coming. They would never else have attacked by daylight. Courage, my Princess; we will win through yet. Ha! what are they up to now? Brushwood? Luckily it is too green to burn.'

The Syvians had been collecting everything burnable at hand, and now thrust boughs forward to block the opening. But the brushwood, when set fire to, scarcely smouldered.

They attacked again, reckless of their lives, using the slain bodies of their comrades for shelter; but their shots pattered harmlessly against the back of the cave; and Henry, shooting from one side, fired at every face and hand and arm that showed itself, and soon the fighting slackened, for the leaders of the expedition were dead or wounded. Suddenly, from the plain below, a bugle, clear and shrill, sounded the attack. The dragoons were at hand.

'We are saved!' said Henry.

The dragoons were coming up the path, panting through clenched teeth, and spent by the terrible twenty-mile ride, but not too spent for this final effort. With swords and pistols in hand, they ran clumsily in their heavy boots, their spurs jingling on the rocks. Savage as bears robbed of their young were the troopers; on the plain below they had seen the dead body of Captain Hesselrigg, the King's aide-de-camp, and those of the rest of the retinue, and the sound of the firing above told them that perhaps their loved King still lived.

Lived! King Henry met them in the narrow path, reeling, staggering, leaning on Stephenie's arm—his face black with powder and stained by blood, for in the last mêlée the Syvian knives had reached him—but able to smile at his deliverers before he pitched forward in a faint into the arms of the foremost trooper.

Stephenie saved the wounded Syvians, of

whom nearly a dozen were captured, and who but for her interference would have been put to the sword. 'Enough blood has been shed,' said the Princess; and Henry, when he returned to con-

sciousness, heartily agreed.

Nor was it only human lives that paid the price of Margaret's crazy thirst for revenge. Scores of horses died also, and the sight of the dead animals marking the road to Tamur, dying that she might live, haunted Stephenie for many a night to come. For no man spared his steed in that historic ride, and scarcely a horse that carried a trooper from Tamur to the foot of the mountain was fit to ride again. Nor was one ridden; for, by the King's command, the survivors range at liberty on one of the royal studfarms, spoiled pets, visited and fed and caressed by the populace on national holidays, the real saviours of the King and Princess; for not a trooper, to the secret shame of the regimentso swiftly did the unwounded surviving Syvians flee—lost a drop of blood in the rescue.

A week passed before Henry and Stephenie met again; and then the King, newly risen from bed, was a much-bandaged man; but it was the debonair monarch with whom she was familiar who bent over her hand.

'I kiss the hand of the bravest as well as the most beautiful of women,' he said.

But there were tears in Stephenie's eyes.

'I know I look a wreck; but the doctors promise to restore me as good as new to my subjects for the Thanksgiving Service. You are scathless'——

'Thanks to a brave man.'

'Madame, it will ever be the proudest day of my life—the day I fought and slew the dragon and rescued the Princess. But enough of myself. Hannemann returns from Medena to-morrow to head the escort which will take you back.'

Much had happened in that week. Syvian chiefs, repudiating the raiders, had met the punitive force, offering the survivors of the attack as prisoners. The captives laid the blame on Queen Margaret, who they swore instigated it, heavily bribing two minor chiefs to kill King Henry and Princess Stephenie. Of course the Queen's doctors explained away this damaging fact in a cloud of words which meant in plain language that the lady was mad; but it was fortunate the Queen solved the difficulty by accidentally-at least that was the word usedtaking an overdose of chloral. Death pays all scores, and Soldavia gave the Queen Regent a handsome funeral (General Hannemann represented Saarland at the ceremony), and promptly put her out of mind.

'We will formally break off the engagement as soon as you are back in Medena,' Henry continued. 'I have spoken privately to your Ambassador and one or two other dignitaries, explaining it would only have been a marriage of convenience, and that, on second thoughts, we have decided not to fulfil it.'

'You-you are very good.'

'Not at all. A King's word. You are free, Princess; free, rich, independent.'

'It won't mean bad blood between the nations?'
'Not a bit. Margaret's death makes all the difference. There will be no ill-feeling on either side. Count Zunger is already drawing up a commercial treaty between us and Soldavia.'

commercial treaty between us and Soldavia.'
'But,' she said, 'it makes me an ingrate. You have slain the dragon, and get'—she smiled at

him-'nothing.'

'Nothing! I get a memory that will never fade in my heart. I get, I trust, your friendship.'

'But don't you want more?'

The King started, and looked hard at her. His gaiety fell away like a cloak, and the natural man appeared.

'Madame!' he began. And then, 'Stephenie, why do you look at me like that?' His voice shook with emotion. 'Is it possible you have changed—you whose heart'——

'Was cold as the stream. But water can be

warmed, and hearts can change.'

She stood before him, his Princess, slim and straight and fair to see, and very desirable, with her elusive, nunlike air, her long lashes veiling her eyes; and he put out his uninjured right hand, slowly, hesitatingly, as one touches something infinitely precious, and drew her close to him till he could feel the warm, throbbing life of her, and still he could not believe. 'I love you, Stephenie,' he said; 'but you—you—look me in the face and tell me: will it be a marriage of convenience?'

'No, no, no!' cried Princess Stephenie.
THE END.

THE PLAGUE IN SCOTLAND.

By Louis A. Barbé.

UP to the middle of the fourteenth century, Scotland, owing, it may be assumed, to the temperate habits of the people, as well as to the salubrity of its climate, was free from the plague, that awful scourge which, in other countries, had long been dreaded as one of the chief causes of the misery of the people. It is especially noted by the biographer of St Columba, and repeated by Buchanan, that even in the seventh century, when the pestilence which afflicted all Europe spread through south Britain, the inhabitants of the northern part of the island were alone spared the direful visitation. Its first appearance is chronicled by Wyntoun, under the date of 1349:

In Scotland the first Pestilence
Began, of so great violence
That it was said, of living men
The third part it destroyèd then;
After that within Scotland
A year or more it was wedand [raging].
Before that time was never seen
A pestilence in our land so keen;
Both men, and bairnies, and women,
It spared not for to kill them.

Some additional details are supplied by Fordun, who states that 'by God's will this evil led to a strange and unwonted kind of death, insomuch that the flesh of the sick was somehow puffed out and swollen, and they dragged out their earthly life for barely two days. Now this everywhere attacked especially the meaner sort and common people; seldom the magnates. Men shrank from it so much that, through fear of contagion, sons, fleeing as from the face of leprosy or from an adder, durst not go and see their parents in the throes of death.'

There can be no doubt that this terrible epidemic disease was the black death. It came from the East, whence its devastating progress

can be traced until its appearance in Dorsetshire in August 1348. It soon spread through the whole kingdom. For a time its progress was arrested by the Scottish Border; and 'the foul death of the English' is said to have been at the time a favourite oath with the Scots, who felt a malicious pleasure in the calamity which had overtaken their old enemies. It was they themselves who, by making a reckless raid into England, brought the black death into their own country, where the mortality which it spread is probably not overestimated by Wyntoun. In 1362 there was a new outbreak of the 'death sickness.' Fordun states that it raged exceedingly throughout the whole kingdom of Scotland. and that it was in all respects like the earlier visitation, both in the nature of the disease and in the number of those who died. Wyntoun contributes the further information that it began at Candlemas, and continued to the Yule or after, and that King David and the Bishop of St Andrews, with their respective suites, retired, the one to Kinloss, in Moray, the other to Elgin, and remained in the purer air of the north land all the time that the 'Dede' was desolating the south. From the fact that Wyntoun devotes but two lines to the mere mention of the third pestilence, it may be assumed that this visitation, to which he assigns the date 1380, was less disastrous in its results than either of the two former. Of the next, however, that of 1401, he says that it was

> More fearful than memore Was had of the three before;

and the reason which he gives for this statement is that, whereas the spread of the disease had hitherto been gradual, on this occasion 'it would overtake all lands' at the same time. Thus, as he grimly expresses it,

That pestilens gart mony banes In kirk-yardis be laid at ance.

When the pestilence again appeared, fifty years later, it had assumed so wholly different a character that Bower calls it 'pestilentia volatilis.' The name seems to be fully justified by the few details that are to be gathered as to its progress. Having first appeared in Edinburgh in 1430, it continued its deadly work till, at least, the year 1432, when there is record of its having raged in Haddington. Its erratic nature may further be inferred from the fact that the Parliament which was held in Perth in 1431 enacted that the collectors of the land-tax should present their accounts in that city on the 2nd of February next to come, provided the pestilence were not there; but if it were there, at St Andrews.

In the course of the sixteenth century there were several plague-scares, a considerable number of minor and mainly local outbreaks of the dread disease, and at least one visitation hardly less terrible in its results than the 'great mortality' of 1349 had been. It continued for fully four years. As was very frequently the case, it came from over the sea; and a 'creare,' or cutter, which arrived at Easter Wemyss in 1584 was believed to have been the first cause of it. 1585 it was at its worst in Edinburgh. was reported as raging at Niddrie in 1586; and in the following autumn, Leith, which had been amongst the first of the Firth ports to suffer from its ravages, was, after a short respite, again devastated by it, owing to the 'opening of some old kists.' Not till the month of December of that year was the Privy Council able to announce that the country was at length free from the fearful scourge, and that the College of Justice, which had been transferred to Linlithgow, was to resume its sittings in the capital. Calderwood states that in 1585 some twenty thousand persons died of the plague in Edinburgh alone. That is obviously an exaggeration. Robert Birrel's estimate is far more moderate. He reports that of those who were unable to flee when first it was known that Simeon Mercerbank's house was infected, there succumbed one thousand four hundred and odd, a number more in proportion to the mortality of Perth, which the chronicle of that city sets down at one thousand four hundred and twenty-seven, and of St Andrews, where Moysie records that 'upwards of four hundred people died.' As to the desolate appearance of the capital whilst the plague was raging in it there is the testimony of James Melville, who passed through it in November, on his way from Berwick, where he had been living in banishment for a time, to a General Assembly which was to be held in Linlithgow. 'We came riding in at the Watergate,' he says, 'up through the Canongate, and rade in at the Netherbow, through the great street of Edinburgh to the West Port, in all whilk way we saw not three persons, sae that I miskenned Edinburgh, and almost forgot that I had ever seen sic a town.'

If the most effective of preventives, sanitation, was practically ignored by municipalities no less than by individuals, the Government displayed considerable zeal and vigour in its efforts to prevent the introduction of the plague when it became known that it was prevalent in any country with which Scotland held intercourse. If the northern counties of England were affected, instructions were sent to the Wardens of the Marches to prevent Englishmen from crossing the Border, and to charge Scotsmen 'that none make market with Englishmen in those parts, nor have intercourse, nor intermingle with them because of the pestilence.' Disobedience of the orders issued for the purpose of stopping all traffic and communication between the two countries was to be punished with death. The fairs held periodically in such towns as Duns and Kelso, to which people of both nationalities were wont to resort, were also prohibited. With respect to merchants coming from infected or even suspected ports, it was ordained that they should contain themselves and their goods within shipboard, or at least proceed to some quiet place where the lieges could have no 'company or melling with them.' For members of the crew to come within any 'burghs, towns, or common passages' until they had been declared free from infection was made a capital offence. A ship hailing from the Baltic would probably have a cargo consisting wholly or in part of flax, pitch, tar, iron, and ashbarrels. In that case, because the most danger appeared to be amongst the flax,' it was to be unloaded and housed on St Colm's Inch, opened, handled, and cast forth to the wind every other fair day, for from six to eight weeks. The other goods were to be cleaned by 'overflowing of the sea, at one or two tides.' The ash-barrels were to be singed with heather set on fire; whilst the ship itself was to be bored so as to let the seawater into it. And all this was to be done at the expense of the owners. The sailors and others who handled the goods were to be cleansed and set apart by themselves for a time on one of the islands in the Forth, at the discretion of the official inspectors. Even after all these preventive precautions had been taken, they had to obtain a special license from the magistrates before attempting to hold intercourse with the lieges. If it happened that a 'foul' ship entered a Scottish port, the local authorities were required to 'search, seek, and apprehend the masters, skippers, and inbringers of it, and put them in sure firmance and captivity, and hold and detain them therein until order were taken and commandment given to execute justice upon them.' In all adjoining burghs proclamation was to be made that 'none suffer or permit any of the aforesaid persons or their goods to come on land, or otherwise to reset or grant unto them meat, drink, house, or harbrie, or have any manner of communication with them, under whatever colour or pretence,' under pain of death. Should any have got away and found refuge already, they and their resetters were to be apprehended, the houses to be closed up, and 'themselves to be execute incontinent to the death.'

When, in spite of these preventive measures, the plague broke out in a seaport, the first care was to cut off all communication. If there were a ferry service, as, for instance, between the north and south shores of the Forth, the boats were forbidden to ply, and, if necessary, actually dismantled to enforce the prohibition. In respect of inland intercourse, the panic ordinances passed by local authorities were often contradictory to each other and inconsistent with the enactments of the Government.

Whilst the Privy Council endeavoured to restrict travelling by wholly isolating certain localities, or by requiring passes in the case of others, individual municipalities would not allow pipers, fiddlers, minstrels, or any other vagrants to remain within their boundaries without the special leave of the Provost, under pain of a scourging, and would drive all 'poor common beggars' forth to their own parishes, by threatening to burn them on the cheek if they were found within the burgh twenty-four hours after due proclamation had been made. Notwithstanding all orders to the contrary, when the pestilence was known to have penetrated into one of the larger towns, the chief concern of the 'substantious gentlemen, burgesses, and other inhabitants' who could command the means was to remove themselves as far as possible from the centre of infection. In consequence of this, the poor were left 'destitute of all comfort and provision for their maintenance,' so that many of those who died perished 'rather through lack of sustentation than of the said plague.'

At the great outbreak of 1585, James the Sixth, with characteristic pusillanimity, headed the exodus of the panic-stricken. He first retired to St Andrews, but remained there only a short time, 'understanding that the pestilence had reached the place of his present residence.' Before leaving the town, however, he issued one reasonable order, to the effect that 'all filth and filthie beasts or carrion be removed furth of the highways, and the same cleansed and holden clean.' Having then gone for safety to Falkland, he commanded that, within six hours, and under pain of death, all that were not properly dependent on some particular person requisite to attend on the king's service, or that were not otherwise entitled to be in the town by special leave or occupation, should depart to their own dwelling-Within a month 'the suspicion of the pestilence lately entered at Falkland' caused him to remove to Stirling. The manner of his ignominious flight is recorded by Moysie. He was hunting at Ruthven when 'word came that there were five or six houses in Perth affected with the plague, where his majesty's servants were for the time. Whereupon, his majesty departed the same night, with a very small train, to Tullibardine, and next day to Stirling, leaving his whole household servants enclosed in the place of Ruthven, with express command to them not to follow, nor remove forth of the same until they saw what became of them upon the suspicion.' In such wise did King James show the sincerity of his belief in his own philosophical remark that 'the pest always smites the sickarest such as flies it farthest and apprehends deepliest the peril thereof.'

Maister Gilbert Skeyne, Doctour in Medicine, who wrote Ane Breve Description of the pest of 1586, and who had been induced to do so by 'seeand the puir in Christ inlaik [succumb] without assistance of support in body, all men detestand aspection, speech, or communication with them,' has given a sad picture of the inhuman selfishness which such a visitation engendered. 'Every ane,' he says, 'is become sae detestable to other (whilk is to be lamentit), and specially the puir in the sight of the rich, as gif they were not equal with them touching their creation, but rather without saul or spirit, as

beasts degenerate frae mankind.'

Such measures as were adopted by the local authorities were intended to prevent the spread of the disease rather than to relieve those already stricken by it. Under pain of death, the master of a house in which any person fell sick was to report the case immediately to the visitors or searchers. All the members of the family were then compelled to remove to a plague camp, situated in some outlying part of the burgh, where they were housed in wretched 'ludges,' or huts, hastily run up for their accommodation, and where they might be, but seldom were, visited by their friends, accompanied by an official, after a certain hour in the morning. some cases the landlord of the house lately inhabited by them was required to burn it, as well as their goods, without delay, with 'absolute exoneration' to himself for so doing. In others they were allowed to take their furniture and belongings with them; and it was deemed sufficient to get the 'land and rooms' from which they had been taken cleansed 'by water and fire.' This was to be done between the hours of nine o'clock in the evening and five in the morning. The charge for it was fixed at ten shillings, which 'substantious' citizens were expected to pay themselves. In the plague camp the clothes of stricken or suspected persons were disinfected by being boiled in a large caldron in the open air. The due carrying out of these plague regulations was under the supervision of two bailies, specially appointed for the purpose. Like the cleansers and bearers of the dead, they wore a distinctive uniform, consisting of a gown of gray stuff, with a St Andrew's Cross both before and behind.

For the removal and burial of corpses, a grim and ghastly ceremony which was performed under cover of night, there were to be provided 'twa close biers, with four feet, covered over with black and ane white cross, with ane bell to be hung upon the side of the said bier, which sal

make warning to the people.'

Within a burgh where the plague had broken out a belated attempt at sanitation was made, to the extent of forbidding the owners of dogs and swine to allow the animals to wander at will, and of empowering any one who encountered these 'in high streets or vennels' to kill them. Meetings of all kinds were prohibited. Thus, in Edinburgh, Parliament was prorogued if sitting, diets of the Court of Justiciary were suspended, and the administration of the public business generally transferred to some town that had remained 'clean.' No one might hold school under pain of banishment; and children of less than fifteen years of age were liable to be put into the stocks and to be scourged with rods if they made use of their enforced leisure to play on the gaitt or in the streets or in the kirk.

It being made a capital offence for the des-

titute of any plague-stricken locality to wander about begging their living as usual, the 'magistrates, barons, gentlemen, and other honest men' of the parish were called upon 'of their charity' to make provision for their maintenance; and, if voluntary contributions were insufficient, recourse might be had to special taxation.

There is no reason to believe that Scotland was more grievously stricken during the second half of the sixteenth century than it had been in earlier times; but the information to be gathered from Acts of Parliament and of the Privy Council, from burgh records, private diaries, and contemporary memoirs becomes fuller and more detailed. It supplies data from which the calculation may be made that the plague years, in the aggregate, covered at least a third of the whole period. It shows that what is but a remote contingency at the present day was a constant terror then; and it brings home the fact that pestilence, with its usual sequel, dearth, must be taken into account as one of the causes to which the poverty of the country and the lamentable condition of the lower classes are to be attributed.

THE LAIR OF THE PIKE.

By R. W. Burgess.

THE summer is over; my cherished cane rod, gossamer tackle, and dainty flies that have served me well and truly during my summer wanderings, taking toll of the gallant trout from many a river and lake, have been laid by. That glorious evening on Blagdon Lake, when the four-pound trout were rising freely; those strenuous days of wading the swirling waters of the Barle and Exe in the west country, where the fish run small and the pound trout is the limit of one's hopes; the long hours of careful stalking from the bank on the more placid waters of the Colne, where dry fly is de rigueur and the fish are highly educated—these are now but glowing memories to be treasured during the dark days of winter.

The water still calls to me, however; and although the trouting is over and the bobbing float of the patient roach-fisherman has no power to charm me from my fireside, the hungry pike, with appetite sharpened by the early frosts, will now have left his lair among the weeds and be seeking whatsoever he may devour.

seeking whatsoever he may devour.

The air bites shrewdly as I start my threemile tramp to the water. The sky is faintly blue, and a pale, spectral sun gleams feebly through the drifting vapour, giving promise of better things to come. The bare hedgerows and the grass blades are touched with hoar-frost; but the ground is soft and wet underfoot, and the air is charged with that subtle scent of decay that marks the border-line between autumn and winter. Through pine-wood and over sandy common land, over hill and valley, lies my way, the moisture dripping from the branches overhead as the sun gains power. A light breeze is clearing away the morning mist, and a few derelict leaves left over on the trees are flickering to the ground, nipped from their fragile hold by the night frost.

Over a springy carpet of pine-needles I make my way through the plantation that crowns the last hill, catching fitful glimpses of silver through the trees in the valley beyond. The trees give place to a slope of wild moorland, dotted with clumps of dull-green gorse from which the glory has departed. A solitary gipsy van is encamped on the waste land, a dusky houri in picturesque deshabille performing a primitive morning toilet on the steps, while her furtive-eyed lord and master slinks among the trees on some mystic quest, probably in connection with the commissariat department.

At the foot of the slope lies the weed-fringed lake; the myriad spears of bulrush and reed, now faded and brittle, that pierce the water of the shallow margin, guarding the homes of the wild duck and moorhens that circle and dive far out on the glittering surface, provide a lurking-place for the fierce and watchful pike that roam the depths in search of prey.

A small hotel nestles among the trees on the far side of the lake, and a few boats are drawn up alongside a miniature landing-stage. There is only one boat on the water, moored in a weedy bay, the occupants patiently fishing with float and live-bait for a legendary thirty-pound pike that is said to haunt that spot, to which is credited every accident that happens to an angler's tackle. The lost fish is ever the largest.

The pike are moving this morning. While waiting for my boat, I see here and there a spray of small fry leaping from the water before the onrush of the savage cannibals, a good augury for the day's sport. Soon my boat is launched, and I paddle gently out into the middle of the lake and let the boat drift slowly with the wind. A silvery sprat is my choice of lure, and with a steady swing it is sent flying through the air, plopping into the water thirty yards from the boat. Reeling in, the line checks, I strike sharply, and the bait flies out of the water. to fall into the boat with streamers of weed attached to every hook. Peering down through the clear water, I see a dense thicket of weed covering the bed of the lake, growing to within about two feet of the surface. The water is shallow here, so I move the boat slowly across the wind, looking for a more favourable spot.

The same conditions prevail, however, over the whole extent of the water, save for a deep channel a few feet wide in the centre. The only thing to do is to use a lighter lead and spin over the top of the weed. The change is soon made, and at the next cast the bait comes sparkling and glittering through the water, as I reel in, in a most attractive manner, about a foot below the surface. I have not long to wait for results. At about the sixth cast, while the boat is nearing a bank of rushes, the bait as it comes in seems to swerve violently aside and disappear, the line checks heavily, and on striking there is a flash of silver under water as the fish turns, and the line goes squealing off the reel as the pike makes for his lair in the weeds. tackle is strong, and the fish is soon in the boat, a thick-backed little jack about three pounds in weight. He is lightly hooked, and as I am looking for larger fish in this water, he is returned to fight again another day. Rowing back to the starting-point, I begin a fresh drift. the next cast there is another feeble run, and, twisting and turning, a tiny three-quarter pound jack is dragged unceremoniously over the side, released, and sent splashing back into the water.

Then follows an extraordinary hour. All the infants of the lake seem to be feeding at once. There is a run about every third cast, and fish after fish is lifted into the boat only to be returned, not one exceeding a pound and a half in weight! Baits are running low, and torn and mangled specimens that would in the ordinary course be discarded are patched up and made to serve again. This continues until my arm aches with casting, and only one or two sprats remain.

Better things are in store, however. At last, as my bait comes wobbling along near the surface, having been chewed and bitten out of all

shape, there is a swirl and plunge, and a fish distinctly not in the kindergarten class goes ripping through the water in grand style. Following on the babies, this feels like a monster; and when, after a few vivid minutes, he comes in sight I estimate his weight at ten pounds. Later, when he is safely landed, I revise my estimate to seven pounds. Alas! my judgment is at fault; the spring-balance registers five pounds only. However, by comparison, he is a good fish; and, well content, I pull to the landing-stage and adjourn for lunch. The live-bait fishermen come ashore at the same time, and we compare notes. They have had a far more tranquil morning than myself, with only two runs, but they have a sevenpound fish to show as the result.

After lunch I change my tactics. Instead of allowing the boat to drift at random, I anchor about forty yards out from a long bank of reeds, fishing the water well all round, then moving on a hundred yards or so and repeating the performance. The last sprat accounts for a fourpound fish. Natural bait being exhausted, I put on a Colorado spoon, a brilliant metal object of scarlet and silver with a tassel of red wool attached to it, as unlike a fish as anything could well be. It finds favour in the sight of the infants, however. Possibly they take it for a new toy, or something upon which to cut their teeth!

It serves that purpose admirably.

Toward evening, as the light begins to fade, larger fish are moving, two more sizable fish, of four and five pounds each, being added to the bag; and at last I get sight of the leviathan of the lake. A small fish of about a pound has taken the spoon, and is being reeled in to be given his release. When he is within a few yards of the boat a monstrous gray shape dashes out of the weeds, and a huge pair of jaws close like a steel trap on the unfortunate fish. rod is nearly torn from my hands. So startling is the event that I lose my head and hang on for all I am worth, instead of letting him have his own way. After one mad rush the line slackens, and I reel in. The small fish is still on, but is in a parlous state; so I give him the coup de grâce. My further efforts to convince the monster that silver and red wool are edible are of no avail, so I pack up and pull for the shore, taking with me undeniable evidence that the big fish is no myth, and being determined, now that I have discovered his lair, to try conclusions with him another day.

The air turns chill and damp as the daylight fades. The steady breeze dies away, and the reflections of the trees and rushes round the margin of the water grow sharp and clear save where the last faint breath of the dying day mars the glassy surface. Wisps of vapour drift over the water, merging slowly into a thick white blanket in sheltered bays, and the stillness of the coming night settles down over the countryside as, heavy

laden, I take the homeward road.

THE FIRST NOYADE AT NANTES.

AN EPISODE OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

By GEORGE PIGNATORRE, B.C.L.

WITH despotic governments, drowning has always been a convenient mode of disposing expeditiously and secretly of criminals or obnoxious individuals. From the days of the gloomy and grim oligarchy of Venice, which condemned men to drowning in the Ornano Canal, into which they were thrown at dead of night, when a splash in the sullen, dark water was sometimes heard by a passing gondolier, who only crossed himself piously—that is, from the times of the Serenissima or Most Serene Republic of Venice down to later days in modern Turkey, and in Egypt before the British occupation—scores of men bound or tied in sacks were drowned in the Bosporus or off the Libyan coast, whether guilty or innocent. But the noyades of Nantes perpetrated during the Reign of Terror exceeded all these in atrocity.

The deeds of tyranny inaugurated by the accession of the Jacobins to power were perhaps the most wanton and ferocious the world has ever known. Those who were drowned in the Seine, in the Ornano Canal, in the Bosporus, or off the Egyptian shores were criminals in the eyes of the law, and suffered the legal penalty comminated in the arbitrary decrees sanctioned by despotic rulers, and generally accepted by the people as emanating from the royal prerogative of sovereigns reigning by right divine or in virtue of the power vested in them by the people themselves, or by a dictator or a supreme ruling body; but the populace never regarded as legitimate the wholesale noyades of men, women, and children flung into the Loire daily by the orders of the representatives of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

In 1793, that year of blood and woe, tyranny weighed heavily on France, crushing the people into an equality of misery and squalor. The emissaries of the Government went east and west, north and south, on their cruel mission. Of all the evil men the times brought forth, no one save Le Bon at Arras equalled in ferocity the man sent by the Convention in the fall of the year to Nantes to purge that city and Brittany itself of traitors—otherwise, to put to death indiscriminately all those who were, in the opinion of the proconsul, lukewarm republicans.

Carrier inaugurated his barbarous career in November 1793 by the *noyade* of some ninety priests, mostly old and infirm, who had endured the hardships of confinement, intensified by insufficient food and maltreatment, for nearly two years. On the 28th of October the prisoners were transferred on board a galliot moored in the river, and packed in a confined space like the living cargoes of slave-ships. Then on the 18th of November they were aroused late at night,

taken on deck, stripped of the few valuables they still possessed, and told they were to be conveyed down the river on a lighter to the castle. They were then bound in couples and hoisted over the side into a kind of decked barge whose garboardstrakes had been perforated; then the moorings were cut, and the sinking barge, a veritable hearse of living men, drifted slowly down the stream on the ebb tide amidst the jeers of the executioners.

The water soon rose in the vessel, and the helpless victims, mostly very old men, some with crippled limbs, seeing their end was at hand, solemnly shrove and blessed one another. One man, the Abbé Landeau, who was in the prime of life, made an effort to save himself and the old monk to whom he had been tied. Through the tangle of half-floating bodies in the swaying and now waterlogged craft he dragged himself and his companion to an open hatchway and plunged into the river. Here he saw what nearly made him despair. The murderers were closing up in the wake of the scuttled barge, which was now settling down, the object of the miscreants being to finish any of their victims who might be left floating on the water. But the abbé was a strong swimmer; and, striking out vigorously into midstream, encumbered as he was with the deadweight of his feeble companion, whom he would not abandon, he succeeded in eluding the watchful eyes of the assassins, who, coming up as the barge sank, despatched the few who had been able to free themselves from their cords, braining them with oars or holding them under water with boat-hooks. Then, the gruesome work accomplished, Carrier's gang rowed back to Nantes.

Landeau—swimming on less swiftly now, for his strength was failing under the burden he was supporting—sought eagerly for a sandbank or an osier-clump as a place of rest or concealment, for he dared not land on either side of the river; but he sought in vain. His strength was nearly spent; he was loath to forsake the old monk whom he had rescued, and both would assuredly have perished had not the old man loosened his hold voluntarily and vanished into the dark waters. Landeau, lightened of his burden, rested on his back, and then swam on again, till, sighting a fishing-smack, he hailed it, and was hauled on board after some demur, for two of the fishermen would fain have left the calotin or shaveling to his fate. But the charity of the fishermen went no farther. Even the man who had befriended the abbé and induced his mates to consent to take him out of the water durst do no more; they were not utterly callous, but were afraid of Carrier. Therefore the abbé was put ashore, half-clad and chilled to the bone, and told to shift for himself.

Luckily the spot where Landeau had been landed was in close proximity to a hamlet, whose lights he sighted in the gloom; otherwise, hungry and half-frozen as he was after his long immersion, and exposed to the bitter November night, he would hardly have survived till morning. his desperate plight he resolved to chance detection and ask for shelter and food. The first cottage at which he knocked was inhabited by red-hot patriots, and remained closed; but the occupants of the second were loyal, honest Bretons, who welcomed him kindly, gave him food, a warm corner by the ingle, and a peasant's suit of clothes. Then they be sought him to depart, both for his own sake and theirs. Though they had heard of the man-hunt after recusant priests, they knew nothing yet of the final catastrophe; but they were aware of the grave danger they incurred in harbouring a proscribed man, for if they were discovered or denounced by the Bleu or republicans their lives would be forfeited.

The Abbé Landeau, refreshed and comforted, then bade his hosts farewell; and, disguised in the broad-brimmed hat and vest of a Breton countryman, with a pannier of vegetables, which gave him the appearance of a market-gardener, he made his way back to Nantes, which he reached safely, and where he lay in hiding until he was able to communicate with his brother, a substantial farmer near Guerande. The brother, on receipt of the abbé's letter, journeyed down to Nantes, bringing with him a change of linen, some money, and, what was more important, a stock of resourcefulness and courage which stood them both in good stead when they were making their escape; for the Abbé Landeau was so utterly unnerved that he was incapable of giving an intelligible reply to the few formal questions put by the guard at the city gate, and his evident terror must have aroused suspicion but for his brother's self-possession and ready wit in putting the guard off the scent.

The abbé abode in Guerande for some years, practising in secret his sacred office among the faithful, and shielded from harm by the sympathy of the people who had remained fervent Catholics and loyalists, in spite of the revolutionary emissaries. These people received with gratitude the ministry of the few devoted men who, like Landeau, preferred duty to safety, and at the risk of their lives christened the children, blessed the unions, and shrove the dying. Here the abbé hid by day in some secure retreat, or, when the hunt was keener than usual, in the fens of Brieux, where the soldiers or National Guards did not venture because of the treacherous quaking bogs, which could only be crossed in safety by the native fenmen. But the abbé, in spite of his precautions, had one very narrow escape. When he was about to don his surplice and officiate before a small congregation who met in secret in the house of a known royalist, a loud knocking was heard at the outer door, followed by the summons to open in the name of the republic! The chalice, monstrance-dish, and other sacred vessels were hastily concealed, and Landeau took refuge in a loft, where he lay ensconced under the hay. When the patrol of the National Guard burst in, demanding the instant surrender of the abbé, who was known to be concealed in the house, the inmates denied all knowledge of him; but the soldiers searched the building from attic to basement, prodding everywhere with their bayonets, the points grazing the fugitive in his hiding-place. Unobserved by his comrades, a friendly National Guardsman saved the occupants by concealing a chalice which had been imprudently left on a dresser, and later protected Landeau by standing over him in the loft, thus screening him from view.

The Reign of Terror, as is well known, came to an end in July 1794. On the 10th of Thermidor of the second year of the 'Republic One and indivisible,' Robespierre and twenty-two terrorists were guillotined. But the proscription of the priests was not abrogated until the advent of Bonaparte to the supreme power in 1800; so that, although no longer hunted down by the emissaries of the proconsuls, they were beyond the pale of the law, and if apprehended were liable to incarceration or transportation to the penal settlement of Cayenne.

Landeau did not live to see the repeal of the penal laws and the restoration of altars in France by the First Consul. Worn out by privations and anxieties, and weakened by exposure, he passed away on the 24th of June 1799, assisted in his last moments by his faithful vicar, Goujon, and was interred in his own parish church of St Lyphard.

WISHES.

I WISH I were the vagrant winds— The winds you hold so dear— That I might play sweet melodies For only you to hear.

I'd ring great music through the woods, My instruments the trees; I'd draw from out the quivering corn The tend'rest harmonies.

I wish I were the winds you love, That you might come to me In every mood, and ever find Unfailing sympathy.

I wish I were the great white winds, That in my spirit strong I'd wrap you round, and give to you A strength to meet all wrong.

I wish I were the winds of heaven,
That I might ever teach
In their vast tongue my love to you
Which dies in human speech.
MADGE M. ELDER.



'U G G I N S.

By Roy VICKERS.

IN THREE CHAPTERS. -CHAPTER I.

THE night was comparatively young—it was barely eleven o'clock—when Adolphus P. Vanner returned abruptly to the house in Park Lane which he had rented for the season. course, ordinary young men, even if they happen to be American millionaires like Adolphus, do not as a rule take houses in Park Lane. then, as this story may perhaps indicate, Adol-

phus was not an ordinary young man.

He strolled into the morning-room, pressed the bell-push three times, and waited somewhat

nervously until his valet appeared.

'Weston, I am going out again presently, and shall probably bring an uncle of mine home. Lay a cold supper for us, and see that a bed is ready for him.

'Yes, sir.'

'None of you need wait up.'

'Thank you, sir.'

After a proper pause for further instructions, the valet was about to retire. In fact, his hand was on the door-knob when he was abruptly recalled.

'Oh, and, Weston'-

'Yes, sir?

'My uncle belongs to an—er—elder branch of my family. He remained in England when my father migrated to America, with the result that he has not-er-enjoyed the same advantages as myself in the matter of-er-education and so forth. But I shall expect you, and the other servants, to treat him with the same respect that you accord to myself. Understand that clearly, please.'

'I quite understand. Good-night, sir.' Good-night, Weston.'

'Phew! I got through that rather well,' muttered Adolphus to himself as the door closed behind the valet. 'Only thought of the "elder branch" patter on the spur of the moment, too!' Millionaires, no less than field-marshals, are secretly afraid of their valets.

A few minutes later he went upstairs to his dressing-room. Having carefully locked the door, he changed his evening-dress for a lounge suit. After a prolonged search he found a favourite old overcoat which he had used on sundry fishing expeditions, and put it on. He surveyed himself

with dissatisfaction in the looking-glass.

'No earthly!' he exclaimed. 'Much too smart!'

Then his hand found an old deerstalker in the pocket of the overcoat. 'The very thing!

He put the cap on his head, and positively lowered the flaps and buttoned them over his ears. Then he crept furtively down the broad staircase, and so out into Park Lane itself.

'Drop me outside the Army and Navy Stores,'

he said to a startled taxi-driver.

From the stores he walked rapidly to the Embankment, where he skilfully changed his walk into a slouch. The slouch, plus the deerstalker, enabled him to pass a policeman without the latter evincing the slightest interest.

For upwards of half-an-hour he endured the bitter wind and intermittent sleet of a typical At the end of that time the winter night. cold had penetrated his overcoat, and made him anxious to end his mission. At length he thought he saw what he wanted, sitting alone on a bench

a stone's-throw from the Obelisk.

He seated himself gingerly at the opposite end of the bench, and studied his companion with approval. From as much of the face as he could see under the double disadvantage of a flickering arc lamp and a fortnight's stubble, Adolphus concluded that the fellow was middle-aged. There was no doubt about the holes in his boots, the layers of dirty newspaper which bulged from the top of his sodden, unpatched jacket, the string which peeped from the middle of his person.

'Up against it, pard?' tried Adolphus encouragingly. The accent was a passable imitation of cockney, though the phraseology was alien.

The man grunted unsociably. Dreading lest he should move off, Adolphus decided to bring matters abruptly to a head.

'Say, I reckon you are open to consider a job that begins with a square meal and a good bed?'

'Nottarf, I ain't,' jerked the other with the nearest approach to alacrity of which he was

Adolphus wrestled with the double negative. He was still undecided whether it was an acceptance or a refusal, when the other settled the matter by adding disgustedly, 'I thort you wasn't kiddin' at first.'

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MARCH 21, 1914.

'I'm not,' replied Adolphus, rising. 'Come

on if you are coming.'

Too wretched to be capable of wonder, the outcast arose with difficulty and shambled after Adolphus. In obedience to the latter's command he crawled into a taxi, whither Adolphus followed him.

For a few minutes neither of them spoke. Then the man said, 'Yo're a Yank, ain't cher?'

'I'm a Yank,' replied Adolphus, deciding that the time had come to drop his abortive attempt at cockney. 'My name is Adolphus P. Vanner. Will you oblige by giving yours?'

Will you oblige by giving yours?'

The other hesitated. ''Uggins will do to go on wi',' he answered sulkily. 'Look 'ere,

guv'nor, wot's the gime?'

'My dear 'Uggins,' replied Adolphus, 'it would be better for both of us if I were to tell you the game after you 've had that meal.'

'I b'lieve I'm dreamin',' muttered 'Uggins, and meant it. He was destined to repeat the phrase many times before he went to bed that night.

The taxi brought them to the house in Park Lane. Adolphus mounted the steps, beckened to 'Uggins, and produced his latch-key.

''Ere, look 'ere'----

'A meal, 'Uggins—as much as you can eat—a roaring fire, and—a nice, warm bed.'

Thus was the protest effectively silenced.

Adolphus led his guest into the dining-room. As he turned on all the lights at once, revealing the somewhat magnificent interior, 'Uggins hung back nervously.

'Yo're sure it's orl right, guv'nor? I ain't out to be jugged, y' know,' he whispered. The next

instant he fell back in sheer terror.

Adolphus, perceiving the suspicion that was in the other's mind, had thrown back his head, expanded his chest, and emitted a remarkably good cat-call, the kind that was invented in Oxford and transported to Harvard on the latter's foundation.

'I am sorry to startle you, 'Uggins,' said Adolphus apologetically. 'I am not a maniac—honestly. Only I had to convince you that this really is my house. And now, see if you can get outside that cold fowl.'

Adolphus poured out a small lager, hesitated a moment, and then seated himself beside his guest. Noticing the latter's praiseworthy efforts with a knife and fork upon the anatomy of the fowl, he took his own drum-stick in his hands.

'Awkward things fowls,' he said. 'I always

eat mine like this.

'Uggins gratefully followed suit. But even this homely little touch on the part of Adolphus failed to relieve wholly his guest's manifest embarrassment. Adolphus at length thawed the ice by means of champagne.

It was while Adolphus was busy at the sideboard that 'Uggins moved the uneaten portion of the second fowl from the table to his pocket. Observe that it was the comparatively valueless and very cumbersome fowl that he purloined, and not the portable and obviously silver spoons that lay within easy reach.

The champagne did its work. There was not enough to make him fuddled; but there was quite enough to make him sociable. And when he had eaten his fill, lighted a cigar, and seated himself in an arm-chair before the fire, Adolphus found it an easy matter to draw his history from him, which, briefly summarised, was as follows:

The man who had chosen to call himself 'Uggins had not always been a wastrel. He had once been the proprietor of a fried-fish shop, but had come to undeserved disaster. Adolphus gathered that there was no more promising trade on earth than that of fried fish; its possibilities were enormous, provided that you had enough put by to tide you over a hot summer. But you blamed well had to have that little bit put by, or else—

'So I gather that the dream of your life, 'Uggins, is to re-establish yourself "in the fried

fish," as you put it?'

'No sich luck!' grunted 'Uggins mournfully.
''Uggins, you are wrong. Now listen! If
you will do something for me I'll tell you what
I'll do for you. I'll establish you in a fried-fish
shop; you shall have the best fittings procurable,
and a ton of fish to start with. More, I will pay
the rent for the first three years—three years,
'Uggins!'

'Uggins blinked. 'Look 'ere, guv'nor,' he said, with an intense solemnity, 'I'm—yore—

man-for anythink bar murder.'

'My dear 'Uggins, you surely cannot suppose'——

'Out with it, guv'nor,' interrupted 'Uggins, almost fiercely. 'It's torcher—waitin'.'

'Right! I shall require you to live with me for three months—as my uncle. During that time you will have all the comforts and luxuries which I myself enjoy; your slightest whim will be gratified. Only—you will touch no coin. And if you throw up your job before the three months have expired, you will get no fish-shop; you will receive nothing, in fact. Is it a deal?'

'But wot's the gime, guv'nor?'

'I am not going to tell you the game, 'Uggins. You've heard my proposition. Take it or leave it!'

'Tike it, guv'nor; tike it. Only it—it seems almost ridiclus.'

'It is ridiculous, 'Uggins. You will probably make a most outrageous fool of yourself. But you don't suppose you are going to get that beautiful fish-shop for nothing, do you? Now,' Adolphus continued, 'you are my uncle Peter. The first thing you want is a bath. Come along upstairs. I can lend you some pyjamas and a lounge suit for the morning. It will do until the tailor can fix you up. And look here, Uncle Peter, you put your own clothes in this dressing-

case—every stitch of them. It's an old case, and I will contrive to lose it to-morrow.'

In due course the erstwhile outcast, now garbed incongruously in a suit of pink silk pyjamas, followed his self-adopted nephew into the bedroom.

'This is your room, Uncle Peter,' said Adolphus hospitably. 'My valet will wait upon you in the morning.'

'Ere, guv'nor, I don't want no bloomin'

varlet!

''Uggins,' replied Adolphus with acerbity, 'understand, once for all, that you must not interfere in the slightest degree with any arrangements I may make for your comfort. Goodnight, Uncle Peter,' he added, with his former friendliness.

'Goo'-night, guv'nor!'

'You mustn't call me "guv'nor." I am your nephew. You must call me Dolly.'

'Goo'-night-Dawly!'

'Fency callin' a man Dawly!' muttered 'Uggins as he was left to himself. He sniggered. 'Jest like a bloomin' gell!' He laughed, laughed uproariously, until the tears came to his eyes. In his overwrought state the one thought that stood clear in his mind was the outrageous absurdity of calling a man Dawly. He gazed at the glistening sheets on the bed with sudden sobriety.

'I b'lieve I'm dreamin'!' he exclaimed. Then he crawled reverently into bed. He omitted to

switch off the electric light.

CHAPTER II.

THE first morning seemed remarkably like heaven to 'Uggins. That is not to say that he was completely happy. But then he had always had a shrewd suspicion that he would not be completely happy in heaven. He now experienced all the wonder, the sense of tremendous self-importance, tempered with a strong secret embarrassment, which he had from childhood associated with the blessed state.

After breakfast Adolphus took him to his own tailor. When that august personage addressed him, 'Uggins struggled manfully to avoid the use of the word 'sir,' and succeeded almost every time, although his sentences had a trick of ending with a mystifying hiss.

Then followed the wonderful visit to Moun-

tage's.

After a few minutes' conversation with the manager, Adolphus handed 'Uggins to the charge of an ambassadorial person in a frock-coat.

'Order anything you can see, uncle,' said Adolphus, with deliberate ostentation. 'Bring him back to me in the smoking-room when you have finished,' he added to the salesman.

It is by means of trifles that the imagination can grasp greatness, and Adolphus knew it. If he had given his temporary uncle a catalogue of his own stocks and shares, and told him that for three months he could live at the rate of so many tens of thousands a year, 'Uggins would have exclaimed much and understood little. But now he would understand everything.

The hosiery department was the first visited. Here 'Uggins left matters largely to the salesman, although he wanted to protest that he would feel a fool in the various soft-spun fabrics

that were to form his underclothing.

As they progressed through the huge store 'Uggins was amazed at the number and variety of articles which the salesman discovered him to be in need of. The sense of unreality was strong upon him. But as the list of purchases grew he began to feel afraid. He wanted to tell the salesman to stop, but he dared not. As a fact, the conviction was rapidly growing upon him that the salesman was mad, putting things down like that as soon as wink at a fellow.

On the threshold of the jewellery department

he gathered strength for a protest.

'And of course, sir, you will need a watch,' said the salesman in the most natural manner possible. A moment later he was explaining the mechanism of a gold repeater.

'Ain't much good, strikin' in me pawket,' sug-

gested 'Uggins.

'My dear sir, that is not its purpose. Suppose,' said the salesman impressively—'suppose you should desire to know the time in the

night?

Uggins had never supposed himself desiring to know the time in the night, but (such is the power of scientific salesmanship) he was now prepared to believe that a number of unpleasant things might possibly result from his ignorance of time in the night. And so the repeater was duly booked.

'And now we come to sleeve-links. Diamonds,

perhaps'----

'I never use 'em,' tried 'Uggins desperately.

'Never use them?' echoed the salesman. 'Then, my dear sir, how do you manage to secure your cuffs?'

It was this sort of question that made interference so dangerous. When 'Uggins caught sight of the sleeve-links, tactlessly ticketed at ten guineas, he resolved upon desperate measures. While the salesman's back was momentarily turned, he slipped from the department and literally bolted to the smoking-room.

'Ere, guv'—Dawly, we got ter get out o' this, quick! E'll catch us in 'arf a mo'!'

'What the '---

'It ain't my fault—reely it ain't. 'E kep' writin' them things in 'is book afore I could stop 'im. Gold watches an' sich like! It 'll run yer into 'undreds! Oh lor, 'ere 'e is!'

It was lunch-time before Adolphus could convince him that the whole thing was neither a

joke nor a nightmare.

After lunch another disconcerting experience

awaited 'Uggins. Without ceremony the door of the smoking-room where they were sitting was flung open, and a couple of young men burst in.

'Cheero, Dolly!' cried one of them.

'Hullo, you fellows! Let me introduce my uncle Peter. Uncle Peter-Lord Riverstone-Mr Torrence—Uncle Peter.'

While Torrence was shaking hands with 'Uggins, the latter thought he heard Lord Riverstone say in an undertone, 'Dolly, you don't

mean to say you have '——
'I have,' replied Adolphus. 'And it's going to cost you five hundred, my boy. See if it doesn't!'

His first encounter with Adolphus's friends was not quite such an ordeal as 'Uggins had expected it to be, though he did not realise this until it was over. As a fact, he stood in less awe of Lord Riverstone, title notwithstanding, than of the valet Weston, whom he feared and hated.

Owing to the fact that his dress-clothes were not yet ready, he had to spend the next three evenings alone in the house. In those evenings he suffered agonies of boredom. There was nothing whatever for him to do. Even the flavour of Adolphus's cigars began to pall.

To such a state of longing for human companionship was he reduced upon the third night that he actually decided to make overtures to his

enemy, Weston.

He came to the decision at ten o'clock. At a quarter to eleven he was still hovering around the bell-push. Then he pressed it. With a the bell-push. Then he pressed it. sudden inspiration he made a dive at the bookcase, and laid a weighty volume on his knee. Thus equipped, he waited with a thumping heart for the door to open.

'I—I should fency a drink, please,' he said

apologetically as the man appeared

'Yes, sir,' said Weston, as he solemnly removed the tray containing whisky, a siphon, and tumblers from the sideboard, where it had stood ready to hand, to the table.

'Uggins was no fool, and he perceived at once

his stupid blunder.

"Ave a drink yourself," he tried, struggling to control his voice.

'Thank you, sir, but I never touch spirits,' said Weston.

Then sit down an' 'ave a cigaw,' cried 'Uggins desperately.

Thank you, sir, but I would not so pre-

sume.'

And as 'Uggins mentally staggered under the weight of the blow, Weston added, 'Is there anything further that you require, sir?'

'No, thenks!'

'Blawsted 'og!' muttered 'Uggins bitterly as 'Ain't got a word to say for he was left alone. 'isself! Blawsted 'og!'

He glanced idly at the book on his knee. He read the title, *Principles of Social Philosophy*, and shuddered. He was about to put it away, when his eye fell upon a marked passage.

'The proletariat,' he read listlessly, 'continue to cry enviously for the luxuries of the rich, ignorant that those very luxuries require an education for their proper enjoyment. It may be confidently prophesied that a typical proletarian, suddenly compelled to live the life of a gentleman of affluence, would in a few short weeks demand reinstatement in his former environment, notwithstanding its undoubted hardships.'

'Wonder wot all thet means,' mused 'Uggins

without interest.

In the margin he saw in pencil, '£500, Riverstone,' followed by a date.

(Continued on page 266.)

THE DIFFICULTIES OF INVESTING IN GOVERNMENT STOCKS.

By HERBERT H. BASSETT.

SOME time ago I wrote in this Journal an article showing how the British Government discouraged thrift by penalising the post-office depositor who transferred his savings to Consols. An instance has since come under my attention of another hardship which attends the investment of capital by the small investor in our premier security. R. X., an artisan living at Nottingham, desired to purchase a house for his aged grandmother; and as the date for the completion of the purchase did not fall due, owing to special circumstances into which I need not enter, until a period of two months had elapsed, he purchased Consols in his grandmother's name. Consols were, in his opinion, the safest place for the

principal until he required the money. The Consols, to the amount of £250 nominal, were purchased at a cost of 74 per cent., or £185, 5s., plus the broker's fees. This was early in June. Toward the end of July it became necessary to sell the Consols, as the money was required to complete the purchase of the house. The Consols were sold, and realised $72\frac{1}{4}$, or £180, 12s. 6d., less the broker's fees. It was then found that the grandmother of R. X. must attend personally at the Bank of England, and be identified by the broker as the person holding the Consols, or must give a power of attorney to the broker. As the old lady was practically bedridden, a journey to London was out of the

question; and, had it been feasible, the railway fare would have been very expensive. A power of attorney, which cost 10s. for stamp-duty, was therefore signed, and ultimately the Consols were reconverted into cash for the purchase of the house. Meanwhile the original sum of £185, 5s. had dwindled to £179, 17s. 6d., thus:

Original purchase price of Consols	£185 0	0 5	0
	£185	5	0
Sale price of Consols	£180	12	6
	0	16	6
Net loss	£179 5	16 9	
	£185	5	0

No interest was received during the period the Consols were held, because, although the quarterly dividend was payable on 1st July, the books are closed on 1st June, and the Consols were sold ex the dividend after that date. The loss was, therefore, if we add the rate of interest at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum for the period of two months, nearly £7. The gravity of a loss of £7 to an artisan is best expressed by saying that it represents the saving of nearly 3s. a week for a whole year out of a weekly wage of 37s. 6d., and is economically as grave a loss to him as would be £100 to a manager earning £20 per week.

The foregoing does not comprise all the difficulties which operate against freedom of investment in Consols. The signature to the power of attorney requires to be attested by two witnesses, who, if they are servants or clerks, must give the names and addresses of their employers. In the majority of instances this does not create much difficulty, but it is conceivable that many persons would be rightly annoyed at having to go in search of two witnesses. Transactions involving the transfer of thousands of pounds of securities take place every day on the signature of the seller witnessed by one other person, and it is difficult to understand the reason that an exception should be made in the case of a Government stock.

The filling up of that part of the power of attorney which gives the name and address of the seller is also often a source of endless trouble. A buyer of Consols in, say, 1883, who has instructed his broker to sell, is required to repeat the identical words in which he was originally described in the Bank of England books, without any assistance on the Bank's part. How many persons in a hundred are capable of stating exactly how they described themselves in a document in 1883? Harry Thomas Brown, Mayview, Charles Street, Berryash, Gentleman, is not, in the eyes of the transfer department the same person as Harry Thomas Brown, 51 Charles Street, Berryash, Esquire. The application will

be returned, but the broker will receive no assistance as to where or how the description is inaccurate, and poor Mr Brown will have to cudgel his memory as to where he lived thirty years ago, and how he described his then place of abode and his occupation or position in life in the particular document in which he authorised his stock to be inscribed in the Bank's books.

It may be suggested that the possibility of an unscrupulous person imposing on the credulous makes it very necessary to put every difficulty in the way of easy realisation; but if it is necessary to hedge the transfer of Government stock with so many difficulties, logically it should be necessary in the case of the stock and shares of every other corporate undertaking. As it is, we find the shares and stocks of thousands of companies are transferable on the lodgment of a signed and attested transfer, and the number of instances where forgery or fraud takes place is infinitesimal in proportion to the great number which daily pass through the Stock Exchanges of the country.

The cumbrous transfer system is already being overhauled by the railway companies, who have even gone to the expense of obtaining parliamentary powers to issue bearer bonds so as to Without entering here facilitate investment. into the advantages or disadvantages of bearer bonds, it may be said that the experience of those who have to deal with Stock Exchange matters is that bearer bonds are becoming increasingly popular among the public, who prefer them to inscribed bonds. It is the general feeling that not until the Government also overhauls its regulations concerning the purchase and sale of its stocks will they appeal to the large mass of the investing public who do not wish to be worried with the trivialities, to say nothing of the expense, which attends the transfer of British Government stocks.

In France, Rente—the French form of Consols—can be bought and sold in small amounts at most money-changers', and it is a favourite form of investment even for the poorest peasant, because the capital is safe, and the income is certain. Is it not possible for the Treasury to deal with this matter, in conjunction with the Bank of England? It should not surpass the art of man to strip the buying and selling of Consols, and their transfer from one person to another, of all those departmental and legal regulations which now operate against their popularity, without unduly laying the way open to impersonation or fraud.

[The Editor having submitted a proof of this article to Mr Alexander Cargill, manager of Edinburgh Savings Bank, he pointed out that had 'the artisan living at Nottingham' bought his Consols through a savings bank he would have been saved not only trouble but cost.]

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XIV .- continued.

V.

IT was nearly ten o'clock. Most of the boys were in their dormitories by this time, either in bed or cultivating the rites of Mr Sandow. Only the seniors lingered downstairs. Various young gentlemen who shortly meditated a descent upon one of the universities sat in their studies with curtains closely drawn, painfully translating a Greek not spoken in Greece into an English not spoken anywhere. The Quartette were all together in Philip's study, engaged in one of the commonest recreations of English gentlemen.

Presently Desborough uncoiled his long legs from under the table, and stretched himself.

'Fairly average frowst in here,' he observed.
'Anybody mind if I open the window?'

Silence gave consent. The curtains slid back, and some much-needed oxygen was admitted. A long ray of light shot out into the darkness of the night. It fell across the path of Mr Brett, returning from his bridge-party. The evening breezes played about his brow, but failed to cool it. He was in a towering rage. His management of his own House, his powers of selecting suitable lieutenants—these things had been called into question that night, called into question and condemned. And he had lost five-and-six-pence to Allnutt.

Suddenly his homeward way was illuminated by electric light. It came from the window of Philip Meldrum's study, which was situated upon the ground floor. Mr Brett paused, drew near, and surveyed the scene within. In the confined space of the study he beheld four boys sitting closely round a table.

A minute later he was fumbling for his latch-key at his own front-door. He was in a frenzy of excitement. He did not pause to reflect. Humour was not his strong point, or it might possibly have occurred to him that the present situation possessed a certain piquancy of its own. Had Mr Allnutt been present he would have made an apposite reference to the Old Obediah and the Young Obadiah. All that Mr Brett realised was the fact that Providence had most unexpectedly put into his hand the means of vindicating his own infallibility as a judge of boy character, and—of scoring off Allnutt for all time.

With eager steps he passed through his own quarters, and hurried down the long panelled corridor in which the boys' studies were situated. He opened Philip's door quickly, without knocking, and stood glaring balefully through his spectacles upon the culprits.

Their heads were sunk upon their chests, but not with shame. In fact, they entirely failed to observe Mr Brett's avenging presence.

The first person to speak was Philip, who was sitting with his back to the door. He threw his cards down upon the table and said cheerfully, 'Well done, partner! Three tricks, doubled—that's seventy-two. Game and rubber, and you owe me fourpence, young Laird of Cockpen! Now, what about bed?'

VI.

No one was expelled, though in the first frenzy of his triumph Mr Brett was for telephoning for four cabs on the spot.

The Head gave judgment in due course; and though he had no particular difficulty in dealing with the criminals, he experienced some trouble in handling the counsel for the prosecution.

To him the overheated Brett pointed out that the delinquents had been caught red-handed in the sin of betting and gambling. He explained that smoking, drinking, and cards invariably went together, and that consequently nothing remained but to request the respective parents and guardians of the Quartette to remove them with all possible despatch before they contaminated any of the Classics or cricketers in the House.

The Head heard him out, and remarked dryly, 'Mr Brett, you should cultivate a sense of proportion. It is a useful quality in a schoolmaster. Your scheme of retribution, if I may say so, is a little lacking in elasticity. There are degrees of crime, you know. Under your penal code the man who has been caught playing pitch-and-toss is hurried to the gallows with the same celerity as the man who has garrotted an archbishop. Don't you think that this scheme of yours of a uniform penalty for everything rather encourages the criminal to go the whole hog and have his money's worth? Now observe: the offence of these boys was a purely technical one. A game of cards between gentlemen for stakes which they can reasonably afford '—the Quartette played for twopence a hundred—'is not in itself an indictable offence. I only wish that boys would always employ all their spare time so profitably! added the Head regretfully. 'Personally, I should sincerely like to see every boy in this school grounded systematically in the elements of whist or bridge. It would improve his memory and inculcate habits of observation and deduction, and would at least furnish him with an alternative to the kinematograph on a wet afternoon in the Unfortunately we have the British holidays. parent to deal with. However, that is a digression. These boys are not of the stuff that debauchees are made of. The trouble lies in the fact that they are rather more mature than their

fellows. Do you know, I expect they play bridge because they like it, and find it a more pleasant relaxation at the end of the day than cooking unholy messes over their study fires or gossiping in the dormitory. I must also point out to you that by not appointing them to a position of authority you have thrown them more or less on their own resources. They may not associate with the aristocracy of the House, and they are more than a cut above the common herd. So they form themselves into a very snug and exclusive little coterie, and I for one don't blame them. But send them along to me, and I will deal faithfully with them.'

To the Quartette the Head pointed out that there is a time and place for everything, and that rules, if not enforced, bring mockery and

discredit upon their authors.

'Bridge is an excellent game,' he said, 'and a true mental gymnastic. But there happens to be a regulation here which forbids the playing of cards by boys among themselves. We need not go into the soundness of that regulation; the only relevant point is that you have broken it. You are big boys, and the bigger the boy the bigger the offence. I am going to make the punishment fit the crime by asking Mr Brett to turn you out of your studies for the rest of the term. For the next four weeks you will consort with the profanum vulgus in your House Common-room, where I fancy that bridge and other intellectual pursuits are not much cultivated. Now you can go.'

The Quartette turned dismally toward the door. It was a stiff sentence. But the Head

had not quite finished.

'It would be interesting,' he added dryly, 'to know whether you play bridge because you like it or because you think it a grand thing to do. Come and dine with me on Saturday night, and we will have a rubber.'

'Sportsman, the old Head!' commented Philip, as they walked across the quadrangle.

'My word, yes!' said the other three.

CHAPTER XV .- THE IRON AGE.

MR MABLETHORPE was much interested when Philip told him the story in the holidays.

'The Head is all right,' he said. 'He was only a Housemaster in my day, but there was no doubting his quality, even then. But this man Brett is a national disaster. Do you think you can derive any further profit from remaining his disciple?'

No, Philip thought not.

So Philip arrived at Coventry at last, having started some years previously, it may be remembered. He was enrolled as a premium apprentice at the great works of the Britannia Motor Company. Here he learned to use his

fingers and his fists, his muscles and his wits. He passed through the drawing-office, and the erecting-shop, and the repairing-shop. The last interested him most of all, for the Britannia Company repaired other cars besides their own; so here Philip could indulge in the pleasures of variety. He learned to handle cars of every grade and breed. There was the lordly Britannia car itself—the final word in automobilism—with its long gleaming body and six-cylinder engine, so silent and free from vibration that it was possible to balance a half-crown edgewise upon the faintly humming radiator. There were countless other makes—racing cars, runabout cars, commercial cars, even motor omnibuses. Philip learned to know the inner economy and peculiar ailments of all. There were American cars so cheap that you could not believe it possible that they could be sold at a profit to the maker until it became necessary to put in repairs or adjustments. Then the whole car seemed to fall to pieces like a house of cards. Exasperated mechanics in the Britannia repairing-shop had a saying that if you wanted to take up the engine-bearings in one of these cars, you had to begin by taking down the back axle. There was sufficient truth in this adage to set Philip wondering why such a nation of born engineers should make a point of placing their nuts and bolts in almost inaccessible positions.

'What is the reason of it all?' he inquired one day of a colleague from Pittsburg, who was assisting him to dismantle the greater part of the clutch and flywheel of a cheap American car as a preliminary to adjusting the magneto. 'Why do you make cars like jig-saw puzzles?'

The colleague explained. He was a pleasant youth of twenty, with the studiously courteous manners of the American gentleman—they contrasted quaintly with Philip's shy native brusquerie—sent by a big-headed father to acquire a little British ballast before assuming the position of second in command at home.

'I conclude it is because our national point of view is different from yours,' he said. 'These cars aren't meant to be repaired. We make it as difficult as possible to do so. You in this country like to build a car that will last, like Westminster Abbey. Over there we say, "What is the use of sinking good money in a design that will be out of date in two years anyway? Make it good if you can, but make it cheap, and when it wears out make another. And whatever you do, don't fool around tinkering. Life's too short." At least it is in our country,' he added, smiling. 'Over here you seem to make it go a bit farther, like your automobiles. Unscrew that nut some more.'

They were full and profitable years, those at the Britannia Works. As Philip gradually emancipated himself from the hard manual labour of the shops and rose from practical to theoretical problems, his old mathematical and scientific ability cropped out again. His inventive genius

began to stir. Petrol was going steadily up in price, so Philip set himself to experiment with substitutes. The result was the Meldrum paraffin carburettor, now a standard adjunct of the commercial motor. Later on came the Meldrum fool-proof automatic lubricator, which achieved high favour with absent-minded amateurs who made a hobby of allowing their engines to seize. And later, in fullness of time, came the Meldrum automatic electro-magnetic brake, which was destined to play a tremendous part in Philip's history, as you shall hear.

With all these burning interests to occupy him, Philip had little time for amusement. He played Rugby football regularly for Coventry City; and any one who has had experience of that gentle pastime as cultivated in the Midland counties will realise the testimonial to Philip's muscle and general fitness involved in his selection. Every Saturday he fared forth with his colleagues to do battle with the men of Moseley and Leicester, or even penetrated to London, there to indulge in feats of personal but friendly violence at the expense of Blackheath or the London Scottish. He particularly enjoyed the occasional visits of the team to Oxford and Cambridge, for there he usually encountered some old friend-Lemaire, now a scholar of Balliol, or Desborough, coaching a crew upon the tortuous Cam.

But Rugby football was no fetish with Philip, which would have pleased Mr Brett. heart was centred on his work. To Philip in those days Work was Life—a point of view which in due course Time would correct, or rather supplement. Each night when he said his prayers—he had contracted the habit at the age of sixteen, after a certain Sunday evening sermon from the Head, backed by a particular hymn, which had awakened in his rapidly developing little soul the knowledge that there were more things in heaven and earth than were included in Uncle Joseph's scheme of education —he asked his Maker, tout court, for work, and work, and more work, and health wherewith to perform it. Only that.

In addition to Collier the American, he made other friends about the works. Some were of humble station; others—like himself—premium apprentices who had paid to be taught their business, and hoped one day to direct businesses of their own, or at the worst lounge immaculately in a showroom in Bond Street or Pall Mall, intimidating wealthy but plebeian patrons into buying more expensive cars than had been their original intention. They were a rowdy, sociable, goodhearted crew, addicted to what they called 'jags' on Saturday nights. Then there were the salaried staff of the works. One Bilston, director of the drawing-office, conceived a strong liking for the capable Meldrum, and it was mainly through his representations that Philip, when he emerged from his apprenticeship and began to pass examinations, was kept on at the works and given

a post which combined increased responsibility with further opportunities to perfect himself in his craft.

Occasionally Philip took a holiday. Sometimes he went to Cheltenham, where Uncle Joseph, roaring like any sucking dove, was devoting his reclaimed existence to Territorial Associations and Boy Scouts. To be quite frank, Philip was secretly conscious of a feeling of slight boredom at Cheltenham. A perfectly happy couple are undeniably just a little dull, and Uncle Joseph and the Beautiful Lady were so entirely wrapped up in one another and their daughter—an infant of quite phenomenal wisdom and beauty—that the ordinary pleasures of life were not for them. They held, rightly, that pleasure is the resource of those who have failed to find happiness, and consequently had no need of it; but their nephew, who had not yet arrived at the period when a man begins to ask himself whether he is happy or not, and possessed a frank and healthy appetite for the usual diversions of a young man on holiday, found existence at Cheltenham a trifle too idyllic to be satisfying.

He enjoyed himself more at Red Gables. Mr Mablethorpe remained as incorrigibly Peter Pannish as ever. Although his hair was whitening and his figure becoming more spherical, he declined to grow up. His levity was a perpetual sorrow to his sensitive spouse. Once, in response to a more than usually tearful appeal, he made a resolute effort to reform. He read The Times at breakfast, supplements and all. He dressed himself in tight garments and accompanied his wife to tea-parties. He began to talk of engaging a chauffeur instead of indulging in personal bearfights with Boanerges. In short, he became so unspeakably dull that Mrs Mablethorpe grew more tearful than ever, and said it was breaking her spirit to have to keep on smiling and being cheerful for two. Whereupon Mr Mablethorpe, removing his tongue from his cheek, reverted to his former state, to the great comfort of Red Gables.

Of the Dumpling Philip did not see much. She was usually at school; but when they met during the holidays she always appeared to her former playmate to have lost yet more of her adiposity, and to have shot up another six inches. But they continued to be firm allies; and though in time the Dumpling grew reserved and gauche, after the manner of adolescent maidens, their old joyous camaraderie over such things as Boanerges and birds'-nests was never suffered to die out.

One other haunt of his youth Philip visited—the house on Hampstead Heath.

He went twice. The first visit was paid during one of his school holidays, a trial on a new bicycle affording a pretext. (Philip was too much of a schoolboy by this time to admit even to himself that he proposed to ride forty miles just to see a girl.) It was midsummer. He arrived on the Heath about two in the afternoon, and leaving

his bicycle leaning against the trysting-gate of happy memory, cruised methodically about, stealthily watching the house in the hope that a certain slim figure would emerge from the side-door and come skipping down the road. But no such thing happened. The only member of the household whom he encountered was Montagu Falconer himself. He swung suddenly out of a side-road, walking at his usual frantic pace, and, looking straight through Philip, whom he entirely failed to recognise, shot past him, and was gone. But nothing further happened, and our knight, after lingering until dusk, pedalled home unrewarded by a glimpse of his Lady.

The second visit was paid two years later. This time Philip arrived at Hampstead by tube, and walked boldly up to the Heath, big with resolution. He had decided to ring the bell like

a real afternoon caller, and inquire if Mrs Falconer were at home.

As he drew near the house his footsteps faltered. Young women may wonder why, but the young man who still remembers the agony of his first formal call will not. But Philip walked on resolutely.

Finally he arrived at the house of his Lady. It was shuttered and silent. The garden was weedy and the lawn unsheven. Beside the gate a staring board said:

TO LET.

(Continued on page 260.)

ANTARCTICA.

AMONG the outlying islands over which the Commonwealth of Australia exercises jurisdiction is Macquarie, a little speck in Antarctic waters, known to navigators for somewhat over a hundred years, but now occupying a prominent place in world affairs as the stable centre of the wireless system connecting Antarctica with civilisation.

The meteorology of the South Seas and as far up as the Indian Ocean is affected in important respects by the gales from the regions of perpetual ice. Australia, New Zealand, and many other large settled areas possess weather stations, and have hitherto considerably helped shippers by timely warnings; but their best efforts have fallen far short of what might be achieved were it possible to make known the movements of storm elements at or near their place of birth.

Macquarie Island, nearly one thousand miles south of Hobart, was a couple of years ago selected by Dr Mawson, the leader of the expedition to Adelie Land, as the site of a wireless station to which he could communicate intelligence from the mainland of the Antarctic continent, and from which that intelligence could be wired to the world. It was conjectured that it would be impossible to erect a machine on the bergs or rocks which would transmit a message to Australia, and Macquarie Island was thus relied on not only to keep the expedition in touch with the world, but to serve afterwards as the most valuable of the distributors of meteorological intelligence. As matters have turned out, the temporary wireless structure on Adelie Land has been surprisingly successful. Besides communicating fully with Macquarie Island, eight hundred miles off, the expedition has been able on favourable occasions to send messages direct to Sydney, two thousand miles away. When, however, the expedition has finished its work the island will be looked to as the basis from which to calculate most of the weather elements of the South Seas, and to obtain a better understanding of the circulation of the atmosphere

generally.

This little island - which 'wireless,' the youngest child of Fairy Science, has awakened to usefulness-has had, though for some years it was undisturbed by man, a past of boisterous human industry and passions. It is twenty-two miles long, is mountainous, and covered with a scrubby growth; and as it lies in the great fairway of the sailing circle between the Cape of Good Hope and South American ports, where the weather is often tempestuous, it is somewhat inexplicable that its discovery was not made until the year 1810. Portions of wrecks found here and there about the coast are taken by some to mean earlier visits, but the wreckage may have drifted or been blown ashore from a distance. At all events, Captain Hasselborough was the first to report the discovery and give a full description of the island and its surroundings. On 17th August 1810 he arrived in Sydney in command of the brig Perseverance, at that time owned by the Messrs Campbell, Australian merchants, and soon the then small town was in a ferment of excitement over the news he brought of waters alive with seals and seaelephants, and of an island suitable in every way for treating the skins and extracting the oil. So alluring were the reports that several merchants fitted up ships and sent them south to participate in the spoil, and these were quickly followed by vessels from New York and San Francisco.

The island was given the name of the then Governor of New South Wales, Lachlan Macquarie; and, despite the fact that sea and wind were often tempestuous, it was regarded as a

tolerably enjoyable spot by the adventurous gangs who settled there. On the flat top of the island were lagoons of fresh water, and an edible wild cabbage abounded, while penguins sat on Two reefs to the north, which every rock. they named Judge and Clerk, and two to the south, Bishop and Clerk, bounded their field There was, however, neither of operations. wood nor coal, so that these necessaries had to be imported from Australia. The men's huts were rude stone hovels covered with grass or matting, the chief consideration being the selection of a site as sheltered as possible. The custom was to land a gang, leave two months' supplies, then take the vessel back to port, and return at a stated time to receive the barrels of oil and bales of skins which had in the meantime been prepared. Gangs could take service for a fixed period, or-things being satisfactory on both sides—could stay on indefinitely; and some remained on the island continuously for over six years.

At the outset every party met with great suc-The first season yielded one hundred thousand sealskins, and all the barrels were filled with sea-elephant oil. The health of the men was good and their spirits high; but there seems to have been little thought of the morrow. Seals were killed indiscriminately; old and young, male and female, were shot or knocked on the head as occasion offered. The sea-elephants were similarly butchered, and even the penguins realised that their inoffensive presence invited death. Dogs brought by members of the gangs were left uncontrolled, and penguins' eggs were destroyed Birds of lighter wing that made wholesale. homes in holes of the rocks went elsewhere. In a few years the returns of oil and skins fell away, and in 1815 only between five thousand and six thousand seals were accounted for. Seals and sea-elephants were either reduced in numbers or went farther south for a resting-place. The gangs now became discontented, and many members left as soon as their boats could take them off. Merchants found the enterprise profitless, and, on the ground that the industry was worked out, withdrew their vessels from the trade or merely intermittently sent a boat to find if the men remaining behind had accumulated a stock worth carrying away. In good times men of different gangs were not friendly with each

other; their spheres of work were not definitely marked. It was, indeed, a case of each gang for itself. The bad blood became worse as times hardened; and, as the island was small, personal encounters were frequent. A few seals seen sunning themselves on the rocks or sea-elephants rolling in the surf roused the passion for possesssion, and the creatures often made their escape while their would-be captors fought among themselves. In 1820 a Russian expedition touched the island, and, while describing the seals, seaelephants, and penguins as numerous, found the inhabitants a wretched lot, living chiefly on the paws of sea-elephants, and clad in the skins of The captain's summary is that they looked seals. like fiends.

The hard times among the men were accompanied by unusual convulsions over which they had no control. Whirlwinds and blizzards were of daily occurrence. The Campbell-Macquarie, of two hundred and forty-eight tons, built in Calcutta, ran aground and went to pieces; and, though the crew reached shore, four Lascars and a white man succumbed. No less than twelve earthquakes occurred within a few hours, when rocks were thrown into the air and portions of ridges torn away.

Subsequently various attempts were made to revive the trade in seals and sea-elephants; but though temporarily promising, they failed to establish a regular business. A year ago the last effort in that direction was put forth; but boats and men have been withdrawn, and the project declared hopeless.

Such is the minute rocky speck from which the world is wirelessly fed with Antarctic news. The little company stationed there will, in addition to meteorological work, devote time to other scientific investigations which its unique opportunities offer. Members of the staff will deal with geology, ichthyology, and other branches of science, and their contributions should add materially to the sum of extant knowledge. island may also contain unknown minerals. Recently the wireless mast was smashed in a blizzard, and when it was re-erected it was found that the mineral used in the receiver had run low, and the receiver was practically useless. member of the staff set about fossicking over the island, and returned with a new mineral which gives excellent results.

A WEST AFRICAN STORY.

HE was new to West Africa, an English barrister put into the seats of the mighty abroad by those in the seats of the mightier at home, and it was his first experience as judge in a murder case. Evening had come on, and the candles had been lighted in the little wooden court-room. Above his head the punkah swung

lazily to and fro, driving a feeble current of hot, moist air on to the desk at which he sat. In the dock in front of him stood the prisoner, a nearly naked savage from the backwoods, serene, impassive, and quietly dignified. All around, squatting on their haunches on the bare wooden floor, sat groups of natives perfectly silent.

'You have heard the evidence against you. Have you anything to say?' the judge asked. The question was translated to the prisoner, who listened gravely.

'I slew the woman, as was right,' he answered; and then, pointing to a gray-haired Englishman in the well of the court, he added, 'The big police chief knows. Let him tell you.'

The judge paid no attention to the gesture. 'Have you anything to urge in extenuation?' he

went on.

'I have spoken,' the prisoner replied a little wearily. 'I slew the woman. It was the only thing to do. It was right to slay her. If there is anything more to be said let him say it, for I do not understand.' Again he pointed to the police officer.

The judge looked puzzled. 'That man,' he explained, 'is the Government prosecutor in this case. He is on the other side. He is trying to get you hanged, you know, and he cannot speak

for you.'

'Let him speak. He understands,' said the

prisoner.

The Government prosecutor rose to his feet. 'Your Honour,' he began, 'as there is no advocate for the defence, and as I know the prisoner's story and the customs of his tribe, perhaps you will permit me to explain?'

'I am afraid it is entirely out of order,' the judge answered. 'I cannot permit you to appear

for both parties.

'I have already done my duty by the Government as prosecutor, and perhaps my twenty years' experience of the country will enable me to explain to you'——

'Please sit down,' interrupted the judge; and then he asked the prisoner, 'Have you anything

more to say?

'Nothing, sir!'

'Then you plead guilty?'

'I killed the woman, as was right,' the prisoner

answered doggedly.

There was a short pause. The judge was writing, and but for the scratch of his pen and the slow sough of the punkah the court-room was deathly still and silent. At last he raised his head and began to speak in measured tones, detailing the incidents of the crime.

'By Jove!' whispered the police officer to his neighbour, 'it looks as if he were going to give the

poor fellow ten years at least.'

'Look, Carstairs!' came the whispered reply.
'Did you ever see the like in West Africa?'

Carstairs glanced up at the judge, and saw he was in the act of putting on a black cap. The police officer leapt to his feet. 'Your Honour!' he began excitedly—'your Honour! you do not understand! Allow me to explain. I beg of you to defer judgment until to-morrow. I'——

The judge, obviously angry at an interruption unparalleled in all his experience of English courts in the old country, stopped him. 'This

is gross contempt of court, Mr Carstairs,' he said; 'but I shall content myself for the present with asking you to leave.'

Carstairs again attempted to speak.

'If you persist in interrupting, Mr Carstairs, I shall have you removed under arrest.'

Carstairs walked out of the little room, shaking his head as he went, and the youngster in the seat of judgment went solemnly on; but after a while, perhaps because this was his first big case, and because he found himself dealing with the greatest of all things—a man's life—his voice began to falter a little as he spoke the final words: 'I sentence you to be taken to a place to be named hereafter, and there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead. May God have mercy upon your soul!'

After uttering the solemn old formula the judge hid his face in his hands, and the prisoner, understanding nothing, threw a grave, inquiring glance at the native interpreter. That worthy, freed from the supervision of Carstairs, put the matter very shortly. 'Master on high place says, come next moon, you be choked dead,' he said in the vernacular. The prisoner nodded, smiled quietly, and at a signal from his guard turned and marched out between them, his head high and his step firm.

Ten days later a gray-haired police officer, very weary and travel-stained, was ushered into the

Governor's office at headquarters.

'Glad to see you, Carstairs,' said the great man as he shook hands. 'Anything wrong in the Back of Beyond?'

'It is a matter of a man's life,' said Carstairs; 'our new judge has left his velvet gloves at home, I reckon. He is like the rest of them—all iron hand at first, you know.'

The Governor smiled. 'Rather too conscientious and red-tapey is he? What is the

story?'

'It concerns a petty chief, sir, from the Borderland of Things, away two hundred miles behind my place. He is a fine, big, upstanding fellow, six feet on his naked heels, chest like a bull, and a fighting-man every inch of him, besides being as loyal as they make 'em. One day he was watching a favourite wife of his chopping sticks, leaning over her while she worked, and a splinter flew up and cut his eye open a bit. That would have been all right if the wound had not begun to fester, so that there was some danger of his losing his eye altogether. The wound would not heal, and he was obliged to call in medical attendance—the local witchdoctor, of course. There were the usual expensive ceremonies, and at the end of them the doctor got up and said that the eye was bewitched, and would not get better until the lady who had done the deed had departed this life. So the elders of the tribe were called together, and a great pow-wow was held to decide the manner in which the favourite wife was to pay her forfeit.

Our chief was very sorry to lose her, but the medicine-man had spoken, so of course she must die. The only question was how. Elder No. 1 suggested the good old-fashioned way—tying her up to a tree and shying spears at her. But somebody remembered that a neighbouring chief had got into trouble with the British Government for doing that. So Elder No. 2 suggested that she should be put into a spiked barrel and rolled down the hill. But the same objection held good—the British Government had forbidden it in the past, and somebody or other had got into serious trouble for doing it. Method after method was suggested, and method after method was ruled out of order on the same groundsthat we had caused trouble in the past, and would do so again in the future. At last some one had a bright idea, and a messenger was sent three hundred miles down-country to the sea-coast. He came back with a coil of the best hempen rope, and the lady was hanged with all due ceremony, in the exact manner of a civilised British execution. They did their little best to please us; and when he was dragged up for trial the prisoner said to me, "If I had thought you were going to make all this fuss I would have sent | you!' he said.

you the woman and got you to hang her for me." That confounded new judge refused to listen to me when I tried to tell him this, and lugged out a black cap he had brought specially from England, I suppose, for such an occasion as this, and said, "May God have mercy on your soul!" at the end of it all, as if the poor fellow could understand it! Faugh! Him and his black cap! How are we going to hold the country if he goes hanging our most loyal chiefs, the men who are doing their best to please us?

'I don't think the man will hang,' laughed the Governor. 'Will you take this back to him?' He scribbled on a sheet of paper and handed it

Carstairs glanced at it. 'Reprieved, and to come up for judgment when called on,' he 'That's better than I murmured to himself. expected.' He saluted and turned to go.

'By the way, Carstairs,' said the Governor

quietly, 'what of that witch-doctor?'

'It's a bit dangerous; but I think it can be managed, sir,' said Carstairs, looking his chief straight between the eyes.

The Governor met the glance squarely. 'Thank

GOLFING NAMES: THEIR ORIGIN, AND SOME TRADITIONS THEREOF, MAINLY OF ST ANDREWS.

By F. KINLOCH.

'WHAT does a name matter?' asks the keen, practical-common-sense if you likegolfer of the present day; and so he goes on his way, quite oblivious of his surroundings, save as they affect his game. It was not always thus; indeed, up to within a comparatively recent time, it was usual, whenever a new course was opened, to devise suitable names for the holes and any outstanding hazards. In the rush and flurry of modern golf, and the extraordinary multiplication of golf-courses, this old custom is fast dying out; the holes are only known by their specific numbers, and the hazards by their nature and That is a pity in itself; but the worst locality. of it is that even the old historical names of holes and bunkers are in many cases sinking into oblivion, for a generation of golfers is growing up which knows little and cares less about the traditions of the courses, and takes no interest in the history of the past.

The present article is an attempt to keep green some of the names which used to be familiar on the more famous golf-links, and to give some reason for their origin, along with any traditions connected with them.

Inevitably we must begin with the mother of all golf-links-St Andrews. Here there has been no formal christening. Gradually, very gradually, as the years have grown into centuries

-for golf has been played at St Andrews for six hundred years or more—have these names been evolved and become, by daily usage, associated with the holes and bunkers. Some of the original names are, as we shall see, quite unknown now; many of them are familiar only to those born and bred in the old gray city, or who have golfed there from childhood; but others there still are whose reputation is world-wide wherever golf is played.

How came these names? What paramount influences were at work to determine them? Though the writer has had generous help from various competent sources, it is with considerable diffidence that he approaches this subject, and he does not claim to be correct in every version

that he gives.

So far as the old names of the holes are concerned, it is certain that these originated altogether from their immediate surroundings, and were not born in a night, but came slowly, as men talked of their games. As the surroundings changed, as happened in one or two cases, the old names fell into desuetude. So we may take it that the names of the holes are all topographical. Those of the bunkers are different. Some, of course, spring from the same source; but others and it is with these that the traditions of the links are mostly associated—take their origin from golfing personalities of the past, while fancy or contemporaneous historical events are

responsible for the remainder.

Most golfers, at any rate those who have played at St Andrews, and have devoted any interest to the story of the old links, are aware that up to the first years of the nineteenth century there were only nine actual holes in play, and yet it was a full eighteen-hole course. seeming paradox is explained by the fact that the same holes were played on the homeward journey as on the outward. It is, indeed, probable that at one time there were ten holes, for in ancient maps the last hole is called the Hole o' Hill, and figures as being on the hill where now stands the Martyrs' Monument; and it is very likely that there was another hole between it and the burn. But of that we have no concern What is proposed now is to give the original names of the nine holes, with reasons, speculative in some cases, for their origin; similarly, the names of the full eighteen holes as at present played; and then the names of the best-known bunkers, with any traditions or memories attaching to them.

The first hole was played from somewhere near the present first tee to a green over the burn, which was crossed by the old stone bridge. This hole was called the Bridge Hole or Road Hole, and the reason is, of course, obvious. Before we leave this hole it is worth while calling attention to the spelling of the name of the 'burn;' in all the old maps it is spelt

Swillken, not, as at present, Swilcan.

The second hole was situated practically where the present hole is now, but was of course approached from the left, as in those days whins grew right up to the bunkers on the right, and was known originally as the Hole o' Ba' Field. This name has entirely disappeared; but the writer suggests that in old days the students of St Andrews University used to play at games of ball in the adjoining field, afterwards appropriated by the North British Railway Company, just as they do now in the field beyond the railway.

The old third hole, situated very much on the present site, was called the Cartgate, probably because near by there was a cart-road leading down to the sea, 'gate' being Scottice for road.

The fourth, similarly played down a lane of whins, was called Cunnin Links. That was the name for the benty ground on the left. there be any connection between 'cunnin' and 'coney'? Those links were specially the abode of rabbits in early days.

The names of three of the holes we have just been discussing are not now familiar; but those of the remaining five are still in existence.

The fifth was played over Hell Bunker on to the Elysian Fields, then a second drive past the group of bunkers known as the Beardies (of these bunkers more anon), and then a shot across a marshy desert over a big bunker on to the

great green. It was called the Hole o' Cross on account of that approach shot.

The sixth was played down a lane, not of whin, but of heather; hence the Heathery Hole. It was also known as the Hole o' Shell, because the putting-green used to consist of shelly soil

rolled flat, there being no turf.

The seventh, as now, was called the High Hole, from its commanding position overlooking the Eden. In one old map it is designated the Hole of Rhi; but the writer has not been able to discover any satisfactory explanation for that curious name, and it is not generally accepted.

The last two were, as they are to-day, the Short Hole and the End Hole or Hole o' Turn. It may be interesting for the present generation to know that as late as the 'fifties of the last century the course to the End Hole was barely twenty yards wide in places, cut out of deep heather.

As play increased and the course got wider it became necessary to duplicate the holes, and the course practically as it is just now was The following are the names as instituted. known at the present day:

. Burn Hole. 2. Dyke Hole.
3. Cartgate Hole.
4. Ginger-Beer Hole.
5. Hole o' Cross.

 (Seems to have no name.)
 High Hole Home.
 Heathery Hole Home.
 Hole o' Cross Home. 14. Long Hole. 6. Heathery Hole.
7. High Hole.
8. Short Hole. Cartgate Home.
 Corner o' the Dyke. Road Hole

9. End Hole.

18. Home, or Tom Morris Hole.

Of these, only two require any additional notice—namely, the Ginger-Beer Hole and the Tom Morris Hole. As a matter of everyday golf, it is the fifteenth rather than the fourth which is usually known as the Ginger-Beer Hole; but that is immaterial. The hole, be it the fourth or fifteenth, took its name from the fact that in old days—that is, in the 'forties—there was a stall where ginger-beer, and possibly something stronger, were sold to thirsty golfers. This Hole is immortalised in a picture by Mr Charles Lees, wherein are depicted all the best-known golfing bucks of the day, most immaculately dressed in the fashionable garb of the periodtall hats and swallow-tail coats with wonderful They are parading over the puttinggreen with ladies in their very smartest frocks, while in the background is seen a little girl seated behind a stall selling apples and ginger-One wonders at the appearance of all that rank and fashion far out on the links of St Andrews; but of course the meetings of the club were always well attended by the county folk of the Kingdom of Fife, and it was, as it still is, the proper thing to come into St Andrews on the medal days. Still, this picture of the Ginger-Beer Hole shows no signs of strenuous golf; rather does it suggest a picnic.

The last hole is now hallowed by the revered name of Tom Morris, and nothing could be more appropriate if only one could persuade people to call it so. The old man looked on that green, which lay just under the windows of his shop, as the apple of his eye. No practice putting could be indulged in if he were about, and woe betide the luckless caddie who dared to drive a ball off it!

So much for the holes at St Andrews.

As regards the bunkers, they number, it is said, more than two hundred and fifty, and according to the old maps most of these have some kind of name. Naturally it is impossible to follow them *seriatim*; we can only make mention of the better-known hazards. It is probably best to take these in order from the first tee; and as most of the bunkers were named in the days when there were only nine holes, we had better assume that we are playing that most difficult and narrow course.

The first hole had no outstanding hazard save the Swillken Burn. In front of the tee going to the old second hole, at a distance of about seventy yards, was, and still is, a long bunker with a high bank. This is the Scholars' Bunker, so called, it is said, because boys were very proud when they succeeded in carrying it from the tee.

Farther on, in the middle of the course, is a big round bunker, which is often erroneously called the Corner of the Dyke Bunker, but which should be known as Cheape's, after the original owner of the links. Passing without comment the three hazards that guard the green en echelon, we pause at the little round one just beyond it. Its real name is Jackson's Wig, and the inference is that the said Jackson's wig resembled it; anyhow, it is a memento of the days when some golfers played in wigs.

Between the second and third holes are several bunkers which we must notice. A small one barely fifty yards from the old tee should be known as Grant's Bunker, because tradition says that John Grant of Kilgraston, one of a well-known coterie of golfers some seventy years ago, found great difficulty in avoiding it with his tee-shot. We can almost hear the genial chaff, 'Into that bunker again, Grant. I vow it must be called Grant's Own.'

Beyond Grant is a very tiny pot, which is famous as Deacon Syme. No ecclesiastical dignitary was the said Syme, but one of the deacons of the Trades Guilds, a position similar to that held by Bailie Nicol Jarvie. This bunker is now a terrible trap for the long drivers from the fifteenth tee, and is the subject of much execration.

We now come to the far-famed Principal's Nose. Surely no bunker has been better named. The hazard is triple, a cluster of three, a nose with its nostrils, and one can have no difficulty in imagining some irascible old principal of the university, with a large and bulbous nose which grew from red to purple as he delved in its depths. It is said that the particular principal

who made this bunker so famous was called Haldane.

The bunker short of the hole is called after it, the Cartgate.

On the left, going to the fourth hole, are three little pots known as Rob's Bunkers, but no trace of Rob can be found.

A hundred yards or so farther on is another famous trap-namely, Sutherland's Bunker; and the writer is fortunately able to give at first hand the story of how that bunker—which has suffered nearly as much abuse as Deacon Syme-came by its name. It should first be explained that Sutherland was a very great character at St Andrews in the 'fifties and 'sixties. A good golfer himself, he took a very great interest in the rising generation, and he was also-so far as the links were concerned—most conservative, and any tinkering or filling up of bunkers moved him to great wrath. Some extra long driver on the green committee of the day had driven into this small trap, and the powers that were in authority at the time, on his instigation, promptly filled it up. Forthwith there were loud and deep complaints, and Sutherland was foremost in demanding that the bunker should be opened up again. On the 9th of August 1869 there was a dinner-party at Strathtyrum, a neighbouring country-house, and among the guests were the writer's father, the late Sir Alexander Kinloch, and Mr R. Dalzell, C.B. (both, it may be said, subsequently captains of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club). Needless to say, the one topic at dinner was the vandalism of the green committee. It was not to be allowed. So after dinner the guests sallied forth in their evening clothes, routed up the gardener, persuaded him by promise of gold not only to supply them with spades and a wheel-barrow, but to give them his help, and made their way to the links, a good mile distant. They laboured all night, and by morning the bunker was restored. Then on a piece of paper they wrote the name Sutherland, put it in a prominent place in the bunker, and went off to a well-earned rest. Of course every one thought it was Sutherland's work, and by the name Sutherland the bunker is known to this day. The two conspirators remained mute for many years; but their friends wondered why they played so badly for a week after that night in

Beyond Sutherland, the Cottage Bunker stretches across the links; while short of the hole are the Students' Bunkers. Why these, more than any others, should have been selected as the particular hazard of the students it is hard to say, unless it be that they often used to play four holes out and four holes home, turning at this point.

The Hole o' Cross must surely, in the old days, have been as fine a hole as any golfer could wish for. First there came three coffinshaped bunkers, very bad indeed to get out of,

called the Graves. It must be said that this part of the course is gloomy in its nomenclature, for the great Hell Bunker comes next. prime this was the mightiest bunker known. There was no shirking it, no playing round it for safety. Somehow or other the golfer had to carry its depths. How are the mighty fallen! The days of Nowadays Hell has no terrors. Calvinism are past. There is no Hell at St Andrews, so they say—at least not on the links; Calvinism are past. and in truth the great hazard is a travesty of its former self. Nevertheless there was a time when it was indeed a terror to the evil golfer, as one may judge from the following verses composed by that gifted, though practically unknown, genius and philosopher, Patrick Proctor Alexander:

What daring genius first did call thee Hell? What high poetic, awe-struck grand old golfer? Misdeem him not, ye pious ones, a scoffer; Whoe'er he was, the name befits thee well. 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here,' Is written awful o'er thy sandy jaws, Whose greedy throat may give the boldest pause; And frequent from within come tones of fear, And—for mere mortal patience is but scanty—Shriekings thereafter as of souls in pain, Dire guashings of the teeth, and horrid curses.

Just beyond Hell is the subsidiary Devil's Kitchen or Devil's Pot.

Once, however, safely over Hell, the ball lay teed on the softest, greenest sward imaginable, stretching for three or four hundred yards like a putting-green all the way. Here was the golfer's true happiness; it was Elysium, and the Elysian Fields stretched before him. But even now he had to exercise caution; he had to beware of the Beardies, those four queer-shaped, deep holes which still seem to suck the ball into their clutches if it comes at all near them. writer has been at pains to attach some fantastic, mysterious origin to the curious name. It was suggested to him that it might mean the home of the gnomes or elves; but a diligent search of Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary lent no support to this rather fascinating notion, so we must fall back on the more prosaic reason that the benty grass used to grow in beard-like fashion down the steep sides of the bunkers. Once the player was past the Beardies the stroke was still critical, and it is rather remarkable that the hazards which had to be crossed have no name of any significance.

The straight road from the Hole o' Cross to the Heathery Hole was, as it is now, beset with bunkers large and small. The best known of these is perhaps Walkinshaw's Grave, on the face of the plateau. The said Walkinshaw was a left-handed player who had a rooted dislike to the bunker, which in consequence bears his name. Under the green there is a small, almost invisible, trap which collects balls from every quarter. The proper name for this hazard has given rise to a diversity of opinion. Some call it the Lion's Mouth, others the Cat-Trap. The writer has

always known it as the Cat-Trap; the Lion's Mouth, so far as his recollection is concerned, being a bunker farther on, most of which was filled up long ago. Both these names are, of course, fanciful.

Farther on, to the left, is Nick's Bunker; but who Nick was is not known.

From the Heathery Hole to the High Hole a bunker with a high facing bank had to be carried, and this used to be known as the Stroke Bunker, the reason being easy to guess.

Short of the hole are three bunkers which lie in a parallel line. The small one in the middle is historic under the name of Strath, and the large one to the right is the Cockle. Of these, Strath deserves a word to itself. In the early 'seventies Davie Strath was the one man who could stand up to young Tom Morris, and many is the tussle they had. It is fitting that the memory of so fine a golfer as Strath should be kept alive on his native links, even though it be by a bunker. Strath Bunker has been responsible for the loss of many medals; and in last year's Amateur Championship the ultimate winner, Mr H. H. Hilton, was in this same bunker six or seven times out of the nine rounds he played. If it had not already a name, surely it should be called Hilton.

The Short Hole has no hazard with a name, but the End Hole has three which are worth noticing, because they are the only modern or artificial bunkers having names which will last. These are historical, and will always commemorate the Boer war. Side by side, to catch a topped ball off the tee, nestle Kruger and Mrs Kruger, while a hundred yards farther on is Cronje.

And now we have done with St Andrews and its names. It is because no other course in the world can compare with it in this respect that we have devoted so much detailed attention to them. Nevertheless there are names of interest on many other courses.

At North Berwick, for instance, Point Garry is of Gaelic origin, garbh meaning 'rough,' harsh,' or 'rugged;' hence Point Garry—'the rugged point.' Carl Kemp, again, the fourth hole, takes its name from the old fir-wood adjacent. This is Scots, carl being a 'man,' and kemp a verb signifying 'to strive.' What is probably the origin of the name is the fact that in the field where golf is now played the old North Berwick annual games used to be held, and there many a carl strove for mastery. Many golfers have wondered why the sixteenth hole is called the Gate, as there is now no gate near it. The reason is simple. Before the present villas were built along the links there was a farm road, which still exists, leading down to the sea, and a gate opened on to the course quite close to the hole. The Redan is the big bunker facing the fifteenth hole, not, as many imagine, the deep barricaded one on the left of the hole. Judging from the name, one would

have thought that the Redan Hole came into existence about the time of the Crimean war, but that is not so. The hole dates from about 1869, when the first extension of the course was made. The second extension was in 1878, at the time of the Russo-Turkish war, and the narrow pass between Carl Kemp wood and the sea, which has now been much widened, was called the Shipka Pass; but the name is now almost forgotten.

Unlike St Andrews, few of the bunkers have any personal names; but there is one, short of the twelfth or Quarry In Hole, which is called after a very well-known North Berwick character, the late Provost Brodie, and it should be known

as Provost Brodie's Grave.

Musselburgh, once the best nine-hole course in the world and the scene of several championships, has some names of interest, notably the first hole, which is known as the Graves. History has it that many of the soldiers who fell at the battle of Pinkie were buried here, and certainly the mounds over which one putts give some verisimilitude to the tale. The third hole will always be known as Mrs Forman's, after mine hostess of the inn close by. Many a golfer has slaked his thirst at the window opening on to the third green. Then there is that great bunker Pandy, a corruption of Pandemonium, which had to be carried from the fifth tee. It used to be a dreadful hazard, as it was full of stones and the sand was very heavy. It was probably so called in imitation of Hell at St Andrews.

Oddly enough, there are no traditions that can account for any of the Prestwick names; but then Prestwick is of comparatively modern origin, only going back to about 1852. Of course the Alps and Himalayas are easily accounted for, as also the Sea Head-rig, the name of the thirteenth hole, meaning the long, narrow hole stretching like a furrow ('head-rig') along the sea; but one would like to have some reason for the Cardinal's Nob, unless it be simply the desire on the part of the Prestwick golfers to go one better than the Principal's Nose.

At Hoylake the holes have all been named, and these names are in general use, but I am told that the bunkers have none. The interesting names—interesting insomuch as their origin is not patent—are the Dowie (the seventh hole), called after a founder of the club, and one of the first captains in the early 'seventies; and the Dun Hole (the sixteenth hole), also in memory of one of the best known of the early Hoylake golfers, the late Mr John Dun of Warrington.

Not knowing Westward Ho! the writer begged for information regarding the names there, and received a courteous reply, in which regret was expressed that though when the course was laid out every hole, in imitation of St Andrews, was named, these names were now extinct, the only one still retained, and that only among the older members, being the sixth, which is called the Alligator, because of the bunkers which gape at a golfer off the tee. One other name survives; there is a certain patch of ground on the course of the seventeenth hole which is happily known as Abraham's Bosom, because the lies are better there than on the rest of the course.

There are good names on some of the less famous courses. Thus at Machrie, in Islay, the third hole, which is so difficult as almost to be unfair, is known as Mount Zion, because it is so hard to reach. Another is called Willie's Fancy, because Willie Fernie, who laid out the course, declared it was the best hole he had come across. At Newcastle, in County Down, there is a great sandhill which originally had two peaks, appropriately called the Matterhorn. At Machrihanish there is a grim reminder of the Zulu war in Rorke's Drift, while there are Spion

Kops by the dozen.

Yet, comparing these modern names with the old ones of St Andrews, there seem to be an artificiality, a lack of originality, and above all a lack of humour about the former which reflects the spirit of the golfing age. Who would now dare to insult a golfer, especially a bad one, by nicknaming a bunker after him, as is the case of so many bunkers at St Andrews? It has been attempted, to the writer's knowledge, but oddly enough the honour has not been appreciated. Yet the old-time golfer, conscious of his shortcomings, never resented such delicate chaff; on the other hand, he rather enjoyed it. It is to be feared that the succeeding generation will become so matter of fact that even the bunkers will be known by their numbers. That possibly might save a lot of trouble. Instead of saying, 'I got into the bunker short of the green, you could say, 'I was caught in No. 11.' But the romance of golf would be gone, if indeed it has not even now vanished.

THE VALLEY.

HERE, in the valley close and gray,
I longing look to the far-away;
Fain would I to the mountains climb
From the misty lights and the things of time.

Fain am I to breathe purer air,
To gaze on a world more grand and fair,
To look from the mountains and vaulted skies.
To the depths below where the blue sea lies.

The valley is narrow and dark and chill; I often climb to the farthest hill.

Oh exquisite moment! I gain from it

One swift soul-glimpse of the Infinite.

I wonder oft if my life shall be Spent in this valley that prisons me; Or if, through the years I shall patient wait, I shall find at last there's an open gate.

MARY M. CURCHOD (MYRA).

ALGIERS.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday. T has happened twice recently that immediately after travelling in the United States and associating intimately with its people for some time, I have engaged in irregular wanderings on beaten tracks and off them in parts of Europe which count for most in modern development or give promise of doing so. It is when one leaves Fifth Avenue in New York for the Alcala in Madrid, couples fashionable Newport in the same thought with San Sebastian and Cannes, and comes incongruously when in Rome by a remembrance of something seen and done in Washington, that one is made fully to realise the terrific change that is pending in the world and that is coming quickly on. Great enough, sad enough, are the troubles that afflict the Continental Powers in these times, with their greeds and jealousies and constant wranglings; but the mistake that is surely made by the readers of newspapers, and those who only study life and action within the limits of their private gardens, is that by the building of battleships, the strengthening of armies, and the construction of swarms of aeroplanes, the destiny of nations and empires is being steadily shaped and properly guaranteed. The Powers, it is believed, are marking time in a grand wisdom and in a slow and sure development, as they may appear to think, of a new stability of Europe. It is put forward and believed by most students of affairs that at no distant time from now there will be a crash of arms between two of these Powers, perhaps with more than two involved, and that thereafter, with the payment of some indemnities and the transfer of patches of landed property, causing a little change of tinting in the atlases of the world, there will be peace and quietness established for a long period to come. Europe, which has been in a state of rearrangement ever since human beings crawled and lived and fought upon it, is to reach its goal at last. Such confidence would be too utterly stupid if it were real; but every statesman knows that until there is a grand cataclysm of an immensity that is hardly to be conjectured now, there can be no rest and contentment in Europe, and the national progress of the most civilised and cultured people must be pitifully retarded. Subconsciously, if not No. 174.—Vol. IV.

otherwise, every capable man engaged in the higher statesmanship of Europe understands that this cataclysm is sure to come, and all the work that is done now in the way of preparations and of threats and wars is merely temporary. And so the European states go on with their negotiations and their attacks, even though they may be a little conscious that Europe in the bulk approaches some overwhelming change of vaster dimensions and consequence than any that has taken place Those who have not realised the hitherto. coming of this change have failed either because they have not gone about and thought, or because they have not seen anything about it in the newspapers, or because the statesmen on whom they most depend have not mentioned it. Change is so rapid in these days, and the needs of present moments are so intense, that there is some excuse for modern statesmen being so much opportunists as they are, and for their outlook being seemingly so narrow. Just as so many politicians fail to think imperially, and members of Cabinets are not statesman-like in their views and attitudes, so the fault of rulers seems to be that they do not consider sufficiently in terms of eternities or a more intelligible something short of them that is suggested by the property vendor's period of nine hundred and ninety-nine years. Change in these days is terrific in its speed. Men are flying, words unfastened to wire or paper are being sent thousands of miles through plain air, just now I hear that the great inventors have begun to light lamps many miles away simply by the despatch of wireless electricity through space, and the beginning of some amazing changes and controversies is indicated. a hum in all the world, the signs of the great transformation are in the sky and on the earth, and the mind of every human being of intelligence is conscious of the beginning of an upheaval in the state and arrangements of mankind such as the world has never known before. If any reader of these notes has not already put it to himself in this way, he will probably, upon a moment's reflection now, admit the reason in this proposition. In America everywhere, north and south, in Britain's over-sea dominions, and even in the Eastern world there seems to be a strong general tendency to prepare and adapt and be ready for the change. The feelings of the people [All Rights Reserved.] MARCH 28, 1914.

toward the problems of life are different. Conceptions are wider, greater, freer. Only in Europe, one feels, is there hesitation in grappling with the new circumstances, and that is because of the intense and stifling conservatism that pervades the whole European system, its arrangement of Powers and territories, its petty jealousies and its fears, its littleness of design and method.

If this should seem ant-like criticism of an elephantine subject, let us consider two little affairs of recent occurrence. There was the One European Power is in Zabern matter. possession of land taken from another in war, and holds it now in a security which does not always appear absolute. The people living on that land are not wholly favourable to the new possessors, and the old possessors are generally believed to have thoughts of recovery at some future time. As worlds and empires go, the property, though good enough, is hardly worth a nation's perpetual worry; but there it is. Hatreds and jealousies are hotly maintained, soldiers stalk the streets, swords are drawn with little excuse, and, lo! when a young lieutenant thinks that somebody is laughing at him—he is not sure, but he thinks it may be the casethere is tumult and riot, a crisis is brought on, great inquiries are held, and nations nearly shake with anxiety. That is an aspect of the European system and its littleness. I have noticed another affair, suggestive enough in its way, but not of a sort to cause commotion. At a point in the Franco-Belgian frontier there are little towns on either side, and each has fire-engines for the usual protective purposes. The local authorities, for their mutual benefit, have been in the habit of looking upon the frontier line as a theoretical rather than a very effective division in many matters, and have co-operated amicably in various affairs. Particularly when there has been a big fire on one side of the line, the authorities on the other have been in the way of sending their fireengine across to give some help. At these times it has been forgotten that there are such separate entities as France and Belgium, and remembered only that these are men and friends, and that lives and goods are in danger. But something has recently happened—it occurred in February—to disturb this happy state of things, and to remind the people that, even though France and Belgium be excellent friends, the niceties of the European system must be preserved. A big fire broke out on one side of the line, and a call for help went The fire-engine was quickly over to the other. got into order, and it dashed to the frontier line; but there was then a hitch of a kind that had never occurred before. Either because the friendly engine was now propelled in the way of an automobile instead of by horses, or because of some new regulations or warnings that had come along to the guards on the line, it is the fact that the engine was stopped by the military and

Customs authorities across the border, and those in control informed that it could not proceed to the big blaze that was making enormous havoc unless it paid a substantial duty for the petrol that it was carrying for its self-propulsion. point was insisted upon; it was in vain that the men of the friendly fire-engine argued that they had neither the money nor the disposition to satisfy the demands that were made, and that they only desired to use their petrol in the good cause of assisting their friends across the border. The military and the Customs said, 'No; the fire-engine people must pay or go back; and as to the fire, why, what did it matter so long as the European system in its detail and red tape was maintained intact? Greater sacrifices for it had been made than that,' So the fire-engine did go back, and the fire burned splendidly for a long time, and did the most enormous damage. If it is said that there was not much commonsense in this, it must be added that there is not much common-sense in the whole European This fire-engine story is a stupid trifle, no doubt; the Zabern bother may not be much better; but such things as these do illustrate the littleness of the Old World system, and surely also they suggest the impossibility of its continued existence.

* * *

If Europe could only understand the contempt with which the peoples of the New World view these triflings, while these people, with a laugh, get on with their business of shaping the world and making it anew! In Europe we quite understand and appreciate such matters as the Zabern disturbance and the frontier fireengine; and it even seems reasonable to maintain enormous armies and to make a fresh and bigger lot of battleships in every great country every few years; but in America it looks as if Europe in its old age were mad; and when a European goes to the States or Canada for a little while, and becomes impregnated with the New World system and feeling, he too thinks, on his return to the old state of things, that Europe is partly mad. Nothing in the arrangement of the world appears more ridiculous to him than the separation of the Continent into such a large number of complete countries, and all the tremendous cost in money, lives, and hindrances to labour that are involved by such a system. It is not until you contemplate it on the other side of the world, and look at Britain, France, and Germany as they appear on the map, that you realise the monstrous futility of the existing order of things. And just lately they have been making another new arrangement on the Continent, and starting off a new king and kingdom. We may be assured by Europeans that history, tradition, race, language, custom, and also the stimulus of envy and competition in trade demand this arrangement of separation. History and tradition have little to do with the case, since arrangements are being

continually changed, and the tendency is ever toward aggregation. We now have a united Italy and a united Germany, and it is only a little while since there were many little states in place of them. Before the end of their recent troubles the Balkan States felt for a moment a new idea and hope flashing through their mind -the United Balkan States; but they were not strong enough to reach forward to it. Being intensely European, they preferred a little more war and permanent separation, with the prospect of more wars to follow. But yet, in spite of the separatist efforts of the peoples, there is a natural tendency all through Europe toward international collectivism; and if the sun continues to rise and the Europeans continue to live, it is as certain as can be that in due course of time, the result of tremendous pressure of circumstances, there will be a United States of Europe. Racial feeling between the nations, discovered to have been largely fostered by ruling and other interested classes, is largely breaking down as the result of increasing commerce, faster and more thorough means of communication, the increase of travelling and intermingling, the widening of thought, and the spectacle of the wondrous blending of blood that is going on in America, and the splendid results thereof. The language difficulty is slowly breaking down; it would disappear quickly enough if the nations would agree on the best to adopt. There are only three practicable propositions before us: English, French, or some such 'universal' language as Volapuk or Esperanto. Whether it is so or not, the idea of the new language appears to most people as too faddish and whimiscal; they want a language that is already in use. French has prestige because it is the 'diplomatic' language, and also it is in fairly common use throughout the European countries-more so, certainly, than any other language, except English. The latter has the enormous advantage of being already the chosen and universal language of the greater part of the New World; and when we come to a New Europe the influence of the New World will be paramount in such matters as this. Depend upon it, when we have a United States of Europe, the language which will surely make itself the universal one will be English Then Socialism and the doctrine of the brotherhood of man is destined to have a quick and enormous influence in bringing about the collapse of the present European system and the federation of states as they exist at present. Socialism, as it is practised at present, abounds in faults, injustices, and impossibilities; but it is becoming fairly clear that it will soon have the power absolutely to prevent war, and will exercise it. Do people in general properly realise that as soon as ever war becomes impossible the system of the separation of states must collapse for want of reason, and the United Europe is in full view? The travellers from afar that wander from capital to capital in the Old

World, just as they do from Ohio to Arizona in the New, see in the separation of the states, the different languages, coinages, and customs only an absurd nuisance, and they do not appreciate it in any other way. When the principle of unity is spreading in every department of life and thought throughout the world, and exercising enormous influences, it is not applied only to that subject where it would be most effective and powerful in its good to humanity. The Great Powers adopted the grand air of might and superiority toward the little Balkan States when the latter were at war with each other, and partly in the interests of humanity, but more chiefly in the interests of themselves, they intervened. But in effect how much better are the European Powers than the Balkan States? The New World sees only this difference, that the Powers conduct the same principle on a larger and grander scale, and one far more disastrous to humanity.

America has her little troubles of war, but she does not seek and does not provoke them. One of the most striking differences between the outside appearance of life in America and the same in Europe is that in the former there is no trace of militarism, while in the latter the picture is blotted with soldiers. There are soldiers, soldiers everywhere, and the guns of battleships at practice boom right round the Continental shore. But in the New World they just go on with their work and try by progress to make life a better and a brighter thing. The American system abounds in faults, but mostly they are the faults of youth and inexperience. Art has already begun to have a strong refining influence throughout the country. The graces of life are finer in Europe now than in any other part of the world; but if the American system embraces less of such graces, it has more greatness, more fullness, and more moral health. American life and its value are seldom properly represented by British critics; there is too much either of flattery or stupid contempt; seldom fair examination and proper appraisement. Because this is so, and knowing something of the subject, I have been deeply impressed by some thoughts upon it which have been infused into a popular novel of the moment, and they have led to these wandering reflections upon the European system and the inevitable change that must take place. I was sitting out in the sunshine recently, not far from Toulon, and I read this book by Mr H. G. Wells to an accompaniment of the thunder of battleship practice in the distant harbour. While these trials were proceeding, and as I passed lightly over a piteous love-story, something went wrong with one of the cruiser's guns, there was a crash of enormous intensity, and the lives of a few more Frenchmen, martyrs to the European system, were stopped. Those who read Mr Wells only for his story, or criticise him for his art, will

probably have much to complain about in his lengthy interpolations about the New World; but to those who know it and understand it. they are as a refreshing and welcome truth. He tells us that New York at the beginning was extraordinarily stimulating to him—to his chief character, that is. 'And New York,' he says, 'keeps the promise of its first appearance. There is no such fullness of life elsewhere in all the world. The common man in the streets is a bigger common man than any Old World city can show, physically bigger; there is hope in his eves and a brave defiance. New York may be harsh and blusterous and violent; but there is a breeze from the sea and a breeze of fraternity in the streets, and the Americans of all people in the world are a nation of still unbroken men.' Mr Wells is fascinating when he goes on: 'This amazing place had never had a famine, never a plague; here were no temples, no priesthoods dominating the lives of the people-old Trinity Church embedded amidst towering sky-scrapers was a symbol for as much as they had of all that; and here too there was no crown, no affectations of an ancient loyalty, no visible army, no traditions of hostility; and every one I met had an air as if he knew that to-morrow must be different from to-day, and different and novel and remarkable by virtue of himself and such as himself. I went about New York with the incredulous satisfaction of a man who has long doubted, to find that after all America was coming true. The very clatter pleased me, the crowds, the camp-like slovenliness, a disorder so entirely different from the established and ac-

cepted untidiness of China or India. Here was something the Old World had never shown me, a new enterprise, a fresh vigour. In the Old World there is a change, but it drives men before it as if it were a power astride them, and not in them. they do not know, they do not believe; but here the change is in the very blood and spirit of mankind. . . . That sense of incurable servitude to fate and past traditions, that encumbrance with ruins, pledges, laws, and ancient institutions, that perpetual complication of considerations, and those haunting memories of preceding human failures which dwarf the course of destiny in Europe and Asia vanish from the mind within a week of one's arrival in the New World. . . . All America, North and South alike, is one tremendous escape from ancient obsessions into activity and making.' I have made such a lengthy extract because in reading it for the first time I felt an indescribable sense of elation as one who finds truth at last through congested masses of obstacles. Nearly every honest man who has visited America has felt these same sensations, though he could not have expressed them. Some people have not liked them; the obsessions of Europe, after all, are a great habit, and they go deep into the nature of the European. Mr Wells will not expect everybody to share his spirit and his fancies in this matter. To me they so very well stand as truth told for the first time, and they have brought up from the bottom of my mind many thoughts, impressions, and beliefs that were planted there as I wandered through the States, and which have lain in a subconscious state since then.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XVI. -- OMEGA, CERTAINLY NOT!

MISS SYLVIA MABLETHORPE—'also known to the police,' to quote her unfeeling papa, as Dumpling, Dumps, Daniel Lambert, and The Tichborne Claimant—sat upon the high wall which enclosed the demesne of Red Gables, gazing comfortably up and down the long white road. In her lap lay cherries, in her hand a novel. It was a hot summer afternoon. She had exchanged greetings with the local policeman, various school children, and the curate, all of whom had passed by upon their several errands within the last half-hour. For the moment the road was clear, and Dumps had leisure to resume the pursuit of literature.

But she had barely covered half-a-page when there fell upon her ears the sound of a horse's hoofs. Dumps, however, did not raise her eyes from the not very interesting volume before her; though it may be noted that she had looked up readily enough upon the advent of the curate, the policeman, and the school children. All of which was a sign that Dumps was growing up. Indeed, she was now sixteen, and was to go

abroad in a few weeks to undergo that mysterious feminine process known as 'finishing.'

The clatter of hoofs grew louder, slowed down, and came to a stealthy stop just opposite to that part of the wall whereon Dumps was seated. She looked up lazily, to find a pleasantly sunburned youth of twenty-two removing his cap.

'Hallo, Derek!' she observed casually. 'That

you?'
Master Derek blushed guiltily.

'Yes,' he said. 'Good-afternoon. I only got back from Aldershot last night.'

'Oh! Have you been away?' inquired the heartless Dumps.

'Four months,' replied Derek, in tones of respectful reproach.

'And now you are home for the holidays?' remarked Miss Mablethorpe brightly.

'Long leave,' corrected Derek in a humble

'What fun it must be,' continued Sylvia, 'living in a tent for weeks and doing nothing!' Second Lieutenant Rayner, who had just spent

four strenuous months under canvas or on manœuvres, ending with a route march in which his battalion had covered a hundred and thirty miles in four days, smiled wanly. No man is a hero to the girl with whom he has played in infancy.

'Topping weather, isn't it?' he observed pre-

sently.

Dumps agreed, sunning herself luxuriously. 'Does your mare eat cherries?' she asked.

'No; but I do,' said Derek with great boldness. Dumps threw him down a couple, and continued, I am waiting for dad. He is correcting proofs—very cross. When he has finished we are going out in Boanerges.'

'Have you still got Boanerges?' asked Derek

incredulously.

'Yes; but he is on his very last legs. have a new car coming.'

'What sort?'

'A Britannia. It has been specially selected for us,' said Dumps with pride, 'by-by an official of the company. The front seat is being put a little forward, so that I can drive.

A few years ago Master Derek Rayner would have greeted this announcement with some exceedingly witty and caustic comments. Now he merely murmured reverentially, 'I expect you will make a ripping little chauffeur.'

'I shouldn't wonder,' agreed Dumps com-

placently. 'Where are you going?'

'Oh, just for a ride,' said Derek. 'Are your people quite well?

'Yes, thank you.'

'Tell Mrs Mablethorpe I was asking for her,

will you?'

'I will make a point of it,' said the impervious Dumps. Then, relenting slightly, she inquired, 'Are you going to tennis at Oatlands on Thurs-

'Yes,' said Derek eagerly. 'Would you mind

being my partner in the mixed doubles?

'Is that a sudden inspiration?' asked Dumps. 'No-really. I have been meaning to ask you for weeks. That's why I rode over here this afternoon,' blurted out Derek.

'I thought you said you were just out for a ride,' remarked Miss Mablethorpe. (It is quite a mistake to suppose that it is only small boys who are cruel to the humbler members of creation.)

Derek floundered helplessly, and was dumb. From afar came the melodious toot of a wellmodulated Gabriel horn. Dumps sat up, and looked sharply up the road.

'Well, anyway, will you be my partner?' asked Derek, lifting his eyes once more. He was surprised and not a little gratified to observe that Miss Sylvia had turned excessively pink.

'Yes-perhaps. No. All right,' replied the girl shortly. 'I must go now. Good-bye. See

you on Thursday.'

By way of intimating that the audience was terminated, Miss Mablethorpe swung her ankles

-they had grown quite slim those days-over the wall, and disappeared with a thud. Mr Rayner, on the whole much puffed up, galloped away.

Two minutes later a motor-car, consisting chiefly of a chassis, with a single wooden seat lashed to the frame, slid to a standstill outside the gates of Red Gables. On the back of the seat, in bold letters, was painted the legend, 'Britannia Motor Company, Coventry.' In the seat sat Philip.

The car had already stopped when the gates were swung open, and Dumps appeared, smiling welcome. 'Hallo, Philip!' she said. 'Is this

our new car?'

'Not quite,' said Philip, surveying his dingy, workman-like equipage. 'This is my service They are sending yours on Monday.'

By this time the girl had clambered on to the back of the chassis and ensconced herself upon the petrol-tank. Philip, turning the car in through the gates, drove up the short straight avenue to the front door. The purring of the big engine ceased, and the pair, having alighted, passed arm-in-arm, like brother and sister, into the presence of Mr Mablethorpe.

That excellent but volcanic author was discovered tearing his hair with one hand and digging holes in a long galley proof (employing a fountain-pen as a stiletto) with the other. 'Hallo, Philip!' he began at once. 'Will you

have a bet with me?

'Certainly,' said Philip. 'What about?'

'I bet you one million pounds,' said Mr Mablethorpe with great precision, 'that the condemned printing firm employed by my unmentionable publishers has taken into its adjectival employment an asterisked staff of obelised female compositors. Consequently I shall have to retire to an asylum. It is a nuisance, because I have just bought a new motor.'

'How are you so certain about the female com-

positors?' asked Philip.

The author pathetically flapped the long printed slip in his face. 'I don't mind correcting misprints,' he said. 'I am used to it. Male compositors cannot spell, of course; in fact, very few of them can read. But they do understand stops; at least, they put in the stops that an author gives them. The female of the species, on the other hand, only recognises the existence of two—the comma and the note of exclamation. These she drops into the script as she would drop cloves into an apple-tart—a handful or two when she has finished setting up the type. At She also sets her face least, I suppose so. against the senseless custom of using capital letters to begin a sentence. Otherwise she is admirably suited to her calling. Look at this!'

He exhibited a corrected proof—a mass of red

ink and marginal profanity.

'I am feeling better now,' he said. 'I have written both to the publisher and printer. The letter to the printer was particularly good. Have a cigarette? What have you come to see us for -business or pleasure?

'Business,' said Philip. 'Public or private?'

Philip considered. 'Private.'

Mr Mablethorpe turned to his daughter. quisitive female,' he thundered, 'avaunt!'

'Oh, it's not private to Dumps,' said Philip. 'I have been offered a new billet, that's all.'

'Then let us all sit down and argue about it,' proposed Mr Mablethorpe with zest. He threw his proofs upon the floor. 'My wife is upstairs, reading the mendacious prospectus of a new Continental spa, and I don't suppose she will develop the symptoms it professes to cure much before six o'clock. Go ahead, Philip.'

'The directors want me to take charge of the

London offices,' said Philip.

'What are the London offices, where are they, and why do they require taking charge of?' inquired Mr Mablethorpe categorically. Like all unmethodical and scatter-brained persons, he had a high opinion of himself as a man of affairs.

'The London offices,' said Philip, 'are in Oxford Street. They consist of a showroom full of new cars—the company gets most of its orders through this showroom—and a biggish garage and repairing-shop at the back, opening into somewhere in Soho.'

'And do they want you to tell untruths in the showroom or wash cars in the garage?' inquired Mr Mablethorpe.

Dumps stiffened indignantly, but Philip

laughed.

'They want me to boss the whole place,' he 'Hitherto they have had a man in charge of the showroom and another in charge of the garage, and there has been everlasting trouble between them. I gather that the showroom man is young—an old public-school boy'

'I know! Wears white spats, and sends for an underling to open the bonnet of a car when a customer asks to see the works,' said Mr Mable-

thorpe. 'Go on.'

'And the repair-shop man is elderly, and Yorkshire, and a ranker. I fancy they parted brassrags from the start, with the result that working expenses are too high '-

'Surprising!' murmured Mr Mablethorpe.

'And I have been told off to go to town and supervise the pair of them,' concluded Philip. 'Shall I?'

'Why not?'

'Well, I shall be giving up my other work,

'What is your other work? Describe one of

your ordinary days in detail."

Philip did so. When he had finished, Mr Mablethorpe said, 'Well, if that is the sort of life your tastes incline to, why not go the whole hog, and get ten years' penal servitude right away? That strikes me as an equally suitable and much more economical method of satisfying your desires. Consider! You would get ten years of continuous employment, of a kind almost identical with your present occupation, and the State—people like me—would maintain you into the bargain. No rates, no taxes, no extortionate tradesmen, no women of any kind! Regular hours, rational diet, and free spiritual consolation! What more could a man ask? True, your hours of work would be shorter than at present; but I dare say that if you were good they would allow you an extra go at the oakum when no one else That's the plan, Philip! Put the was using it. thing on a business footing at once, and get arrested! Don't overdo it, of course. It is no use committing a crime they could hang you for; that would be trop de zèle. Supposing you burn down the Houses of Parliament, or, better still, the Imperial Institute; or get to work on some of your personal friends with a chopper, and carve ten years' worth out of them? Start on Dumps here. She would make a capital subject for experiment.

Miss Mablethorpe turned to the visitor with an 'He will be all right presently, apologetic smile. she said, indicating her parent. 'He is always a little strange in his manner after correcting

proofs.'

She was right. Presently Mr Mablethorpe, who had been ranging about the room, to the detriment of waste-paper baskets and revolving bookcases, sat down and said, 'And you are reluctant to give up your present berth, Phil ?'

'Yes,' said Philip, 'I am. You see,' he added

a little shyly, 'it's my Work.'
'Quite so,' agreed Mablethorpe, suddenly 'You believe that work is the key of serious. Labor omnia vincit—eh !'

Philip nodded, but Dumps inquired, 'What

does that mean, please?'

Her father translated, and continued. 'Philip, let me tell you something. You are in danger of becoming a specialist. Life, roughly, is made up of two ingredients-Things and People. At present you are devoting yourself entirely to Things—to Work, in fact. How many years have you lived in Coventry?'

'About five.'

'Very good. And how many people do you know there? I am not referring to your fellowstokers. I mean people outside the place. How many?'

Philip pondered, and shook his head. 'I don't know,' he said.

'Half-a-dozen?'

'Perhaps.'

'There you are, right away!' said Mr Mablethorpe, with the intensely satisfied air of one who has scored a point. You have spent five years in a place, and barely know half-a-dozen people

there. You are becoming a specialist, my son-a specialist in Things. That is all wrong. Yo are lop-sided. Man was never intended to devote himself to Things to the exclusion of People; least of all you, with your strong gregarious instincts and human sympathies. Isn't that true?'

Philip considered. Long-dormant visions were awakening within him. His thoughts went back to the days when he had decided to follow the calling of a knight errant. That decision had not occupied his attention much of late, he reflected.

'And therefore,' continued Mr Mablethorpe, 'I counsel you to go to London and take up the new billet. Go and reason with the Yorkshire foreman, and pulverise the gentleman in spats, and argue with creditors; go and study People. Study the way they walk, the way they talk, the way they think, the way they drink. You won't like them. They will shirk their work, or blow in your face, or tell you anecdotes which will make you weep. But they will restore your balance. They will develop the human side of you. Then you will be really rather an exceptional character, Philip. Very few of us are evenly balanced between Things and People. All women, for instance, have a permanent list towards People. Things have no meaning for them. A triumph of engineering, or organisation, or art, or logical reasoning makes no appeal whatever to a woman's enthusiasm. She may admire the man who achieves them, of course; but only because he happens to have sad eyes, or a firm mouth, or a wife in an asylum. If the personal touch be lacking, Things simply bore Woman. I once showed an aunt of mine—a refined and intelligent woman-round the finest cathedral in England, and the one solitary feature of the whole fabric which interested her was a certain stall in the choir where a grand-nephew of hers had once sat for eighteen months as a choir-boy! Yes, women are undoubtedly lopsided. Men, as a whole, are predisposed the other way, which largely accounts for what is known as sex-antagonism. Heaven help all novelists if no such thing existed!

'Shop!' remarked the unfilial Dumps.

Mr Mablethorpe, recalled to his text, continued, 'Very well, then. We agree that Things -by which we mean Work-are not the Alpha and Omega of Life. Alpha, perhaps; Omega, certainly not.'

'Don't you mean "Archibald, Certainly Not!"

daddy?' inquired Miss Dumps, referring to a popular ditty of the moment. Mr Mablethorpe took no heed.

'Labor omnia vincit,' he said, 'is only half a truth. There is another maxim in the same tongue which supplies the other half. You can easily commit it to memory if you bear in mind the fact that it ends a pentameter, while the other ends a hexameter. It is: Omnia vincit

He translated for the benefit of his unlearned daughter, and swept on. 'Now consider. If it is true that Work conquers All, and equally true that Love conquers All, what must be our logical and inevitable conclusion?

It was Dumps who answered.

'That Love and Work are the same thing,' she said. Her eyes met Philip's, and dropped quickly.

Mr Mablethorpe nodded his head gravely. 'Philip,' he said, 'you hear the words of this wise infant? They are true. That is why I want you to go and mix with People. You are getting a bit too mechanical in your conception of Life. You are in danger of becoming an automaton. You must cultivate your emotions a bit—Love, Hate, Pity, Joy, Sorrow—if you want to turn into a perfectly equipped Man. Taking them all round, it is impossible to get to know one's fellow-creatures without getting to love them. That is the secret which has kept this old world plodding along so philosophically for so many centuries. So start in on People, my son. Go to London, and take up that appointment. You will regret your old workshop at times. Machinery is never illogical, or unreasonable, or ungrateful; and though it may break your arms and legs, it will never try to break your heart. Still it is only machinery. If you want to attain to the supreme joys of Life you will have to be prepared for the deep sorrows too, and you can only meet with these things by consorting with human beings. You have discovered for yourself—or think you have—that Labor omnia vincit. Go on now till you realise the meaning of the other phrase of which I spoke. When that happens you will have found yourself. You will be poised and balanced. In short, my son, you will be a Man. Now let us scramble for muffins.

(Continued on page 277.)

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HERRING-BOAT.

By W. DUFF.

THE change which the craft engaged in the herring-fishery of Scotland have undergone within the past fifty or sixty years forms one of the most striking and one of the most satisfactory features in connection with the fishing industry. The equipment of the steam-drifter | the gap if they were laid alongside of each other

of the present day is luxurious in the extreme when compared with the open boats of half-acentury ago. From these small open boats of thirty to thirty-five feet keel to the steam-vessels now in use is a far cry; and so great would be

that it would be difficult to find the missing link. Yet the evolution of the herring-boat has been a gradual process.

In the small boats the comforts were of a very antiquated nature; there was not even a 'den' to shelter the crew from the conditions of the weather while snatching a few hours' sleep as the boats hung on to their nets. The only fireplace was an old pot laid upon a few stones in the bottom of the boat, and the sole cooking utensil was a kettle, and some did not even possess that. Along both sides of the boat, two er three feet from the gunwale, were two planks resting upon supports for laying the nets upon, and for the crew to stand on while hauling or shooting the nets. These boats ready for sea cost only from eighty to one hundred pounds. Early in the 'sixties a very marked improvement took place when the 'den' or half-deck was introduced, which added very materially to the comfort of the fishermen at sea. In these dens there were sufficient beds to afford comfortable sleeping accommodation for the crew, a marked contrast to sleeping in an open boat wrapped in a fold of one of the sails. Shortly after, the fulldecked boat came into vogue, which contributed considerably to the prosperity of the herringfishery. Fishermen were, however, very conservative, and were slow to adopt this new and improved build of fishing-craft. As an instance of this, when the full-decked boat came first on the scene it was ridiculed by many of the fishermen along the shores of the Moray Firth, and indeed all along the east coast of Scotland, as being dangerous and unsafe for life at sea. course there was a good deal of truth in this; but though safety-rails were invented and exhibited throughout the principal fishing-towns, for some reason or other they were never adopted. But the spirit of emulation gradually took hold of the fishermen, and a boom in the building of full-decked boats of an increased size took place, while a number of the larger-sized half-decked ones were converted into full-decked vessels, with the result that those who had protested most against them were now most loud in their praise.

The craft at this time were of the 'scaff' or 'fifie' build; and as fishermen were no longer engaged in fishing only on their own local grounds, the question of the best form and build of fishing-boat began to receive great attention. On the shores of the Moray Firth the excellences of the old 'scaff' and 'fifie' were amalgamated; and this produced the model fishing-boat known as the 'zulu,' whose fine lines and yacht-like appearance drew forth the admiration of all. These 'zulu' boats proved very safe, serviceable, and speedy, and were the pride of the fishermen for many years. As far as the writer remembers, the first 'zulu' boat was designed by one William Campbell, fisherman, Lossiemouth, and built to his instructions by Alexander Wood, boatbuilder, of that town. In the principal fishing-towns

and villages south of the Moray Firth the 'fifie' boat, in an improved form, still continued to be used.

As already mentioned, sail herring-boats were gradually increasing in size and value, their dimensions having reached from seventy to eighty feet in length over all, and their value from six hundred to seven hundred pounds. Owing to the great size of these first-class sailing-boats, it was found necessary to introduce into them a steam-capstan for the purpose of saving part of the manual labour incidental to the hauling of the nets and the hoisting of the sails, the foresail alone having a spread of canvas of three hundred and forty square yards. The idea of still further utilising the power of the steam-capstan was frequently conceived, and a Mr Randall of Wick invented a portable propelling screw which was tested in one of the large boats belonging to that port. But the experiment did not prove a success, owing to the fact that the boiler was not large enough to generate sufficient steam.

As the large herring-boats now found it necessary to proceed farther and farther to sea annually, and as they were too heavy to be propelled by oars when overtaken in a calm, their catches of herrings were frequently spoiled and rendered unfit for human food. This led to the idea of applying steam-power to boats engaged in the herring-fishing, and several men of eminence who were entitled to speak with authority on the subject—such as the late Professor Huxley and Mr R. W. Duff, M.P. for Banffshire—frequently pointed out how steam could be utilised to enable herring-boats to reach and return from the fishinggrounds in all kinds of weather. But for a considerable time their proposal did not find favour among practical fishermen. The initial cost of a steam fishing-boat was, of course, much greater than that of a sailing-boat, and so also was the cost of maintenance, since the former required an engineer and fireman, and a large supply of coals. The fishermen, however, like the handloom weavers, were not to be allowed to decide the question of the introduction of steampropelling power into herring-boats. Others interested took the matter in hand, and for several years, from 1882, trials were made with boats driven by steam; but as the venture did not prove very successful, the experiment was abandoned.

Ten years elapsed before steam was again applied. This time the experiment was due to a Mr Stewart, who returned from abroad to his native town of Wick. While sitting on the South Head one day in July in the year 1898, watching the boats lying helplessly becalmed, with their sails flapping against the masts, he determined there and then to order a boat to be built and steam to be applied to it as a motive-power. The order was at once given to a firm in Lowestoft, where the new venture was speedily inaugurated; and by January 1899 the new steam herring-drifter, the *Peep of Day*, was ready for sea,

and put under the command of Robert Cook, who was one of the best and most practical fishermen belonging to Wick. The splendid success of this vessel led to the building of others, and infused such enthusiasm into the fishermen along the east coast of Scotland, even among those who ridiculed the idea of steam, that a boom in drifterbuilding was the result. Such was the demand for the new type of vessel that for several years thereafter every boatbuilder's yard on the east coast was busy turning out steam-drifters with the greatest expedition possible to cope with the urgent demands of the fishermen. This important departure from the long-established system of fishing evoked considerable differences of opinion, which were somewhat emphasised by the fact that former attempts in the same direction did not come up to expectation. In none of these ventures, however, were the boats of such a description as to enable them to prosecute the fishing industry successfully. They were rather small, and their engine-power was so deficient that they were unable to steam against a strong headwind.

The steam-drifters of the present day are handsome vessels, well engined, and can attain a speed of nine or ten knots an hour. general dimensions are: length, eighty to ninety feet; breadth, seventeen to eighteen feet; depth, nine to ten feet. Their cost, ready for sea, varies, of course, according to size and materials. Most of the vessels are constructed of wood, and these cost from two thousand to two thousand four hundred pounds; while a number are built of steel, and range in price from three thousand to three thousand four hundred pounds. contain all the latest improvements, and comply in every particular with Board of Trade requirements. As an instance of their safety and superiority, it may be mentioned that the fatalities in connection with the herring-fishery have been infinitesimal within recent years compared with fifty years ago. It is also worthy of record that these vessels scarcely ever remain in harbours through stress of weather—which is another strong testimony to their seaworthiness. The accommodation for the crew is provided in a commodious cabin aft, there being berths for the whole crew of nine men; while the forecastle is fitted as a storeroom for gear of all kinds. The cabins are furnished with tables, lockers, mirrors, and all the necessary fittings; while the floors are covered with fine linoleum. The bridge is surmounted by a wooden wheelhouse, which encloses the steering-gear, compass, and engine-room telegraph. The skipper, in this wheelhouse, looks as important when making for a port as a captain of a large American liner.

It must be admitted that the intelligence and concentrated watchfulness which the new type of vessel requires have been wonderfully mastered

by the fishermen. The advent of the steamdrifter has completely changed their outlook and condition of life; it has filled them with new aspirations and ideals, and made them ambitious in many ways. In fact, the bulk of the fishing population is now living in an environment which in former years would have been considered out of the question. That the change has been altogether for the better many of the older fishermen will not admit. They maintain that under the old system of working they were their own masters, managing their affairs in their own leisurely fashion. Still, no one who has had any experience on board the modern drifter would care to go back to the sailing-boat, with its hazardous ways of working. But, alas! the picturesqueness of the brown-sailed boats which were often seen on a summer forenoon leaving the harbours of such fishing centres as Fraserburgh, Peterhead, and Wick will soon be a thing of the past, as in a few years the sail herring-boat will be entirely superseded by the steam or motor drifter.

It may be of interest, in connection with the great progress which the fishing industry has made, to compare the value of the fishing-boats and their gear of fifty years ago with that of the present day. In 1862 the value of all fishing-boats and their gear belonging to Scotland was estimated to be seven hundred and forty-seven thousand eight hundred pounds, while at the present day it amounts to the enormous sum of four million seven hundred thousand pounds. The number of boats, owing to their great size and value, is of course reduced, and the number of fishermen engaged in the various branches of the fishing industry is three thousand less than the number employed fifty years ago.

Though it is hardly to be expected that for some time at least there should be still further improvement on the present efficiency of the herring-boat, who knows what may yet be the future of the turbine-engine? With regard to the motor-boat, fishermen did not take kindly to it, especially for the prosecution of the herringfishing. As no suitable motor was invented before the introduction of steam-drifters, fishermen would not now be content with anything short of the most powerful and efficient craft in the prosecution of their calling. The writer some years ago was explaining to a Banffshire fisherman the economical advantage of putting a motorengine into his 'zulu' boat, and the latter replied, 'Na, na; I maun ha'e steam or nane ava.' However, great progress has been made since then, and motor-power is being gradually introduced into a few of the remaining large-sized sail-boats; but it requires to be brought to still greater perfection before the majority of the fishermen can be induced to accept it in their deep-sea herring-boats.

'UGGINS.

CHAPTER III.

MONTH passed, and no one but 'Uggins was aware of the full extent of his discomfort. Outwardly, things seemed to be moving with unexpected smoothness.

The very impossibility of adapting himself to his new environment proved his salvation as far as appearances were concerned. He was too crude to attempt to hide his crudity, and so, unconsciously, escaped vulgarity, with the result that he awakened in those who met him not

scorn but amused pity.

Adolphus was the more surprised of the two. He had believed it possible that his temporary adoption of 'Uggins as his uncle would ruin his own social standing—in England at any rate. He contemplated the prospect with perfect equanimity; he had, in fact, several epigrams in course of preparation to do justice to his expulsion. But the expulsion never came, for the general feeling in his set was that his action, though a little too daring, was by way of being magnificent. Of course they believed that 'Uggins was a real uncle.

'What I mean is,' said General Haydock to Lady Bamfield, 'that it's jolly decent of him not to be ashamed of the old man. "I-am-an-upstart, my-father-was-a-pauper, take-me-or-leave-me" sort of thing, don't you know. And, dash it all! for my part I am content to take him at that.' And such, with a few exceptions, was the pre-

vailing sentiment.

Lady Bamfield had certain subtle reasons of her own for agreeing whole-heartedly with the General; and, further, for impressing his opinion on the rest of her set-reasons not wholly unconnected with the fact that she possessed a marriageable daughter, and that Adolphus was a bachelor. 'Such a dear old man—no pretence!'

was a phrase constantly upon her lips.

In the mistaken belief that Adolphus cherished a very deep affection for his uncle, she went out of her way to be nice to 'Uggins, and to put him at ease. At the Opera one night, for example, she chatted to him in a confidential undertone at the back of the box during the whole of the second act of Tannhäuser, leaving Adolphus to her daughter, and was not the least offended when she discovered that 'Uggins was sleeping.

Before they parted she had invited Adolphus and 'Uggins to spend a week at her country-house. Adolphus at once accepted for them both.

'Yer don' mean ter say as I've got ter go an' stay wi' them, do yer?' asked 'Uggins miserably when they were alone again.

'Of course! We've accepted. You need not

worry. You are doing splendidly.'

'Ho, am I?' replied 'Uggins. A moment later he added, 'I shall be jolly glad when the three months is up, thet's all!'

'You aren't very gracious, Uncle Peter. And

you have another five weeks yet, you know.'

It was the first time that 'Uggins had openly confessed, even to himself, that he would be glad when the three months had passed. The novelty of having an unlimited amount of food had worn off with satiety. This, together with similar comforts of a purely physical nature—of which he soon became unconscious-was the only immediate compensation for the nervous strain and the boredom of his position.

The days dragged on with increasing weari-In the morning he would accompany Adolphus in the process of dropping in upon some of the latter's numerous acquaintances. In this way a small party would be formed for the day's amusement. They would lunch at a restaurant, whose entire staff of waiters ceased their normal functions, as 'Uggins firmly believed, to watch his efforts with the assortment of knives and forks, specially jumbled beforehand for his further confusion. Then they would perhaps motor to Ranelagh.

Now and again one of the party would throw him a remark, thereby increasing his discomfort. For the most part he would sit silent, an odd blend of surliness and deference. From time to time he would cast an envious glance as the

motor passed a crowded public-house.

The evenings he found hardest of all. some gastronomic reason—probably the result of his sudden feasting after long abstinence—he was invariably assailed, immediately after dinner, with an almost unconquerable sleepiness. Wherever he happened to be-at the house in Park Lane, at the theatre, or anywhere else-his head would begin to nod, and, unless Adolphus were within easy reach, he would soon be snoring; from which state it was extremely difficult to arouse him.

He had one secret source of strength that nerved him to continue the struggle; beneath his pillow he kept the current copy of The Fish-Vendor's Gazette. It helped wonderfully. He would produce it during the tiresome and meaningless process of dressing for dinner, when it would help him to conquer that growing desire to slip quietly out of the house and disappear.

When the time came for him to spend the week at Lady Bamfield's house at Goring he had

just a fortnight left.

'It caun't last for ever, thet's one thing!' he repeated to himself constantly as he and Adol-

phus motored down.

Now, although Lady Bamfield, since giving the invitation, had assiduously boomed 'Uggins as a dear old man, she realised that the novelty of him might soon wear off, and so resolved to leave him with her other guests as little as pos-There was only one way of doing this, and that was to monopolise him herself.

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She was at heart a devoted mother, and in the furtherance of her project was not going to stick at trifles. On the first morning she took 'Uggins for a walk to Pangbourne. Between lunch and tea she punted him up and down the backwater. She almost succeeded in making 'Uggins comfortable, for which he showed an obvious and almost pathetic gratitude. He confided in her that he did not care for high life. He even told her about the fried-fish shop—told her about it at great length. And she flattered his own good sense and the generosity of Adolphus.

Really, Lady Bamfield deserved success. She had foreseen everything, except 'Uggins's fatal sleepiness. It may perhaps be argued that she ought to have been on the lookout for 'Uggins's sleepiness in view of her previous experience at the Opera; but the fact remained that she was not.

It happened, of course, after dinner—a more than usually excellent dinner. Bridge was in progress in the hall; and 'Uggins was sitting beside his hostess on a dangerously comfortable divan.

Under the combined stimulus of her chatter and a system of self-administered pinches, 'Uggins managed to keep from dozing, although his expression may have been a little strained. But when the local doctor—who had been asked to complete an odd table—was called to an urgent case, Lady Bamfield was compelled to take his place, leaving 'Uggins alone—alone on the divan!

Gradually the severity of the pinches was relaxed; then they were forgotten; and a couple of minutes later 'Uggins, losing his balance with his consciousness, was sprawling, open-mouthed, on the divan, and snoring abominably. He dreamed that he was walking peacefully along the Pangbourne road, when suddenly a ruffian sprang out from the hedge and seized him by the collar, shaking him violently and kicking his shins. It was an unprovoked attack, and he was naturally very indignant, and he expressed that indignation in very pointed terms.

He awoke to consciousness to find that it was Adolphus who was shaking him and kicking his shins. Instantly the horror of the position brought him, wide awake, to the full possession of his faculties. Had they heard what he said?

He caught the eye of Lady Bamfield. He thought that she looked at him reproachfully. Evidently, he reasoned, they had heard what he said. And then 'Uggins was filled with panic.

The divan was at the far end of the hall, only a few feet from the door. 'Uggins made for the door, and, before Adolphus could follow him, he had rushed into the darkness, and was tearing blindly across a ploughed field. He ran as long as his wind lasted, and then crouched under a hedge in fear of pursuit. But Adolphus must have missed his tracks, for in half-an-hour there was no sound but his own breathing. Later he found a road, and walked several miles until he came to a town whose name he did not know. Here he waited for the early morning train to London.

He had decided that he would end it all then. He had quite determined to end it. Only his arrival at Paddington at seven in the morning in muddy evening-dress, without coat or hat, rendered it impossible for him to return to his old haunts. He would have to go to the house in Park Lane to secure a lounge suit.

Here he met Adolphus, who had motored home, knowing that 'Uggins would be bound to

return precisely as he did return.

'I've 'ad enough o' it,' he announced defiantly.
'My dear 'Uggins,' replied Adolphus calmly,
'in twelve days' time the fish-shop will be
yours. If you throw it up now you will receive
nothing.'

'I don' care. I tell yer I've 'ad enough o' it.'
Adolphus renewed his arguments when 'Uggins

had changed.

- 'You needn't worry yourself about what happened last night, you know,' he said. 'Without wishing to hurt your feelings, 'Uggins, they didn't think'——
- 'Oh, I know wot they thort, right enough,' interrupted 'Uggins. 'They bin' enjoyin' their-selves, your friends 'ave—ever since I took this on. Thort I was very hinterestin', they did! 'Eard one of 'em say so! But it ain't them that matters. It's 'er!'

'Who?' demanded Adolphus, in surprise.

'Why, 'er—Lady Bamfield. She—she'd took a fency to me.' Adolphus kept a perfectly straight face as 'Uggins continued. 'P'r'aps you didn't see it. Fack remines! When I was abaht she didn' seem to tike no notice o' them others. Them bein' in 'er house an' all! We was gettin' on fine! Nothing wrong, mind jer! An' then I go an' make a blawsted 'og o' meself—in 'er 'ouse! Well, I ain't goin' to chaunce seein' 'er again arter thet—not for all the bloomin' fishshops in Lunnun! I'm done. Thet's all! I give up! Good-day, guv'nor.'

'Here, I say, 'Uggins! Wait a minute!'

Adolphus heard the front-door slammed, and knew that 'Uggins had gone. For a couple of hours he struggled with the awkward thought that he was a cad. Then he went round to Lord Riverstone's rooms.

'Riverstone,' he said, 'you have won. He bolted this morning. That confounded book was right after all. I've brought your cheque.'

right after all. I've brought your cheque.'
'By the way,' said Lord Riverstone as he took the cheque, 'you were entitled to offer him a substantial reward if he stood out for the three months. Did you?'

'Yes. He seemed to want a fried-fish shop more than anything else in the world. So I promised him that. But he was to receive nothing if he failed to stick it out. I intended to give him something, of course, but the begger bolted.'

Lord Riverstone fingered the cheque for five hundred pounds. 'I suppose I shall be able to dig him out,' he said half to himself.

THE END.

EDUCATION IN FOOD VALUES.

AN important and far-reaching method of public education is that exercised through the Department of Agriculture at Washington, by means of which the United States Government has achieved fame and extended usefulness for the comprehensive character of its advice. Its official pamphlets cover many varied fields of human activity, and are full of useful advice by leading specialists for the benefit of one and all. Probably no official handbooks have achieved such a widespread popularity and success as those dealing with cookery. These guides to household economy have been printed in millions, nearly three million copies of that dealing with the Economical Use of Meat in the Home having been distributed. Another bulletin, of which over half-a-million were circulated, deals with breadmaking; while another one treating of cheese has found nearly half-a-million readers. As these may be had for only a few pence each, it is not surprising that the American housewives, in the eternal struggle to keep expenses down and to increase efficiency, make use of the knowledge disseminated by their paternal Government.

No country, we are told, has a greater variety of readily accessible foods of good quality than the United States, and in none is there a more general use of a wide range of articles. The acknowledged energy and achievement, the general health, and the physical well-being of Americans are said to show that in the main they have used food advantageously. This in spite of the quick-lunch method of bolting food, which cannot be commended.

An ideal diet is described as that combination of foods which, while imposing the least burden on the body, supplies it with exactly sufficient material to meet its needs. The pamphlets referred to are based on a wide field of experiment in food values to help toward this ideal dietary. The printed index and price-list of documents arranged under subject headings provide easy reference to what may be wanted.

The principal contributor to these public documents relating to health and hygiene is Dr Charles F. Langworthy, who has been chief nutrition investigator for the United States Department of Agriculture since 1905. He has also been a contributor to encyclopædias on his own subjects, and has written in conjunction with other specialists a Digest of Metabolic Experiments and Occurrence of Albumen. Miss Helen W. Atwater, in summing up her teaching on Bread and Breadmaking, says that, as compared with most meats and vegetables, bread gives practically no waste, and is very completely digested; though it is always too poor in protein to be fittingly used as the sole article of diet; but when eaten with due quantities of other food it is invaluable, and well deserves the title of 'the staff of life.' As far as is known, for a given amount of money, white flour yields the greatest actual nourishment, while the various food ingredients are in good proportion. Digestibility appears to depend largely on the lightness of the loaf, and more indigestion has been caused by heavy, badly raised bread than by badly cooked food. Regarding wheat-flour which contains a large part of bran, it is not certain that the extra amount of mineral matter is of the same value as that in the interior portion of the grain. Dr Rabagliati, in his Air, Food, and Exercise (which is a British book), sounds a note of warning as to overeating bread-stuffs, and is inclined to trace some serious ailments to bread forming the staple food.

Dr Langworthy and Miss Hunt, in Economical Use of Meat in the Home, say that from the earliest times man has used animal foods, and his whole bodily structure is adapted to the use of such articles of diet. Though some people, for various reasons, do not favour the eating of flesh, the consensus of opinion among physiologists is that this widespread habit is the result of experience, and that it has its foundation in bodily Meat is in general one of the most digestible food materials, and recent experiments indicate that all kinds are thoroughly digested, the less expensive cuts as well as the more costly. Meat constitutes one of the most expensive items in the family food-bill, and furnishes about 16 per cent. of the total food consumed in an ordinary American family. Moderation in its use is recommended for those who lead sedentary lives. The same contributors write on Mutton and its Value in the Diet, from which we gather that the flesh of the sheep does not hold quite the same place in public estimation in the United States as with us, and that there is no reason why it should not be more generally used. Lamb is always appreciated, however. As far as nutrition value is concerned, it is usually classed with beef, having nearly the same composition. amount of waste is about 20 per cent. in both; and the percentage of protein in the edible portion is practically the same—18 per cent. in beef and 16 per cent. in mutton. In the experiments recorded, mutton, like beef, was almost entirely assimilated. The characteristic flavour of mutton is commonly said to have its origin in the fat. Meats, as a whole, rank as very digestible foods, 97 per cent. of the meat protein and 95 per cent. of the fat being retained in the body, while 87 per cent. of the energy of the meat is available for bodily uses.

In the pamphlet on Eggs and their Uses as Food, also by Dr Langworthy, eggs are characterised as nutritious food, containing more water than cheese, and being more concentrated than milk or oysters, so that the instinct of mankind in using them as diet in the same way as other animal

foods, for their nutritive value, is justified by experiment. Eggs consist chiefly of two nutrients, protein and fat, in addition to water and mineral matter. Carbohydrates are present in small amounts. In composition, eggs of all sorts resemble such other animal foods as meat, milk, and cheese more than vegetable foods like flour and potatoes. The flavour is influenced by the food of the hens. Fresh eggs have the finest flavour, and, as we all know, they deteriorate with keeping. In experiments made, hard-boiled and fried eggs required three and a half hours for digestion, soft-boiled eggs three hours, roasted eggs two and a quarter, raw eggs two hours, and raw whipped eggs one and a half hours. Eggs at one shilling a dozen are cheaper than beefsteak for a family. In Cheese and its Economical Uses, Dr Langworthy says that, either raw or carefully cooked, cheese is as thoroughly digested as other staple foods, and is not likely to produce physiological disturbance. An ounce of cheese is, roughly, equivalent to one egg, to a glass of milk, or to two ounces of meat. Suggestions are given as to how cheese may be introduced into bills of fare in many ways, for the making of menus with cheese as a central dish is less understood than the usual food combinations. Judged by digestibility and wholesomeness, it is a nutritious and economic food. In Poultry as Food, Miss Atwater says that, on the average, poultry is somewhat more easily digested than beef or mutton. Dr Langworthy, in Fish as Food, points out that it is essentially a nitrogenous food, and the only considerable difference between it and meat is in the flesh of fish having water where meat has fat. Experiment shows that fish is more rapidly digested than meat. One investigator includes white fish, in respect of rapidity of digestion, in the same class as roast chicken and pigeon, roast-veal, and cold underdone roast-beef. Salt fish is less thoroughly digested than fresh. There is no scientific foundation for the widespread notion that fish contains a larger amount of phosphorus than other foods, and no evidence that it is better for the nourishment of the brain. It is commended, however, as a desirable food for persons of sedentary habits.

There are many interesting points mentioned in various other pamphlets. Of the five cereals most commonly used for breakfast foods, oats contain the largest quantity of important nutrients. Intelligently used, fruits are commended as a valuable part of a well-balanced diet, and may well be eaten in larger quantities than at But what of their price in Great present. Britain? The best fruits are seldom cheap. Of nuts, which are a very concentrated food, it is recommended that it is wiser to use them as part of a regular diet than as a condiment or supplement to another meal. The value of green peas and other vegetables is duly set forth. Onesixth of the total food of an average family is said to be furnished by milk and its products. In a study of the cost of living in American towns, the average retail prices are stated to be 38 per cent. higher than in Great Britain, the dietary of workmen in the United States being more liberal and varied than of those in the United Kingdom. Such a series of pamphlets would be extremely serviceable if adapted for use in Great Britain.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A COMBINED SHAVING AND MASSAGE BRUSH.

THE operation of shaving is an easier task and has a better result if lathering is done properly, especially in the case of a stiff growth. The usual method of softening the hair is to rub in the lather with the fingers; but this is merely a makeshift. An ingenious brush has recently been placed on the market which not only facilitates lathering, but also enables a very clean shave to be obtained. Attached to the brush by means of a swivelling arm is a rubber disc provided with thick bristles or fingers. The lather is applied with the brush, the attachment being turned down out of the way; then the disc of fingers is moved upon its swivel and brought alongside the end of the brush, and the lathering continued. Owing to the thin rubber fingers having a taper and being short, the lather is worked down between the hairs, and thereby softens them close to the skin, where the razor takes effect. Consequently, when the razor is applied the hairs are removed completely and without the slightest discomfort. Upon the completion of the shave a health-giving massage can be given to the face with the softening attachment, the rubbing being continued until the skin glows and tingles. If a massage cream is used the effect is very considerably enhanced. It is a novel brush, and cannot fail to be appreciated, since effective softening of the hair is the secret of easy, painless, and perfect shaving. Furthermore, it is a more hygienic method than that generally adopted.

ELIANITE, AN ACID-PROOF MATERIAL.

Electricity is responsible for the commercialisation of many useful products, such as calcium carbide, carborundum, aluminium, &c. According to report, it is responsible for another material which should prove of value in certain industries. This substance, which has been named elianite, is a product of the electric furnace, and its important property is its resistance to the action of acids. It is about 50 per cent. harder than cast-iron, has a very high melting-

point, is readily cast, and is said to be a firstclass material for the construction of apparatus and vessels of large size required in the manufacture of acids. It should enable many processes in the acid industries to be carried out with commercial advantage which hitherto have been impossible owing to the absence of a suitable material.

THE 'VINERIE' SYSTEM OF WINE-MAKING.

This system, one of the many recent developments in the manufacture of wine, has made great advance, and formed the subject of an important paper read before a meeting of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science. It may be described as a process for wine-making which is not unlike that of brewing; that is to say, the raw material may be harvested rapidly, but the production of the wine can be deferred and carried out with more deliberation. This is achieved by sterilising the grapes as soon as they are gathered and crushed, fermentation being arrested by treatment with sulphurous acid. In this condition the grapes may be stored as long as desired, the sulphurous acid being removed by desulphiting under suitable conditions, the process being accomplished in a column and in a way somewhat similar to rectification in a still, whereby the bubbling of air through the liquid under reduced pressure, and at a temperature of about 158 degrees Fahrenheit, removes practically the whole of the sulphurous acid. The process has no illeffect on the wine—in fact, it has many advantages; while the cost of handling is considerably reduced.

ROLLER-SKATES IN THE UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE.

Roller-skating is generally regarded as a pastime; but the United States Government has found it very useful in the postal service. In one of the large post-offices in Chicago the postmen store their uniforms, bags, and other requisites in the basement. There are fourteen hundred lockers in an apartment measuring three hundred feet in length. It was found that checking the equipments during the rush hours imposed a severe task on the clerks. In order to facilitate the work the chief of the department suggested that the clerks should use roller-skates, so that they could traverse the floor quickly and with less fatigue. The employes soon came to appreciate the innovation, as it also effected a welcome reduction in the wear and tear of boot-leather. The experiment proved a complete success, because the clerks equipped with the skates performed their checking duties in a quarter of the time formerly occupied. Rollerskates were next supplied to those who have to carry parcels in the sorting departments, and there again a great saving in time and effort is observed. The authorities are now considering the propriety of introducing the skates into other departments of the service.

DID THE PHŒNICIANS DISCOVER AMERICA?

The problem of the original discovery of America has been carried farther back than to the Scandinavian rovers who left traces of visits to that great continent. In a sojourn among the Pacific islands that stretch from the coast of California to the shores of New Zealand, the attention of Mr Thomas Crawford Johnston of San Francisco was drawn to evidences there of what he believed to be early civilisations of the eastern Mediterranean. He made a communication to the Geographical Society of California on the subject. In continuing his researches he studied the remains which the Phœnicians have left in other parts of the world-on the shores of the Levant, of Spain, and of Britain. The result he has gathered into a very interesting volume, Did the Phænicians Discover America? (Nisbet & Co.). The author attempts to show how legendary lore often contains a kernel of historic fact. He accounts for the regular absence for three years of the ships of Hiram and Solomon, and suggests that the Phœnicians discovered the western coast of America, and that the Land of Ophir may have been in these latitudes. He notes the Greek and Phœnician names transmitted to the islands of the Pacific. His conclusions in the chapter on America are that it was discovered by the Jews and Phœnicians, and that communication so established continued throughout a period of probably three hundred years. A list is given of some of the apparent correspondences between the people of the eastern Mediterranean and those of Central America. The illustrations show an Aztec calendar or water-stone and a chart of probable Phœnician travel to Central and South America.

AN ELECTRIC CLOTH-CUTTING MACHINE.

In establishments engaged in the manufacture of uniforms and other clothing on a large scale electricity is rapidly coming into use for several operations, especially cutting. A cutting-machine which has been introduced recently is compact and easy to handle. The current is derived through an adapter and flexible connection with an ordinary lamp fitting, the consumption being about the same as that of a thirty-two candlepower lamp. The cutter is made in two forms: one for several thicknesses of cloth superimposed, as when several suits of the same size are to be cut; the other for use when the roll of cloth, of single thickness, upon which the patterns are marked out, is extended upon a long table. The machine for cutting several thicknesses of cloth is provided with a moving vertical knife capable of cutting through layers up to six inches in thickness; the other, for cutting a single thickness, has a rotary disc cutter. The machine is simple and easy to manipulate; it is held and

guided by a handle, the switch being so placed that a movement of the thumb will start or stop the mechanism. The machine is also fitted with a lamp which throws a strong focussed light upon the cutting-line, so that the marks may be followed accurately and with facility. In both machines the cutting-blades are guarded against accident or injury. Sufficient lengths of flexible wire are provided to enable the operator to manipulate his cutter through a considerable radius, so that a long length of cloth uncoiled upon a bench may be cut as easily as several thicknesses superimposed and in one place, where little movement is required.

SKY-SCRAPERS AND TRAMWAY TRAFFIC.

Do tall commercial buildings affect tramway traffic? At first sight such an inquiry may appear somewhat trifling; but the writer has been assured by an eminent American traffic authority that they influence street transporta-tion adversely, and to a far greater degree than is generally believed. In American cities, where lofty buildings of sixteen floors and upwards line the streets, each pile probably houses several hundred persons. If there are, say, ten of such buildings placed side by side, as many people are accommodated therein as would be required by nearly twenty-seven six-floor buildings similarly placed. In the latter event the street frontage, from one end of the range to the other, would be considerable—nearly three times as long as that of the group of sky-scrapers. Consequently, when intercommunication occurred, use would be made of a passing tramcar or omnibus to save the journey of perhaps half a mile. But in the case of the sky-scrapers, intercommunication does not involve a walk of more than three hundred and fifty yards at the utmost-certainly not a sufficient distance to require a public vehicle. As intercommunication between these sky-scrapers is continuous throughout the day, it will be seen that there is a very great loss to the tramcars. It is computed that if eight floors above street-level were made the maximum in New York, and if all the sky-scrapers in the city were reduced to this level and placed in a single street, a journey of about three miles would have to be made to pass from the first to the last building. As a friend of the writer tersely put it, 'Instead of spending money travelling in a horizontal direction, American business people travel up and down.' The significance of this statement is realised on a visit to the Woolworth, Singer, and other buildings, where the array of lifts in ceaseless operation, running upon schedules like those of the railways, emphasises the immense amount of local traffic there is in a sky-scraper.

PORCELAIN HOUSES.

The porcelain house is the latest development in domestic architecture and construction. There

is much to be said in its favour, provided the cost is so adjusted that it compares satisfactorily with the expenditure incurred on a house of similar size built of the usual materials. Porcelain is non-hygroscopic, is germproof, offers no refuge to insect life, and is fireproof; so that the porcelain house possesses all the essentials necessary in a hygienic dwelling. A wall of porcelain one inch thick is more effective for keeping out the cold in winter and the heat in summer than a brick wall of eighteen inches. In principle its erection is also somewhat different. The framework is a skeleton of rust-proof metal; and the porcelain slabs measure six feet in length by three feet in width, with a weight of about five pounds per square foot. Being glazed on both sides, the porcelain slabs are completely weather-proof; and if desired the inside walls may be decorated in any design, which is burnt in beneath the glaze, and therefore permanent. The walls, ceiling, and floor may be washed with a leather or cleansed with a hose. The windows and doors are hung upon the metallic framework; and, as wood is not employed in any form, a draught-proof fit is obtained. The joints are made of coppercoated asbestos tape, as are all openings for chimneys, &c. The work of erection is simple, with only a screwdriver and a spanner as tools, all the parts being screwed or bolted together. Such a house can be erected in a very few hours by unskilled labour, and should be in great demand in the Colonies and tropical climes. For isolation hospitals and similar institutions porcelain is an ideal material, owing to the facility with which perfect cleansing may be carried out.

COLOUR-MATCHING BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

The matching of colours by artificial light probably constitutes one of the most difficult operations in the textile industries. In fact, in many instances it is an impossible task, especially with delicate art shades. A German firm has now perfected an electric arc lamp whereby colour-matching may be done and constant colour values given as accurately as by daylight. The difficulty with any form of artificial lighting is the production of a spectrum similar to that of daylight. In this latest device the lamp, which is of the flame-arc pattern, is fitted with a filter formed of glass strips of different colours, so arranged that a mosaic effect is produced. By this means the light emitted from the burning carbons is broken up into small beams of different tints. These are then passed through a translucent screen, whereby they are blended and diffused in such a manner that the light thus obtained corresponds very closely to the daylight spectrum. The lamp is as useful for shop-window lighting as for matching and comparing colours, because the filter can be so adjusted as to enhance the colour values of the goods displayed.

AN INNOVATION IN CURTAIN MANUFACTURE.

Dressing the windows is probably one of the items of domestic life in which the lady of the house manifests the greatest pride. A welldressed window is an index to a well-kept house. Curtains, however, have undergone very slight changes in recent years. The edges are still scalloped, and the design is continued right up But the preservation of the to the border. symmetry of the edges is a constant difficulty; they invariably become distorted in cleaning, with the result that the pattern is thrown awry. Moreover, the scalloped edge probably constitutes the most vulnerable part of a curtain. Recently one of the foremost Nottinghamshire firms has introduced an innovation which will have the housewife's approval. This is a straight hem border varying in width according to the design of the article. The edge, being turned over and hemmed, is very strong and quite straight, which is a decided novelty, and tends to throw the pattern into greater relief, forming a kind of frame to the design. Apart from its artistic advantages, it renders the curtain much stronger; while in the cleaning of the curtain it assists very materially in the stretching whereby the curtain is extended to its designed length and width, so that there is less difficulty in bringing the pattern into line. The improvement is protected by patent.

THE WORLD'S LONGEST STEEL-ARCH BRIDGE.

An engineering work of considerable magnitude is being completed in the United States. This is the Hell Gate Bridge, which is being thrown across the East River between Long and Wards Islands to provide the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad with a connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad in New York City. The structure will have a span of one thousand and seventeen feet between towers; in the centre there will be a clearance of one hundred and thirty-five feet above high water, the depth of the crown being forty feet. arch rises in a graceful curve. Some nine thousand tons of steel will be used in its construction. When completed, the bridge will be the longest single-span steel structure in the world, and will carry four lines of road.

SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE AND BABY CLOTHING.

The all-round training of girls, the future mothers of the race, for their prospective home duties is a matter of national importance. The loss in respect of infant mortality through ignorance or neglect, the waste by unhygienic methods and bad cookery, which bring ill-health and unhappiness in their train, are quite incalculable, but only too self-evident. There is no lack of helps and instructors in domestic subjects for the rising generation. To name one, Miss Wilena

Hitching, Organiser and Inspector of Home Management to the Derbyshire County Council, is author of a very useful book on Home Management which has met with wide approval. later book by Miss Hitching is on Baby Clothing, to which Sir James Crichton-Browne has written a foreword. His remarks on the book are both interesting and instructive. He says that 'Miss Wilena Hitching has done an exceedingly useful work in preparing a treatise on Baby Clothing, and in showing how the human infant may be suitably and economically encased. The garments she has designed of wool, flannel, or wincey secure at once necessary warmth and necessary ventilation. They exclude draughts, but promote transpiration. They afford protection to the skin without interfering with free movement of the muscles. They support, but do not constrict. They are sufficiently dressy and artistic to satisfy the proud mother's soul, and sufficiently cheap to accommodate themselves to her purse, even when that is very shallow. Miss Hitching starts with the cradle, and swathes the nursling in vestments admirably adapted to its primitive requirements. Nor does she stop there, but provides for the next stage; for her "longs" are capable of being converted into "shorts," at a great saving of trouble and expense. She makes the baby thoroughly comfortable, and does not constrain any of its functional activities, and thus leaves ample room for the growth of both body and mind. She shows how the knitting-needle and the crochet-needle may be manipulated in the production of the genuinely hygienic little wardrobe she suggests. Those who have had experience in children's hospitals, and have seen the strange and manifold wrappings in which babies are often brought to them-wrappings which have to be unpinned, unhooked, untied, unwound before an examination can take place—will cordially welcome Miss Hitching's simple and sensible coverings, which all fasten in front. This little book, with its clearly intelligible illustrations, should be a boon to mother and child alike in many a home.'

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



MISS PETERSEN TAKES CHARGE.

A TALE OF THE THAMES.

By George Frederick Cotton.

CHAPTER I.

MISS PETERSEN sat at one end of the breakfast-table; old Petersen sat at the other. From old Petersen's lowering brow and Miss Petersen's complete air of detachment, it would have been evident even to a deaf man that a lecture was in progress; and it is also certain which would have claimed the deaf man's sympathy, for it was obvious that not from her father did Miss Petersen inherit her rosebud mouth and dimpled chin, and the wealth of sunny chestnut hair that rioted over the merriest face in Lewisham.

Old Petersen paused to take breath. Then he drew his bushy eyebrows down over his small, keen eyes, snorted once or twice, and resumed: 'That's about all, miss. You've 'ad your warnin', and that ought to be enough. I'm not agoin' to see my pretty darter, with all the eddication and accomplishments which I've paid for, thrown away on any common tug-master, 'owever much of a fine gentleman 'e may think 'imself. No, miss.'

Old Petersen stopped, pulled out a big red bandana handkerchief, and blew his nose loudly.

Miss Petersen, apparently withdrawing her thoughts from a great distance, looked at him, and broke suddenly into a little rippling laugh. 'Another cup of tea, dad, before you go?'

Old Petersen got up hurriedly. 'No,' he grunted. 'I've got a busy day afore me, and'—he shot a quick glance at his daughter—'I'm a-thinkin' of runnin' over to Hamburg for the week-end.'

Miss Petersen looked quite unconcerned. 'Then you'll be a bit late to-night, dad,' she said cheerfully.

'Mebbe—mebbe. Where's the Combers' rentbook?'

'All ready on the hall table, with Rigg's letter, the Deptford statement, and your gloves. Am I not a perfect private secretary?'

Old Petersen's rugged face relaxed in a little smile of pride. 'Humph! you're not a bad girl—so far,' he admitted somewhat grudgingly.

'How could I be, with such a dear old dad?' said Miss Petersen, holding up her tempting lips for a good-bye kiss.

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She watched him stump solidly down the broad stone steps, and then turned to her flowers, with a little meditative smile flickering across her sunny face.

'He is a dear old dad,' she said to herself; 'but I always get my own way, and I mean to this time. He thought I should blush or something when he spoke of running over to Hamburg—of course with Jack—but not I. And although Jack is only skipper of his pet tug, dad's awfully fond of him, all the same—and so am I—heigho!'

From which it will be seen that those folk were right who said that if Molly Petersen had all her mother's good looks, and more, she inherited one thing from her father in full—his obstinate temper.

Samuel Petersen, Esquire, owner of much property and many barges, spent, as he anticipated, a busy day. Saturday being pay-day in one business, he made Friday rent-day in the other; and as he made a point of collecting most of his rents himself, it was usually with slow steps and a heavy bag that he finally reached his office in Great River Street.

The rents of Friday he locked away in a special safe of his own devising, and the amount of cash in that safe was often of considerable proportions, for old Petersen had much faith in his own invention, and little in other people's credit, and was a little bit of a miser into the bargain.

On this particular Friday sundry would-be defaulters made his round take longer than usual, and seven o'clock was striking on the clock of St Anselm's when he came slowly round the corner and halted opposite the place, half-shop, half-office, which bore his name.

In the gathering dusk the office was dark and empty, for the clerks had all gone home. Only a light glimmering in the basement showed where the caretaker was having his evening meal. The lamps in the street shone upon a thoroughfare silent and deserted, for to all except old Petersen the long day's work was done.

Old Petersen, however, was unconscious of all these things. To him work was recreation, and his only recreation was more work. It is true he

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APRIL 4, 1914.

often ran over to the Continent in his favourite tug; but it is questionable whether these trips did not involve more work than pleasure, for Samuel Petersen had considerable interests in Hamburg and its neighbourhood.

His mind was running on one such forthcoming journey as he halted before his dark and sombre office, fumbling for his key. A few seconds later the door had swung to behind him, and the street was more silent and deserted than ever.

John Stranger, known to some as B.Sc. of London University, and author of a most illuminative work on the application of gas-explosive engines to marine purposes, known to others as skipper of the screw-tug Coronation at thirty shillings a week, received the telegram about half-past eight. He left his Thurston's Dynamics and his mutton-chop, opened the buff cover, and growled 'No answer' somewhat irritably as he read the contents:

'Meet midnight train, Tilbury.—Petersen.'

'Confound him! and I was counting on a free Sunday,' said Stranger, as he hastily adjusted a pair of trouser-clips, and glanced across the room at the uncertain back-tire of his well-worn bicycle.

A quarter of an hour later he was standing in a small boat just above the Victualling Yard at Deptford, holding a hasty conference with the *Coronation's* engineer, who usually slept on board. And about nine he and his bicycle were in the lane at the back of The Laurels, Lewisham; from whence, after sundry hootings of a mysterious owl, daintily tripped Miss Molly Petersen.

'Jack!' she exclaimed reproachfully. 'And I told you not to come except when'——

'I know,' said Jack; 'but, look here, isn't it too bad, just as we had schemed Sunday afternoon so nicely?'

Molly Petersen took the telegram and bent down to read it by the light of the bicycle-lamp. Jack seized the opportunity to take what Molly described as a mean advantage.

'I couldn't help it,' protested Jack. 'It will take a lot to make up for that lost Sunday.'

'He said something this morning about going,' mused Molly. 'But I didn't think he meant so soon. I suppose this means he won't be coming home. What time was the telegram sent?'

Both heads bent down together.

'Jack!' exclaimed Molly.

'Ten minutes to eight,' said Jack.

'Why didn't he send me one at the same time? He usually does,' said Molly thoughtfully.

'I expect he sent this in a hurry, in order to.

give me time,' said Jack.

'Y-e-s,' said Molly slowly. Then she shook herself free of her thoughts, and put her hand

on John Stranger's arm. 'What am I thinking about, to keep you here like this?' she said briskly. 'Please go; but I wish I were coming too.'

'So do I,' said John Stranger mournfully.

Molly Petersen watched the bicycle and its rider until the red side-light disappeared round the end of the lane; then she entered the garden-gate and walked slowly and thoughtfully toward the house.

At the casement window a maid appeared, with cap awry and a white, scared face. 'Oh miss! miss!' she cried stupidly, wringing her hands.

'What is it?' said Molly sharply, with sudden apprehension.

'Oh miss! the master!'

Molly Petersen pushed the girl aside and rushed into the house. The front-door was open. Through it came a confused murmur of gruff voices, and she could see the figures of several men stepping slowly, with a curious harmony of movement.

Molly Petersen stopped short with a little, gasping cry. Her sight grew blurred, she swayed from side to side, and everything nearly faded into blackness around her—nearly, but not quite. With a great effort of will she kept herself from fainting, and moved on toward the door.

"E wouldn't go to the 'orspitle, miss. 'E was bent on bein' took 'ome. So we puts 'im in a cab and brings 'im, pore old chap!'

Molly stood, still half-dazed, while the mournful procession moved slowly up the wide stairs toward old Petersen's room.

'I've sent for the doctor, Miss Molly. He'll be here directly,' said a quiet voice at her elbow.

Molly realised that it was the cook, a capable motherly person, who had been in the family for many years. The girl turned to her now with eager thankfulness. 'Oh cook, what is it? What has happened?'

'The police found him, miss, about half-past seven, in the office. It had been turned upside-down, and he was lying stunned in a corner. When they brought him to, nothing would do for him but to come home. He's had a nasty blow on the head. But don't you worry, miss. He's fainted again, but he'll be all right, never fear. It's the shock more than anything; and, though he's an old man, he's got a lot more in him than many young ones.'

The blow on the head was somewhat ghastly to look at; but Molly, assisted by the cook, bathed it with firm, steady hands. Now that she had something to do she was herself again. A noise outside the door made her look up.

'Dr Larkin, miss,' whispered the cook.

The doctor came in, brisk and matter-of-fact. In a few words Molly told him what had happened. He nodded and moved over to the bed.

'Nothing to be alarmed about,' he said, as he wiped his hands after he had finished. 'Much more pleasant to put in the stitches while he is unconscious. He'll come round directly, though. Keep him quiet and his mind easy, and he'll be all right. Good-night.'

Old Petersen came round very soon after the doctor had gone. At first he looked about him wildly, and struggled to rise. Then he caught sight of Molly's anxious little face, and he sank

back with a sigh of relief.

'It's all right, daddy dear,' said Molly tremulously. 'Don't think about anything. I'll take

charge.

Old Petersen lay back quietly with closed eyes. Presently he spoke in low tones, but quite clearly. 'Ay, take charge, my girl. See John, and take charge.'

See John! Molly started. She had forgotten John. And John was to have met her father at Tilbury that night! Then, in a sudden flash of memory, came the recollection of the time at which John Stranger's telegram was despatched—just before eight—and the time when old Petersen was found by the police.

Molly's heart beat fast with excitement, and the hot blood rushed to her face. Her father could not possibly have sent the wire. What could it mean? But perhaps her ears had played

her false. She walked softly across to the cook, who was still in the room. 'What time did you say father was found?'

'Half-past seven, miss.'

'Are you sure that was the time?'

'Yes, miss. I thought it was strange they were such a long time bringing him home, so I asked again. They said it was some time before they got him round, and then they couldn't get a cab.'

Molly was convinced, and with conviction came the knowledge that she must act, and act promptly. The police? No, they would not move quickly enough; and John Stranger must be stopped somehow before he got to Tilbury. There was only one thing to do, and Molly promptly decided to do it. She went up to the prostrate figure on the bed. 'Dad, I'm going to see John, and take charge. Cook will take care of you while I'm gone. Good-bye, dear.'

The old man nodded, seemingly quite content.

Molly bent down and kissed him, and went softly from the room. In a few words she explained to the cook that she must go out, and might be gone some time. 'I leave everything entirely in your hands, cook,' she said. The cook nodded. If she felt any surprise, she showed none.

(Continued on page 296.)

FRONTIERS AND FRONTIER-MARKING.

By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

IN the lands of the Balkan Peninsula diplomatists and experts in military topography are busy just now with a series of complex frontier questions. The revised boundaries of half-a-dozen old-established states and the limits of the new principality of Albania are being settled, as the result of a twelvemonth of sanguinary fighting. On our maps frontier lines are marked out with a helpful diversity of colouring; but those of Europe have all been marked in red in the course of centuries—for which of them has not been defined at the cost of blood?

The untravelled Briton, happy in the possession of the only really 'natural' frontier—the sea—hardly knows what a Continental frontier looks like. Even when he makes a summer tour abroad, if he travels by railway he seldom notices the actual border-line. All he sees is the frontier station, which may be some miles inside the actual boundary. Thus the traveller from Ostend to Cologne and the Rhineland only realises that he has left Belgium for Germany when the train stops at Herbesthal station, and he sees German uniforms on the platform, and has to explain to Customs officials that he has 'nothing to declare,' and puts his watch back an hour to adjust it to 'mid-European time.' If you want to see the actual frontier you must not travel by train.

Then there are places where you can change the Government under which you live more than once in an hour's walk, as you traverse the windings of an irregular frontier line, and can stand with the right foot in a different country from the left. A few miles west of Metz, on the slopes that saw the hard fighting of the battle of Gravelotte in August 1870, the frontier that divides the French Republic from the German Empire wriggles in a broken line across the unfenced fields. I suppose that what we would call parish boundaries determined its actual outline. It is marked visibly here and there by posts. In a walk of a couple of miles one crosses and recrosses it. On the way one meets here and there a French or German Customs guard, with short carbine carried under the arm or pistol on belt. They are very good friends. One may even find the Frenchman and the German having a quiet chat, one of them for the time being out of his own territory. For they help each other in counterplots against the wiles of the smugglers.

On the verge of the long plateau that looks down on the border-line there is a grim record of the cost of marking it out, for there are the huge green mounds that are the graves of thousands of the soldier dead. Go up the slope and pass along a field-path between the mounds, and

you are in a village that was officially known as Amanvillers before 1870, and is Amanweiler now. But, despite its German name, the villagers mostly speak French. Political boundaries and those of race and language do not always coincide.

One of the national songs of Germany proclaims that the bounds of the German Fatherland are those of the German speech. Such a rule applied to the German Empire would cut out Posen and Metz, and take in big slices of Austria and Switzerland. The language rule is not observed in practice. Neither is the geographical rule—the theory of 'natural boundaries'—a guiding principle in frontier-marking. It is a theory held by many as an ideal, and it has cost much bloodshed. French schoolboys are still taught as part of their geographical training that the 'natural boundaries' of France are the Channel and the Atlantic, the Pyrenees, the Mediterranean, the Alps, and the Rhine. When they come to read history they learn how much this idea of a natural right to the west bank of the Rhine has cost their country.

The same idea of 'natural frontiers' prevails to some extent in the United States. The newer interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine is almost an assumption of it. Half-jocularly and half-seriously a prominent American politician once declared that the boundaries of the United States were the ocean to east and west, northward the Aurora Borealis, and southward 'eternal

destiny.'

The greater part of the United States frontier between the Republic and Canada—namely, all of it that lies west of the Great Lakes-is marked on the map by a straight line. A similar line marks the division between the United States and Mexico west of the upper Rio Grande. These lines are parallels of latitude very easy to draw on a map when statesmen meet at a conference round a green baize table, but not so easy to mark out on the ground. Some years ago the dividing-line between British Columbia and Oregon was marked for many miles by felling a lane of trees through the pine-woods. On the open prairies lines of posts define the boundary. These posts, a mile apart, were set up some fifty years ago. There are nearly a thousand of them, and they were all supposed to stand along the forty-ninth parallel of latitude. But the fixing of the precise position of hundreds of posts along a parallel of latitude means that a great number of careful and accurate astronomical observations have to be taken. Six years ago the operations of the Canadian and American Government surveys showed that here and there, over distances of many miles, the posts had been fixed too far north or too far south. The positions have been gradually rectified, with the result that, without moving their homesteads, Canadian farmers have found themselves transferred to the United States and American frontier settlers have become British citizens.

Even when a mountain-range or a river is chosen as the dividing-line, awkward questions sometimes arise when the actual marking out of the frontier is taken in hand, especially in non-European countries where comparatively rough maps are used for the first definition of the border-line. On the map the ridge of the mountain-chain and the course of the river seem definite enough lines. On the actual ground it is very different. The mountain-chain proves, it may be, to be a mass of parallel ranges. Which is the main ridge? Or in places it is a wide plateau, into which the torrents have cut ravines and valleys that wriggle about in a way that is the despair of the surveyor. Where is the main line of the water-parting? On the upper course of the rivers, which of the many branches is the main stream? On the lower course there are puzzling places where the river divides, to unite again lower down. Which of the branches is the frontier stream? Whose is the land between the river-arms? Worst of all, in many tropical lands, with rivers fed by tor-rential rains and often in flood, the river itself has an awkward trick of changing its course from time to time.

Frontier-marking was carried out on a most elaborate and gigantic scale by some of the Old World empires. They were not content to mark their border-line; they fortified it along its whole length—not a very wise proceeding, for to watch every point for hundreds of miles is to be weak everywhere against a concentrated attack. But these fortified borders were mostly erected to check the inroads of barbarian tribes, and were effective so long as these were capable only of Such fortified frontiers were the isolated action. borders of the old Roman province of Britain, now marked by the vestiges of the Roman walls that once ran from the North Sea shore to the western coasts; the barrier-line that ran from the upper Rhone to the Danube; and in Far Eastern Asia the Great Wall of China and the stockade that for hundreds of miles divided Corea from Manchuria.

In more modern times there was a frontier line, not indeed fortified throughout, but marked by a chain of fortresses and watch-posts, along the border between Austro-Hungary and the Ottoman Empire. It was the dividing-line between the West and the East, guarded as jealously in time of peace as during war. For it was also an international quarantine line to protect Europe against the dreaded Oriental plague. The strict watch of the line seems to have been given up shortly before the Crimean war. Kinglake, who visited the East in 1840, tells how he entered the Ottoman dominions by crossing the Danube at Belgrade, and notes that Semlin on the Austrian and Belgrade on the Turkish side, though not a cannon-shot apart, were divided as by an abyss. They held no communication, and the traveller, as he pushed off from the

Austrian shore, was warned that he would incur the death penalty if he recrossed except under the supervision of the quarantine authorities, who would keep him prisoner at Semlin till all fear of his having brought back the plague infection with him was over.

In Europe, frontier questions only come up for settlement after a war has upset prior arrangements; but in colonial regions and newly explored countries there is a continual 'rectification of frontiers' going on, as occupation and exploration, problems of trade, railway-making, and the rest bring up this or that local question for settlement. Happily most of these questions are decided by arbitration. The first great issue of the kind arose at the close of the fifteenth century, when Spain and Portugal were rivals in discovery and conquest beyond the seas. The famous Bull of 1493, which fixed the line of demarcation between the Spanish and Portuguese empires at the meridian one hundred leagues west of the Azores, is sometimes represented as an arbitrary exercise of papal power, parcelling out the earth as the dominion of the papacy. It was really an early triumph of the principle of arbitration, the two Catholic kings appealing to the Pope as an authority that both of them respected. It is not generally known that the arrangement was afterwards revised by negotiation between the two Powers. By the Treaty of Tordesillas, Spain agreed to move the dividingline to the meridian three hundred leagues west of the Azores, with the result that Brazil was given to Portugal.

In modern times the doctrine of the 'hinterland' has been generally accepted, the state that occupies the coast of a new region having a right to the lands 'behind' it. This was the basis of much negotiation in the partition of Africa between the European Powers; and disputes arose chiefly on the question how far these 'hinterlands' extended, and where the dividing-line was to be marked between 'hinterlands' starting from opposite coasts.

In Europe a frontier is now marked not only by its lines of posts but by the establishment in its neighbourhood of fortresses, and great railway stations with long platforms that are beyond all the requirements of peace traffic and are intended only for the rapid detraining of troops when war There is a vigorous police system of watchfulness against espionage; and, besides this, a network of Customs posts to prevent smuggling. Theoretically, the frontier is a line drawn on the ground and extending skyward like an invisible wall. This quality of the frontier did not much matter till the recent development of aerial navigation. Now the frontier guards and Customs officials have an anxious time looking out for adventurous voyagers in aeroplanes and navigable balloons. These may be used for purposes of espionage and also for smuggling. Hence a multitude of new regulations as to the points at which the travellers of the air may pass a frontier, the necessity of coming to the ground for examination if challenged by signal, and the duty of being provided with passports and other papers defining the identity of the voyager and the object of his journey. Even we, with our sea frontier, have had to fall into line with the mere Continental Powers in this respect, and mark out entrance-places on our wave-girt borders for the passage in and out of aircraft.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

By IAN HAY, Author of The Right Stuff, A Man's Man, Happy-go-Lucky, &c.

CHAPTER XVII.-THINGS.

THE Euston Road, which is perhaps the most funereal thoroughfare in Europe, furnishes the first glimpse of London to fully fifty per cent. of all who visit our capital.

Philip was no stranger to London, for he had spent his youth in the wilds of Hampstead; and, later on, like most young men, had formed a tolerably intimate acquaintance with that portion of the Metropolis which lies within a radius of one mile of Piccadilly Circus. Still, as his cab hurried away from the unspeakable hideousness of Euston Station, and turned into that congeries of tombstone-makers' yards and unsavoury lodging-houses which constitutes the Euston Road, even Coventry seemed pleasantly rural by comparison. Most of us are inclined to feel like this at the outset of a new undertaking. Fortunately we can support ourselves through

this period with the reflection that every success worth winning is approached by a Euston Road of some kind.

His first few weeks in the London offices were a prolongation of this journey. The young gentleman in the showroom proved to be unspeakably offensive and incompetent; the Yorkshireman in the repairing-shop was incredibly obstinate and secretive. The staff were slack, and the premises dirty. Letters were not answered promptly, and the accounts were in a shocking mess. Finally, every soul in the place—with the possible exception of the lady typist—greeted the intrusion of the new manager with undisguised hostility.

Philip, reminding himself of the period of time in which Rome was not built, set to work, in his serious methodical fashion, to master departmental details. He went through the repair-shop first, and, mindful of Mr Mable-thorpe's admonition to study People rather than Things, spent much time in studying the character of each of the men employed. As a result of his investigations, two mechanics, props of their Union, were tersely informed that unless their standard of performance was raised at least one hundred per cent. their services would not be required after the end of the current month.

Next came a brief but painful interview with Mr Murgatroyd, the Yorkshireman, upon the subject of perquisites and commissions. The motor industry lends itself to the acquirement of pickings more, perhaps, than any other trade of to-day except politics; and the long-headed Mr Murgatroyd had made good use of the opportunities thrown in his way for something like ten years. Henceforth, Philip explained to him, there must be no more clandestine douceurs from tire agents, no more strictly private rebates on consignments of petrol, and no more piling up of unconsidered trifles in customers' bills. Before undertaking a repairing contract of any magnitude, Mr Murgatroyd must present a detailed estimate of the cost, and the work was not to be put in hand until the estimate was approved and countersigned by the owner of the car.

To this Mr Murgatroyd replied almost tearfully that if Mr Meldrum proposed to run the establishment upon Sunday school lines the sooner they put up the shutters the better.

'Does that mean that you want to resign your post, Mr Murgatroyd?' asked Philip hopefully.

Mr Murgatroyd scratched his ear. 'Not at all, sir,' he said. 'I dare say we shall take a little time to get used to one another's ways, that's all; but in the end I'm sure we shall get along grandly.'

What Mr Murgatroyd meant was: 'You are a new broom. In a short time your youthful zeal for reform will have abated, and we can then slip back into the old comfortable groove. For the present I must make a show of complying with your idiotic commands.'

Philip understood this, and calculated that six months of commercial austerity would set his manager looking for a softer berth. Both sides having thus decided to wait and see, the interview terminated.

Philip next introduced his broom into the somewhat Augean garage. Car-washers were straitly informed that their duty was to wash cars and not to rifle the tool-boxes and door-pockets thereof. The current price of that fluctuating commodity, petrol, as fixed from day to day by the brigands who hold the world's supply in the hollow of their unclean hands, was chalked up in a conspicuous position every morning, in order that consumers might purchase at the market price and not at one fixed by the foreman. Sundry members of that well-organised and far-reaching Society for the Acquisition

of Other People's Property—the brotherhood of chauffeurs who used the garage—were put through a brief but drastic course of instruction in the elementary laws of meum and tuum; and one particularly enterprising member of the craft, to whose possession a new and expensive jack, recently the property of a gentleman from the country who drove his own car, was traced after a systematic and quite unexpected official inquiry, was directed to remove himself and his vehicle to other quarters as an alternative to prosecution.

Having in the space of three weeks achieved a degree of unpopularity almost incredible to a man who has hitherto encountered only the genial side of his fellow-creatures, Philip turned from the garage to the office. Here his troubles were of a different kind. Commercial arithmetic had no terrors for him; the systematic filing of correspondence and the compilation of crossreferences appealed readily to his orderly soul. His difficulties arose not so much from these mechanical aids to commerce as from the human agents who wielded them. Mr Atherton, the young gentleman who presided over the showroom, was, as already indicated, a square peg-The careers open to a younger son of a wellconnected but impecunious house are strictly limited in number. Presuming, as is probably the case, that the family resources are already fully taxed in maintaining his elder brother in the army, and that he himself is debarred through insufficiency of gray matter from entering one of the three learned professions, young hopeful is forced to the inevitable conclusion that he must earn his living in some less distinguished field of effort.

'Not in *trade*, of course, dear,' says his lady mother, with the air of a female Euclid throwing off an elementary and self-evident axiom. 'But anything else you like.'

The unsophisticated observer might be excused for imagining that the maternal proviso extinguishes our young friend's prospects of a career altogether. Not so. To the upper classes of this country there are trades and trades. You may become a land-agent, for instance, without loss of caste, presumably because you cannot possibly make any money out of being a land-You may also become a stock-jobber, possibly because a stock-jobber's earnings cannot by any stretch of the imagination be regarded as the fruit of honest toil. You may go to India, or Ceylon, or Canada, and there, in the decent obscurity of a foreign clime, live by the work of your own hands. You may even go upon the stage, in a gentlemanly sort of way. But you must not go into trade. You must not buy or sell merchandise in the open market, though, as stated above, you are perfectly at liberty to sell what you have not got, and buy what you could not pay for if you received it, in the world of Bulls and Bears.

However-no one seems to know why, but the undisputable fact remains—you may sell motorcars for a living and remain a gentleman. It is not known who discovered this providential law of nature; but ever since its establishment wellborn young men have swarmed into the profession; and now the humblest purchaser of a motor-car may quite reasonably hope to have his cheque endorsed, and mayhap a cigar accepted, by the descendant of a duke.

The innovation has proved a commercial success, too, or we may be sure that it would not have endured in the unsentimental economic world for a twelvemonth. Pace Mr Mablethorpe, the immaculate young man who attends to our wants in showrooms knows his business. He is a fair mechanic, a fearless driver, and an excellent salesman. Customers of his own walk of life confide their wants to him as to a brother. while plutocratic but plebeian patrons frequently purchase a more expensive car than they originally contemplated through fear of losing his good opinion.

But there are exceptions, and Mr Atherton was one. He was grossly ignorant of the elements of mechanics, he was unbusinesslike in his management of correspondence, and he was rude to customers without being impressive. He was also a frequent absentee from his post upon matinée days. The indoor staff, down to the very office-boy, took their tone from him; with the result that Philip, in the execution of his duty in the office and showroom, was enabled without any difficulty whatever to eclipse the degree of unpopularity already achieved by him in the garage and repair-shop. But he ploughed resolutely on his way.

In order to be near his work he rented a small flat in Wigmore Street, and furnished it according to his ideas of what was requisite and necessary. He cooked his own breakfast, and took his other

meals at Frascati's.

Each afternoon an elderly and incompetent female called, and—to employ her own grim expression—did for him. That is to say, she consumed what was left of Philip's breakfast, and made his bed by the simple expedient of restoring the bedclothes to their overnight

His bedroom furniture he bought en suite in Tottenham Court Road for seven pounds fifteen. In his sitting-room he installed a large table upon which to draw up plans and specifications -and an arm-chair. It did not occur to him that he required any more furniture. He cooked his food at a gas-stove, and ate it off a corner of this table, sitting on the arm of the chair. The sole ornament upon his mantelpiece was a model of the Meldrum Carburettor, recently perfected and patented. He made no friends, and went nowhere. A woman would have (and ultimately did) shed tears over his ménage. But he was happy enough. Things, not People, still held him bound.

And yet he was not utterly at peace with his world. It is said that a woman is always happy unless she has something to make her unhappy, but that a man is never happy unless he has something to make him happy. Up to this period of his life Philip had never had to hunt for the sources of happiness. His work, and the ever-developing interests of youth, had kept him well supplied. But now, at times, he was conscious of a shortage. Under the increasing cares of existence mere joie de vivre becomes insufficient as a driving-power, and demands augmentation. Philip's present life—if we except odd hours in the evening devoted to the perfection of the Meldrum inventions—was an ungrateful business at best. He had few friends, and was not of the breed which can solace itself with the companionship that can be purchased in great cities. And therefore he began, inevitably, to draw his necessary happiness from the bank of the Future. Most of us come to this in time, for few are fortunate enough to be able to subsist year in, year out, upon our current income. When we are young we draw upon the Future, and when we are old we fall back (please God) upon the Past. So Philip began to live for the day upon which his reforms should come to fruition, and the work in the London offices find itself running forward on oiled wheels. As for the Present—it was a rotten business, but difficulties were made to be overcome. En avant /

But beyond these practical aspirations lay a fairer region. Philip was in love. Not with any material pink-and-white charmer, but, after the perfectly healthy and natural manner of the young man before he grows cynical or blase with experience, with Love itself. Only that. At present he was more concerned with the abstract than the concrete.

At this period he was inclined to regard matrimony much as a child regards cake-namely, as a consummation to be achieved only after a long mastication of bread-and-butter. At present he was in the thick of the bread-and-butter. But when he had worked strenuously for perhaps ten years he would assuredly encounter his Lady -he had no clear idea what she was like, but he was absolutely confident of her existenceand would marry her. Then he would be paid in Troubles would be halved and joys doubled, and life itself would be the sweeter for the long years of hard service and clean living and high endeavour that lay at present between the dream and its fulfilment.

Meanwhile he was content to hitch his wagon to a star and proceed with the day's work. Business first.

(Continued on page 291.)

A HOME LIBRARY OF MODERN FICTION.

I have read novels with the most fearful contentment of mind. . . . How do you like your novels? I like mine strong, 'hot with,' and no mistake; no love-making, no observations about society, little dialogue except where the characters are bullying each other, plenty of fighting, and a villain in the cupboard who is to suffer torture just before the Finis.—THACKERAY.

THE quantity of fiction which pours from the press is greater than ever. The wheels of the fiction factories, energised by author and publisher, turn out five or six volumes daily of new books and new editions for the delectation of the modern reader. In the United States about one hundred novels and two thousand short stories are issued every month. Out of every hundred novels written it has been said that only one gets into print, so the publishers are to be thanked for damming back this stream. To remember even the titles of this steady flow of light literature is a sheer impossibility. To attempt to sample them is equally so. When we find that not less than 80 per cent. of the books borrowed from circulating libraries are comprehended under the heading of fiction, the necessity for guidance and self-restraint is evident. The habit of reading only light literature in the form of fiction is one of the dissipations of modern life. It forms, however, one of the best relaxations we have, and is greatly educative as well. Anthony Trollope, a master-craftsman himself, used to deliver a lecture on 'English Prose Fiction as a Rational Amuse-M. Anatole France has said that England is the home of the novel: that in its nature it is intimate, cordial, and homely, and that the English mind is homely, intimate, and cordial.

The general level of excellence is wonderfully high; the number of those who can with credit to themselves and interest and delight to the reader write a satisfactory story is on the in-Yet the pitfalls are many for the indiscriminate reader. We hear of these when certain novels are put under the ban of the Libraries Association, a certain method of causing them to be asked for, and therefore increasing their circula-Martyrdom might await the ancient prophet who cried aloud against the diseased moral conditions of his time. The modern novelist who throws the limelight of realism on the seamy side of life expects to be paid abundantly in coin of the realm. The novel is made the vehicle of all the ideas and burning questions that seethe in the minds of men and women. Every human interest is represented; sex problems, socialism, politics, religion, travel, and adventure all have their place. Love, marriage, and the romance which hangs around them are staple themes. R. L. Stevenson has said that the writer who knows his trade might start with the kitchen table as a subject. A simple classification of novels is that by Henry James into those which have life and those which have it not. Some people, for excellent reasons, he says, do not like to read about carpenters; others, for even better reasons, do not like to read about courtesans. The novelist has all life for his province, and every taste is catered for. He is a public benefactor when he writes a pure story that grips the reader without too great a strain on the attention.

Besides the variety and abundance is the cheapness of fiction. Think of stories by the best modern writers from sixpence, sevenpence, one shilling, two shillings, to six shillings! Are there any products of modern life, of equal value, to be had so cheaply? The 'three-decker,' as the three-volume form was called, at a guinea and a half, disappeared towards the end of last century. It was purely for circulating library consumption, and was at its best in the mid-Victorian era. To-day the bookseller is made to do more work for very little profit in stocking and selling cheap editions. The sevenpenny novel has not to him been an unmixed blessing. Such cheapness is only possible with a universal sale.

Three months is given as the average life of a modern novel. It is a success if it lives through a season. In two years it may be put into a series. When a publisher selects a novel for a place in a cheap series, he does so with a certainty that it possesses life, is interesting, well written, and calculated to make a wide appeal.

George Meredith, after writing for nearly forty years, said that in England he was encouraged by but a few enthusiasts: 'In my branch of the profession of letters the better the work the worse the pay.' George Eliot is an exception to this; she did good work and had good pay. Anthony Trollope, with no very high ideals save to amuse and entertain, and tell a story well, received from English publishers for his works a little under seventy thousand pounds. His American receipts were three thousand and eighty pounds, and he earned seven thousand eight hundred pounds from other sources. For his Claverings he had a single cheque from the Cornhill Magazine for two thousand eight hundred pounds; The Small House at Allington, which also appeared there, yielded him three thousand pounds; two other works brought him three thousand two hundred pounds each; Can You Forgive Her? made three thousand five hundred and twenty-five pounds. It is a pity that Trollope did not write his proposed history of English prose fiction, beginning with Robinson Crusoe.

When an author determines to write, not for posterity, but for the demands of the hour, he may, like G. A. England, turn out many thousands of words annually from his fiction factory, and earn

something more than a living wage. 'My eye,' he says, 'is ever open, also my ear, for every bit of good material coming my way. Into the note-book goes now a bit of scenery, a face, a phrase; again some new idea, a plot germ, an odd garment, a deformity, a beauty.' Like the rest, he picks up material for his stories everywhere! And thus, as Thackeray says, fiction often carries a greater amount of truth in solution than the volume which purports to be all true!

Both entertainment and instruction may be gained by starting an interested group of people upon the discussion of their favourite novels or favourite characters in fiction. All present may take part, and violent likes and dislikes will find expression. Criticism seldom strays far from the truth, however, and there is a consensus of opinion as to what is best regarding the books that matter. A lecturer on novels or novelists is certain of a hearing. In these days of cheap editions any private person may select from the cheap series a list of excellent novels. For some years past the present writer, after sampling them himself, has made friends and acquaintances free of the collection on his bookshelves containing between three and four hundred modern stories. They could take what they pleased, and return them at convenience. convenience of some borrowers meant a year, of others months or weeks. In only a few instances did the volumes entirely disappear. For the classics in fiction, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, Hardy, or George Eliot; for Mrs Barclay of Rosary fame, Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, and other well-known names, they had to look to their own shelves or elsewhere. strong and well-known representatives of modern fiction can look after themselves. The story was always the thing for my readers, let it be written by whom it might. But indeed the classics in fiction were seldom asked for. Are there not readers to-day who unblushingly say they cannot read Scott, do not care for Dickens, and leave Thackeray severely alone? Theodore Roosevelt has made this true observation, that 'the reader, the book-lover, must meet his own needs, without paying too much attention to what his neighbours say these needs should be.' He found endless satisfaction in reading The Semi-Detached Couple, but never met any one outside his own family circle who had read it. So the stories that delight you and me are not, of course, all written by the great names in literature.

A writer with a gift of humour is friend to every one. Spanish Gold, by G. A. Birmingham, never failed to tickle readers and give amusement; while the books of Dorothea Conyers, such as The Strayings of Sandy, and those of Somerville and Ross, never failed to captivate. Another master in adventure and Irish humour is Mr H. de Vere Stacpoole, who found many readers for The Pools of Silence (my copy has sunk in that

pool), The Ship of Coral, and Garry Owen. His Patsy, alas! disappeared after helping the gaiety of many. Though Mr W. W. Jacobs was represented only by Captains All, Light Freights, and Odd Craft, he was a favourite with most readers. The works of Sir J. M. Barrie and Ian Maclaren seemed so well known to my clients that they reposed on my shelves unasked for. The works of Sir A. Conan Doyle were likewise well known. John Galt was only once asked for, and that by a lady. Not so with what we call the American group of stories, which were fresh and exceedingly popular, by Stuart Edward White, G. Stratton-Porter, Rex Beach, Meredith Nicholson, and Ralph Connor.

The Century Company of New York, when handling a short story by E. H. Abbott, entitled Molly Make Believe, thought that it was one of the best stories of the kind they had ever seen. Most of those who read my copy were of the same opinion. It is a pity that in the English reprint the fine and suitable illustrations of the American edition have not also been carried over. A later volume by the same writer, The White Linen Nurse, is said to be equally piquant. All the stories by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs Riggs) were well liked, particularly Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm and Timothy's Quest. So were Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch and Lovey Mary, by Alice Hegan Rice. The Lady of the Decoration, which now has a sequel, gave pleasure to many; those bright and charming letters of an American lady in Japan never failed to please. Pa Gladden, by Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, full of the milk of human kindness as it is, always made an impression. After reading A Shepherd of the Hills, by H. B. Wright, some of my readers did not wonder that his books had reached the four million mark in the United States. The Virginian, by Owen Wister, has gone and left no address. We had ourselves, however, to borrow H. S. Harrison's Queed and V. V.'s Eyes, both remarkable American novels.

Many have asked the secret why the works of Gene Stratton-Porter are so popular; over three millions of her books have been sold in the United States, while they have also had a vogue here. Born on a farm in Wabash County, Indiana, in 1868, she was educated at home, and in 1886 married Charles Darwin Porter. She has acted as natural history and photographic expert on two open-air periodicals, and wrote Moths of the Limberlost, that swamp in Indiana with the flora and fauna of which her readers are made so familiar. Her stories are incitements to self-help, clean living, and high thinking; while the characters live near to nature's Nature is a living thing to her. Her books have also found thousands of readers in Great Britain, where Freckles (the story of an Irish boy), Girl of the Limberlost (that of an American girl), and The Harvester have been prime favourites. The suggestion for this last came from the life of Henry David Thoreau. Its amazing vitality, beauty of description, and romantic setting have caused this to be the most popular of her books with many readers. She herself is the 'Bird Woman' of these stories. While in search of birds and moths she has gleaned and gathered dramatic stories which have charmed millions of readers.

The other books found to be pleasant and popular in my free private library included those of George MacDonald, particularly Alec Forbes and Robert Falconer. Arnold Bennett was represented by some of his ethical books, by Anna of the Five Towns, Teresa of Watling Street, and a masterpiece of its kind, The Old Wives' Tale. John Oxenham was another favourite. We had not all his thirty stories on hand; but Barbe of Grand Bayou, Profit and Loss, The Long Road, Giant Circumstance, and some others found many readers. This writer always makes a careful study of plot, characters, and scenes, in which, like John Wesley, he has 'the world for his parish.' The breezy, open-air feeling and old-world atmosphere, reminiscent of Borrow or Stevenson, in the works of Jeffery Farnol are charming; and the Kentish highways and byways are again full of life in The Broad Highway, The Money Moon, and The Amateur Gentleman. M. Pickthall's Said the Fisherman is, of its kind, a wonderful story, with a true Eastern atmosphere, less favourable to Turkish conditions than Pierre Loti's Disenchanted. In Concerning Himself, Victor L. Whitechurch tells an uncommon story which

grips the realities in a commonplace life, but not in a commonplace way. The Baroness von Hutten, in Pam and What Became of Pam, was popular; but we have also been asking what became of our Pam. The Countess von Arnheim (Beauchamp), in her Elizabeth and her German Garden, A Solitary Summer, Elizabeth in Rügen, and their successors, charmed more than most. Leonard Merrick (Miller) shows himself master of the short story in The Call from the Past. Miss J. E. Buckrose, with a Hull background, was much liked in Down our Street and A Little Green World; the first went down our street and did not return. F. Marion Crawford, a born story-teller, has always a story to tell, and seldom disappoints. B. M. Croker, Flora Annie Steele, in their stories, and Maud Diver, in Captain Desmond and The Great Amulet, bring India close to the reader. All these were popular: The Scarlet Pimpernel, by the Baroness Orczy; Call of the Wild, by Jack London; Peter's Mother, by Mrs H. de la Pasture; Daft Days, by Neil Munro; Pip, by Ian Hay; The Weavers, by Sir Gilbert Parker; The Street of Adventure, by Philip Gibbs; The Saint, by Fogazzaro; and Nancy Stair, by E. M. Lane.

As the shelves got congested there were gradual clearances. Some hundreds of volumes of miscellaneous literature had to go back to the booksellers for next to nothing, but the overplus of fiction was generally bestowed on grateful recipients at home and abroad. The most grateful were those abroad, in North India, Burma, South America, or Switzerland.

JERRY'S PRAYER.*

By Mrs George Crichton Miln (Louise Jordan Miln).

AT last she was alone, free to sit and think it all out calmly—to realise it, face it, if she could. If she could? She had to face it. The axe had already fallen.

It was nearly midnight; but, tired to extinction as she was, she had no wish for bed. Tomorrow she must confront the glare and the pain, and do the best she could-for the children's sake-with such poor shreds and patches of possession and opportunity as the thievish law had left her. To-night she might sit alone, unwatched, unpitied, and unadvised. There was some balm in that. The children were abed, the servants too, an hour ago and more. The night and the silence were hers. She was too worn out, too distraught, to keep her mind to the paramount subject upon which it was imperative that she should keep it. For she must decide here and now where they were to go, what they were to do.

Thinking of the Law-her smarting sense of

its injustice made it personal—swung her unsteady, pendent mind to law-breakers: the great outcast, skulking class of the professional lawbreakers. And to-night her sore sympathy was with its branded Breaker rather than with the majestic Law. What thief, enterprising housebreaker, or petty pickpocket was half so criminal as the Law that had stolen this, their home, from her and from her three helpless children? None. None could be.

She shivered a little. The great room was growing cold. She mended the fire, piling the big logs on with a reckless hand. She was glad to think that she was wasting Greville Sloan's The thought warmed her more quickly fuel.

than the upspringing flames.

Edith Ramond's story was very brief, very simple, very commonplace. To her and to her three children it was a tragedy. A penniless girl-governess, in Rome, she had married John Ramond, an English artist, almost as young as herself, and quite as poor. His father, well-todo and insular, had disowned him; angered by

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a succession of undergraduate pranks, angered beyond repair by the son's persisted-in determination to be a painter. And there seemed no reason to hope that the elder Ramond would ever relent.

Indeed, there was more right on his side than on the son's. The younger man was stubborn, lackadaisical, visionary, opinionated, and lazy. He had little or no talent. He had wasted his time at Wellington and at Oxford, and after his marriage he wasted it at Rome. He had worked, after a fashion, rather than starve, when he first broke with his father. But soon after the imprudent little wedding, Edith, who had a delicate wrist and an industrious soul, in an evil hour began timidly to design Christmas cards and menus. Her work sold readily-for a pittance; and her big sloth of a husband sank back on the pittance and lived on it, till goodluck and Roman fever translated him to a realm where it is to be hoped he was compelled to shovel coal vigorously.

Edith grieved bitterly. She had believed in him, and in the slowly germinating great picture, to the last. She did not even try to sell the few daubs he left behind him; she could not bring herself to part with them; but she set herself to work harder than ever, and contrived to keep herself and her three tiny children almost decently.

A year later her father-in-law, who had been in Australia when John died, came to Rome 'to reconnoitre,' as he told the British Consul. The old man was just. He in no way blamed Edith or her innocent children. Moreover, he formed a high opinion of his daughter-in-law, and little John looked like the dead woman whom Greville Ramond had loved very truly.

The usual hackneyed old things happened, of course. Edith and her children went back to England with her father-in-law, and settled down in the old house where John had been born.

A distant relative, Greville Sloan, was already living with Mr Ramond at Brookfield House. He had lived there from his babyhood. He was several years John's senior. Undoubtedly he would have been Ramond's heir had John died childless, or had his children remained in exile and unclaimed. Nothing that Greville Ramond had was entailed.

Indeed, about six months before his own death, which had occurred six months ago, and three years after John's, the old man had called Edith and Sloan into this very room where she now sat, and had slowly read to them two wills. One was dated back five years, and left everything, without qualification or reserve, to Greville Sloan.

When Edith and her children had first lived at Brookfield and won Mr Ramond's heart, he had made a will leaving everything to her children and to her. But on second thoughts he felt that was needlessly hard on Sloan, unfair indeed, and

believed that he had done the just thing in following his more deliberate wish in the matter, and leaving his kinsman a comfortable sum.

This third will which he then read to them was of very recent date, and left Sloan twenty thousand pounds, and left everything else, in varying proportions and with various conditions, to the grandchildren and their mother.

'I should not give Grev so much,' the old man said to Edith, 'had he not at one time expected, and had every right to expect, to have everything. I have done what seems to me to be right and fair. I shall destroy the old will—the first one; the new one will stand, for the present at least, and I hope always. The second will I seem to have already destroyed, or to have mislaid'—he had always been a careless custodian of papers—'but that is immaterial. The last will stands, of course.'

Edith was perfectly satisfied, and Sloan tried to be. But he found it hard, for he was desperately in love with a mercenary woman, and, money quite aside, he did not like Edith or her children. And as a sensitive boy he had suffered unforgettable things from his selfish and brutal cousin John.

Greville Ramond, careless again, forgot or neglected to destroy the first will; or, as some believed, he destroyed by mistake the one he had intended to preserve. He died suddenly. One will was found—and only one; that one which gave Greville Sloan everything.

Sloan behaved well, at first. He begged Edith to use, for six months at least, the old place as if it were hers, and told the housekeeper to send all bills to his solicitors. And he stayed away himself. Of course he would want the house for the home-coming of the woman he now hoped to marry. But he let it be understood that Mrs Ramond would have a suitable income. And it also somehow got rumoured that, just before his death, and very much in his right mind, Greville Ramond had destroyed his last will and instructed Sloan that only under certain circumstances was Edith to be provided for, and then not extravagantly.

Some few believed this, or affected to do so. More shook their heads. And yet it was not without good vivid colour. For it was a fact, and a well-known one, that a few weeks before the old man's death he and his daughter-in-law had very nearly quarrelled.

John the grandson was now nearly ten, and, to his mother's delight and his grandfather's disgust, showed a strong bent for crayon and brush. Edith was determined that he should have an art education; his grandfather was equally determined that he should not. Mother and grandfather disputed the point hotly, and the irascible old man let out a good round threat more than once.

Had Greville Ramond lived, the daughter-inlaw must have prevailed, for she had grown very dear to the old man; and, strangely enough, John, the son of John the daubster, had a very real and rare talent. But Greville Ramond died, and the bolt fell from the blue.

To-day Edith had seen her solicitors and Sloan's, and knew definitely that she must go at once, and without the half-promised income.

This last she had brought upon herself. She was terribly disappointed at the disappearance of the latest will, and she let her tongue run away with her. She knew that Mr Ramond had had no thought of disinheriting her or her children. She knew that his reputed farewell instructions regarding herself to Sloan were a fabric of lies. She knew that Sloan had the latest will somewhere, and was afraid to destroy it lest the intermediate will, of which her father-in-law had spoken, should turn up, even now, and deprive Sloan of the twenty thousand pounds which the last will secured to him. All this, and a great deal more, she said, and just enough of the county people applauded her to make Sloan very bitter.

And then she went quite too far. Greville Ramond's wife had had a priceless collection of jewels. The last will had left them to John's only daughter, who had been named after her grandmother. Edith refused to give them up when asked for them. Of course Sloan got them, but not until Edith had made the whole matter conspicuous and disagreeable, in a way that caused him to fear that Lady Dorothy might not consent to accept them after all. Edith had fought for her 'rights,' as she called them, more tempestuously than wisely, and now she was beaten at every point.

Three further weeks' grace was given her, and then she must go, unless she preferred to be put

out.

Indeed, yes, her sympathies to-night were with the outlaw, the——

Hark! what was that? Nothing, of course, except the wind, or her imagination. She

laughed mirthlessly.

She was afraid of nothing to-night; and as for burglars, a whole regiment of them might come—and be welcome—and loot the house. The very spoons in the sideboard in the next room were Sloan's. She would stay no thief for him, raise no alarm.

The silence was absolute. Across the park

the old church bell rang twice.

Again her mind rambled away from the essential to the irrelevant. She had known a thief once; at least he had become one. She wondered where he was now—in jail or out of it? She wondered whether he remembered the little girl who had helped him at such woeful cost to herself years ago; and whether, if he knew her plight, he would do as much for her as she had done for him in their childhood's long ago—steal five pounds to buy bread with.

Known a thief! Why, she had been a thief,

and her aunt Matilda had made no bones at all about calling her one. Well, she had taken the severe whipping stoically, and never told what she had done with the gold. She swore she had What a little fool she had been to own that she had taken it! And, after all, what a vixen she had been to steal it from poor, hardworking Aunt Matilda, the only friend her childhood had ever known! It was the quarter's rent, as it turned out; and after the whipping Aunt Matilda had sat down and cried pitifully. She had never forgotten the uncanny picture of the grim, gaunt old woman swaying convulsively in her grief. Edith felt guilty now, as she must have done then had not her spirit so tingled in answer to her tingling flesh.

She wondered, and then she screamed. Some one—something—was coming in through the library's long window. Stiff, and dumb with fright and threatening hysteria, she clung desperately to the arms of her big chair. She tried to

scream again, but she could not.

"Ush, laidy," said the rough, furtive fellow who almost instantly slipped into the room. 'Doan't ye make no noise. An' doan't ye be

cared. I ain't goin' to 'urt ye.'

Edith Ramond pulled herself together a little. Perhaps he wouldn't hurt her or her children if she told him where everything was; she had heard of such things often enough, and she could be his confederate with right goodwill and a clear conscience too, since that arch-thief the Law called everything here Greville Sloan's.

'The silver is in the dining-room, and in the

safe.'

'I ain't wantin' anythink to-night, laidy. I've called to pay a debt—a debt o' honour. Now doan't ye look so scared. I ain't boozed an' I ain't balmy. You spotted me all right, an' my trade is jest what ye savyed it wos. But this ain't no business call. See, laidy, I ain't got a single tool with me, so 'elp me!'

'What do you want, please?'

'I'ad to come this way or not at all. It ain't 'ealthy fur me in these 'ere parts by dyelight. I bin watchin' for ye some considerable nights now. I'ad to see ye. I could ha' posted ye the dockyment all right. But I didn't see sendin' my address by post, an' you may want it. Ye may need my hevydence. I 'ope as 'ow you doan't. But then, again, ye may. Laidy, I've called to pay a debt. I bin owin' ye five quid for twenty-two year'——

'Jerry!' she cried—'Jerry!' Then that was why she had been thinking of him so persistently as she sat before the fire. She had sensed his

coming.

'Yes, Miss Hedith, mam, it's me—it's Jerry. Ye guessed it the first time. An' ye ain't forgot?'

'I was thinking of it as you came in.'

'Was ye, though? Well, Miss Hedith, I've come to pay hup.'

'You've brought me five pounds?' said Edith, gazing curiously at the poor, shabby figure.

'More'n that, laidy,' said the convict proudly. But Mrs Ramond interrupted him. She had seen the prison pallor, and had misunderstood it. 'Sit down, Jerry!' she exclaimed. 'Sit down at once! You are tired and ill.'

'It doan't seem right,' he said awkwardly.
'An' I guess I'd rather not.'

'Do as I tell you, Jerry.'

'You doan't seem much afraid o' burglars, Miss Hedith, mam,' he said.

'I'm not afraid of you, Jerry.

'You ain't got no cause to be,' he said proudly. Then he obeyed her with an apologetic cough.

'Now, Jerry,' said his hostess, 'before you say another word, I'm going to get you some food. You are cold and hungry.'

The man half-started up, and then sat back

with a strange, silent laugh.

'Thank you kindly, miss. I ain't 'ad more 'n I could eat comfortable to-day.'

She hurried from the room.

As she went he spoke again. 'Miss Hedith,' he said, 'you ain't goin' to call nobody, or give no alarm loike?'

'Jerry!'

'You'll excuse me for mentionin' it, an' I'd be the last to blame ye. But you 'ave a little talk loike with me first. You may want my hevydence.'

'Jerry!'

Then he let her go.

At first he sat quite still. Then he thought better of it, and got up, saying, 'Arter all, she's a woman. I'll mike sure.'

He moved about the room swiftly, with practised noiselessness. He was looking for something. A great Bible rested on an ebony pedestal. Jerry drew from an inner pocket a long manila envelope, very much such an envelope as those that form a chief extravagance of unsuccessful authors, and thrust it in between the sacred leaves. It is probable that he had never heard the old Provence proverb: 'Ce que Dieu garde est bien garde.' It was even possible that he did not recognise the Book.

Presently Mrs Ramond came. She brought him bread and game and wine—the best port

that she could get.

He ate and drank awkwardly, and he was not long.

The church clock struck three.

'It'll be loight soon,' he said. 'Let me tell ye now.'

Edith nodded.

'I doan't know as I've 'ad but one real kindness done me in all me life, miss,' he said gravely, 'so it ain't strange if I remembers it some. We 'ad a powerful bad name in the ole place, we 'Awkins, an' no won'er! There wouldn't no one but you 'ave 'elped me that time w'en mother an' Laura was down sick, an' the ole

man an' Jim both' on 'em in jail. That five quid saved Laura's life loike—it did, sure to Gawd, Miss Hedith. I doan't know w'y I was so powerful fond o' that kid sister o' mine, but I always wos'——

'Where is Laura now, Jerry?'

'She went to the devil, an' then she died,' was the gruff answer. 'I'd ha' kept straight but for that, so 'elp me. I always meant to. But that ain't biz,' he added hastily, 'an' I came 'ere to talk biz. A week ago a pal o' mine an' me, we cracked a crib in a swell flat 'ouse near Cavendish Square.'

Edith started.

'Yes—'is. You never 'eard nothin', cause it's been 'ushed up, the perlice 'opin' to come hup to us better that way. Well, along wi' the rest o' the loot wos w'at purtended to be a music-box, an' the top part wos. It didn't look wurth much, but my pal 'e got a kid as is mad for music, so we thought we might as well tyke it along loike, seein' as 'ow we wosn't in no kind o' 'urry, the gent bein' away fur some dyes an' the 'ead porter a friend o' mine. Oh 'ell! that was a rum break fur me to maike; but ye won't split—no'ow?'

'No,' said Edith hoarsely; 'I won't split.

Go on.

'Well, as I wos sayin', miss, we took Pad 'ome.'

Edith looked puzzled.

'Paderowski in a box; an' w'en we got 'ome we bu'st open the drawer part at the bottom, 'cause it didn't look like a drawer none, an' yer never knows yer luck.'

'You broke it open, and you found a will?'

'Sure we did. You guessed it first time again, miss.'

'Give it to me, Jerry! Give it to me!'

'That's wot I come fur.'

'Oh Jerry!'

'You was mighty good to Laura oncet,' he said slowly. 'It wur considerable trubble I tuk, miss. An' it were a pleasure to tyke it. I doen't recall as 'ow I've enjoyed pyin' a debt afore. Per'aps as 'ow this un wos a debt o' honour hit makes me feel such a toff. We know considerable law in our biz, miss. We 'as An' we picks hup a lot more andy loike. Well, I seed yer name. I bin back to the ole county now an' then, an' I knew the name o' the gentleman yer 'ad married wi', an' I knew 'is father's county. W'en I seed yer name I read that dockyment mighty careful. Next dye I 'ad a friend wot reads writin' jest loike rollin' off a log, an' wot ain't got nuthin' agin 'im jest now, go to Somerset 'Ouse, an' look up ole Mr R'mon's last will an' testiment, the one as 'ad ben promoted, an' bring me wurd. w'en he did I jes' looked hup trains an' 'ooked it fer 'ere quick. I hain't no bloomin' Turney-General, but I sees easy 'nuf as you has been played mighty darned low down.'

He had said his say, and he sat quite still.

For a little Edith Ramond could not speak. When she could, she said, 'And the will you found, Jerry—where is it?'

If the thief felt any disappointment that the lady had not found time to thank him first he showed none. Perhaps he felt none, since, as he said, 'Arter all, she's a woman.'

'Ye'll find it all O.K., miss, in that big black volum' on that 'ere sawed-hoff thing.'

'Why, how on earth'-

'Well, ye see, axin' yer pardon, Miss Hedith, w'en ye went to get the grub I thought as 'ow, bein' a laidy, ye moight get nervous loike, an' 'phone hoff—w'ere I couldn't 'ear yer—fur the perlice, or somethin' o' that sort. An' so I jest popped it in that there w'ere ye'd be sure to foind it. Hif I'm hany jedge, you could prove it genewine all right, hany'ow; but I thought as 'ow ye'd find it hall smooth fer sailin', hif 'ow has hit wosn't reserrected loike on me.'

The woman's eyes swam. She laid a hand on the convict's rough sleeve. 'Jerry,' she began

brokenly, 'won't you'---

'No, miss,' he said gently, with brisk clair-voyance. 'I think I wonat. If Laura 'ad a lived it 'u'd be different; but she didn't, and has I sizes it hup, the way I'm goin' suits me roight enuff. Miss Hedith'—and his shifty eyes sparkled for a moment—'ow can ye be so cruel loike as to want to tyke the bread from so many noble men an' wimmen an' their innercent children?'

Edith looked blank, and he explained gravely, 'W'y, Miss Hedith, mam, perlice an' the lawyers an' the jailers an' the jedges, an' all their wimmen an' children, 'u'd clean starve if me an' all me mates wos to lead a "new life." Yer niver thought o' that now, did yer? They has a rare lot o' wives them sort o' fellers. At least one a piece mostly'——

But Edith shook a sorrowful head at him.

'Come now, miss, doan't you feel bad. I'm right enuff. Hin jail or hout, hit's about the syme to me. Hit's toime fur me to be off now, mam. But'ere's w'ere a letter'll reach me hany toime—if yer needs me hevydence. Hif yer doan't, ye'll burn this, an' ye'll be perticularly careful o' it hanyway? I doan't reckon as ye'll need me. But if yer do, I'm ready!'

'And send yourself to jail again, Jerry?'

'Oh that!' the man said contemptuously.

'I'll not need you, Jerry,' Mrs Ramond said firmly.

He turned toward the window.

'Oh Jerry,' she cried, 'not without letting me do something for you? Not without telling me what I can do '——

'Jest that way, mam, please. I can't tyke pay fur this job.'

'Pay! Oh Jerry! as if I'd offer it! But you'd let me—as a friend'——

'Thank you fur the word, laidy—has a friend,

miss!' He seemed to turn the thought over in his mind.

'Ye've got three kids, Miss Hedith—them as the ole gent's will names?' he said slowly, presently.

'Yes, Jerry.'

'Does they say their prayers? Then, miss, has a friend I'd tyke it very kind if sometimes, w'en they sez their little prayers, ye'd let 'em mention my poor girl Laura. I've 'eard tell as Gawd 'as a very special way o' listenin' to wot little kicksers asks o' 'Im. I doan't know 'ow to talk to 'Im no'ow, an' fur myself I doan't want nuthin' no'ow. Jail 's good enough fur me hany dye. I'm bin hin more 'n I've bin hout since I seed yer. But fur Laura, Miss Hedith, w'y, I'd heat 'ell fire—so 'elp me Gawd, mam, I would—an' swear it wos nice an' coolin', if it 'n'd do Laura hany good hup yonder; but only I doan't know 'ow'—

Edith held out her hands to the thief, and he took them in his crime-stained clasp. For a long moment they stood silent. Then he said brokenly, 'Gawd bless you, laidy!' And she whispered back, 'God bless you, Jerry, dear

old friend!'

Surely God heard. Then Jerry went.

In a moment Edith went to the old, old Book. She took the long envelope to the fireside.

Yes, this was the will.

His father's home was saved to the boy!

Poor Jerry's address had fallen to the floor. She picked up the crumpled paper and smoothed it out tenderly. She would burn it at once; but first she would make some secret record of the address. She must try to help Jerry presently, in spite of himself.

She looked about the big room. Where could she jot down, in a way that would tell nothing to any one else, the somewhat suggestive address? She had no thought of needing it, but Jerry

might need her.

She wheeled out the library ladder, and from an upper shelf took down an old Latin Primer that had been her husband's. Greville Ramond, even in his anger, had hoarded everything that had once been John's.

Then she put the school-book back. Her boy should have that some day, just as his father had left it. She would not write on its margins. What was this? 'Farm Accounts.' An old account-book, by its date. Her father-in-law did hoard such rubbish! She carried it to the table, found a pencil, and copied on a half-blank page Jerry's address, without his name.

As she took up the account-book to replace it—better so than to move it or take it away, she thought—a paper fell from its fat bulk.

Edith had found the other will—the second of the three—the will that gave everything to her and hers, leaving Sloan beggared!

Revenge was to her hand. She could burn

which will she chose. None would ever know. Greville Sloan could prove nothing. Sloan! He could not come into court with clean hands! And Jerry would swear, if necessary, that he had found this will. Or, no need even of that. To-morrow she could contrive that the old housekeeper should find either will. Sloan's tongue was tied.

She sat and thought and thought. The old church clock struck four.

Edith went to the fireplace and quietly haid

on the still smouldering embers, and watched them catch and burn to ash, Jerry's address slip and the earlier of the two wills. Why? Perhaps because she was overwrought, hysterical. Perhaps because she thought of Sloan's hungry love for Lady Dorothy. Perhaps because she thought of the old man who had been good to her, and honoured what she knew to be his ultimate will even more than she hated the man who had so wronged her and hers! Perhaps it was because God had granted Jerry's prayer.

POISON FOR GOLD.

HOW A DEADLY ACID ASSISTS THE WORLD'S WEALTH.

By ROBERT T. PATERSON, Editor of the Transvaal Critic.

IT will probably be as surprising, as it is doubtless new, to the average reader to learn that the material and assured success of at least one of the greatest goldfields of the world is due to the assistance of one of the most deadly poisons known to man. The chemist plays a far from inconspicuous part in the world's drama, and it is not too much to say that he is the magician of the modern gold-mine.

It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that gold is not dug out of the earth as one extracts, say, potatoes or turnips. No; it is literally 'won' after a hard battle with the elements with which Nature has seen fit to guard her treasures. On the great goldfield of the Witwatersrand, in the Transvaal, six thousand feet above the level of the sea, nuggets remain, as they have ever been, a dream, whatever the experiences of the 'fortyniner' of California or the 'fossicker' on Australian El Dorados may have been. The golden lure which has made Johannesburg the most cosmopolitan of cities is nowhere 'visible;' while its actual existence is only evidenced by unsightly, belching smoke-stacks and mountainous masses of 'tailings,' or fine white sand. It is with these latter, or rather with their evolution, that it is proposed to deal in this short exposition of a deadly poison's active but beneficial influence.

It is an accepted fact by those whose knowledge of the conditions is no greater even than that of the average layman, that the nature of the gold deposits of the Rand is such as to render most of the individual mines anything but paying propositions under systems, at one time at least, found perfectly feasible in other parts of the globe. There, on the Ridge of the White Waters, whence comes at least one-third of the world's wealth, visible gold is a thing of the past, and the precious metal is hard-held in what may be termed an iron hand; for, not content with imprisoning it in mere crushable stone, Nature has still further secreted her gold in what is known to geologists as iron pyrites. In these tiny shining specks, which to the uninitiated seem the 'real thing,' the life-pursuit of millions is contained, and no amount of crushing will extract it. It is here that our friend the chemist comes upon the scene with his stuff, three drops of which in solution would suffice to kill a grown

Not all the gold, however, is so tenaciously held, and to obtain this from what is known as the 'free milling' ore, the rock is beaten under mighty iron stamps, weighing two thousand pounds each, until—in a fine sand, and mixed with water-it is poured in a muddy flood over copper plates covered in mercury (quicksilver). These catch up the 'free' gold, leaving the still water-borne sand to be carried away in little wooden canals or flumes, until, in huge vats capable of holding hundreds of tons, it is collected in order to undergo medicinal treatment.

Now, while the water is being drained off the vats, a word about the origin and nature of this mysterious agency which liberates gold almost as quickly as it can destroy the life of man and beast. As a salt, in beautiful snowy cubes, it is known as cyanide of potassium, and is a salt of hydrocyanic acid, or prussic acid, the well-known swift and deadly poison. In minute quantities it is found in the kernel of the otherwise luscious peach, and is what imparts that bittersweet flavour known to the inquisitive who break open the stone of that fruit.

For purposes of commerce, however, other methods of production have to be resorted to; and thus to prescribed quantities of carbonate of potash (the common pearl-ash of commerce) are added horns of animals, blood, feathers, hair-This weird in fact, anything nitrogenous. mixture—almost worthy to rank with the contents of the famous witches' cauldron of Macbeth—is subjected to a fierce heat, and the resultant product is cyanide of potassium.

The vats being now ready, and quantities of the cyanide having been dissolved in water to an approved strength, the solution is poured upon the sands in the vats until they are submerged by a few inches. The cyanide solution immediately begins to exercise its functions by attacking the gleaming pyritic crystals and eating out the imprisoned gold, so that what previously looked like a collection of diamonds under the microscope now presents the appearance of furnace slag.

After a few hours of this treatment the gold is, almost to a grain per ton, in solution; and, deadly as ever, this is run through pipes into long, narrow, partitioned extractor-boxes, the compartments of which are filled with fine zinc shavings. As is seen by the brisk bubbling of hydrocyanic acid gas which ensues, the gold is rapidly taken up by the zinc, which discolours and 'rots,' ultimately becoming a thick black sludge resembling nothing so much as filthy river mud! But, oh, what precious mud! The writer has time and again put his finger into the solution in order to taste the characteristic bittersweet flavour of the cyanide, while if a lighted match is held to the bubbles above referred to tiny explosions result. Some of the workers in these extractor-houses on the mines are peculiarly susceptible to poisoning through the skin, and if they neglect to wear the long india-rubber gauntlets provided, suffer terribly from swollen and blistered hands and arms.

A curious feature may here be noted—namely, that while neither horses nor dogs will touch the cyanide solution, it has a quite extraordinary fascination for cattle. When the solution has become very weak, and contains, if any, mere traces of gold, it is frequently run off when no storage-room remains for it. The instant any browsing cattle near scent it down-wind they will gallop for it wildly, heads down and tails in the air, and will literally drink themselves to death, dropping with their mouths in it! The writer has seen eight young steers together fall victims to this weird taste before they could be driven from a tiny stream of very weak solution which had not been railed off!

At the end of the month the flow of solution through the boxes is temporarily stopped and the unaffected zinc is removed; and after the addition of alum or lime has cleared the coalblack liquid, the pure solution is carefully siphoned off as close as possible to the muddy deposit—which, be it remembered, is gold, and not to be trifled with! This literal 'pay dirt' is then scooped up into pans and left to dry for a time; after which it is placed in a calciningfurnace on a thick iron plate heated to a cherryred. This is to burn off the zinc which has succumbed to the chemical action of the cyanide; and after very careful ravelling with iron rods for the purpose, a chocolate-coloured powder Here we have the long-suffering gold in another form! The powder is then drawn off with much care—for it 'dusts' very easily, and there are better ways of breathing an atmosphere of gold!—and, being mixed with due proportions of clean sand, carbonate of soda and borax is placed in plumbago crucibles and subjected to the fierce heat of one thousand degrees, which the smelting of gold demands.

Great care must be taken that the mixture does not 'freeze' through a fault in the temperature of the furnace, as vexatious troubles and delay thus take place; but, all being well, the crucibles are in due time removed and their boiling contents poured into an iron mould (usually conical), where the gold by its weight percolates to the bottom, leaving the mass of often gorgeously coloured glass slag to cool and harden above it. This accomplished, the mould is overturned, and there, pointing at us as if in accusation after its various trying metamorphoses, we see a 'button' weighing several ounces of more or less pure gold. This, together with his brothers, is then placed in another crucible, and, a couple of whisky-bottles-empty, be it remarked!—having been broken over his head to provide a flux, is returned to the furnace, finally to be poured into a rhomboid mould, whence he issues as the component part of a weighty, wealth-suggesting 'bar' of gold.

This, then, is a rapid resume of the famous cyanide process, which, as already suggested, has been the saviour of the vast majority of the mines so busily exhausting the thirty miles of reef composing the world-renowned goldfields of the Witwatersrand.

SILENCE.

SPEAK to me, phantom souls,
Whose tender look and touch,
Before you passed beyond my sight,
Were all my joy and my delight.
Remember I loved much.

Breathe valour to my heart,
If I was dear to you;
Now that your earthly task is done,
Tell me my fight your praise has won—
You once had courage too.

Age steals not only youth,
But wearies of the strife;
Valour is left without the grace
That gave its triumph to the race
In the first pride of life;

So that we come to stand
Maimed, lonely, often sad,
While in June's sun and April rain
A vanished world is born again,
That youth may still be glad.

But far above the din
Of battle's fateful fray,
I listen, hoping to rejoice
In the loved echo of a voice
Lost on some far-off day.
BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.



THE OLD SPANISH MINES OF MEXICO.

By W. N. MUSGRAVE, B.Sc.

MANY very remarkable evidences of the enterprise and hardihood of the old Spanish Conquistadores are to be found in Mexico; and amongst the most striking of these are the thousands of mines, locally termed antiguas, from which was obtained the silver that made the colony the richest possession of Spain in the New World.

Go where you will, over the whole length and breadth of the country, and you will find that not only has the Spaniard been there before you, but that he never overlooked anything of value in the way of minerals; while a very brief inspection of any of the antiguas will convince you that these old miners knew their business very thoroughly. Down as far as the level at which water in any considerable quantity made its appearance in the workings there is very little left of the valuable portion of the lode, and what there is could only be worked with great difficulty even with the most modern appliances, on account of the very refractory nature of the

The most interesting of the old mining-camps are the deserted ones in the most remote and inaccessible places, for there may be seen mines just as they were left by the hardy pioneers of the early days of the Spanish occupation of Mexico, and every mine has some strange, and usually tragic, story connected with it.

There are few countries in which the path of the explorer and the prospector is beset with greater difficulties than in the tropical portion of the American continent; and the dangers and hardships the pioneers had to endure before they reached their goal must have been disheartening to any but the most stout-hearted. Their line of march lay through an absolutely unknown country, inhabited by tribes of hostile and warlike natives, through fever-haunted swamps and jungles, and over arid deserts and towering mountain-ranges, where the sufferings of men forced to travel under the fierce rays of a tropical sun, clad in heavy breastplate and back-piece, and with no better protection for the head than a steel cap or helmet, must have been a severe trial of endurance.

Typical of the older mining districts are those in that rugged and mountainous region which

of Mexico. Here are the once famous Tepic, Mascota, and Bramador districts, all of them noted producers of silver in their day, but now for the most part deserted; for when the ore in the mines became difficult to get at, and the patio process of the Spaniards no longer sufficed for the extraction of the silver, it soon became impossible to carry on operations at a profit in regions so far from the smelting centres. The unsettled state of affairs which existed for so many years was also unfavourable to legitimate enterprise. Not many years after the Spaniards had fully established themselves, so many bands of brigands sprang into existence that it became necessary to provide large and well-armed escorts for the shipments of silver from the mines to the coast; and, if they arrived safely, there still remained the buccaneering craft infesting the Spanish Main and the terrible hurricanes of the Gulf of Mexico. In spite of everything, however, a steady stream of precious metal found its way from this region to Spain for many years; indeed, some of the mines were producing until the time of Maximilian, who it is said obtained from them the wherewithal to pay his troops, and a few are still worked on a small scale.

Besides those mines whose whereabouts is known, there are many others which have yet to be rediscovered; for, when the Mexicans revolted against the rule of Spain, the Spanish loyalists had in many cases to abandon their properties and fly for their lives. They usually concealed the entrance to the workings by piling rocks over them, and the quick growth of the tropical vegetation soon hid these and obliterated all signs of the paths and approaches to the shafts and tunnels. Moreover, no sooner were the Spanish rulers driven out than a period of unrest ensued, during which revolutions followed one upon auother, until, some sixty years after the first outbreak, Porfirio Diaz became the virtual Dictator, and by methods suited to the character of the people he had to deal with, put down all crime and violence with a strong hand, and gave the distracted country a time of peace and prosperity such as it had never enjoyed before, and has most certainly never had since his ungrateful compatriots forced him to give up the presidency. This period of good government came too late to

extends over the whole length of the western coast No. 176.—Vol. IV.

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be of any use to those who had to leave Mexico, and so most of the abandoned mines have been derelict for nearly a century.

When you lose touch of the railway system in Mexico you must travel on horseback or muleback, the day's journey being from thirty to forty miles, or from nine to twelve hours in the saddle. There are no roads over which it is possible to take a wheeled vehicle except in the vicinity of the larger towns; indeed, the camino real, or highroad, is a mere bridle-track which runs straight across country until it reaches some range of mountains, and then it zigzags up one side and down the other, and is so narrow at some parts that there is scarcely room for a packmule; while the track often runs along the face of a precipice, and the traveller rides with a sheer wall of rock on one side and one foot dangling ever a perpendicular drop of many hundreds of feet on the other.

One may pass through every variety of scenery and even climate in the course of a day's journey. It is quite an ordinary experience to start in the morning from a valley where one sees on all sides the huge creeper-hung trees and the brilliantly coloured undergrowth of the tropics, in a hot, moist atmosphere which makes the lightest of elothing almost insupportable, and by noon get into the foothills of some spur of the sierras, with a rolling, grass-covered country dotted about with hittle groves of live-oaks; finally arriving at dusk at some desolate pass in the mountains, thousands of feet above sea-level, where a few stunted pines are sparsely scattered over the rocky slopes, and the chill, rarefied air makes a good fire most acceptable and warm wraps a necessity.

It is in such a country as this that so much mining used to be carried on, and on every side there are to be seen evidences of great activity in days gone by. The steep hillsides are pitted and scarred from top to bottom by the mouths of shafts and tunnels, and along the banks of the numerous small rivers which run through the valleys there are the ruins of smelting-works, with here and there a village which must have been a place of some importance at one time, judging by the size and quality of the half-ruined houses. In all of them there is a good-sized church, and one sometimes finds a tomb in the burying-ground on which are carved the name and armorial bearings of some Spanish grandee of the seventeenth century who was overtaken by death before he could retire to Spain to enjoy his hardly won wealth; but the church is generally in a very bad state of repair, there is no priest to officiate, and the whole place has that peculiarly forlorn and deserted look common to all worked-out mining-camps.

One of the mines which has an interesting history is in the heart of the Bramador district. It consists of a perfect network of galleries, tunnels, and shafts which pierce one side of a deep, narrow canon in all directions; and there can be no doubt that many of the workings are very old, for some of them have been driven without the use of powder for blasting, the rock having been broken out by means of quicklime and wooden wedges. A vast amount of silver has been obtained from this mine; and the owners were particularly fortunate, for they discovered a vein of copper and another of quicksilver near by, from which they were able to get the two chemicals necessary for treating the ore by the old patio process.

About the middle of last century this mine was being worked by two brothers, who had the luck to come upon a body of ore of great value. While they were opening it up they had a quarrel, in which one of them got the worst of it. Without pausing to think that his action would injure himself as well as his brother, he set fire to a quantity of wood stored in some of the lower workings; and the fire, spreading through the mine, burnt out the supporting timbers in the tunnels, with the result that the roofs and sides caved in, and the smouldering wood in the enclosed space filled the air with poisonous gases. The brothers beggared themselves in trying to rediscover the bonanza; but, as there were no proper plans or maps of the mine, they never succeeded. From time to time since then it has been sought for most diligently by others with no better success; so the hillside still retains the secret of the position of a lode containing enough precious metal to make a very large fortune for any one who can rediscover it.

One might very reasonably inquire why it is not possible to work these old mines profitably nowadays, when we have made such great advances in the art of extracting precious metals from their ores, for there is undoubtedly plenty of ore left in most of them. But the would-be investor in any scheme of this sort would do well to remember that the old Spaniards made use of slave labour, and that silver in their time was worth many times what it is to-day. In spite of this, there can be no doubt that, with improved methods of transportation making it possible to bring in modern machinery and to ship out the product of the mines at a reasonable cost, many of these mines would pay handsomely; so it is by no means unlikely that the camps of the old El Dorado will again spring into life, as soon as the civil wars which are paralysing the country are ended.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XVIII -- PROPLE,

FOR six months Philip continued to give rope to his esteemed colleagues Messrs Atherton and Murgatroyd, and within that period the pair

duly hanged themselves.

Mr Murgatroyd went first. For a whole winter he waited patiently for Philip's reforming zeal to spend itself; and then, finding that things were no better, but rather grew worse, he retired from the conflict like a prudent man, and invested his not inconsiderable savings in a wayside garage upon a lonely stretch of the Great North Road, where motorists, who are always in a hurry, would not be disposed to haggle over the price of petrol or the cost of tire-repairs. He parted from Philip without rancour, and another and younger man was sent up from headquarters to take his place.

Mr Atherton was not so easy to eject, and was only disposed of in the fullness of time and by the process of filling up the cup. But he went at last, and the change of atmosphere throughout the entire establishment was most noticeable. The two clerks and the office-boy carried out their duties with what is known in transatlantic business circles as 'a punch;' the books were put in order, accounts were straightened out, business increased, headquarters said encouraging things. For the present Philip decided not to ask for a successor to Atherton. He felt that he wanted to run the whole uni-

verse single-handed in those days.

Of course there were still crumpled rose-There was Brand, for instance—Brand of the repairing-shop. He was a strenuous worker and an admirable mechanic; but he suffered intermittently from a severe form of the popular disease of the day—the disease which has its roots in our national policy of educating a man sufficiently to make him discontented with his lot, and then leaving off. Brand was a Socialist, or a Revolutionist, or an Anarchist. Philip could never find out which, and the muddled but pertinacious Brand could never enlighten him. The most noticeable feature of his malady was an overcopious supply of what the repairing-shop as a whole termed 'back-chat.' Mr Brand was a stalwart upholder of what he called the dignity of labour. declined to be patronised; he smelt patronage as an Orangeman smells Popery. He also refused to accept an order with any degree of cheerfulness; though, to do him justice, once he had expressed his opinion of the order and the degradation which he incurred in accepting it, he usually carried it out with efficiency and To a man who knows his job almost despatch. anything may be forgiven. We shall hear of Mr Brand again.

Then there was Alfred, the office-boy. He was a stunted but precocious child, with a taste for music of a vibratory nature. He believed firmly in the adage that a merry heart goes all the way, and whistled excruciatingly from dawn till dusk. His tremolo rendering of 'All that I ask is Love' appeared to afford him the maximum of human enjoyment. The departure of Mr Atherton involved him in some financial loss, for he had been employed by that ardent sportsman to execute turf commissions on his behalf with an unostentatious individual who conducted his business in the private ber of an unassuming house of call in Wardour Street. Consequently he considered it only just to make things unpleasant for the new manager. This object he accomplished in divers ways, which will be obvious to any schoolboy. suffered in silence, for he was disinclined for further dismissals, and, moreover, could not help liking the impudent youth. His patience was rewarded, for one day, with incredible suddenness, the nuisance ceased, and Master Alfred became almost demonstrative in his assiduity and doglike in his affection. Presently the mystery was unfolded. Alfred had discovered that that usurper, that tyrant, that slave-driver, Mr Meldrum, was the identical P. Meldrum who had scored the winning try for the Harlequins against Blackheath on the previous Saturday afternoon. One day, after office hours, almost timidly, he approached his employer and presented a petition from his own club, the Willesden Green Vampires, humbly praying that the great Meldrum would honour this unique brotherhood by consenting to become one of its vice-presidents. Philip's heart warmed at the compliment, and he complied gladly. He achieved further and lasting popularity among the Vampires of Willesden Green by officiating as referee in their annual encounter with the Stoke Newington Hornets. the road to the heart of healthy young manhood is marked in plain figures.

A third, and by no means unattractive, rose-leaf was Miss Jennings, the typist. She troubled Philip considerably at first. He found her presence disturbing. To him it seemed fundamentally wrong that a man should sit in a room with his hat on while a young and lady-like girl stood waiting at his elbow for orders. He endeavoured to remedy these anomalies by removing his hat in Miss Jennings' presence, and rising from his seat whenever she entered his private room—courtesies which his typist secretly regarded as due to weakness of intellect rather than the instinct of chivalry, though she valued them in her heart none the less.

It was a long time, too, before Philip grew accustomed to dictating letters. His first incursion into this enterprise gave him an uncomfortable quarter of an hour. He began by ringing for Alfred, and asking him to request Miss Jennings to be so good as to come and speak to him for a moment. His message was delivered by that youthful humorist with elaborate ceremony—this was in the pre-Willesden Green days—coupled with a confident assurance that it portended either a proposal of marriage or 'the sack.' Miss Jennings' reply Philip did not catch, for only Alfred's raucous deliverances could penetrate closed doors; but it effectually silenced that young gentleman's guns. His only discernible retort was 'Suffragette!'

Presently Miss Jennings appeared, slightly flushed, and shut the door behind her.

'You want me, Mr Meldrum?' she asked. Philip rose to his feet.

'Yes. Would you mind taking down one or

two letters for me, Miss Jennings?' he said.
'Oh, is that all?' replied Miss Jennings, quite composed again. 'Mr Atherton usually just shouts. I'll go and get my things.

She returned with her writing-pad, and, taking a chair at Philip's elbow, sat down and regarded him with an indulgent smile.

Philip began huskily, 'The Britannia Motor Limited, Oxford Street, London. Company, Thursday, October '-

Miss Jennings sat patiently waiting. 'I know that bit,' she intimated gently.

Philip apologised, and continued hurriedly, 'DEAR SIR. No; I expect you know that bit

'That bit's all right,' said Miss Jennings 'I wasn't to know who you were writing to. It might have been your wife.'

Philip-who had not hitherto realised that it was possible for a man to correspond with the wife of his bosom by means of a machine operated by a third party—apologised again, and added quite gratuitously that he was not married.

Miss Jennings, having secured the information she required, smiled forgivingly, and the dictation proceeded.

'We are in receipt of your letter of October the fourteenth.

'They usually say "esteemed communica-

tion,"' said Miss Jennings. 'Thank you,' said Philip humbly. 'Please correct it.' Miss Jennings did so. Philip, 'Please

regarding the curved neck and prettily coiled hair close beside him, found himself wondering why such a beautiful thing as a young girl should be compelled to work for a living. It seemed all wrong, somehow.

Miss Jennings looked up, and caught his eye. 'Well?' she inquired shortly.

Philip coloured guiltily, and continued, 'The cylinders you mention are cast in pairs, and their internal diameter is one hundred millimètres,

He paused again. It seemed to him monstrous that Miss Jennings should waste her youth taking down dry technical stuff like this, when she ought to be outside in the sunshine. If a woman must earn her bread, at least let her do work that was woman's work and not man's leavings. A woman should stand apart from the struggle for existence, rendering first aid to her man when he was stricken and companionship when he was weary. But to sit-

Miss Jennings looked up again. 'We can go faster than this,' she observed severely. 'I'm a

trained stenographer.

Philip, collecting himself, dictated an elaborate formula for ascertaining the indicated horsepower of the engine under discussion at a pace which caused the trained stenographer to pant for breath. When he had finished, he said, 'There are two more letters to do, Miss Jennings, but perhaps you would like to rest for a moment?'

'No, thank you,' said Miss Jennings. 'I'm

not made of sugar.

Possibly this statement was made—as many feminine statements of the kind are made—in order to be contradicted. More probably it was intended as a test of character. Whatever it was, it failed to intrigue Philip.

'Very well, then,' he said, and proceeded to

dictate another letter.

'Of course I see how it is, Mr Meldrum,' said Miss Jennings, unbending a little as their joint task came to an end. 'You have not been accustomed to working with a woman, and you think she can't work the same as a man. You'll soon find out your mistake. She works twice as hard, and makes less fuss about it.'

'I am sure she does,' said Philip meekly.

'It's kind of you,' proceeded Miss Jennings maternally, 'to consider my feelings; but we shall get through a great deal more work if you look on me simply as a machine.'

'I do not think that would be possible,' objected Philip. 'I could not do my own work properly if I thought you were not comfortable.'

For a moment Miss Jennings eyed her em-

ployer keenly.

'Well, try, anyway,' she urged. Experience had taught her to beware of gentlemen who were too solicitous about her comfort, and she had not yet taken Philip's complete measure. 'I've been earning my living for five years now—ever since I was sixteen,' she added carelessly-'and I have found that we do our work better and are much more friendly and comfortable when the gentleman I am working for doesn't worry too much about whether I want a cushion for my back, and that sort of thing.'

'I see you are an independent lady,' said

Philip, smiling.

'Independent? Yes, that's me,' agreed Miss Jennings. 'You wouldn't take me for a Suffragette, though, would you?' she added, with a tinge of anxiety in her voice.

'I don't think I have ever met one.'

'Well, go to one of their meetings—the Park on Sunday, or somewhere—and you won't want to meet one twice,' said Miss Jennings. 'What they 're to gain by it all beats me, let alone the show they make of themselves. A woman has enough trouble coming to her in life without going out in a procession and asking for it. That's how I look at it. Well, I'll go and type these letters.'

Miss Jennings' presence gradually ceased to affect Philip's powers of concentration, and he soon dropped into the habit of regarding her as she had asked to be regarded—namely, as part of the office furniture—though he always treated her with scrupulous courtesy, and persisted in certain small acts of consideration not usually offered to articles of upholstery. Miss Jennings, finding that her defensive attitude was entirely unnecessary, promptly set out with the perversity of her sex-or perhaps quite unconsciously-to stimulate her employer's interest in her. It was a pleasant and quite innocuous diversion, for Philip was usually far too busy to take notice of her little coquetries, and had far too much regard for the sanctity of the unprotected female to respond to them if he did.

He had grown so accustomed to regarding his typist as a mechanical adjunct to the office type-writer that he suffered a mild shock when one day Miss Jennings remarked, 'So Mr Atherton's gone? Well, he was no more use than nothing in the office; but he wasn't a bad sort—not if you took him the right way and kept him in his

place.'

'He was a friend of yours, then?' said Philip.

'Well, he used to take me out sometimes.'

'Where to?

'Oh, the White City, or a theatre. It's a nice change to be taken out by a gentleman sometimes. When you go by yourself or with your sister,' explained Miss Jennings, 'you go in the pit. When any one like Mr Atherton took me, it was reserved seats and dinner somewhere first. I love the theatre. Don't you?'

'I don't go very often,' confessed Philip.

'Why not?'

'I don't know. Too much trouble to turn

out, I suppose.'

Miss Jennings collected her papers and rose. 'Well, I must finish these,' she said. 'Will there be anything more this morning, Mr Meldrum?'

'Thank you, that is all.'

Philip surveyed the retreating form of Miss Jennings with thoughtful eyes, and his heart smote him. By evicting the incapable Mr Atherton he had deprived this plucky, chirpy little city sparrow of one of her most cherished recreations. 'Oh, Miss Jennings!' he said nervously.

Miss Jennings turned.

'Would you care to come to the theatre with me?'

Miss Jennings' slightly anæmic features broke into a frank smile. 'It's no good my pretending I don't want to go to the theatre when I do,' she remarked; 'so why not say so? Where shall we go?'

'Anywhere you please.'

'When?'

'To-night, if you like.'

Miss Jennings considered. 'I must see if my sister's to be at home,' she said. 'There are just two of us, and one always stays in of an evening with mother. May I use the telephone? My sister is with Goswell Brothers, in Finsbury Circus.'

'Certainly,' said Philip.

Miss Jennings sat down at the roll-top desk and took the receiver off the hook. She flatly declined to accept the assurance of the operator at the exchange that the number she required (1) was out of order, (2) engaged, (3) had not replied; and in the incredible space of four minutes succeeded in establishing telephonic communication with a place of business situated almost a mile away. A much briefer but equally decisive encounter with the Finsbury Circus office-boy ended with the production of Miss Jennings' sister, who was forthwith addressed: 'That you, May dear?'

T'ck, t'ck, replied the instrument.

'I want to go out to-night. Can you stay in with mother, or are you doing anything?'

Apparently the reply was satisfactory, for Miss Jennings turned to Philip. 'That will be

all right, Mr Meldrum,' she said.

They dined at Gatti's, and went on to a musical comedy. Philip dropped readily into the etiquette of the Amphitheatre Stalls, and provided Miss Jennings with chocolates and lemon squashes during the interval. Half-way through the second act he decided that this was the pleasantest evening he had spent since he came to London. What Miss Jennings thought of it all he did not know, for she did not tell him. Having speared her hat to the back of the seat in front, and dabbed her hair into position, she sat absolutely silent, with her eyes fixed unwinkingly upon the stage. For the time her perpetual companion, the typewriter, was forgotten, and she lived and moved in the world of romance, where ladies were always fair and gentlemen either gallant or entertaining. Occasionally, without removing her gaze, she would call her host's attention, by a half-unconscious gesture, to some particularly attractive item of the entertainment.

When all was over she sighed resignedly and preceded Philip out into the roaring Strand. Philip, scanning the street for a disengaged cab, asked her where she lived. Miss Jennings gave him an address in Balham.

'We had better walk down to the Embank-

ment,' he said. 'We might pick up a taxi or a hansom outside the Savoy.'

Miss Jennings murmured something perfunctorily about the facilities offered to the public by the London General Omnibus Company, and then accompanied him to the Embankment.

Presently a hansom was secured, and Philip handed his guest in, at the same time furtively paying the driver.

'Good-night,' said Miss Jennings, 'and thank

you.'

They shook hands, for the first time in their acquaintanceship. The cabman and his horse, however, did not know this, and immediately feigned a studious interest in something on the Surrey side of the river.

Philip walked home, and let himself into his dark and silent flat. On turning up the light

he found that the lady who 'did' for him had omitted to clear the breakfast-table. He accordingly set to work to wash-up himself, knowing full well that the task would be even less congenial to-morrow morning.

As he groped philosophically in his tiny pantry for a dish-cloth it occurred to him that to a lonely man female society is a very helpful thing. And he was right. For it is so helpful that, though a man may, and often does, exist contentedly enough without it, once he has tasted thereof he must have it always, or feel for ever helpless. And yet, every day, refined young women are surprised, and shocked, and indignant when a brother in London suddenly telegraphs home to say that he has married a girl out of a tea-shop.

(Continued on page 309.)

DEAF HUMANITY.

APART from those who have given special study to the subject, very few people realise the appalling prevalence of deafness in Great Britain to-day. At the census of 1911, for the first time, it was made compulsory to enter the particular infirmity on the return; but unfortunately the question relating to deafness was so framed on the paper that the resulting figures are of little practical value. Only total deafness was dealt with, whereas the great mass of deafness falls short of the entire loss of hearing. It is to be hoped that the next census papers issued will be designed in an improved form. Meanwhile, by sifting the returns published annually by the special hospitals, and by means of other deductions, we know that it will be fairly safe to estimate the extent of deafness as being 6 per cent. of the total population. If, in order to make out a perfectly safe estimate, we place the figures as being 4 per cent. -which, perhaps, is really an underestimatewe get one million eight hundred and eight thousand six hundred and sixty-six persons as the proportion of deaf humanity in the United Kingdom's total population of forty-five million two hundred and sixteen thousand six hundred and sixty-five. In England and Wales we find the proportion to be one million four hundred and forty-two thousand eight hundred and nineteen; while in London alone it is one hundred and eighty thousand nine hundred and eighteen. When we remember that the bulk of deafness is cumulative-in other words, that a huge percentage of it is not curable-and when we consider the crippling effect of a total or partial, but definite, lack of hearing-power, we are forced to regard the existing amount of deafness as a very disturbing element. It should be noted that our estimate relates to definite deafnessthat is to say, a degree of deafness such as to

handicap the victim; it does not apply to the totally deaf only, and, on the other hand, it does not include the merely 'hard of hearing.'

Deafness has little respect for persons, and to some degree it selects its victims impartially. The crowned head, the statesman, men and women of rank and fashion, the doctor, soldier, lawyer, journalist, merchant, and clerk are alike overtaken by deafness, hardly less than are the mechanic, the factory-hand, the field-labourer, and the odd jobber; and while there is the dimmed hearing of old age, there is likewise the loss of hearing that falls on the babe still at the breast or on the child in life's very early morning.

Hearing is lost as an effect of a cause varying in individual cases; in itself the loss is not a But—and it is herein that tragedy disease. has its dwelling-place—a very large percentage of deafness is easily preventable, and it would be prevented if only the nature of the ear and its function were more widely known, so that at the earliest hint of trouble due precautions might be taken. Catarrh undoubtedly accounts for many victims to deafness; it has been suggested that fully 80 per cent. of all deafness arises from this cause. This is probably an inflated estimate; but it will be fair to place at least 50 per cent. of our deaf population to the The humid and changeable debit of catarrh. climate of these islands renders us all liable to colds, and only the most robust escape. catch cold upon cold, and, ignorant of the danger, we do not set to work patiently to remove the trouble. Chronic catarrh then results, and, given its head, in time it becomes established in the middle ear. Deafness follows, and it is often deafness of the most obstinate type, demanding the utmost skill and patience in the treatment.

Meningitis, scarlet-fever, scarlatina, measles,

and syphilis are all prolific causes of deafness. In the past neglected adenoid growths in children accounted for a by no means small amount of deafness; but the advent of the school doctor most probably means the removal of this cause. There is, too, the loss of hearing which may arise from occupation. 'Boilermakers' deafness' occurs in a startlingly large proportion of those engaged in engineering and allied trades.

Only the deaf themselves can appreciate to the full the meaning of deafness, for it is a thing one must actually experience in order to comprehend its bitter import. The face of Beethoven, as seen in some of his busts and portraits, depicts the grief of deafness. The 'deaf' face is always characteristic. To the professional man, a perceptible impairment of hearing-power invariably means exit from his profession, sometimes his complete ruin. To men and women accustomed to place and part in society, deafness is a mandate of exile from haunts of brightness; to some stoic souls it spells the pain of being on the scene yet not of the scene. To the working-man it may often mean the choice of three alternativesstarvation, the workhouse, or suicide. Not a few men have decided for the last-named.

How shall we tell what absence of hearing is to the tiny child? On all this big stage of life there moves no more poignant figure than that of the child minus its hearing. From start to finish it is fated to be the weight-bearer in every race. Its education will probably cost at least three times that of the average normal child, and in the end the result will be nowise similar in the majority of cases. The deaf child represents the handicap of deafness in its heaviest and hardest aspect.

To women more often than not deafness is just the closing door on the dearest hope of normal womanhood, for it is condemnation to a life spent alone. To the woman who becomes deaf after marriage, absence of hearing can be the supreme stab day after day. If she be a mother, there is the barrier between herself and her children in all the years that must elapse before the latter are old enough to overcome the mother's deafness; and it is just in these early years that a mother most needs her hearing, and that it is most vital there should be free communication between herself and her children. In the business world the chance of the deaf woman is practically nil, and in the labour market her position is at best precarious.

These pictures of deafness are not overdrawn; they are just sober realities taken from actual life.

The inner life of the deaf is not that domain

of peaceful silence which most people erroneously imagine it to be. When hearing goes out, in nine cases out of ten tinnitus, or a ringing in the ears, steps in. From the enjoyment of normal hearing many sufferers pass to a state of oblivion to ordinary sounds, but at the same time they enter a pandemonium of noise. In the deaf man's ears, or rather in his head, drums beat, whistles shrick piercingly, bells ring, or voices drone ceaselessly. Sometimes tinnitus becomes so unbearable that only the use of a nepenthe saves the victim's reason; numerous deaf people use drugs habitually in order to obtain relief from 'noise storms,' and the majority say that they could bear the loss of hearing, hard though it be, were it not for the concomitant state of eternal wild noise.

In and around Harley Street are between fifty and sixty highly skilled surgeons who specialise in diseases of the ear and deafness. Most of them are in busy practice. In London we have five special hospitals, and all the big general hospitals possess departments for the treatment of ear disorders. How, then, are we to account for the mass of unrelieved deafness present with us to-day, and increasing month by month? There is one great root reason that goes to explain this apparent puzzle. The majority of people in free enjoyment of the five senses take them as a matter of course. Few trouble to train all five; most train only those employed specially in occupations or hobbies. There is on record an authentic case in which a man, on awaking one morning, by some accidental means discovered that he had completely lost the sight of one eye. When he hurried to a specialist, and the eye had been examined, he was assured that for at least two years he had been blind in that eye. It is much the same with the hearing. It may fail by such gentle degrees that its passing is unnoticed until there is great loss, and very serious changes have taken place in the When deafness becomes too hearing apparatus. patent to be overlooked any longer, and skilled advice is sought, matters have gone so far that cure can be wrought only by prolonged treatment, or it is out of the question, and the patient in this latter dismal event may be judged lucky if the progress of deafness be arrested. The fine mechanism of hearing being deeply hidden in the head, the work of the aurist is rendered the most difficult in all the realm of the healing art. When he gets the case perhaps a year too late, to expect him to cure deafness is to expect the impossible. Briefly, most of us consult the specialist too late, and we pay the severe price of delay.



MISS PETERSEN TAKES CHARGE.

CHAPTER II.

MOLLY slipped on a hat and coat and ran to the bicycle-shed. 'How lucky it is that I had those new tires put on!' she said to herself as she lit the lamp. A minute afterwards she was pedalling swiftly down the road, knowing that John Stranger would stop at Greenwich Pier to pick up the man and boy who completed his crew. And she smiled to herself, in spite of her anxiety, at the anticipation of his surprise.

Now was the time for old Petersen's daughter to show that she possessed some of old Petersen's grit. She flew on, reckless, taking every risk, heedless of the astonished glances of those, awheel or afoot, who saw her dash by. Greasy tramlines, roaring cars, erratic cabs, and dark crossturnings, all were taken at top speed, without pause or reflection. At last she whirled into the road by the college, and at the same time she discovered that her lamp was out. A burly policeman stepped before her. She dodged him with extended elbow. He fell back, gasping. Molly bent forward for one last, desperate spurt.

She dashed up to the pier entrance and leapt off headlong. The bicycle crashed on into the wood building. She let it go. In a moment she was through the turnstiles and running madly

down to the pier.

She heard the hoarse blowing of a steam-valve, and the sound forced a little gasping sob from her lips. But she set her teeth and ran on. When she had got on to the pier she could see a tug, already moving, just under way. 'Jack!' she cried wildly. 'Jack!'

The tug was turning outward; the stern-spring had been cast off, but the pier rails were still down. Molly made a wild resolve. Gathering herself together, she ran to the edge of the pier, and, shutting her eyes, jumped with all her

might for the tug.

She fell, not, as she had half-expected, into the black, cold water, or upon the hard edge of the *Coronation's* stern combing, but into a pair of strong supporting arms, which drew her forward and upward, and gave her a wonderful sense of security and strength.

'Jack!' she murmured. 'Oh Jack, is it you?'
'Who else?' said Jack calmly, as if this sort
of thing were an every-night happening with

Molly began to laugh hysterically.

Jack placed her on a coiled rope and wisely said nothing. But while she struggled for self-mastery he looked up at the mate, who had sprung to the wheel when he left it to catch Molly. 'Put back to the pier,' he said.

'Ay, ay, sir,' replied the man. 'Sirs' are not very plentiful among tug-boat crews; but most men, somehow, said 'sir' to John Stranger.

Molly heard the order, however, and it brought her to herself again. 'No, no!' she cried. 'Go on!'

'Carry on,' said John Stranger imperturbably, 'to Tilbury.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' said the mate.

Then, as the telegraph rang and the tug ploughed out into mid-stream, Molly Petersen told her story.

John Stranger heard her to the end without comment. Then he pulled out a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket. 'Let's look at the wire,' he said. He fetched a lantern, and they straightened out the telegram. 'Seven-fifty it is,' he said reflectively. 'Umph!' He took a half-charged pipe from his pocket, lit up, and puffed away, deep in thought.

Molly watched him, anxious, yet amused at his preoccupation. Then she put her arm through his coaxingly. 'Well, sir,' she said, 'what is the

result?'

John Stranger started, and looked down at her with an ashamed air. 'I—er—I beg your pardon for being such a boor,' he said. 'What do you think yourself, dearie?'

Molly reflected for a moment. 'You see, I'm only a girl,' she said slowly, 'and they say women always jump to conclusions. But I believe it's all a plot, and the people who broke into the office knew dad was going to Hamburg soon, and sent the telegram themselves.'

'Hoping to get away in my boat with their plunder, added Stranger. 'A woman's intuition, Molly, is every whit as good as a man's reasoning

any day.

'It's so comforting to know that you agree with me,' said Molly, who was quickly recovering her usual spirits. 'But what are we going to do?' she added more soberly.

'Catch 'em in their own trap,' said Stranger.
Molly clapped her hands. 'Lovely!' she
cried. 'And won't dad be pleased! Poor old
dad!'

'We shall have to go a bit careful, though,' said Stranger. 'We might be wrong, and it wouldn't do to make a mistake. Now how can we make sure?'

Both fell silent, thinking.

Suddenly Molly emitted a gurgle of delight. 'I've got it,' she cried. 'You know the little fore-cabin just in front of the saloon. I'll hide in that. They're certain to go down into the saloon, and there's sure to be a crack or something through which I can hear what they're talking about.'

'Good,' said Stranger. 'There's only one little improvement to make in your scheme. Mr Petersen intended that there should be no

eavesdropping in those cabins. They're built as a ship should be. But it won't take me long to drill a hole through the bulkhead behind one of the pictures; and then you'll be able to hear.'
'Hurrah!' cried Molly softly. 'You and I,

Jack, against the world.

Molly sat in the lee of the wheelhouse, wrapped in a thick duffle coat, while John Stranger quietly made his preparations. He said nothing to the crew beyond a casual remark to the mate to the effect that Miss Petersen had come on board, with an urgent message, to meet her father at Tilbury.

Presently Molly saw Stranger's tall figure coming aft. He stopped to speak to the mate at the wheel, and then came across to her.

'Everything is ready,' said Jack.

they won't be too sleepy to talk.'

'Are you going to take the wheel?' asked Molly.

'Not till we get near Tilbury. Wallis won't mind.'

It was a beautiful starlit night, and the dark, ever-widening river, with the reflection of lights on the waters, and the dim, mysterious shapes which the darkness gave to the buildings ashore, had a peculiar charm which only those who have seen them can appreciate. Both the girl and the man gave a sigh of regret as the lights of Gravesend came in sight. With a clasp of the hands the two parted, Molly to her post and John Stranger to the wheel.

The Coronation was punctual. She had hardly made fast when the rumble of the midnight train could be heard in the distance.

A pier-hand turned out sleepily and hailed Stranger. The Coronation was well known at

Tilbury. 'Gov'nor comin' down to-night, sir?'
'Expecting him, Sam. Nice time o' night to

set out, isn't it?'

'Ye're right. But 'e's a rum un, is old Petersen. I knows 'im.'

The train drew in, and the sound of footsteps came echoing through the iron-roofed gangway. John Stranger, leaning over the side of the wheelhouse, gave a glance forward, where Molly's head just showed above the fore-cabin hatch. he turned to see what the train had brought.

Three men, each carrying a good-sized bag, stepped out upon the dimly lit pier. They hesitated and looked round irresolutely, as men might do who were strangers and not sure of their ground. Then one of them apparently caught sight of the pier-hand, who was leaning, hands in pockets, against a pile, surlily resentful of these disturbers of the night.

Er-my man, can you show me a tug called the Coronation?

Sam looked the speaker up and down, and a grin spread slowly over his grizzled features. But he made no change in his attitude of repose. 'Mebbe I could. She ain't what you'd call fur from 'ere.'

The other caught him up sharply. 'I'll give you half-a-crown to take me to her as quickly as possible.

Sam's grin deepened, and John Stranger, who had overheard the conversation, began to smile

Sam took a horny hand from one pocket and held it out. 'Gimme the 'arf-dollar,' he said.

The stranger handed over the coin without hesitation.

Sam took it, bit it, spat on it for luck, and sauntered down toward the pier-edge. 'There y'are, sir,' he said, stepping aside and jerking his thumb at the Coronation, lying about two yards distant from him. 'I said she warn't fur away.'

The man who acted as spokesman for his party started. By the flickering light of the solitary pier-lamp John Stranger could see the expression on his face; and if looks could have harmed the stolid, chuckling Sam, he would have been a fit subject for the hospital.

But when the new-comer, having discovered Stranger, addressed him, his voice was ingratiatingly smooth and polite. 'Are you the captain of Mr Petersen's boat, the Coronation?

Yes, sir.

'I must introduce myself and explain. My name's Martin-Oliver Martin. I am a friend of Mr Petersen's, and so are these two gentle-He had arranged to take us with him to Hamburg, but at the last moment urgent business cropped up to prevent him. However, in order not to disappoint us and upset our arrangements, he very kindly offered us the use of his boat, although he couldn't go himself. And we have accepted the offer.' Mr Oliver Martin paused.

Then John Stranger seized his opportunity. 'But, sir,' he said hesitatingly, with a well-assumed slowness of perception, 'begging your pardon, I've heard nothing from him, except his

telegram.'

'Yes, yes, my good fellow; quite so. And you naturally wish to have some message from Mr Petersen to convince you of our good faith. He saw that too; and as he was stopped only just before the train left Fenchurch Street, and had no time to write, he sent you this ring. Do you recognise it?'

John Stranger took the ring held out to him -a massive gold signet ring; and his fingers itched to be at the throat of the giver. For he recognised it well enough; and he was certain now that the other had taken it, not courteously from a friendly hand in Fenchurch Street Station at ten minutes past eleven, but roughly and brutally from insensible fingers in Great River Street some time before half-past seven. need now for Molly to play the spy; further evidence was unnecessary.

However, John Stranger curbed his feelings, and handed the ring carefully back to the impostor. 'Yes, sir,' he said quietly, 'it's Mr Petersen's ring right enough. Will you and these other gentlemen come on board, and I'll get under way at once?'

'Nothing will suit us better,' said the man who

called himself Martin, with alacrity.

'And that's the truth, anyway,' thought Stranger grimly, as he called out for the fore-

spring to be let go.

Mr Martin and his two companions stood by, watching operations. Out of the tail of his eye, Stranger, as the tug moved off, saw the firstnamed slap one of the others on the back with much cordiality, and the skipper smiled more grimly than ever.

When Gravesend was well astern and the Coronation fairly under way, he turned the wheel over to Wallis, and went down on deck.

'Would you like to see the saloon, sir?'

'Yes, we should—eh, Fenton?'
'This way, sir.' Stranger led the way to the companion. 'Bit dark here, sir,' he commented as he went down the short flight of steps. 'But,' he went on, opening the saloon door, 'you'll find a light ready, and all warm and snug inside.

The three passengers went in. The door was closed, and Stranger, listening in the darkness, heard the bolt quietly slipped. Then, with a cheerful smile, he picked up a broad iron bar, and dropped it softly into the sockets which he had prepared.

'Two can play at that game,' he said to himself as he tested his contrivance to make sure all was fast; and, humming a little tune, he went up on deck, and so to the fore-hatch.

'Molly!' he called softly—'Molly!' and gave

a low whistle.

A figure came silently up the perpendicular ladder. 'Oh Jack, why did you call me? They were just beginning.

'It's all right,' replied Stranger. 'There's no

need to find out any more.'

'Why, what has happened?'

'Did Mr Petersen have his signet ring on

when he was brought home?'
Molly reflected. 'No,' she said after a moment, 'I believe he hadn't; I'm sure he hadn't. Why do you ask ?

John Stranger explained.

Molly Petersen clenched her little hands, and her eyes blazed. 'Oh the beasts!' she cried in a whisper; 'the—the—beasts /'

'Well, the beasts are safely caged now,' said Stranger cheerfully; 'and it isn't far to

The mate looked somewhat astonished at the sudden putting back, but he obeyed orders promptly. John Stranger moved over near by the companion.

The low hum of conversation below suddenly ceased as the tug began to manœuvre round. The two on deck heard the sharp snap of the bolt on the saloon door as it was shot back. Excited voices rose from below. Then came another interval of silence. The prisoners were evidently puzzled, perhaps looking for some other means of escape. Then came loud shouts, and the sound of furious blows on the barred door.

'Supposing they break it open?' whispered

Molly.

John Stranger showed her the end of a 'But they won't,' he said. revolver.

Dick, the deck-hand, and Billy, the boy, came up, all agog with curiosity; and the mate would have given his shirt to be able to leave the wheel.

'Stand clear and look to your job,' ordered the skipper peremptorily. 'We're going to stop at Gravesend, and you'll hear all about it then. -Dick!'

'Yessir.'

'Let off a police flare. You'll find one ready in the locker.

The noise in the saloon had ceased, the trapped occupants apparently realising the futility of their efforts to force the door. As the Coronation, going dead slow, came near Gravesend pier, the flare blazed out, lighting up the water around.

Billy the boy came up to Stranger excitedly. 'Please, sir, one of 'em's got 'is 'ead out of the

Stranger whispered a few instructions. The boy doubled off, and returned with a bucket. He moved along the gunwale some little way, and stopped and looked over gingerly. Then he glanced back at the skipper.

Stranger nodded. Up went the bucket and

over the side went the contents.

A yell of dismay and rage came from below; and on it followed the mate's voice, 'Police boat comin' alongside, sir.'

'Good-evening, inspector,' said John Stranger, leaning over the side. 'Have you heard of the assault and robbery in Great River Street?'

'Funny thing you should ask me that, Mr Stranger. I've just had a telephone message about it.

'Well, the men who did it are down below. Come along on board.'

The business is now Petersen, Stranger, & Co. And on board the Coronation old Petersen is never tired of telling his two grandchildren the ever-fresh story of 'how mummy took charge.'

THE END.

HOBART: THE FUTURE DEEP-WATER PORT OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.

By F. A. W. GISBORNE, New Town, Tasmania.

IN Chambers's Journal for November 1912 there appeared an article entitled 'Two Beautiful Harbours—Sydney and Rio.' It is proposed in the following remarks to give a brief description of a third, which, while rivalling in natural beauty the two just named, may be regarded as excelling both in suitability for the purposes of commerce. The harbour referred to is that of Hobart, the capital of Tasmania, which lies on the magnificent estuary of the river Derwent, chout ten miles from its mouth.

The attractions of Port Jackson from the scenic point of view may readily be conceded; and the perfect shelter it affords, the extent of its surface when all the tributary coves and ramifications are taken together, and the ease with which, by suitable vessels, the entrance can be navigated, entitle Sydney Harbour to a high place among the world's havens. But, nevertheless, it labours under two increasing, and most competent judges think irremediable, disadvantages. The main waterway from the entrance to the principal wharves is dangerously narrow for a great commercial harbour; and, with expanding traffic, there must be an everincreasing danger of collisions between outgoing and incoming vessels. The second disadvantage is even more serious, for it lies in an insufficient depth of water. Not very long ago the Sydney Harbour Commissioners stated officially that no vessel drawing more than twenty-eight feet of water could leave the port at low tide. ship of deepest draught yet built, the Baltic, when fully loaded, draws thirty-eight and a half feet of water, and vessels of yet deeper draught are sure to be built erelong. The obstruction across the entrance of Port Jackson, known by the unromantic name of the Sow and Pigs Reef, would alone cost, according to an authoritative estimate, over two million pounds to remove; and experts who have carefully studied the question state that the completion of such a work would probably prove a disastrous mistake, as a general shoaling of the harbour-mouth would most likely ensue. When a heavy swell prevails, shipmasters whose vessels draw over twenty-four feet of water are advised not to attempt the passage at low tide, there being grave danger of vessels of deeper draught bumping between the rollers. Lloyd's Register of Shipping (1909-10) gives the depth of water at the entrance to Sydney Harbour as twenty-seven feet at low tide, and thirty-one feet at high tide; while along Circular Quay, the chief line of berths for ocean-going vessels, the depth varies from a minimum of twenty-six to a maximum of twenty-nine feet. These measurements, together with the greatly restricted space for turning and manœuvring in the main channel of the harbour, do not support the view that Port Jackson can ever become the deepwater port of the Commonwealth of Australia. It has, in fact, already fallen behind the times, and is inaccessible to the largest vessels that now visit the Antipodes. For the requirements of the huge leviathans now built or being built for the Australian trade, another harbour of greater depth and commodiousness must be found.

Such a harbour, in the fullest sense, is that adjacent to the city of Hobart. Practically landlocked, of great extent, absolutely safe in all weathers, free from island, shoal, or impediment of any kind, and affording throughout perfect anchorage, the harbour has certainly no superior, and few equals, in the world. From the entrance of the Derwent to the Hobert wharves the distance is rather over ten miles. The estuary for the whole way averages about three miles in width, excluding the very ex-tensive arm known as Ralph's Bay, which in itself is a large harbour. The central channel, about a mile and a half wide throughout, is in no place less than fifty feet deep, and averages probably about sixty. Thus abundance of space is afforded for all the ordinary movements of shipping, and an enormous traffic could be carried on without any congestion. A narrower, but equally deep, waterway extends up the estuary for some ten miles farther.

In regard to berthing accommodation for shipping, the King's Pier, seven hundred feet long, has a depth of water alongside varying from a minimum of thirty-four feet to a maximum of forty-five feet at low tide. A companion structure known as Queen's Pier, five hundred and fiftynine feet in length, can be used by vessels drawing from thirty to forty feet of water; and Prince's Wharf, twelve hundred and ninety-two feet long, can accommodate vessels of a similar kind throughout its entire length. But a new pier is now being built, which when completed will be over twelve hundred feet long, and, commencing in a depth of thirty-four feet, will end in water not less than sixty-two feet deep at low tide. No vessel is ever likely to be built which will find an inadequacy of water here; as it is, the largest steamers now affoat could lie at the existing piers near Hobart. Yet this is by no means all. An elaborate scheme of harbour improvement has just been adopted by the local Marine Board which will entail the successive construction of four new piers of similar dimensions-the width of each, like that now being built, will be sixty feet, so as to afford ample space for the erection of commodious storage, landing, and transport conveniences—as well as a new wharf four hundred and sixty feet long, a dock, and other facilities. When it is remembered that Sydney has only two thousand seven hundred and seven feet of wharfage, with a depth of space behind of from thirty to thirty-five feet, and only sufficient water alongside to float what are now vessels of the second class in magnitude, the superior advantages of Hobart as a port are manifest. And in the case of Sydney the limit of accommodation has been reached, the difficulties in the way of deepening the harbour and increasing the wharfage area being practically insuperable. At Hobart, on the other hand, there will always be abundance of both land frontage and depth of water to satisfy the ample requirements of an expanding traffic.

In regard to port charges, a matter of considerable consequence to shipowners, the Tasmanian capital also holds the first position. The dues levied there on shipping are the lowest charged in the whole Commonwealth, and among the lowest in the world. The total imposts on a vessel of eighteen thousand tons net, landing and loading full cargoes, are twenty pounds for pilotage in and out, twenty-five pounds for light dues, and seven pounds ten shillings, the ordinary port charge. The total amount payable, therefore, on such a vessel would be only fifty-two pounds ten shillings. And, needless to add, a port with such magnificent advantages claims the favourable notice of underwriters and marine insurance companies. There has never been a serious accident of any kind to a vessel entering or leaving the harbour during the last half-century. The entrance is well lighted at night, and thick fogs are of very rare occurrence.

Coal, like ordinary cargo, can be taken on board direct from the wharves without costs of lighterage. Local companies can always furnish an adequate supply at a reasonable charge, provided due notice as to requirements has been given beforehand. So far, really good steam coal has not been obtained in large quantities from any Tasmanian mine; but considerable seams are known to exist near deep water at several places in the south of the island; and when sufficient capital shall have been raised to work these, in all probability there will no longer be any need to apply to Newcastle, N.S.W.

Such, in brief, are the substantial advantages possessed by Hobart as a deep-water port. When we consider the relative lack of space, both on land and water, and comparative shallowness in the case of Sydney, and the fact that at Rio large vessels have to lie about two miles off shore and land their cargoes by the agency of lighters, a tedious and costly operation at all times, the supremacy of the Tasmanian over both the Australian and the South American harbour is evident. Along the whole Commonwealth seaboard, Port Darwin in the far north is per-

haps Hobart's chief rival; but the former port lacks alike the perfect security and the commodiousness of the latter. The archipelago of low islands, encircled by dangerous reefs and shoals, that lies off the coast of the Northern Territory in the main path of shipping bound from Torres Strait to Port Darwin, and, it may be added, the utter inadequacy of the arrangements for lighting the coast, render navigation in these waters very hazardous. An intelligent sea-cook, on the other hand, could bring a vessel into the Derwent with perfect safety either by night or day.

night or day. In regard to scenic attractions, the respective surroundings of the three ports, the tropical, the sub-tropical, and the temperate, are so different from one another that comparison is almost impossible. Probably Rio, with its island gems, the glory of its surrounding tropical vegetation, and its majestic mountain background, deserves the first place. But at and around Hobart the three essential components of perfect scenerymountain, water, and forest—are all represented. Mount Wellington, with its wooded slopes, abruptly terminating near the summit in bold, fluted, basaltic cliffs, and rising to a height slightly exceeding that of Scottish Ben Nevis, stands directly behind the city, and forms an imposing figure in the landscape. When seen on a clear winter morning, capped with snow and partly robed in coils of fleecy mist, it is particularly beautiful. Low, rounded, forest-clad hills, with the red roofs of houses here and there discernible among the trees, rise along the opposite shore; and between and extending away seaward to the northern extremity of Bruni Island stretches the broad expanse of the estuary, as much a source of joy to the yachtsman as of safety to the mariner. The long, winding channel known as D'Entrecasteaux Strait—some people now call it the English Channel, owing to the large number of English immigrants who have lately settled on its shores to engage in fruit-growing, &c.-forms a kind of outer harbour about twenty miles in length and three or four in average width; while near its southern entrance the sister estuary of the Huon River penetrates far into the land. Twelve miles from the mouth of this splendid natural harbour, a private jetty owned by a large timber company enables, at all tides, vessels drawing up to thirty-five feet of water to take in or discharge cargo—vessels, in fact, which no Australian harbour could accommodate; and another twenty feet might be obtained by a short extension. Indeed, the Derwent, the Huon, and the lovely sheltered inlet known as

The present writer is, of course, quite familiar with Sydney Harbour, which he has frequently visited; and he is tempted to say, with becoming

Port Esperance, a few miles farther south, form a group of natural harbours probably not to be

equalled elsewhere in the world along a similar

length of coast.

humility, that both its economic and its æsthetic attractions have been somewhat exaggerated. The same spirit of local patriotism which urged an enthusiastic citizen of Melbourne to assure Mr Foster Fraser that the Church of England Cathedral in that city was the finest edifice of its kind in the world prevails largely among the inhabitants of the sister city, whose worship, however, is chiefly bestowed on what they never weary of describing to the patient stranger as 'the most beautiful harbour in the world.' judgment of that stranger, if he is impartial and experienced in travel, does not fully confirm the Sydney Harbour undoubtedly is description. pretty, or charming; but it scarcely deserves to be called, in the full sense of the word, beautiful. Its attractions are largely artificial, being due in a great degree to the extreme tastefulness displayed in the gardens, pleasure-grounds, and villas that adorn its shores. But there is an entire lack of space and grandeur. No imposing eminence is visible anywhere, no real forest can be seen—mere strips of scrubby undergrowth in places along the north shore—and no broad expanse of water soothes and satisfies the eye. Everything is on a small scale; we see not a full landscape, but a mere miniature. And the impression of artificiality is intensified by the swarms of yachts, ferry steamers, and motorlaunches that dart about, suggesting an aquatic Cheapside. The never-ceasing hooting, whistling, and panting of the smaller craft distresses the ear, and the brilliant sky is unpleasantly smudged and darkened by clouds of black smoke. The city itself, too, extending right down to the water's edge, and the long array of large vessels drawn up along the quays, have a displeasing effect. Commercialism is rampant everywhere; there is no repose. A little more rusticity and quietness, and a great deal less art and tumult, would make Sydney Harbour far more delightful to the eye of the lover of nature than it is now.

In reverting to the purely utilitarian side of the subject, a few final words may be said in justification of the title given to this article. The disabilities of Port Jackson as a terminal harbour and distributing centre for the use of the great maritime leviathans of the future have already been demonstrated. Briefly, they may be summarised as want of water, both vertical and superficial. Those of the respective harbours of Melbourne, Brisbane, Fremantle, Adelaide, and Albany are at least equal, and in most cases far greater. The White Star steamer Cufic, though drawing only twenty-eight feet

seven inches of water, actually struck bottom last year when entering Port Phillip Heads; and not one of the ports just mentioned could accommodate a vessel drawing thirty feet. Hobart, therefore, seems to be the destined ocean terminus for the great cargo and passenger carriers engaged in the Australian trade of the future. It may safely be said that a vessel capable of entering any other commercial harbour in the world could navigate the Derwent with ease, and lie at the city piers, where there will soon be over sixty feet of water to sustain them. The fifty-thousand or sixty-thousand ton liner, therefore, in all probability, will tranship at Hobart its freight and passengers—possibly mails also, for a steamer averaging twenty-one knots could reach the city in twenty-four days by the Cape, the time now occupied by the ordinary mail-steamers using the Suez Canal being six days longer-and smaller steamers capable of entering the shallower harbours of Australia would carry these on to their various destinations. Already Hobart is largely used as a distributing centre for immigrants; and last year over five thousand new-comers bound for the eastern states of Australia were landed at the Tasmanian capital from steamers belonging to the White Star and other lines. After discharging their contents the big liners will take on board the Australian produce awaiting them in the commodious sheds and warehouses erected on or near the piers, and then return direct to Europe. Thus the risks of the voyage will be reduced, time saved, and a great economy of money expenditure effected; for, were each consignment delivered by instalments at half-adozen different ports—supposing (an impossible supposition in this case) such ports to exist—pilotage and other charges would be very heavy. Already Hobart is the great naval rendezvous in Commonwealth waters, and, with its adjacent bays and inlets, affords the principal practising and manœuvring grounds for the Australian fleet. Had Admiral Henderson's recommendation been accepted by the Federal Government, the Commonwealth Naval School would have been established there also; but unfortunately the usual ignoble political influences led to the choice of a place far less suitable for the purpose. The natural beauty of the city and its environment attracts each summer thousands of tourists. In times not far distant, there is every reason to believe. Hobart will also be known as the great aorta of Australian maritime trade, and the first landingplace in the Antipodes for hundreds of thousands of the Commonwealth's future citizens.



FEUDALISM AGAINST UDALISM.

A CONFLICT OF LAWS.

By J. G. HAMILTON-GRIERSON.

WHILE it is true, in general, that all heritable property in Scotland is held subject to the laws of the feudal system, whereby the sovereign is accounted the source from which all land-rights flow, yet there are certain exceptions to this rule, to which the term 'allodial'—meaning capable of free and unlimited possession

—is applied.

As the king himself cannot, in the nature of things, own allegiance to any overlord, the patrimonial estate of the Crown, including royal palaces and castles, the superiority reserved from lands granted to subjects, and certain rights called 'regalia'-such as gold and silver mines, salmon-fishings, and the principality of Scotland pertaining to the king's eldest son, as Prince and Steward of Scotland-are not held of any superior. Such, also, is the case of parish churches, churchyards, with manses and glebes, and also lands acquired by companies under statutory authority for the construction of railways and for other public purposes. But the most interesting example of allodial rights is to be found in the survival of the old 'udal tenure' in the islands of Orkney and Shetland.

Until 1469 these islands—the Orcades and Ultima Thule of the ancients—belonged to Norway; but in that year, when James the Third of Scotland married Margaret, daughter of Christian the First of Norway, they were mortgaged to the Scots king in security of the unpaid balance of his wife's dowry; and it is curious to note that to this day Great Britain has right to them only as an unredeemed pledge, which, far from having been discharged, has been again and again declared to be 'unprescribed'

and unprescribable.'

Balfour, in his account of the oppressions of the Orkneys, draws a vivid picture of the sufferings to which this northern appanage of the Scottish Crown has been subjected. 'At various times,' he says, 'they have been granted, revoked, annexed, regranted, confiscated, and reannexed, with wearisome monotony of torturing change. Five times they have been formally annexed to the Crown by Act of Parliament, and fourteen times committed, in defiance of such Acts, and without either protection or redress, to one needy and rapacious courtier after another.' Despite the fact that by statute Orkney and Shetland were to be governed according to their own laws-those of Norway-partly by injustice, partly by increasing intercourse with the mainland, the peculiarities of Norse legislation became less marked, and the islanders' native law-courts, called 'Things,' though especially reserved to them, fell gradually into disuse; and when, in 1748, heritable jurisdictions were abolished, they were forced to have resort to the courts of Scotland. In the same way, it was only by the gradual encroachments of feudalism that the Norse rules of succession fell into abeyance, and primogeniture, whereby the eldest son succeeds, to the exclusion of all others, superseded the ancient mode of distributing a man's estate equally amongst all his children. Yet it is curious that this primitive mode of succession still exists in Scotland where there are only daughters to succeed. They are then called 'heirs-portioners,' and the estate is divided equally among them. There is also a survival of this in the 'gavelkind' of Kent, where there is equal distribution of land amongst sons or brothers.

The agricultural parts of the islands were apportioned amongst the freemen, and held by their possessors, who were called 'odallers,' in free and absolute property; the remainder of the land is property common to all the inhabitants. This division of land, another survival of the old Norse legal system, still holds good; and even yet we find in Scotland and England stretches of country called 'commons,' which are remnants of the old tenure of land which existed all over Europe before the introduction of the feudal system. But while the king is feudal superior of these commons on the mainland, he has no feudal right over those in Orkney and Shetland, which only fall within his jurisdiction in respect

of the sovereignty of the realm.

But udal law is interesting not only from the historical and antiquarian point of view; it has been the subject of fairly recent decisions in the Court of Session. In 1832 it was held that charters granted neither by the Crown nor by a subject deriving right from the Crown had not the effect of feudalising lands in Orkney which had once been held by udal tenure. Four years later Lord Cockburn had a similar question before him; and on the case being reported to the Inner House, it was decided that the lands in question, though dealt with as early as 1665 as if feudal, were not so. Scottish and Norse law again came into conflict in 1890, in the case of Bruce against Smith. Here the proprietor of lands in Shetland claimed that by immemorial custom he was entitled to one-third of the value of all whales captured and killed on the foreshore opposite his lands. The custom had been judicially recognised in 1831 and 1838. The defenders denied the existence of the custom, stating that they had frequently refused to pay. The pursuer admitted the refusals, and also that if payment were made, it was made unwillingly and with grumbling, but only such as usually attended the half-yearly demand for rents. The court decided that, as the custom was neither just nor reasonable, it had not the force of law.

In 1894 there was an interesting case in connection with a claim for a casualty from lands in Shetland held under feudal titles from at least the close of the seventeenth century, subject to an annual payment by way of feuduty. At an early date the pursuer's ancestors had had the superiority of the lands adjudged to them, and in 1857 had obtained a Crown charter; but there was no trace of a Crown title prior to the date of possession of the defender's authors, and no one had ever entered as vassal with any superior. The Lord Ordinary, therefore, repelled the pursuer's claim, holding that the defenders were the first possessors of the land; that, though their title was in feudal form, this was merely for convenience, so that there should be evidence of the right to possess; that the pursuer's later titles created no estate of superiority; and that, as there was thus no vassal, there could be no casualty due.

The latest case on the subject was that of the Lerwick Harbour Trustees against Smith in 1903. Here the court again maintained the prevalence of udal over feudal law, and held that the foreshore, like the rest of the soil of the Shetland Isles, was allodial, and that a title to land including part of the foreshore was valid although not in any way connected by grant with the king, thereby differing from the foreshore of Scotland, to which a subject can only claim right by an express title thereto flowing directly or indirectly from the Crown. This judgment might perhaps lead to a reconsideration of the decision in Bruce against Smith; for Lord Lee, who dissented from the opinion of the court in that case, expressed doubts as to the application of the law of Scotland to the foreshore of Orkney and Shetland, and on this point, at least, his doubts have been confirmed.

By old Norse law, the fact that a man was in possession of lands was in itself sufficient title, and no written proof was required, the oral testimony of witnesses being enough. The same rule prevailed in other countries before they were subjected to the feudal yoke, and in this connection we may quote a passage taken by Professor Menzies from an Italian legal code

of the seventh century: 'If the purchaser of a property could not obtain a judicial instrument of the transfer, he must proceed to the ground with six witnesses if the ground was of moderate size, three if it was small, and if large with twelve, taking along with him also an equal number of boys, and in the presence of these he was to pay the price, and to receive possession, at the same time whipping each of the boys and pulling their ears, in order that, having the transaction thus forcibly impressed upon their minds, their testimony for the future might be secured.' In England a similar ceremony known as 'the Beating of the Bounds' used to be performed on Holy Thursday. Samuel Pepys, in his Diary, tells us how, when a child, he used to take part in the perambulation of the parish boundaries, and remarks 'how heretofore, and yet in several places, they do whip a boy at each place they stop at in their procession.

In our own days the custom of 'riding the marches' is kept up in certain localities, and takes us back to the times when few could write and the only evidence of fact was the human memory. But what Balfour calls 'the feudal distrust of undocumented title' at an early period modified the udal customs, and nowadays the sale and mortgage of lands are usually completed by deeds in feudal form. Until the latter half of the seventeenth century, when the Enclosure Acts were passed, there could still be found 'relics of the primitive community of ownership in land,' for no one could prevent trespass of man or beast on his property except while the crop was in the ground.

There are other instances of the survival of udal law in Orkney and Shetland, such as 'skat,' the ancient territorial tax, which the islanders still pay in addition to their share of the imperial land-tax levied upon the whole of Scotland; and the right of the heir to succeed to land without the necessity of any procedure to establish his relationship, which is required in the case of all feudal estates.

It is both interesting and instructive to trace these last remnants of the ancient customs of a primitive people as they survive amongst us even yet. It shows how strong and full-blooded a thing usage is—for law, after all, is only codified usage—and that what is a mere custom to-day will be recognised as a law by succeeding generations.

THE COLOUR-LINE AGAIN.

THE publication of an article in these pages, by Mr John D. Leckie, late of Villa Rica, Paraguay, on 'The Colour-Line' (1912, page 532), has awakened some controversy, and letters received by the Editor show very clearly that it is an exceedingly dangerous topic for a

non-controversial magazine to touch upon. One of these letters from an anonymous correspondent in New Orleans having been sent to Mr Leckie, he has written as follows about this communication. His reply shows that he possesses a first-hand knowledge of the subject, due to

long residence in America and the West Indies:

'My critic in no way disproves the truth of any of my statements. He says "the Indian is of a totally different type of race [from the negro], and naturally he is treated in another manner." Quite so; but the Chinaman also is of a different type, and much superior to the negro and to the Indian; yet in the Western States he is treated, or was in my time, with the same contempt and injustice that the negro is treated with in the South. I maintain that men like Dr Booker Washington are entitled to be treated with as much courtesy as any Indian; and the fact of a mere drop of black blood in a man's veins should not condemn him to social ostracism if he has the manners and education of a gentleman. Reference is made to the case of Victor Adolphus Nero. I know the case very well, as I was in Glasgow at the time. Nero was a coloured man who was accused of certain misdemeanours whilst in that city. I do not know who was most to blame, Nero himself or others; but when he was in prison on a charge of fraud, it was reported in the papers that ladies sent him their operacloaks when he complained of feeling cold.

'The letter-writer accuses the Scots of ignorance of racial matters. Now, I am a Scotsman. I was born in the island of St Thomas, West Indies, of Scottish parents, and while yet a child was sent to Scotland to be educated. This fact, I believe, is known to the Editor of Chambers's Journal. In St Thomas the coloured population exceeds the white in the proportion of at least ten to one; my nurse was a coloured woman, and among the elder servants of the household were women who had been slaves of the family in their youth. I was brought up among negroes; I have lived among them in Cuba and Porto Rico, where slavery had only recently been abolished; I have lived among them in Brazil, where the negro is treated with justice, which I think is not the case in the Southern States; and, last of all, I have also lived in the Southern States. I was in New Orleans, from whence my anonymous critic writes. A daily paper called the Delta was published in that city; I was stenographer on its staff for some months, and left when the publication was stopped about May 1893. I have also lived in other parts of the South. I was in Tampa, Florida, about June 1885, shortly after the railway had been opened up from Sanford. When I passed through Tampa a lynching outrage had just taken place. A negro was dragged out of his cell and hung in the yard of the courthouse, the court being in session at the time. It was afterwards clearly proved that he was innocent of the offence with which he was charged, and for which he was lynched; but no punishment was inflicted on the perpetrators of the outrage. I could also cite numerous

similar instances known to me. My critic states that "where you find the smallest percentage of white blood in a nigger you get insolence and laziness." To a certain extent this is true of the Southern negro, but it is not an invariable rule; and, in any case, no man should be punished for failings of his race from which he is personally exempt. Each individual should be treated on his own merits.

'In other parts of the world I have found the negro very different in character from his brother of the South. South Africa is also referred to. I should be very sorry indeed if South Africa should follow the example of any other countries which tolerate lynching of negroes; but that is not likely to happen. Where the British flag waves there is justice for all races. Make the laws as rigorous as you please; but treat the negroes according to the law, and do not hand them over to the savage methods of a mob. I have read of one or two cases in which coloured men in South Africa have been accused of making overtures to white women; but so far as I can gather, there is no evidence to prove that this was at all general. My critic's experience seems to be limited to the negroes of the Southern States. I have lived in the West Indies, where negroes are more numerous than in any other Englishspeaking country, but I know of no instance of a coloured man there having made overtures to a white woman. Further, the writer states that the British "do not know what a nigger is." that remark does not apply to me, it may be dismissed without further notice.'

HALT!

LET it not sound just yet, for fair
The country where my march is set.
I love the stinging moorland air,
The scent of gorses dewy wet.
Oh bugle, do not call just yet!

With swinging step and easy pace
I go with comrades blithe and strong;
The wide horizons melt in space,
While sometimes in the ranks a song
Is lilted as we march along.

Once, on a dangerous mountain track,
When night stole furtive o'er the sky,
From out a web of sunset wrack
The Halt! was sounded suddenly,
And something in me seemed to die.

On, many a mile, I fain would go,
Where the short grasses clip my feet,
Or rougher ways where briars grow.
Sunshine or rain, they both are sweet;
At sundown rings out the Retreat!

Halt! When it sounds the march is done,
The time is fixed, the distance set;
And each man hears it one by one,
And some are glad, but some regret.
Let it not be for me—just yet.
C. FARMAR.



THE WRONG KEY.

By Hugh Morris.

CHAPTER I.

'TALKING of ciphers,' said the inspector, as we sat drinking our coffee after dinner on the broad, cool stoep of his house, 'that wagon down the street there reminds me of a rather amusing case of how I was once nearly taken in by a cipher, so simple that a child might have invented it. If I hadn't happened to sprain my thumb in a row a day or two before, I'd never have spotted it, and there would have been the deuce to pay in this district.'

He broke off to watch a heavily loaded woolwagon, drawn by a fine team of sixteen oxen, creaking slowly down the dusty street in charge of a grinning Hottentot voorlooper, whose earsplitting squeals, though they would have put a motor-horn to shame, failed to move the sleepy oxen out of their lumbering walk. It was intolerably hot out there in the sun, and I felt sorry for the patient beasts.

'That wagon of Van Zyl's looks innocent enough, doesn't it?' the inspector went on. 'But it's had its riotous youth—a regular night-prowler it used to be once, a real bad lot! Used to carry o' nights more than wool in those bales; nearly set the whole district off in a blaze of civil war!

'It was in the early part of the war, when we were all wondering whether the Boers from over the border would invade the Colony, and whether the Cape Dutch would rise and join in with them if they did, that I was sent here to Keurstad, to be a sort of all-round assistant to the Resident Magistrate in the administration of martial law. It was a rather anxious time, as you may remember, since we hadn't enough troops to spare just then for the patrolling of the disaffected districts, and most of the work had to be left to the civil authorities. Keurstad it was a long time before we had even a military commandant, and the magistrate had to take his place, with me and my four policemen as an "intelligence department." We had a town guard of sorts, of course; but seeing that most of the men were Dutch, who had joined for the five bob a day, we might have been better off without them.

'Part of my work was the censoring of the mails, a thing that had to be done all over the Colony under martial law. It wasn't a very nice

job, but in the long-run it saved a lot of trouble. It's better to prevent people from making fools of themselves than to punish them for it afterwards; and there were a lot of hot-headed Dutch Colonists who wanted to make trouble. We used to find signs of it in their letters, and quietly deport them before any harm was done. We were living on the top of a volcano just then, and there was no room for fools!

'One afternoon I went into the chief's office, and found him looking worried.

"Look at this, Stewart," he said, handing me an official telegram.

'It was a code message from one of the farm post-offices on the outskirts of the district, and underneath it, in pencil, was the chief's translation: "Rifles and ammunition in large quantities found at Klein Spruit. Stop further importation at all costs."

'I whistled. It was a serious matter, for we were trusting entirely to the unarmed state of the district to prevent a rising just at present. All firearms of any kind had been called in at the outbreak of the war, and as a list of them had always been kept, we were fairly certain that we'd collared nearly the lot. A sharp watch had been kept on all wagons coming into the town by way of the pass through the mountains, and they had all been searched either by myself or by one of my four policemen; for we knew that if the farmers once began to get hold of rifles again, they wouldn't be disarmed this time without bloodshed, and in all probability a general rising.

"Now, look here, Stewart," says the chief

"Now, look here, Stewart," says the chief very gravely; "this won't do. If you and your men can't manage to put a stop to this gun-running, we'll be in an infernally tight place before long. It must have been going on for weeks, and the only way those rifles could have got in must have been by the mountain road from the south, the one that leads through the town. All the others are patrolled by the regular Mounted Police, and the Dutch wouldn't try to pass them."

"That's rather rough on my men, sir," I said; "but the fact is—though it's a nasty thing to say—I don't think much of them. Three out of the four have got relations fighting on the other side, and can't be expected to be over loyal; and the other one is a pretty soft mark at the best."

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APRIL 18, 1914.

"Yes," he said, shaking his head, "it's a rotten lot, and no mistake; but you've just got to make the best of it, and stop these rifles coming in. We can't afford to let it go on a day longer, for with every rifle that gets into the district there's more chance of a row. And you know how we'd stand an attack on the town just now. So just you get a move on, and catch that blessed gun-runner."

"Very well, sir," I said. "I'll do my best."
"D—— it, man!" he shouted, banging his fist on the table, "I didn't tell you to do your

best; I told you to catch him!"

'I saluted and cleared out. This was pretty hard talking from the chief, who wasn't a panicky sort of chap at any time, and I saw that things must be getting pretty serious. The news from Natal and Stormberg had been bad, and the disloyal party were beginning to get their tails up, so that we couldn't afford to take any chances just then. For a long time, though, I couldn't see any way of putting a stop to the smuggling game, as I hadn't the remotest idea of who was running it. But in the evening, when the bugle of the post-cart sounded down the street, I saw my way to begin the work, at any rate.

'I told young Bartman, the magistrate's clerk, to bring me the mail-bags as soon as they were received by the post-office, so that I could go over them before they were delivered. Bartman was a keen young chap; rather a weed, I thought, but a hard worker, with an eye to promotion; with his spectacles and his streak of a moustache he looked a regular sucking assistant magistrate

—more of an official than a man.

'He came back from the post-office about halfan-hour later with the bags, and as he laid them down on the table he asked casually whether I wanted any assistance.

"No," I said shortly, "I don't! This is a confidential job, so just get out and leave me to

get on with it!"

"All right, Mr Stewart," says he, turning a bit red; "but I suppose I may have my own mail before I go? I'm expecting one from a store in Vrijstad that has to be answered to-night. Besides, you won't want to read any of them, will you?" I knew that he had a girl in Vrijstad who used to send him letters as thick as an official report almost every day, so I tried to pull his leg.

"No, you can't," I told him; "though you needn't think I want to read all your turtle-dove cooings, you young ass! But, for all I know, your correspondent in Vrijstad may be in Cronje's confidence, so I'm going to search the letter for

seditious matter."

'I was surprised to see him turn quite white at my silly joke; though he recovered himself in a moment.

"It's not from her, confound it!" he said, with a blush this time; "it's from a firm of typewriter agents in Vrijstad about a new set of

type that I want to order for the office machine. I want to send off the order to-night, so as to get the new set by Friday."

"Blow your typewriter!" I said. "You'll just have to wait like the rest. Get out!"

'I opened the mail-bags and set to work, hoping to find some sort of hint as to who were the people who were playing this game of blindman's buff with me; but after an hour or more of searching I saw that it was no good. If the writers of any of those letters knew anything about the business, they were too cute to make any reference to it in their private correspondence. There was nothing beyond the usual sort of thing that one would expect to find in a country mail-bag: farm news, reports of how the boys were doing at the college at Stellenbosch, and all that—very interesting, I suppose, but of no earthly use to me. There was a letter addressed to Bartman among them, in an envelope with the name of a Vrijstad firm printed on it; and, as a matter of form, I opened it. It was, as I expected, nothing more than a business letter. Here it is:

"Dear Sir, —With reference to your esteemed communication of the 12th inst., we beg to submit for your approval a specimen imprint from the numeral type you mention, pattern No. 15:

"717%14(8'7181")9(8'081(\$7187" 01\$184£8))'318828("8'7'"181

Trusting that it will fulfil the conditions for which you require it, we are, yours obediently,

"P. J. Bosman & Co., Typewriter Agents, Vrijstad."

'There was nothing of any interest in this; it was just an ordinary business letter; but for some reason or other—it must have been that the look on Bartman's face when he asked for his mail came into my mind—I hesitated for a moment before putting it back into its envelope.

'Then I noticed that the clerk who had typed the letter had been careless in the way he'd arranged the sample print. He had repeated the same figure in several places, and the whole letter was rather slovenly in the typing. he may have just run over the keyboard of the machine anyhow, and so long as he showed a sample of the size and shape of the type, it would be good enough for the purpose. Yet Bartman had seemed very anxious about that letter. I wanted to have another look at it. I'm a bit of a dab at ciphers. I always made a hobby of trying to read them in the magazine stories, in the same way as some men waste their time over chess problems; and I can generally puzzle out the meaning of the ordinary run of them. But if this was a cipher, I thought, after I'd had a good look at it, it wasn't like any that I'd come across

'All the same, just to satisfy myself, I made a careful copy of the whole letter, figures and all, and then sealed it up with the usual gummed slip marked "Passed Press Censor" that we had to use, and called for Bartman.

"Get me some sealing-wax and a candle," I ordered, "and then you can take these bags across to the post-office."

"Very well, sir," he said. "Any letters for me ?"

"Yes, there's one for you," I told him, giving him the letter; "the one about the new type you were expecting. I opened it; but it's not in Kruger's handwriting after all, so we'll let you off this time."

'He took it easily enough, but I was watching him, and I noticed his hand shake, and as he opened it he glanced sideways at me, as if to see what I thought of his precious letter. He read it through, and then passed it over to me.

"" Seems a decent enough sort of type," he said, "better than what we've got on the office machine at present. I think I'd better order a set. If you're not in a hurry, Mr Stewart, I'll just go and type off the order at once, so as to save another journey to the post-office."

"I don't know anything about it; never used a typewriter in my life. But I may want to do so to-night, though, as I've managed to sprain my thumb pretty badly, and I can't hold a pen properly. Doesn't take long to get the hang of the machine, does it?'

"Oh, I don't know," he said, with the same anxious look on his face. "I shouldn't advise you to try if you're in a hurry; it'll take you a long time to pick it up."

"Then I won't," I said, "as I haven't much time to spare; the letters have to go to the office to-night, and it's nearly nine o'clock aiready.

'He went into the inner office, where I heard him tapping away on the machine, rather slowly, it seemed to me; and then he came back to take away the sealed bags. When he'd gone I unfolded my copy of the letter, and settled down to find out whether it had any meaning other than the obvious one. I tried all the little dodges that I knew for solving ciphers; picking out the signs in the order of their frequency, and calling the first e, and the commonest pair th, and all that sort of thing, at first; and later on, when that didn't help, the more scientific methods. But it was no good; I couldn't get the least glimmer of a meaning out of it. Try it yourself and see whether you can make anything of it. After about an hour I saw that I'd been making a simple fool of myself; the message was just what it pretended to be, a plain business letter. I wondered what the chief would have said if he'd known that I'd been hunting for mares' nests in this way; and I could have kicked

'I got out the official letters that I had to answer, and started work on them, so as to be able to leave the office early; but after a little

while I found my sprained thumb so painful and awkward that I gave it up as a bad job. Then it occurred to me to have a shot at using the typewriter to finish the job; so I went into the inner office and began to examine the thing. After spoiling a few sheets of paper with experiments, I began to pick up the idea of it. Each key could print three signs, according to whether you pressed down one or other of the two keys in the centre of the keyboard marked "Cap." and "Fig.," and each had a letter and a number marked on it. It was quite simple; if you wanted a capital you just had to press the "Cap." key, and hold it down while you typed the letter you wanted. It was the same for figures with the other key.

'But where I got stuck was in holding the key down with my sore thumb while I worked the other keys; it was very awkward. So I hunted round until I found a catch that was meant to keep it down when one was writing in capitals only, and jammed it down with that each time I began a sentence. Presently I forgot to lift it up, and went on typing away without looking at the paper, until, on shifting the line, I saw that instead of "It has been," I had on the paper, "9"7 ($\frac{1}{8}88\frac{1}{4}$."

'I was just going to throw the sheet away and start afresh, when I saw what had happened. I'd forgotten to release the key, and had carelessly used the wrong key, the one marked "Fig." instead of the one marked "Cap.;" they were together on the keyboard, so it was a natural

mistake for a beginner to make.

'Then I saw what any one who'd ever used a typewriter would have spotted at once. Bartman's letter had been typed with the figure-key held down, but otherwise just as one would write an ordinary sentence. The thing was as simple a cipher as you could wish to see; a child could have invented it.

'But, then, how was it that I'd been so puzzled by it? Surely I could solve a cipher of that kind, the most elementary kind that there is. looked at it again, and shook my head; it still stuck me. So I copied it out, sign by sign, on the typewriter, picking out the keys that had the right signs on them. The first one, ", was on the same key as V; the next, 7, on the same key as A; 1 was on the N key; and so on. When the whole row of figures had been typed out in this way I had:

VANXZYLSQWAGENHUISQWOENSDAGQAV ${\bf ONDXELFQUURXNEEMQSTEWARTXWEG}$

'I stared at this, and scratched my head again; it didn't seem to be much use after all, until I saw, near the end of the message, the letters of my own name—you know how they will always catch your eye anywhere. Then I remembered that the letters X and Q are never used in Dutch-that is, in pure Dutch; and the whole thing was plain. I wrote it all out again,

leaving a space wherever there was an X or a Q. This gave me (when it was touched up a bit): "Van Zyls wagenhuis. Woensdag avond, elf uur. Neem Stewart weg." Translated

into English, this meant: "Van Zyl's wagonshed. Wednesday evening, eleven o'clock. Take Stewart away."

(Continued on page 328.)

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

By G. GRAHAM MURRAY.

To the bird-lover the spring months are fraught with particular interest, for then is the season when the 'birds come north again,' and long before midsummer is reached the migrants have established themselves in our hedgerows and woods.

Among these welcome visitors we find some of the most famous songsters, such as the nightingale and blackcap; though in Scotland we are not favoured with a visit from the former. Some of the voyagers do not tarry with us, being bound for more northern quarters; others, again, come to stay.

Should spring-like conditions occur during the end of February, the southern coasts of England and Ireland receive the first birds to return from their Continental winter retreats. These birds are partial migrants, and among them are found song-thrushes, mistle-thrushes, starlings, skylarks, and rooks.

In contrast with the arrival of the summer birds is the departure of our winter guests to their summer quarters.

March, as the proverb tells us, is a variable month, expiring winter and advancing spring meeting together; but to the naturalist and the farmer it is a most important season.

Among the returning local birds we find the pied and gray wagtails, each the epitome of grace and neatness; whilst mallard, teal, and woodcook are seen moving northward. But perhaps it is the arrival of the real summer visitors which thrills us most. About ten different birds arrive regularly between the middle and the end of March. These birds are the ring-ouzel, the wheatear, the chiff-chaff, the willow-warbler, the swallow, the sand-martin, the wryneck, the garganey, and the Sandwich tern.

Various other birds are of course recorded, but they cannot be counted as regular March arrivals. Again, in Scotland the dates of arrival are rather later than in England, usually about a fortnight; whilst in Ireland the swallow is seldom seen before the beginning of April. It is interesting to note the approximate date of arrival of some of these spring birds, though of course these dates vary from year to year. The chiff-chaff is usually the first little traveller to arrive in England, about the 16th of March, reaching Scotland about a fortnight later. This little bird belongs to the group of warblers, and is to be found during the season of primroses and wild hyacinths in the woods and gardens. Its song is scarcely melodious, but it has a particular charm

which is perhaps associated with the thought of returning summer. 'For, lo! the winter is over and passed away.'

The blackcap and the willow-warbler are usually noted as arriving respectively on the 22nd and 23rd of March. These are both garden birds of singular charm. The blackcap's vocal powers allow it to compete with the nightingale; and, though its song is inferior in power and compass, it equals that of the nightingale in sweetness. Gilbert White of Selborne described the song of the blackcap as 'full, sweet, deep, loud, and wild.' This charming bird is usually found in gardens and shrubberies, and will return again and again to its old haunts. At the beginning of the season the blackcap is often to be heard practising its song.

The willow-warbler is a great garden favourite, and it is hard to imagine a more attractive little bird, with its joyous, laughing notes. It may be seen flitting from bush to bush, pausing to hover in the air over its insect prey with the quivering motion of a miniature kestrel.

The swallow's usual date of arrival is 21st March, the sand-martin being recorded two days earlier, and the house-martin a fortnight later. The swallow has always been regarded as the herald of summer, and town and country residents are alike favoured with its presence. The sand-martins, who build in colonies in sandbanks, are equally attractive to watch; and who does not hail with pleasure the sight of the house-martin with its snow-white 'patch,' which shows so clearly as the bird flies to and fro and up and down?

The garden-warbler waits till 15th April ere it reaches the English shores; whilst the woodwren usually precedes it by three days.

The nightingale, which is due on 8th April, the cock-birds arriving before the hens, sings by day as well as by night, and continues its song till the first or second week in June. The nest is constructed of dead leaves loosely put together, and generally placed under a bush. The distribution of the nightingale has always been a problem in ornithological geography. For instance, why should this bird keep aloof from the counties of Devon and Cornwall, counties which seem so ideally suitable for these birds if they would only come? And yet the nightingale has fixed boundaries which it will not overstep.

Summer is icumen in, Loud sing cuckoo! and by the first week in April this bird is to be found in England. The wryneck usually precedes it by ten days; whilst the nightjar is due about 18th April.

The swift is not one of the early arrivals; the end of April sees it in England, and the beginning of May in Scotland. Perhaps the first sight of the swift as it dashes through the air is one of the pleasantest records in the bird-lover's diary, for the swift seems to embody such perfect grace with perpetual motion.

The common tern is also a latish arrival, about the middle of April; whilst the dotterel's record

is 20th April.

Besides the mighty stream of arriving migrants, there is also the emigration of our winter birds. Moving northward are to be seen great numbers of song-thrushes, blackbirds, redbreasts, gold-crests, chaffinches, buntings, redpolls, starlings, rooks, skylarks, geese, wild-duck, woodcock, and various other birds. Surely birds are famous travellers, and the whole study of migration a most fascinating one. Mr Eagle Clarke, who is probably the greatest living authority on the

subject, has given in his most fascinating book, Studies in Migration (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd), all the records of the year, as well as the theories which account for these wonderful seasonal voyages. He tells how, when watching at the Eddystone Lighthouse on 11th to 12th April 1892, he witnessed a mighty stream of migration which took place between the hours of 8.45 P.M. and 11 P.M.: 'At midnight hundreds of ring-ouzels and redwings came upon the scene, accompanied by starlings and swallows, and a perfect cloud of small birds composed of redstarts, nightingales, blackcaps, tree-pipits, and many other species.'

The beginning of June witnesses the close of the spring migration, and the months that follow are full of nursery joys and cares. Soon, too soon, the hours of summer fly; but one of the joys of bird-watching is that each season has its

especial attraction.

Sing a song of seasons, Something good in all; Flowers in the summer, Fires in the fall.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XIX.-MY SON TIMOTHY.

PHILIP and Miss Jennings resumed business faces next morning; and although they subsequently indulged in other jaunts, one of which—a Saturday-afternoon excursion to Earl's Court—included Sister May, no cloud of sentimentality ever arose between them to obscure the simple clarity of their relations. Jennings was much too matter-of-fact a young person to cherish any romantic yearnings after her employer. She was not of the breed which battens upon that inexpensive brand of literature which converts kitchenmaids into duchesses. She recognised Philip for what he was-a very kind, rather shy, and entirely trustworthy gentleman—and accepted such attentions as he offered her with freedom and confidence. Nor did Miss Jennings herself make any direct impression upon Philip's peace of mind beyond arousing in him a dim realisation of the fact that the elixir of life is not exclusively composed of petrol. At present his heart was too full of applied mechanics to have room for tenderer preoccupations—a very fortunate condition for a heart to be in when it belongs to a young man who has yet to establish a position for himself.

So life in the London offices went on for two years. It contained a great deal of hard work, and a great deal of responsibility, and a great deal of drudgery; but it had its compensations. Philip still played Rugby football in the winter, and suffered upon a sliding-seat for the honour of the Thames Rowing Club in the summer. There were visits to Chelten-

ham to see Uncle Joseph, and to Red Gables to see the Mablethorpes. There was the everenthralling pageant of London itself. And there was the rapturous day upon which a high official of the company arrived upon a visitation, and announced, after compliments, that the merits of the Meldrum Automatic Lubricator (recently patented) had so favourably impressed the directors that they had decided to adopt the same as the standard pattern upon all the company's cars. Would Mr Meldrum enter into a further agreement with the directors to give them the first refusal of any further inventions of his? Those were days!

Then, finally, with a hilarious splash, came Timothy. He arrived one morning to take possession of a six-cylinder Britannic touring-car which had just been completed to his order-or rather to the order of an indulgent parent. He was a hare-brained but entirely charming youth of twenty-two, and Philip, who encountered far too few of his own caste in those days, hailed him as a godsend. Each happened to be wearing an Old Studleian tie, so common ground was established at once. Philip inquired after Mr Brett, and learned that that 'septic blighter' (Timothy's description) had retired from the position of Housemaster, and had been relegated to a post of comparative harmlessness; but the old House was going strong.

All this time they were examining the new car. It soon became apparent that the technical knowledge of Mr Rendle (Timothy) was not of a

far-reaching nature; but his anxiety to improve it was so genuine that Philip sent to the workshop for a mechanic to come and uncover the cylinders. Presently that fire-eating revolutionary, Mr Brand, appeared.

'If you are not in a hurry,' said Philip, 'we will take the top off the cylinders, and then I

can give you a demonstration.'

No, Mr Rendle was in no hurry. He was a young man of leisure, it appeared. 'Only too glad to spend such a profitable morning,' he said.

'Usually in bed at this time of day.'

Mr Brand, whose views upon the subject of the idle rich were of a decided nature, looked up from a contest with a refractory nut, and regarded Timothy severely. Then, returning to his task, and having laid bare the internal secrets of the engine, he plunged into an elaborate lecture, in his most oppressive and industrious-apprentice manner, upon big-ends Philip did not interrupt. and timing-gears. Mr Brand was fond of the sound of his own voice, and was obviously enjoying his present unique opportunity of laying down the law to a wealthy and ignorant member of the despised upper classes. He employed all the long words he could think of.

Timothy positively gaped with admiration. 'I say,' he said, 'you ought to go into Parliament.'

'P'r'aps I shall,' replied the industrious apprentice haughtily. Evidently with the intention of resuming his interrupted discourse, he cleared his throat and took a deep breath. Then, suddenly, his mouth closed with a jerk, he turned a dusky red, and assumed an ostrichlike posture over the cylinders of the car.

'There's a trunk call-coming through for you,

Mr Meldrum,' said a clear voice.

Philip turned round, to find Miss Jennings. 'I shall be back directly, Mr Rendle,' he said to Timothy, and accompanied the typist to the office.

'Brand a friend of yours, Miss Jennings?' he inquired jocularly, as he sat down to the

telephone.

Miss Jennings sniffed. 'That hot-air artist?' she replied witheringly. 'I don't think. He's the laughing-stock of the place. Besides, we on the office staff keep ourselves to ourselves. We don't'——

At this moment the trunk-call came through, and the conversation terminated.

When Philip returned to the showroom, Mr Brand had completed his task and departed to his own place.

'Our chatty friend,' announced Timothy, 'has put me up to most of the tips. I shall be a prize chauffeur in no time.' He surveyed the gleaming car admiringly. 'She's a beauty. What should I be able to knock out of her? Sixty?'

'Quite that.'

'Wow-wow/' observed Mr Rendle contentedly.
'I don't mind laying a thousand to thirty that I get my license endorsed inside three weeks.'

Philip, who regarded new machinery much as a young mother regards a new baby, turned appealingly to the cheerful young savage beside him. 'Don't let her all out at once,' he said. 'Give the bearings a chance for a hundred miles or two. And—I wouldn't go road-hogging if I were you.'

Timothy turned to him in simple wonder. 'But what on earth is the use of my getting a forty horse-power car,' he inquired almost

pathetically, 'if I can't let her rip?'

'There are too many towns and villages round London to give you much of a chance,' said Philip tactfully. 'I'll tell you what. Take the car to Brooklands, and see what she can do in the level hour.'

The face of the car's owner—whose conscience upon the subject of road-racing was evidently at war with his instincts—brightened wonderfully. 'That is some notion,' he cried. 'You're right. Road-hogging is rotten bad form. We'll run this little lad down to Brooklands—oh so gently!—and then go round the track all out. Will you come with me?'

'Rather!' replied the primeval Philip with

great heartiness.

'And come and dine at the club afterwards,' added Timothy in a final burst of friendliness.

Within the exaggerated saucer constructed for the purpose at Brooklands they succeeded in covering seventy-three miles in sixty minutes, Timothy deliriously clinging to the wheel, and Philip sitting watchfully beside him to see that centrifugal force did not send the new car flying over the rim into the conveniently adjacent cemetery of Brookwood.

Thereafter they dined together at a newly opened club in Pall Mall, which seemed to Philip to contain several thousand members. Members swarmed in the great central hall, upon the staircase, and in all the lofty apartments opening therefrom. There appeared to be at least six hall-porters, and there were page-boys innumerable, who drifted about in all directions wearing worried expressions and chanting a mysterious dirge which sounded like 'Mr Hah-Hah, please!' There was a real post-office in one corner, and a theatre-ticket office in another. There were racquet-courts, and a swimming-bath, and a shooting-gallery, and a gymnasium, and a bowlingalley, and a fencing-school. Timothy confidently announced that there was a golf-links somewhere, but that he had not yet found time to play a round owing to the excessive length of the holes.

Eschewing what Philip's host described as the 'cock-and-hen' dining-room (where the two sexes could be seen convivially intermingled, partaking of nourishment to the sound of music), they ascended in a lift to the first floor, where they

sat down in a vast refectory of a more monastic type. Here one gentleman greeted them at the door; while a second took Timothy's order for dinner, and passed it on to a third. The dishes were served by a fourth, and cleared away by a fifth. The same ceremony was observed in the ordering of wine.

Less fuss up here than downstairs, explained

Timothy.

Philip enjoyed his meal immensely, though he wondered, characteristically, if all these ministers to his comfort—especially the pageboys-had partaken, or would partake, of an adequate meal themselves. Timothy, who contracted friendships almost as impulsively as he purchased motors, chattered to him with all the splendid buoyancy and frankness of youth. His vocation in life, it appeared, was that of Assistant Private Secretary to a prominent member of His Majesty's Opposition. The post was unpaid, and the duties apparently nominal. But Timothy was quite a mine of totally unreliable information upon the secret political history of the day. He told Philip some surprising stories of the private lives of Cabinet Ministers, and foretold the date of the next general election with great assurance and exactitude.

Later in the evening, as they drank coffee and liqueurs in an apartment which reminded Philip of Victoria Station (as recently rebuilt), Mr Rendle conducted his guest through a résumé of several love affairs-highly innocuous intrigues, most of them—and added the information that 'that sort of thing' was now 'cut out' owing to the gracious and elevating influence of a being only recently encountered, whom he described as 'the best little girl that ever stepped.' 'I don't know her very well yet,' he concluded, in a burst of candour. 'In fact, I don't even know what her name is. I met her at a dance. All I could find on my programme next morning was "blue bandage"round her head, you know. But I will find her again.

'I am sure you will,' said Philip, who had yet to learn that these final reformations of

Timothy's were of a recurrent character.

'Thanks, old friend, for your kind words,' replied the love-lorn youth. 'Tell me, how much does a man require to marry on?'

'Thirty-five shillings a week,' said Philip. 'At least, so some of my colleagues tell me.'

'I have two thousand a year,' said Timothy doubtfully. 'I don't know how much that is a week, but I'll work it out some day in shillings and see. Anyhow, when I meet her, I shall take her out in the new car. Are you married?'

'No,' said Philip.

'That's a pity. Your wife might have chaperoned us. But if you get married, let me know.' He looked at his watch. 'Ten o'clock.' he announced. 'Now, what shall we do next? The premises here are at your entire disposal. Would you like to have a dry shampoo, or fight a duel, or buy a postal order, or what? Or shall we go to a theatre?'

Philip mildly pointed out that most of the

theatres opened at eight.

'Then we will go to the Empire,' said the resourceful Timothy.—'Waiter, is there a Tube Station in the club? I always forget.'

'No, sir,' said the waiter compassionately.

'But there is a cold plunge,' he suggested.
'No good, I'm afraid; but thanks all the same,' said the polite Timothy. 'Get a taxi.'

(Continued on page 324.)

WANE OF PARLIAMENTARY CUSTOMS. THE

By MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

PARLIAMENT changes constantly in its habits and customs. Processes of modification and obliteration are ever at work, in obedience, it may be, to influences which are beyond human control. Usages of etiquette drop away little by little, and bit by bit, unperceived—so slow and gradual is the course of innovation over a long period of years—until they disappear altogether, and are finally forgotten. Why this is so is easy of explanation. The rules which govern order and etiquette in the House of Commons are both written and unwritten. The written laws-or 'Standing Orders,' as they are officially termed—are fixed, and can be altered or abrogated only by special resolution. But the practices of etiquette, being mainly unwritten, and therefore embodied in no substantive record, are liable to fall unnoticed into abeyance.

So imperceptible almost is this slow waning

of ancient usages in the House of Commons that, in particular cases, the period they were last observed cannot be exactly fixed. For example, it was the general custom during most of the eighteenth century for all members to wear Court dress, lace ruffles, and swords. In time only Ministers appeared in the House in this costume, with the stars and ribbons and other insignia to which they were entitled. The general use of Court dress in the House of Commons died out early in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, but it was sometimes worn by Ministers on great occasions or at 'full-dress debates'the origin of the phrase is obvious—in the first decades of the nineteenth century. most diligent search in official records and in biographies and diaries of parliamentarians of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries has failed to fix the exact time when this revolution in the dress of the representatives of the nation was completed, and a most picturesque feature of parliamentary life entirely disappeared.

The substitution of a more sombre dress for the elaborately gay and picturesque dandyism which prevailed throughout most of the eighteenth century set in during the French Revolution. The eighth Duke of Argyll relates in his Autobiography that his father used to say that Charles Grey of Northumberland-afterwards the Earl Grey of the Reform Act—was the only member of the House of Commons who ostentatiously wore coloured clothes when all the others wore mourning on the execution of King Louis the Eighteenth being announced from Paris. In this country dress lost much of its richness of ornament, both in sorrow for the victims of the French Revolution and in sympathy with its levelling principles. Still, as I have said, the leading Ministers carried the custom of wearing knee-breeches, lace cravat, ruffle, and orders into the nineteenth century. What a shout of welcome used to go up from the Tories when Castlereagh, rising from the Treasury bench, was seen readjusting his blue ribbon of the Garter on his breast as a preliminary to a speech! And does not Disraeli, in Endymion, make Sir Fraunceys Scrope, the Father of the House, say to the young hero of the novel, 'I remember so late as Mr Canning the Minister always came down in silk stockings and pantaloons or knee-breeches'?

Probably the picturesqueness of attire came to an end when the Reform Act was passed. The last time the red ribbon of the Bath was seen in the House was when it was worn by Manners Sutton, the Speaker of the last unreformed and the first reformed Parliaments. I have seen an engraving of the scene in the House of Lords when the Reform Bill received the Royal Assent. The members of the House of Commons standing at the Bar were dressed either in cut-away coats, breeches, and top-bootsthe traditional attire of John Bull-or in long coats and trousers. At that time county members, as distinguished from borough members, had the privilege of appearing in the House in breeches and top-boots. It was the last survival of distinctions of dress prevailing among the representatives of the people in Parliament. Another significant feature of the scene in the House of Lords on that memorable occasion was the deserted condition of the Opposition benches. The Tory Lords, as we know, sullenly yielded to the threat that if they did not allow the Bill to pass new peers would be created in sufficient numbers to carry it into law; and they kept away from the House at the last phase of all. On the day that the Bill received the Royal Assent, Lord Bathurst -who used to have his hair powdered and wore a queue in the old style—cut off his pigtail, exclaiming, 'Ichabod! for the glory is departed.'

Changes in the etiquette of dress are greatly accelerated when a Parliament mainly composed

of new members, unfamiliar with the traditions of St Stephen's, is elected, as in 1906. In the very first session of that Parliament several noteworthy innovations in constitutional usage and long-established custom unwittingly took place. For instance, the beginning of the end of the old practice of members wearing their hats in the Chamber can be rightly ascribed to the session of 1906 by the future historian of departures from the traditions and customs of the House of Commons. In nineteenth-century as well as eighteenth-century prints of the House only the Ministers on the Treasury bench are seen uncovered. There was a rule, unwritten but strictly observed, that private members must wear their hats in the House. This is a very ancient custom. Its origin has been ascribed to draughts in the House. More probably it is a heritage from the primitive open-air moots in which the wise men of the nation first assembled. By virtue of another old custom-the origin or purpose of which, like many others, is a mystery—the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Secretary to the Treasury (the Ministers responsible for the taxes and their collection) were, alone among the members of the Government, supposed to wear their hats when seated on the Treasury bench. But it was not considered 'correct' for any one save a Minister or a Whip to appear in the Chamber or in the lobbies bareheaded. That convention came to an end in 1906. Members now wear their hats or go without them whenever and wherever they please.

As late as the middle of the nineteenth century a member was also expected to wear the morning attire ordained by fashion. On the Speaker the duty fell of reprimanding breaches of the con-Of course, if a member ventions as regards dress. of Parliament chose to ignore or defy these unwritten laws, there was no power in the House to call him to account and administer punishment. Instead of wearing the regulation tall hat and frock-coat, he might appear in a lounge-suit and a bowler or wideawake hat, and the doorkeepers dare not refuse him admission to the House. But he would have to reckon with the authority of the Chair, as well as with the resentment of his bad form on the part of his fellow-members. As a rule, a private request from the Speaker was sufficient to induce the member to return to conventionality in attire. Once, however, a member answered the message of Mr Speaker Shaw Lefevre with the defiant reply that he should wear what he pleased. 'Very well,' said the Speaker; 'no matter how often you may rise to address the House, I shall never call you.' Time after time the member tried to catch the Speaker's eye, but always failed, and at last his constituents began to complain of his silence, and say he was a useless representative. Then he was driven to the sensible conclusion that it was ridiculous being condemned to obscurity for the sake of a tweed suit.

Mr Speaker Denison was also a great stickler for etiquette in dress. In 1871 an extreme Irish politician entered the House of Commons in the person of John Martin. He had been concerned in the Young Ireland revolutionary movement, and in 1848 was sentenced to ten years' transportation for treason felony. On taking his seat as member for Meath in 1871 he was observed to enter immediately into conversation with Mr Speaker Denison at the Chair. It was thought he was consulting the Speaker as to the quarter of the House in which it would be proper for him to sit, as he belonged to neither of the British political parties, and the Nationalist Party was still a thing of the future. The interview, however, was for a far different purpose. Martin was also a rebel against enforced compliance with conventions as to dress, and his desire to wear a soft slouched hat—then known as a Republican hat, being a hat without a crown—to which he had become accustomed in his exile, instead of the tall silk hat then habitually worn in the House, brought him up against the Speaker, who was entirely out of sympathy with such revolutionary and ridiculous ideas. After some consideration a compromise was arrived at. As Martin could not be induced to wear a silk hat, the Speaker permitted him to appear in the Chamber 'uncovered.' He was to leave his soft hat in the cloakroom.

This punctilious observance of the etiquette of dress in the House of Commons began to wane in the early eighties of the nineteenth Comfort was thought to be of more account than conventionality, and accordingly members might appear in any dress they liked, in broadcloth or 'in hodden gray and a' that,' as Burns would say; in silk hat, or bowler, or Caroline. Indeed, in the year 1892 Mr Keir Hardie first presented himself to the House of Commons—so far as headwear is concerned—in a tweed cap. He explained that in his opinion members of Parliament should go to Westminster just as they went elsewhere, and should try, as far as possible, to be like those who sent them there. But the rule that members should be covered while sitting in the House or walking about its precincts was not generally departed from until the election of the Liberal Parliament of 1906-10. During its first session the vast majority of members never brought their hats into the House, leaving them with overcoats and umbrellas in the cloakroom. This remarkable departure from a very ancient usage of the House of Commons was due, no doubt, entirely to want of knowledge on the part of the enormous crowd of new members. They could not be expected to know of the existence of a rule which is not embodied in a Standing Order. In fact, most of the new members considered it would be a breach of decorum, or at least an unwarranted act of impudence on the part of those recently elected, to bring their hats into the House. Indeed, they thought it was a mark of distinction, restricted to old and honoured members, to be allowed to wear one's hat in the awful presence of Mr Speaker—a misapprehension which will appear natural enough when it is remembered that by common usage outside Parliament to sit or stand uncovered is an exhibition of respect and deference. Thus another old parliamentary custom disappeared.

The Lords are more punctilious than the Commons in the observance of the conventions in the matter of dress. In the memory of the oldest visitor to the Lobby of the House of Lords -which the peers use as a cloakroom-nothing had ever been seen on the hat-pegs but tall hats until Thursday, 8th August 1907—destined, perhaps, to be a date historic in parliamentary annals—when a straw sailor hat might have been observed under the label, 'Earl of Mayo.' It is true that the noble lord did not wear the straw hat in the Gilded Chamber. But at the sitting of the Lords the same day I noticed other remarkable departures in dress. On the front Opposition bench sat Lord St Aldwyn in a light tweed suit; and on the Government side, just above the Ministers, the buff waistcoat of Lord Courtney of Penwith (with its historic reminiscence of Charles James Fox) flashed out from a group of black frock-coats. Still, not even the Parliament Act, so far as I could observe, caused any great number of the peers, in protest against the measure, to leave off wearing those British fetishes of respectability—the silk hat and frock-coat.

TWO NINETEENTH-CENTURY TYPES.

By T. H. S. ESCOTT.

THE eventful twelvemonth of the new Georgian epoch that included the royal progress through the length and breadth of our Indian Empire was marked by the disappearance of two men who resembled each other as noticeable types of the Victorian and Edwardian age in which they chiefly flourished. Both, also, had lived not only to see themselves household words with their contemporaries on every social level,

but to win their way, as the expounders of Greek myths put it, to the fabulous. About no two men in the kingdom have there ever simultaneously circulated more anecdotes, historic or apocryphal, than about Henry Labouchere and Sir George Lewis. Each also supplied at least one novelist with hints for a character or an episode. George Eliot's Grandcourt in Daniel Deronda owed something, as the authoress

herself admitted, to Labouchere, with whom newspaper readers began to be familiar as 'the besieged resident of the *Daily News*' (1871), and who afterwards increased his notoriety by combining the parliamentary duty of member for Northampton with that of a society journal editor.

During the seventies Lord Beaconsfield had not become the tolerably regular playgoer that he was in his latest years. An adaptation, however, of Bulwer Lytton's Last Days of Pompeii brought him, in or about 1874, to the Globe Theatre, Long Acre. The theatre had then been rented by Labouchere for the lady he subsequently married, Miss Henrietta Hodson, at the time impersonating Nydia in the play. Labouchere, who himself chanced to be present, had met George Eliot and Mr G. H. Lewes, and begged them to enter a box as his guests. Thither accordingly they went, their host politely leading the way. On their reaching the compartment, by some unexplained mistake a gentleman was found sitting silent and half-hidden in one of the corners. The George Eliot party were on the point of backing out, but their hospitable friend so managed as to make that impossible. For the first and only time in their lives, therefore, these four people found themselves together. Just then, it should be said, literary London still talked of a passage of arms between Disraeli, who had written the Anglo-Hebraic story Tancred, and the lady who at that time was known to be making her studies for a partially Semitic romance which the literary newsmongers had announced as actually in progress, and perhaps within a measurable distance of publication. Amongst other books consulted by her was the Disraelian narrative of The New Crusade, on which she had lately commented in uncomplimentary terms, provoked by Disraeli's disparagement of those who bepraised the Parisian novelists. George Eliot had immediately retaliated that Disraeli himself wrote much more detestable stuff than ever came from a Gallic pen. At the time the affair had attained the dimensions and the notoriety which might have given it a place among those Quarrels of Authors recorded by Lord Beaconsfield's father. So far from causing a contretemps, this was Labouchere's comment on the incident: 'I wished to play the peacemaker in accidentally thus bringing them together.' The beneficent design succeeded to the extent that, without any visibly hostile demonstration, George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, and Benjamin Disraeli, on this evening only, sat close to each other for perhaps half-an-hour. The then lessee of the Globe Theatre felt no doubt all Mr Vincent Crummles's surprise at 'these things getting into the papers.' At any rate, the incident just recounted soon found its way into print, with effects highly beneficial upon the bookings for a theatrical performance associated with such renowned spectators.

Labouchere and Lewis passed away within a short time of each other. Both, as has been said, left their mark upon the fiction of the period—Labouchere in the already-named Daniel Deronda, and Lewis in a clever story from a less august pen. Still, the book in question, Edmund Yates's Kissing the Rod, won the warmest commendation from Charles Dickens, who said, 'You will not find it hard to take an interest in the author of such a work.' The verbal photograph introduced by Yates as a compliment to George Lewis is a mere profile in comparison with George Eliot's elaborately bitter caricature of Labouchere. Yates transcribed every feature immediately from life. George Eliot saw the prototype of Labouchere through the medium of Sir Mulberry Hawke, with his hangers-on, Pyke and Pluck, in Nicholas Nickleby. Sir George Lewis, besides being Henry Labouchere's professional adviser, was, as with his other important clients of the literary and theatrical class, on terms of private intimacy with him. Personally, indeed, the two men had not a little in common. The experiences of neither encouraged roseate views of human nature. The pair, in fact, tempered a cynical distrust of their fellow-creatures by the systematic effort to prevent their becoming worse than they need be. Above all, through much of their lives, the two collaborated for the purpose of keeping the more credulous of their kind on guard against knaves of every sort.

Nature had given them both, in nearly the same degree, a sleuth-hound's scent for the detection of the tempting morsels used by villainy as baits for its traps. They never suspected on the mere impulse of sentiment or prejudice; but, the suspicion once formed, they could lay their hands on circumstantially conclusive proof.

So it was with the Pigott forgeries which victimised the Times in 1887. Labouchere and Lewis had not so much as discussed the subject together, when, by exactly the same independent process of reasoning, they both arrived at the conclusion that the letters foisted on Printing-House Square could not possibly have come from the Nationalist leader. No moral scruples, they agreed, might have kept C. S. Parnell from correspondence with seditious malefactors; but both knew too much of his temper and habits to believe for a moment he would ever have taken the trouble which the correspondence must have involved. Labouchere recalled being with Parnell when a clerk of the Lobby post-office at St Stephen's handed the then member for Cork a six weeks' accumulation of letters. 'You have your work indeed cut out with those,' was Labouchere's natural comment. 'By no means,' rejoined his companion with a characteristic touch of his smileless humour. 'It is astonishing how many letters answer themselves in a month or so.' So, too, Lewis. He had recently met Parnell at the dinner-table of Sir Charles Russell, afterwards Lord Russell of Killowen. Apologising in his saturnine way for only acknowledging his host's invitation by his presence at the hour named, Parnell had gone on to say, 'The truth is, I write, with great difficulty, so painfully crabbed a hand that except on compulsion I never put pen to paper.'

The newspaper charges which led up to the Parnell Commission originated the most famous, but by no means the only, instance of co-operation between the pair, shared in at least once before by G. A. Sala. Labouchere himself, with quaint exaggeration, said of Lewis that he knew, or had in his time known, enough to hang half the City of London. Before practising at the Bar, Sir Charles Russell had been a solicitor. Dwelling on the usefulness of his earliest experiences, Russell once said to me, 'Great as these generally were, I still consider them less than my particular obligations to George Lewis.' By these words, he went on to explain, he meant that, when comparatively new to London practice, he had found the dossier recording the antecedents of all possible metropolitan litigants at the offices of Sir George Lewis; from him, also, he received his first sensational brief. The famous counsel's close connection with Lewis proved fruitful of historical results; for out of it grew the beginnings that resulted in establishing a Court of Criminal Appeal. This, after his experience in the Bravo case during the early seventies, had been the solicitor's favourite idea. Russell always said it was partly Lewis's 'coaching' which had helped him to become the most formidable cross-examiner of his time. He had succeeded Alexander Cockburn as Lord Chief-Justice when his own and the solicitor's efforts were crowned by the institution of the new Appeal Court, to-day the most solid memorial of their life-work. This aspect of a career filled to overflowing with human interest found its exact parallel among the many parts played in his time by Labouchere. Unlike other society journal editors, he was distinguished by the success with which he extricated himself and the little sheet that formed his chief hobby from hot-water. This was due in some degree to his connection with Lord Taunton and to the wealth inherited from him. The two circumstances, combined with his personal acceptance at Marlborough House, gave Labouchere the brevet rank as a member of the titled classes.

His friend Lewis, without any family advantages, owed to his own keen brain and his early professional success Lord Beaconsfield's favour and the Rothschilds' backing. These formed a combination opening to him any social door through which he cared to pass. As a lawyer he gradually won, and never lost, the prestige belonging to one who seldom failed in getting his fashionable clients out of tight places, defying the resources possessed by the

most skilful among the old-fashioned family practitioners. In the division of the High Court of Justice with which business compelled him to be conversant, the central attraction appeared in the united effort of advocate, witnesses, and judge to reveal the process of dragging honourable names through the mire, of unmaking a marriage on which the highest rank and fashion had but recently pronounced their benediction, and of breaking up the home beneath whose roof only the other day they held their feast. As for Sir George Lewis, his reputation came not from precipitating or promoting, but averting, these results. Fame and fortune, far beyond those enjoyed by many of his cloth with a practice scarcely less than his own, came to him not so much from skill in the management of litigation as from the adroitness, the resource, and the flawless integrity with which he led the innumerable well-known personages whoconsulted him from the paths of strife into those of successful compromise.

In delicate affairs of this kind Labouchere often proved his colleague. As social arbiters, indeed, these two had something of a reputation only shared with them among their contemporaries by the two brothers, Generals Charles and Keith Fraser. A rôle of this sort had, of course, long before been played by family men of business in town and country. These, however, had for some time been dwindling in number and aptitude; few or none of them had kept completely abreast of the constantly increasing complexities of the nineteenth century's social system.

Among those to whom Lewis owed some of the opportunities that were the foundation of his prosperity was the fifth Lord Suffield. During the middle seventies the Prince of Wales often witnessed the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race from the Thames-side villa of a famous tailor whose hospitalities were eventually acknowledged by an invitation to Sandring-'Well, Poole, what sort of time had you?' asked Lord Suffield on the return of the tailor to his shop in Saville Row. 'Pretty good,' came the answer; 'but rather a mixed lot.' the new problems growing out of that social fusion the old-world practitioner typified by Dickens in the Mr Tulkinghorn of Bleak House had naturally shown himself unequal. The new, fashionable blend of Bohemianism and aristocracy raised innumerable issues on the debatable borderland of ethics and law. These, for their effective treatment, demanded exactly the intellectual suppleness, professional versatility, and good faith which characterised Lewis from the beginning to the end of his career. The thirtyfirst chapter of Wilkie Collins's novel Man and Wife contains an account of the quasi-judicial inquiry conducted by Sir Patrick Lundie into the legal relationship of Geoffrey Dalmayn and Anne. I had it from the author himself, a few years after the novel's appearance, that the whole idea of this episode came to him from a somewhat similar examination undertaken at the request of persons then well known, and conducted by George Lewis in a Mayfair

drawing-room.

Insight into English human nature was, in an equal degree, the speciality of both the individuals now recalled. Both were of British birth, and first saw the light in London. Henry Labouchere had a keen perception of cockney fun or humour on various social levels; George Lewis had always been as much at home with the ethics and philosophy of the London pavement. Yet Lewis's lineage had as little English about it as that of Labouchere himself. Both, by connections and temperament, were cosmopolitans at a time when cosmopolitanism had not grown into the universal craze it afterwards became. The Laboucheres were Huguenots, settled for generations in Holland. Henry Labouchere's grandfather acquired wealth as a partner in the Amsterdam house of Hope. Between 1806 and 1811 Napoleon annexed Holland, together with Westphalia, and made his brother Louis king; the Hopes transferred themselves to London. Their partner, Labouchere, married a sister of the German immigrant's shrewd descendant, who in the middle of the eighteenth century founded the famous firm of Baring. The son by this marriage, Henry Labouchere the first, was born an Essex man; for at Highlands, near Waltham, his father had settled after the flight from Amsterdam. This Henry Labouchere entered the House of Commons during William the Fourth's first Parliament; on the Melbourne Ministry's being reconstituted (1839) he became President of the Board of Trade, with T. B. Macaulay, as Secretary of War, for one of his Cabinet colleagues. Meanwhile he had developed something like a mania for buying land.

He wanted a parliamentary seat, while the Somerset borough of Taunton was on the lookout for a Whig candidate. Leaving Waltham, he went to the west at the same time as his brother John, the late Henry Labouchere's father, settled in Surrey. On his way he had seen Stoke Park, in Buckinghamshire, rather liked it, and at once bought it. Shortly afterwards, finally establishing himself within sight of the Severn sea, he sold this estate, and bought with the money the fair demesne overlooking Coleridge's Stowey cottage and Wordsworth's temporary Alfoxton home. On it he built the existing Quantock Lodge; here, in due course, he became the chief Liberal host of the neighbourhood. Created Lord Taunton in 1859, he had just ten years' enjoyment of his peerage. His only daughter and heiress married Mr E. J. Stanley, whose posterity to-day own and inhabit the really fine mansion which the first and only Lord Taunton built. By a family arrangement, after due provision for his widow, a large portion

of the first Henry Labouchere's wealth went to his nephew, who survived his uncle by exactly twoscore years and two, and his father, Lord Taunton's brother, by very many more. Lady Taunton, the first Henry Labouchere's widow, almost saw the nineteenth century out, passing away about the time of her nephew's retirement to Florence, which place he had always liked, and in which he breathed his last.

Henry Labouchere's inheritance of Lord Taunton's wealth sometimes caused him to be mistaken for his son. Hence one of Labouchere's own best stories—this not having yet found its way into print-may be given here. Henry Labouchere the second made his début in the House of Commons while his uncle, Henry Labouchere the first, remained a front bench man in the Upper House. Soon after his election for Windsor, he was walking through the Lobby one afternoon, on duty bound, when there came up to him one of his constituents, beaming with congratulatory smiles. 'Oh Mr Labouchere, I have just heard your dear father deliver such a beautiful speech in the Peers!' 'My father!' returned the M.P. 'I am sure I am very glad to know; for my father has been dead for some years, and the family cannot but be relieved by knowing he is in so good a place.' I may also correct here the versions of another anecdote much bungled in the newspaper notices.

While attached to the British Embassy at Paris, and greatly enjoying himself in society, Labouchere received instructions to set out immediately for St Petersburg, and report himself to the Foreign Office on his arrival there. Grasping a stout stick in his hand and throwing a bundle over his shoulder, he left his room and went downstairs. About to make his exit by the house door, he found himself face to face with his Paris chief, who asked why he was not already on his way to Petersburg. 'But I am,' came the reply; 'only, having no money, I am obliged to walk. It's a long journey on foot, and if I break down my friends will, of course, hold you responsible.' How far the allegorical element may have entered into the reminiscence one does not know, but this is exactly how Labouchere himself used to tell the tale.

Another recollection of Labouchere has been, while these lines were in process of writing, circumstantially misstated. Who first applied to Mr Gladstone the famous sobriquet of his later years, 'Grand Old Man'? Certainly not, as has been said, Charles Bradlaugh, but that notorious freethinker's colleague in the representation of Northampton—to wit, Henry Labouchere himself—and, as the present writer, who heard it, can testify from personal knowledge, in the following context. Advocating Bradlaugh's claims on the constituency, Labouchere told his hearers Gladstone's farewell words to himself before he had that day started from London to meet his constituents. 'What,' exclaimed Labouchere,

'do you think Mr Gladstone's farewell words to me this morning were? "Labouchere," said that grand old man, "be sure, when you return from Northampton, you bring back with you Charles Bradlaugh."

As a Parliament man, Henry Labouchere was popularly given a place in the list of the Westminster merriment-makers who are to the House of Commons what the comic man is to the private circle. In that capacity the best known of his nineteenth-century predecessors had been Bernal Osborne, whom Labouchere resembled not only in the wit, sometimes biting, sometimes purely facetious, with which he relieved the dullness of debate, but in an instinct for detecting administrative abuses of every kind, whether due to an individual or to a system. Thus the consular service had been disgraced by flagrant incapacity and scandal. Labouchere never spared pains or money in keeping himself well informed about all that happened behind the diplomatic or political scenes. During a discussion at St Stephen's of the Estimates, he showed exactly by whom, as well as how, the leakage and the failure had been caused, and by what means they could effectually be stopped; for, like his friend George Lewis, in all professional matters, Labouchere, when there was real business to be done, worked as hard as a Government clerk on his promotion. In the Villa Christina at Florence, his declining days saw him, while nominally at rest, reposing only in a dog-like tranquillity, and at a moment's notice putting forth all the old energies with the zeal of one whose fortune depended on their display. The biography, for which he bequeathed ample materials to his nephew, Mr Algar Thorold, described how he varied his hospitalities, mostly to Italian rather than English acquaintances, with exhibitions of the same penetration of imposture which more than half-acentury earlier had made his fame. It was his friend Sir George Lewis who during the last year of his life characterised 'Labby's' draft of his niece's marriage settlements as a piece of legal circumspection in which Lewis himself could find no flaw.

The two men now described were essentially the products of the transforming and amalgamating forces peculiar, in their highest degree, to the nineteenth century. Born on the other side of the Channel, they might, by their social success, have degenerated into mere social flâneurs. As it was, they shared and reflected the earnestness, the energies, and the spirit of the society in which they lived, as of the race in which they had become incorporated. Thus, according to their several lights, they laboured not only for the entertainment but for the profit of their generation.

OF THE ONE SQUARE MILE AND OF TWO GALLANT BUT UNFORTUNATE GENERALS.

By Lieut.-Colonel Sir HENRY SMITH, K.C.B.

'WHAT an interesting place the City must be!' said a Scot on a visit to London, who called at my office in the Old Jewry. 'You must know it well.' 'Every yard of it,' was my reply. 'Why, the Tower itself alone, with Tower Hill,' he continued, 'redolent of the headman's axe, and the Traitor's Gate, surrounds it with a halo of tragedy, antiquity, and romance which comes home to every one, be he who he may.' 'Yes,' I said; 'but your premises are not quite correct. Both the Tower and Tower Hill are outside the limits of the City; they are not within the One Square Mile. There is only one part, about two and a half feet wide, on the west side from Lower Thames Street to Trinity Square, that the City can claim.' He was much surprised, and said he believed the majority of people north of the Tweed were ignorant of the fact. 'And south of the Tweed too,' I added. Looking at things from my point of view—that is, from a police point of view—I explained that the City is only a small island surrounded on all sides by the Metropolitan Police District; yet, small though it is, it contains St Paul's Cathedral, the Bank

of England, the General Post-Office, the Mansion House, and many buildings of great antiquity, notably the Halls of the Livery Companies.

It was in one of these Halls that I met the two gallant but unfortunate soldiers, Sir Redvers Buller and Sir William Gatacre; but, before giving details of that meeting, it may interest my readers if I describe a few of the Halls in question. With the exception of the Merchant Taylors', the Clothworkers', the Ironmongers', the Leathersellers', and perhaps some others, nearly all were burnt at the Fire of London, and rebuilt between 1666 and 1680. The Ironmongers' Hall has been rebuilt within the last hundred years; so also has the Clothworkers'. The Leathersellers' was rebuilt during the latter half of last century, the Clothworkers' at about the same time. The Grocers' has been entirely rebuilt during the last twenty-five years. Among Halls which may be designated as 'modern' are the Clothworkers', the Mercers', the Grocers', the Fishmongers', and the Goldsmiths', all of which have been rebuilt within the last seventy years. A few of the Halls are partly 'ancient' and partly 'modern;' that is, some of the original building remains, while a portion has been added on to them within comparatively recent times.

But it is with the Skinners' Company and the Merchant Taylors' that we have to deal in this retrospect of mine. We read in Peveril of the Peak that the streets of London were not safe about the year 1680, with the Duke of Buckingham's intimates about, as Julian found to his cost when escorting Alice Bridgnorth and Fenella through them. In the Fortunes of Nigel, Sir Walter gives an interesting account of the lawlessness that prevailed in the streets of the City at the beginning of that century: how the 'prentices often, in crying their wares, took liberties with and insulted the passers-by:

Up then rose the 'Prentices all Living in London both proper and tall,

with the cry to each other of 'Prentices, clubs! Desperate riots would frequently ensue, the bare steel of the aristocrats being opposed to the clubs of the citizens.

As it was in London so it was in Edinburgh in those times of discord and bloodshed. When two clans met with an old feud outstanding, like the Leslies and Seytons—vide The Abbot—they fought to a finish in the closes and narrow wynds of the High Street

of Edinburgh.

Long previous to this epoch—I cannot venture to say how long—a deadly feud had existed between the Skinners and Merchant Taylors. They never met without a fight, and corpses lay thick in the narrow streets. This feud must have been of very long standing, for it was in 1484 that the then Lord Mayor, from the best So it is recorded. of motives, interfered. Another authority avers-where I have read this I cannot recall to mind—that the Lord Mayor had nothing to do with the reconciliation; but that the Masters of the two companies, both being men of courage, tact, and discretion, having spontaneously approached each other and met, decided that fighting had lasted long enough, that the hatchet must then and there be buried, and that, in token of amity and good-fellowship, the companies should entertain each other in alternate years; the Skinners being the hosts one year at their Hall in Dowgate Hill, and the Merchant Taylors the following year being the hosts at their Hall in Threadneedle Street, the toast of the evening being 'Skinners and Merchant Taylors, Merchant Taylors and Skinners, root and branch, may they flourish

Old customs die hard in the City; in fact, they don't die at all. When dining with the Salters' Company in St Swithin's Lane, each guest is still presented with two bone saltspoons. How this custom originated I have been unable to ascertain.

The evening to dine at the Fishmongers' Hall, London Bridge, one of the prettiest and most spacious of the modern Halls, is that on which the winners of Dogget's Coat and Badge attend in their uniform to receive their prizes. Competitors are limited to Thames watermen in the first year out of their apprenticeship, who have taken up the freedom of the City. The race, from London Bridge to Chelsea, is rowed on the 1st of August, the prizes, six in number, being from ten to two pounds.

But revenons à nos moutons.

The gallant Buller arrived in London from South Africa towards the end of the year 1900. Just about the time he landed I had occasion to seek the advice of a solicitor in Essex Street, Strand, with whom I was closely connected in matters of business, and who was an intimate friend 'forby.' Business over, he told me he was Master of the Skinners' Company, and that he, in their name, had invited Generals Buller and Gatacre to dine at the Hall next month—to be accurate, on the 6th of December. 'Will you come and meet them?' 'With very great pleasure,' I replied.

That night, for more than one reason, I shall never forget. The cold was intense. '7 for 7.30' is generally the hour for City banquets. I lived in the far west, and dressed leisurely, thinking I had plenty of time; but snow began to fall, and continued till it lay to the depth of quite two inches, with a strong gale, nearly a blizzard, blowing from the east, which the wretched old four-wheeler-save me from 'hansoms' on such a night!-brought to the door by my man, had to face. The miserable old quadruped in the shafts, after falling on his knees several times, eventually brought me to Dowgate Hill, and thankful I was to get under the awning stretched across the pavement. On entering, I saw General Buller, who must have had quite as long a drive, shaking the snow off his heavy greatcoat. To be late is, in the City, an inexcusable fault; and though I was apparently the last arrival, I was relieved to see I was in time, for the clock struck the half-hour as I alighted. As I followed Sir Redvers up to the drawingroom, where our hosts were standing to bid us welcome, an odour of exquisite cookery permeated the whole building, grateful to him, I should imagine, after months of tough ration beef, and grateful to any hungry man; an odour of a dinner the description of which, as dear old Caleb Balderstone said when enumerating the delicacies of the 'thunder-blasted' dinner at Wolf's Crag, 'wad ha'e made a fu' man hungry.' No time was lost. There was much to eat, much to drink, and two speeches at least, with probably one or two more, to get through. A plan of the dinner-table, with his seat marked by an x, having been handed to every one, as is the custom at the Mansion House and most of the City Halls, our names were called out in order of precedence, and we descended to the dining-room. The company, all told, numbered

some sixty or seventy, two-thirds being Skinners and Merchant Taylors.

Everything has an end; and at last our dinner came to a conclusion. The 'loving cup' having circulated and been removed, the chairman, with the Lord Mayor on his right hand and the guest of the evening on his left, at once rose, and in a few well-chosen words proposed the health of 'our gallant General, whom we are thankful to have again with us, and whom it is our pleasure and privilege to entertain on his return to his native land after the most arduous time which any British General since the days of the l'eninsula has ever passed through.'

Without a moment's delay the Field-Marshal sprang to his feet, as did also Sir William Gatacre, close to whom I was sitting, and some ten or twelve other 'soldier officers.' I saw the mistake they were making, and-to borrow a phrase from the card-table-'sat tight.' Buller looked annoyed, and in somewhat peremptory tones, accompanying his words with a wave of the hand, exclaimed, 'Sit down, Gatacre; sit down, man. You miss the point. I am not returning thanks for the army. I am returning thanks for myself.' Gatacre obeyed, apparently with reluctance, followed by the others, who subsided, not very gracefully, upon their chairs. Buller-I ought to have said-was cheered to the echo when he rose. Thirteen long years have come and gone since that night; and, though I cannot repeat the ipsissima verba uttered by him, my memory is a retentive one, and I can even now remember what he said in his speech on that—to me, and I believe to all present-most interesting occasion.

Addressing us in that rugged and determined fashion characteristic of him, he did not show one trace of emotion save when-But I am 'My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen,' anticipating. he commenced, 'six months ago I never expected to see Merrie England again, or the green hills and undulating slopes of my beloved Devon. I was placed in an untenable position, from which I saw no possibility of escape save by death, or what was worse to me, a soldier-pardon me for reminding you of it—who had won renown on many a hard-fought field without ignominy and disgrace. I had no one to take counsel Some men take counsel with their wives; my wife, had she been present, would not have failed me' (loud cheers); 'but she was thousands of miles distant, I was thankful to think, from such scenes as we were passing through. Some take counsel with their juniors.* I have never done so; I may be wrong, but I do not approve of it. I had to face the music—to use an expression much in vogue-alone. But I am detaining you too long, and must hasten to When things were at their very conclude. worst I got a letter-it took long to reach me -from my friend here,' laying his hand on the shoulder of the chairman, 'in which he expressed the hope that I would honour-for so he was kind enough to put it—the Skinners' Company by dining at their Hall on my return to England. That letter, gentlemen, was a great comfort to me, showing, as it did, that there were some who believed I had endeavoured to do my duty, and who refused to believe that I was ever actuated by any other feeling than loyalty to my King and country.' Here it was that Buller faltered, and was unable for some few seconds to continue. The cheers that came from all at table, renewed again and again, gave him time to recover, and he concluded ruggedly and determinedly as he had begun. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the kindness you have shown me, and for the confidence you evidently place in me; and, late in the day though it be, I hope, with God's help, to prove that your confidence is not misplaced.

Shaking hands with the chairman and with a few of us who were at the top of the table, the General made his way to his carriage arm-in-arm with Gatacre; the cheering in the street being to the full as hearty as it had been inside the Hall.

I feel impelled, before bringing this retrospect to a close, to write very briefly of that other distinguished, but also unfortunate, soldier, Sir William Gatacre. To judge of a General, ask the rank and file what they think of him. Buller, 'the soldier's friend,' was accused of recklessly throwing his columns forward to certain death; so was Picton in the Peninsula; so was Napoleon on many occasions, notably at the Bridge of Montereau. Gatacre in his forced march to the Atbara was accused of cruelty to the brigade he

permission to go round with him, which he readily accorded. The day was wet; pools of water lay everywhere, and the turf was saturated and sodden. The first hole the champion played perfectly; then his troubles began. The second hole, in good weather, was an easy four. John made a beautiful long drive from the tee, but when we got up to his ball we found it lying about as badly as it could lie—only half of it was visible. John looked anxious, not to say careworn. Stretching out his hand he took hold of a club, but was promptly checked. 'That's no the club frace a lye like that.' Hesitating for a moment, John yielded, and a beautiful stroke was the result. Champion and caddie smiled 'tae ither.' As we walked forward to the next tee John said to me, 'This is an awfy drive wi' the wind against ye; there's nacbody here the day that can carry that barrin' mysel' and Tom,' an Englishman who was following us. Here again the champion and his caddie differed, and here again the champion and his caddie differed, and here again the champion and his caddie differed, and here again the champion and his caddie differed, and here again the object of the reply; 'that's the club for ye.' Again John yielded, and again the boy's decision saved the situation. 'D' ye think A dinna ken the club ye want?' contemptuously. 'Ye're aye that obstinate.'

^{*}In this respect Buller was very different from a distinguished golfer whom I knew. Nine years ago—if my memory serves me right—the greatest professional golfer, to my mind, of modern times, John Blank, let us call him, came down far south to a green which I used to frequent, to take part in a competition for fairly valuable prizes, not within 50 per cent of such as are offered nowadays. He was accompanied by a diminutive caddie, apparently of about thirteen summers, though it is possible he may have been older. Being a 'brither Scot,' I asked the champion's

commanded. Buller's men knew full well he would never send them where he would not go himself. His buglers could sound en avant; the retreat they had not learnt. Gatacre's men walked the soles of their boots off, and struggled on with feet torn and bleeding, because they were determined to do what their dearly loved Brigadier required of them.

Buller and Gatacre, it may be said, were similarly situated from several points of view: adored by their men, as I have endeavoured to show, and loved by their wives as, I had nearly said, few husbands are loved. Lady Buller would have fought to the death had the good name or loyalty of the General been called in question. The Life of Gatacre, written in his defence by his widow, Beatrix Gatacre, could not be surpassed in affection and devotion. To quote from that Life: "He is the soldiers' General," I have heard rapturous Tommy ex-

claim.' And again: 'General Gatacre had half-a-dozen chargers. Every one was carrying a barefooted soldier, while the General trudged with his men.' And yet again: 'The men learnt to work because the General expected it of them.'

Gatacre was removed from the-command of his Division by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, the order being dated Bloemfontein, 16th April 1900. We cannot doubt for a moment that the Field-Marshal bitterly regretted the necessity for the action which he felt himself impelled, in the interests of the Service, to take; but it is indescribably sad to think that such a soldier, with such a record, ended his career in what might be called civilian work, far from the land he loved and far from the wife who would willingly have laid down her life for him.

Buller and Gatacre were heroes indeed.

Requiescant in pace /

A PLEA FOR THE DEFENCELESS.

THE Wild Bird Protection Orders have admittedly put a stop in many counties to the slaughter of birds that need protection. The contradictory practice in different districts has admittedly impaired the efforts of bird-protectors. It is regrettably the case, yet under the present system inevitable, that laws for the protection of bird-life are often beset with anomalies and contradictions. For instance, one county calls for withdrawal of the close-time protection for the black-headed gull, and another asks for an order to protect the same bird all the year round. The committee which the Home Secretary has appointed to inquire into the working of the Bird Protection Orders will, it is hoped, be able to make recommendations which, while removing anomalies, will meet the required protection of the various species of birds throughout the United Kingdom. The Plumage (Prohibition) Bill, at present under consideration by the legislature, is demanded by ornithologists, men of science, and humanitarians throughout the world, who have with single-minded purpose and concentrated power fought and exposed the methods of wealthy dealers in the plumage of rare birds. The Government, in framing the Bill, it is reasonable to assume, has not accepted without independent inquiry the evidence either of bird enthusiasts or of those financially interested in the exploitation of the white heron, the Smyrnian kingfisher, the Goura pigeon, the albatross, and other rare species, now threatened with extinction. Not merely in tropical countries, but in our own, precious species are in danger of extermination. The Shetland County Council has passed a resolution that the great skua should be excluded from the list of protected birds. To deprive this bird of protection

would be an unpardonable sin. It is easy to make allegations, but not so easy to prove them. It is argued in support of the plea for exclusion that the skua is responsible for the destruction of goslings; but the alleged predatory habits of the bird in this connection lack corroboration. Under the new Grazing Regulations, The Scottish Naturalist points out, 'no geese are to be allowed on common pasture; so, even supposing the guilt has been proved against the skua (and there is no proof), it could not happen again. It would be nothing short of a tragedy if the protection were removed, as the skua would be killed out in a year or two.' The introduction of the Plumage Bill by a Cabinet Minister is at once an admission, and a welcome one, that bird-lovers have fully established their case. To aid the passing of the Bill into law should be the congenial task of men and women who feel that the riches of nature are held in trust for the present and future generations.

THE NIGHTINGALES.

I LISTENED to the nightingales
Till all my soul grew sore;
It seemed as though the thorns of song
Were stabbing to the core.

All through the dusky, silent hours
Those canticles of pain
Were chanted by the cloistered choir
Again, and yet again.

Oh singers! singing in the night,
While the world waxeth old,
No bead on Sorrow's rosary
By you is left untold.
M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

NOW, when the spring awakes, the people of our islands begin to move long distances again in the way of travel. It were better perhaps for their gain of sunshine and of strength of mind and body that they moved more in the winter, and held themselves at home when the climate of Britain is most tolerable; but save for those of some wealth and leisure, who wander to the Riviera and to Egypt in the cold, the dark, the wet, the windy months, the idea of the winter holiday has not become attached to our people, and perhaps never will be. With the Americans and the Germans it is already different. It is they who, with the British, travel most in the winter or spring; the Germans having advanced strongly in this matter during the last four or five years, as they have come to consider themselves a wealthy, successful people, with considerable possibilities of great empire. They have put it to themselves that they should go about the world, and that is why in these times you will find the Germans nearly everywhere to an extent that they were not even so recently as the beginning of this century. As a traveller, I cannot persuade myself that the change is agreeable I am an admirer of the Germans. They are a fine, a great people. They embrace the best spirit of modern times, refined and well balanced; but, in the British way of looking at things, they are not good travellers yet, and never will be. They are too aggressive, too selfish, too careless of the feelings of other people. They do not grasp the principle that to the traveller all the world is home, and manners should be always nice. They are rough; they trample heavily along; and I hope to see more and more hotels with such names as Kaiserhof erected for their exclusive use, as is becoming the modern way. The German has come to be a great force in all modern travelling considerations; he counts nearly equal to the American. But what is more especially to be said about these Americans and Germans is that, while of course hundreds and thousands of them wander far afield in the summer-time, the proportion who make their travellings in winter is enormously greater than with British people, and this is not done without a reason, and a good one. We ourselves stay in our own country when it is least pleasant, and

we visit others when they are less attractive than at other times. We lose on the change both ways. This circumstance was impressed upon me forcibly, and in a curious way, one day last February, when I happened to be on a little steamboat that was striving its way from Naples to the pretty island of Capri. It was a day that seemed to have been lent to the world by heaven itself—the sweetest sunshine, the bluest sky, a sea of liquid sapphire completely transparent, and a sparkling, life-giving atmosphere which seemed to make existence move to music. It occurred to me suddenly, as the people began to make inquiries of our Italian skipper about the prospects of entry to the blue grotto that day, that there were not many British among us on this little ship of wandering folk, and, the impression making a greater curiosity, I set myself to a little private census carried out unobtrusively. There were, I discovered, thirty-one first-class passengers on the ship. Eleven were Americans, seven were Germans, four were French, two were Hungarians, two were Italians, one was a Russian, and I alone was British. This statement accounts for only twenty-eight. were three other men who walked up the hill of Capri just before me whom I could not determine, and they were spoiling the completeness of my work. So, with an apology, I asked them what they were, and they said they were Scandinavians -men from Sweden. One British man!

* * *

And yet Italy could hardly be sweeter, more glorious, in May than she often is in March. is to Italy that the average traveller who likes to wander over Europe first turns his mind and then his steps when the spring-time comes. It is inviting then as other countries are not. It is a good thing that people go so much to Italy as they do; it will be well when they go still more. Above everything, one feels that in this age, and with the tendencies that exist in the world to-day, it is desirable that all people concerned with life and movement should be given a course of study and observation of the Italy of the past as it still is at the present time. brings up sharply those who have ultra-modern ideas about advancement and twentieth-century greatness and achievement to a knowledge of our APRIL 25, 1914.

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present deficiencies and of our increasing coarseness and vulgarity. Of all countries in the world, Italy is the best for a pleasant, most entertaining, and instructive holiday. It teaches more than any other country can about the wonders of the world and the possibilities of mankind and the beauties of life. Italy also presents in a small space such a variety of scene and study as is hardly to be found in whole continents elsewhere. You may enter the country from the French Riviera, and, after lingering at Bordighera or San Remo, may move to Genoa, a splendid study of a seaport, full of life and bustle and inspiring memories as of the place where Christopher Columbus was born. Genoa in these days seems to suggest a new life for Italy; it seems to be leaping to a new greatness. Then what a charm in the Levantine coast! The quaintness, the sleepiness of Pisa! And the glory and the richness of Florence! How, when others made all Italy and the world outside shake and shiver with their tumults and their wars, those old Florentines could all the time care less for war than for other things in life, could clamour always for culture and beauty, and more beauty, and the constant expression of it! Theirs was the higher life as no community has ever led it before or Art and feeling seem even now to be exuded from the very stones of Florence; the Arno, as it goes tumbling through the bridges, almost sings of the fine life that was lived by its banks in days gone by. It is now just a part of big United Italy; but a wanderer who stays there for days enough, which need not be many, can still feel something of the idea of old Florence stirring about him—the colour, the idealism, the soft, rich glow of life when thought and beauty were so much. For the moment pass Rome by, and look on Naples. For myself, I cannot perceive that there is then any need to die; but Naples, in a plainer, far coarser, more elemental way than other parts of Italy, exhibits the heat and colour of passionate, throbbing life. You must hear the Neapolitan love-songs sung in Naples to know their possibilities, must listen to a full-throated fellow giving out the melody of the barcarolle called 'Santa Lucia,' known over the world, though not so well by name. From a day in Pompeii you may come to understand how the Romans who tarried there in the summer-time set out to enjoy their lives according to their own ideas in a manner thorough and complete. But as I move in a state of wonder and inquiry, what impresses me most about Naples in these days, considering it as a part of Italy, is its harsh difference from the rest, its comparative coarseness, its apparent unsuitability to the new Italian amalgam. There are other parts of Italy that are rough and simple and fleshly just the same; but Naples does seem to stand out in more contrast than any other section of the country.

It is here that we realise the enormous

problem that was set, and is still being grappled with, by the statesmen artificers who have been making up one country from all these separate pieces in that long leg of land in mid-Mediterranean. The foreign people of to-day hardly grasp the fact that Italy did not exist a little more than half-a-century ago, that up to then there were a number of states that were constantly in difficulties with themselves and with other countries, and were suffering badly as the The declaration that for their common result. weal all these countries should henceforth be one and united, under one law, one king, was one of the most risky and doubtful experiments in country construction that rulers and statesmen have ever undertaken, and none the less so for the fact that Italy at that time was in a very hopeless state of inefficiency and poverty. It seemed like trying to make a nation out of a few rags and bones. For a long time the experiment seemed likely to fail; and it may be said that the real forward movement of United Italy, the actual materialisation of itself as a new and appreciable country, dates only from the beginning of the century. Italy is advancing now; of that there can be no doubt. To celebrate half-a-century of her unity she has erected in the Piazza di Venezia in Rome one of the grandest monuments the world has ever seen, a magnificent structure in white marble with a colonnade that seems almost to be pillared in the sky, and before it a gilt statue of the first king of the United Italy, whose horse seems to be exultingly prancing to the freedom of space. This immense monument, which has already cost nearly two million pounds, subscribed to by every part of Italy, and not yet quite finished for all the years that have been given to the work, is nominally, as I have said, an emblem of the unity of Italy; but in their hearts the Italians know it to be there for another reason which they hardly like to whisper. They have now a tremendous belief in their own future; they believe that from the troubles that will soon beset Europe they will emerge the gainers; they are playing a diplomatic part that is crafty and careful, and they are going about their business warily in a manner of expediency and with some energy. Get at the thoughts in the corners of their minds, and you will find that these Italians believe that now that their unity is in working order, they have an enormous future before them as one of the greatest countries of the world. Their optimism is immense. Such optimism is a fine thing in its way; but it is a peril when it is so strong that the people relax their active efforts in supporting it by work, and the Italians are now somewhat inclined that way. They seem to believe that glory is their destiny, and I am persuaded that this instinct has had something to do with the magnificence of the monument, that they have been in the way of counting their

chickens before they were hatched, and that this is more of a monument to the future greatness of United Italy than to its late achievement in gaining its unity. At dinner-tables in Rome we are in the habit in these days of discussing many pretty points in connection with this monument. Is it fair to the Cæsars that these moderns, who after all have done so little as yet, should build up a monument so much grander in its way than anything that was ever raised in ancient Rome? Does it seem in the best of taste? Should it have appreciation from us foreigners? Is it not really too gorgeous for anything, too immodest, a little stupid in the circumstances? The Italians accept all such challenges, and they deny the suggestions. They claim now to be a nation in action and heading for a great destiny. They say that the unity of Italy was a magnificent achievement, and they are determined to make good on that monument. In a sense it commits them, for if in two or three generations from now Italy has not gone forward marvellously, there will surely be Italians who, to save their blushes and their shame, will pray for an earthquake in the Piazza di Venezia. In the meantime, let it be said for them that a close study of Italian character and the circumstances of the case leads to the belief that they will indeed make good; but for their own sake one would like to see them determine that an honest helping hand should be given to fate and destiny, and that faith in the future should not be so idle and so blind. But the point that led to this consideration was the original difficulty of uniting Italy, and the fact that that difficulty can still best be appreciated by the wanderer who goes to Naples, especially if he travels there from Florence. The difference between Constantinople and Chicago is not greater than the difference between Florence and Naples. Natural beauty, but no other, belongs to Naples; it is a wild, rough, ill-mannered place, that would be better in a lonely part of Spain than where it is. In their ways and tastes the people have nothing in common with the people of other Italian states. They live a primitive life, and have their own customs. In a main street you may see the outside doors open to people's bedrooms, the bedclothes themselves may flutter through the door, and a passing dog may look inside in the usual way of canine curiosity. Any number of these front ground-floor sleeping-rooms are mixed up in this main street with shops for the sale of meat, clothes, and other commodities. In the morning and afternoon the dairymen lead their cows and goats down the alleys and the streets, and milk the quantity of fluid required by each householder in the jug presented. All this and much besides is the exclusive Neapolitan way, as I have seen it, and wondered. It is a different Naples from that which might be imagined by those who have only thought of the 'Santa Lucia' and the love-songs that come so hot from the heart. Yet, do not think that any of us, whatever our taste, should dislike Naples. Here, as elsewhere in Italy, all the people live; they feel the throbbing of existence in a way which it is doubtful if any other people of any other country in Europe do. Only, the Neapolitans get the human satisfaction in more elemental ways than their northern associates in United Italy.

ciates in United Italy. If there is what might be called an impossible difference between Florence and Naples, there is one that is at least as incomprehensible between Venice and Naples. The majesty and dignity of Venice in those old days, the tremendous strength of its life, must have been one of the most magnificent things in the world. And as we wander from place to place in Italy, look in at Perugia and Verona, and for a rest at the end wander upward through Milan to the lakes, the impression of our modern inferiority and coarseness is piled higher and higher in our minds all the time; and, along with it, there is the other impression of the infinite and almost confusing variety of this long, thin country that is called Italy, and of the enormous difficulty that there must be in uniting it. So great are the contrasts, so different is the life that is led in different parts, that unity does seem impossible. I can imagine it as easy to achieve the United States of Europe as it is to get to the completion of United Italy. And yet it is being done, and because of that I feel that we are within thinking distance of the United Europe. The peoples are still reluctant to mix and blend. The Piedmontese hate and despise the Neapolitans; with the Venetians and the Florentines it is the same. Lombardy likes not Tuscany; there are rivalries and dislikes all through the sunny land. But still the idea of the necessity of unity is slowly gathering strength; and the recent Libyan war, in which the soldiers from the different parts fought side by side, has done very much to help forward the national spirit. So for art and the enlightenment of the mind, for political and sociological study, for a tonic medicine that will bring us to a proper view of the comparative merits of different ages, and especially of the relation between the first century, the fifteenth, and the twentieth, Italy is better indicated than any other country. In these days travel is such an easy thing that it comes almost to be despised. The tour of the world will never lose its value; but it seems to me that, so far as the observation of countries is concerned, what the people in them have done, and what they are doing, a very complete knowledge of the world can be obtained from a close and observant examination of life and things in two only. Those two are the United States of America and Italy. They stand for the palpitating present and a magnificent past. They are the absolute complements

of each other. One is for materialism and the

body; the other was for glory and the soul. They are the extremes, and each in its way is grand, magnificent. A man of sense and feeling may have a pleasant and interesting hour with himself in considering whether, if he had had a choice in delivery from the womb of time, he would have declared for early days in Italy or the twentieth century in America. I think I know to which side the majority would give their favour. I am not thinking lightly of those United States across the sea, a magnificent country for which, knowing it well, I have the most enormous appreciation. It stands for the new idea of life, as necessitated by changed circumstances, better than any other country in the world to-day. I think only of the quality of life at its own special time and place. was in doubt about his decision I should recommend to spend a month in Rome and another month in Florence. Perhaps, his instincts being slow, he might still be undetermined, and would need to be sent for another trial. There is a final test, and it would rarely fail. morning of a sunny day we would lead him out from Rome to ancient Tivoli, by the side of the Sabine hills. For a while we would dawdle above and below the tumbling cascades that are This touch of strong nature brings a certain tranquillity and detachment to the mind. Then we would take our doubting friend to the Villa d'Este, near to the middle of the little town -the beautiful place that was made in the middle of the sixteenth century for Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, Governor of Tivoli, who was the son of the Duke of Ferrara and Lucrezia Borgia. Here, for their happiness, their pleasure, their fine display, and their half-intoxication with the strength and beauty of life as they knew it, came in those days emperors, popes, cardinals, princes, dukes. Glittering pageants then. Art of the Renaissance shaped and adorned this palace sumptuously, and from its balconies and terraces there is a view over the Campagna and all the way to Rome that, of its kind, is not to be equalled. But the gardens have enthralled me more. In their beauty, their refinement, their imagination, and their perfection of design and detail there is nothing like

Here, indeed, have the ingenious artists given the ultimate thought in beauty to marble sculpture and tumbling waterfalls. The vistas, the end-pieces to the walks, the prospects high and low, and the path of the hundred fountains are sublime. But their chief merit now is in the imagination that they stir. It is inevitable as we linger here that we picture the magnificence of the times for which the gardens were made, and of the colourful life that then was lived. Here was beauty; here indeed were refinements, and pleasure for the nicest æsthetic senses. Can it be that the splendid people who lingered here knew or could imagine anything that they might covet? Their ideals may not have been the same as ours; but according to theirs they lived their lives to the utmost, and indeed they knew what beauty was. They treasured riches, but they cannot have been so materialistic as we are now. They felt a warmer glow of life. Yet there is that tremendous advancement which we are understood to have made. There are the aeroplanes. Near the horizon from Tivoli I could see two great, silver-skinned, pike-nosed airships belonging to the Italian Government that were circling out in the air from Rome. There are the motor cars. How would the Cardinal Ippolito and his guests have sped away across the Campagna between the Villa d'Este and their Rome! Instead they idled and talked, and no doubt they intrigued in their garden. Their existences were graced most beautifully. How for the beauty and enjoyment of life have we improved by steam and electricity and motorcars and aeroplanes? Has colour gone out of the world, and has there come a harsh jangle and confusion in its place, and an insistent materialism? Of course it was inevitable; it is necessary, but it is sad. In the nineteenth and twentieth centuries we have made a fearful lapse toward barbarism. I should not wonder if the doubter, now converted as he emerges from the Villa d'Este, would prefer to tramp on foot a few miles along the road to Rome, instead of taking the Italian tram from the beginning. He will wish to think, and the sight of electric cars will be out of harmony with his thoughts. For myself, I walked five miles.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XX.-PLAIN MEN AND PRETTY WOMEN.

A FORTNIGHT later Philip filled the vacancy which had been caused two years previously by the removal of Mr Atherton by offering the post to Tim Rendle, an offer which was accepted by that ornament of the leisured classes with an enthusiasm which would have surprised the horny-handed Brand.

The experiment turned out a complete success. It provided Master Timothy with some muchneeded employment, the Britannia Motor Company with an admirable addition to its staff, and Philip with a companion. Tim was a capital salesman. He soon became a brilliant, if slightly reckless, driver; and in time he

I.

absorbed a fair working knowledge of the mechanics of the automobile. He possessed a charm of manner of which he was quite unconscious, and a unique capacity for getting himself liked. He fell in and out of love on the slightest provocation, and rarely failed to keep Philip informed of his latest entanglement.

Once he offered, as a supreme favour, to introduce Philip to one 'Baby,' who presided over a tobacconist's small establishment in Wardour Street. The interview was an entire The siren greeted Timothy and his failure. abashed companion most graciously, and was on the point, doubtless, of making some witty and appropriate remarks, when a piano-organ came heavily to anchor just outside the door, and its unwashed custodians proceeded to drown all attempts at conversation with the reverberating strains of 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.' Under such circumstances it was impossible to look either affectionate or rakish. A conversation conducted entirely by means of smiles, however affable, and nods, however knowing, rarely leads anywhere; and Timothy, having intimated by a tender glance in the direction of Baby and a despairing gesture towards the door, that his heart was for ever hers, but that for the present they must part, the deputation filed ignominiously out, one-half of it feeling uncommonly foolish.

Tim was fond of engaging in controversy with Brand, and Philip frequently overheard such epithets as 'gilded popinjay' and 'grinder of the faces of the poor,' exchanged for 'dear old soul' and 'esteemed citizen,' on the occasions when argument and chaff clashed together in the garage or showroom.

Tim created an impression in another quarter too, as a brief scrap of conversation will show.

'I think, Miss Jennings, that it would be a pretty and appropriate thought if, for the future, on arriving at the scene of my daily toil I were to kiss you good-morning.'

'Think again!' suggested Miss Jennings.

'Not necessarily for publication,' continued the unabashed Timothy, 'but as a guarantee of good faith. A purely domestic salute, in fact. These little things have a softening effect upon a man's character.'

'They seem to have had a softening effect upon your brain,' countered Miss Jennings swiftly.

'It would do me good,' urged Tim. 'I have no one to kiss me now that my dear mother has been called away.'

Miss Jennings looked up, deceived for a moment. 'Is your mother dead?' she asked more gently.

'Oh no. She is very well, thank you,' said Tim.

'But you said she had been called away.'

'So she has.'

'Where?'

'To Holloway,' explained Tim softly. 'She is a Militant. She tried to burn down Madame Tussaud's. I miss her very much,' he added with a sigh. 'She comes out about twice a week, under the Cat and Mouse Act. I meet her at the prison gate with sandwiches, but she never kisses me, because her mouth is too full. Will you?'

'It seems to me, Mr Rendle,' remarked Miss Jennings, scarlet with indignation, 'that you and I are wasting our time. I have some work to do for Mr Meldrum. I'll trouble you to get

out of this office into the showroom.

'Certainly, Miss Jennings,' replied Timothy, striking an attitude. 'Good-bye! I will face this thing like a man. I will fight it down. I shall probably go and shoot big game—in Regent's Park. May I send you a stuffed elephant! Or would you prefer a flock of pumas! I don't know what a puma is like, but the keeper will tell me.'

The clatter of the typewriter drowned further foolishness, and Timothy departed to his duties. Here the incident would have ended but for Miss Jennings' feminine inability to leave well alone.

'Haven't you got a young lady of your own?' she inquired next day of Tim, à propos des bottes.

'Yes,' said Tim rapturously, 'I have.'

'Then why'----

Timothy hastened to explain. 'Because I haven't met her yet. You cannot expect a lady to kiss you for your mother,' he pointed out, 'until you have spoken to her. The object of my affections lives in a castle in the air, and she has never actually come down to earth.'

But Miss Jennings' attention had wandered. 'Kissing is a queer thing,' she said musingly.

'It doesn't seem so after a while,' Tim hastened to inform her.

'If you had got a young lady of your own,' continued Miss Jennings, evidently debating a point which had occupied her attention before, 'and you were to kiss another one, in a manner of speaking there would be no harm done.'

'None whatever,' agreed Tim heartily.

'What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over,' continued Miss Jennings sententiously.

'Selah!' corroborated the expectant Timothy. 'But if the eye was to see—my word!' Miss Jennings inserted a fresh sheet of paper into the typewriter, and continued: 'Seems to me, kissing another young lady's young gentleman is just like picking up her cup at tea and taking a drink out of it. If she don't get to know about it, no one's a penny the wiser or a penny the worse. But if she does—well, she feels she simply must have a clean cup! So don't you take any risks, Mr Rendle. You've such a silly way of talking that I don't know whether you have a young lady or not. If

you haven't one now, you will have some day. If you have—one that's at all fond of you—and go kissing me, you will be sorry directly afterwards.'

'The Right Honourable Lady,' chanted the graceless Timothy, 'then resumed her seat amid applause, having spoken for an hour and fifty minutes. Very well, I will leave you. I shall go and hold Brand's hand in the garage. He loves me, anyhow. Hallo! I say'——

Miss Jennings' serene countenance had flushed

'Have I said anything to offend you?' asked Tim, in some concern. 'I was only rotting, you know. I had no idea Brand was a friend of yours.'

Miss Jennings, recovering herself quickly, replied with some asperity that Brand was no such thing, and again announced that she had some work to do, and that the conversation would now terminate.

But it did not. There was a magnetism about Tim which invited confidences.

(Continued on page 342.)

A NEW ARCTIC ISLAND.

By DAVID MACRITCHIE.

So much has been achieved by exploration, especially during the last hundred years, that nearly the whole world is open to examination on the map. There are still, however, large areas in the Polar regions over which the word 'unexplored' can fitly be written. True, the Poles have actually been reached, but only by 'dashes' made in a straight line. Immense tracts around the Poles have yet to be mapped out. This is particularly true of the Arctic area; for the general configuration of Antarctica is known, although innumerable details remain to be filled in. Consequently there need not be much surprise at the recent announcement that a hitherto uncharted island has been discovered some four hundred miles north of Cape Chelyuskin, the most northerly point of Asia. The discovery is of great interest, nevertheless.

The information so far furnished to geographers is meagre but definite. It is to the effect that a Russian naval officer, Captain Wilkitzky, in endeavouring to bring his ship westward from Behring's Straits to Europe, was obliged, owing to a vast ice-pack which blocked his way, to steer due north from Cape Chelyuskin, through a stretch of open sea. Somewhere between the eightieth and eighty-sixth parallels he reached the coast of a large island, so large that he traced it in a north and north-westerly direction for about two hundred miles, apparently without ever rounding any important promontory. Our first intelligence of the discovery, conveyed through the New York press, spoke of the island as being of the size of Greenland. This statement was at once discredited, for excellent reasons. Greenland has an area of six hundred and eighty thousand square miles, and there is no room for an island of equal size in the unexplored regions of the Arctic. Even if space could be found for it, by the most careful 'jigsaw' method, its mountain ranges would have been sighted long ago from one point or another of known territory. Moreover, if the Russian navigators had ascertained the existence of an island of such an extent, they could only have done so by coasting round it. In other words, the last secrets of the Arctic would have been disclosed to them.

The discovery is a great one, all the same. An island whose coast-line, on one side only, stretches more than two hundred miles must necessarily be of very considerable extent. It is probably as large as Scotland, and it may be much larger. Further, it may prove to be only one island of a new Arctic archipelago, linking North America with Siberia. This is a fascinating surmise. On the opposite side of the Arctic Ocean from Cape Chelyuskin are the Parry Islands, and these islands, or their neighbourhood, are the objective of the Canadian Arctic Expedition which, under the leadership of Mr Stefánsson, is at this moment working northward from the coast of Arctic Canada. Mr Stefánsson's name came prominently before the public a year ago in connection with the tribe of 'white Eskimos' whom he found living in Victoria Land and along the shores of Coronation Gulf in the course of his expedition of 1908-12. Since then, and in consequence of the ability he has displayed as an Arctic explorer, Mr Stefansson has been commissioned by the Canadian Government to conduct a surveygeographical, geological, biological, and ethnological—of the regions he desires to explore, and to plant the British flag in any territory that may be discovered. The ship of the expedition is the Karluk, a barquentine with steam auxiliary, and the route to be followed is from the whalingstation at Herschel Island, near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, toward Banks Land and Prince Patrick Land, and as far beyond as the destinies of the explorers may lead them. The Karluk will return periodically to civilisation, but the exploring party will be lost to sight for four years. It is of much interest to Scottish readers to know that Mr Stefansson has on his staff Dr Alister Forbes-Mackay of Edinburgh, surgeon and naturalist to the expedition; while Glasgow is represented by Mr William Laird M'Kinlay and Mr James Murray, both engaged

in scientific work. The first of these three, like his leader, has already had much experience in Polar research, having been a member of Shackleton's Antarctic expedition.

It cannot be expected that an undertaking of such a nature can be carried out without a single check, and the latest despatches have shown that the Karluk, with most of the 'northern party' of the expedition on board, broke adrift from her winter quarters on the 23rd of September, while Mr Stefansson and other members of that party were on shore. There is good reason for believing that this separation will only prove temporary. In the meantime the leader is continuing his survey of the Mackenzie Delta, and he will probably have carried out his intention of journeying by sledge over the sea ice to Prince Patrick Land in February or March. The work laid out for the 'southern party' of the expedition appears to be confined to the littoral of the continent

If, as every one hopes, the Canadian Arctic Expedition returns in good condition after its long exile, what tale will it have to tell? The story, at the very worst, will be full of interest. But there are possibilities that stir the imagination. Mr Stefánsson has already found people living in a region which was previously believed to be uninhabited; he may have a similar experience in the near future. There can be no doubt that, underlying the practical reasons which have induced the Canadian Government to equip this expedition, there are other motives that sway the explorers: the love of adventure, the hope of drawing aside the veil that has so long hidden the Unknown North. There are rumours of land lying beyond Prince Patrick Land; who can say but that it is inhabited? That human beings can exist at the Poles has been demonstrated within the last two or three years. Permanent occupation is therefore quite possible wherever there is land and game, and the northern limits of these have never yet been ascertained.

The bearing of these considerations upon the recent Russian discovery is manifest. It may be confidently assumed that Russian scientists will stimulate their Government to equip an expedition for the exploration of Nicholas II. Land, as their new island is called. It will not be a difficult matter, if the Russian Treasury provides a reasonably generous grant, to establish a base on the southern shores of the new land with which an exploring party can keep itself in touch. Simultaneously, then, there will be a Russian party moving northward from Nicholas II. Land and a Canadian party moving northward from Prince Patrick Land, each in the expectation of discovering land hitherto unknown. It is perhaps too much to anticipate that, within the next four years, this synchronous movement will result in a dramatic meeting between Canada and Russia in the neighbourhood of the North Pole. Something of the kind, however, must happen sooner

or later if an archipelago actually exists in the area indicated. One thing certain is that the Canadian Arctic Expedition 'means business,' and that it has every prospect of succeeding. Mr Stefansson has long ago learned that the safest way of encountering the difficulties of Arctic life is to adopt the methods of the natives. While availing himself of all the resources of civilisation, he relies for his food upon the products of land and sea, musk-oxen, caribou, hares, seals, birds, and fish; rejecting the somewhat dangerous tinned meats that other explorers have trusted to. And he quite realises that no wooden house built above ground is so warm and safe, in the severity of an Arctic winter, as the subterranean dwelling, or even the snow igloo, of the Eskimo. If careful preparation and wise forethought can ensure success, this expedition will succeed.

So far no information has reached us with regard to the existence of game in Nicholas II. Land. The New Siberia Islands, and, farther to the east, Wrangel Island, are the haunts of reindeer. According to one account, the musk-ox is also found in Wrangel Island. Nordenskiöld, who disputes the statement as to the musk-oxen, quotes a very interesting tradition obtained by Wrangel from the Siberian tribe of the Chukches about ninety years ago. Wrangel's informant was an old man, and his story was that during the lifetime of his grandfather a boat containing seven Chukches, one of them a woman, had ventured too far out to sea. 'After they had long been driven hither and thither by the wind, they stranded on a country unknown to them, whose inhabitants struck the Chukches themselves as coarse and brutish. The shipwrecked men were all murdered. Only the woman was saved, was very well treated, and taken round the whole country, and shown to the natives as something rare and remarkable. So she came at last to the Kargauts, a race living on the American coast at Behring's Straits, whence she found means to escape to her own tribe. woman told her countrymen much about her travels and adventures; among other things, she said that she had been in a great land which lay north of Kolyutschin Island, stretched far to the west [sic], and was probably connected with America. This land was inhabited by several races of men; those living in the west resembled the Chukches in every respect, but those living in the east were so wild and brutish that they scarcely deserved to be called men.

Taking this tradition in connection with a parallel statement of a much more historical nature, Nordenskiöld is inclined to accept the story of the eighteenth-century woman as substantially true. He identifies the 'great land' north of Kolyutschin with Wrangel Island. The fact that Wrangel Island seems to be quite uninhabited at the present day is no proof that it did not contain 'several races of men' in the

But the story certainly eighteenth century. seems to indicate a territory of much greater extent than Wrangel Island. It can hardly be assumed to be the newly discovered Nicholas II. Land, for that lies a long way to the north-west. But geographers believe that there is land due north of Wrangel Island, the extent of which is unknown. If that land stretches eastwards toward Point Barrow, it might quite well have been visited by the Chukch woman of the story. Nordenskiöld, indeed, while accepting Wrangel Island as the scene of her experiences, is prepared to believe that its dimensions are very much greater than those at present allowed to it by cartographers. 'Now we know that the land spoken of by tradition actually exists,' he observes, 'and therefore there is much that even tells in favour of its extending as far as to the archipelago on the north coast of America. With this fresh light thrown upon it, the old Chukch woman's story ought to furnish a valuable hint for future exploratory voyages in the sea north of Behring's Straits.

The present situation may be summed up thus: It will be seen that there is land stretching

northward from the south shore of Nicholas II. Land. Land is also known or believed to exist to the north of Wrangel Island and of Prince Patrick Land. An examination of the Arctic map will show that these circumstances all point to the existence of a hitherto unknown archipelago in North Polar regions, upon which exploring expeditions from Siberia, Alaska, and Canada would all converge. Such expeditions could easily be equipped by the Russian, United States, and Canadian or British Governments. Or a single multi-millionaire could spare the necessary funds without any sense of loss. Practical people often raise the objection that scientific expeditions yield no practical result. It may be answered that the great whaling industry of the Antarctic seas is directly the outcome of exploration, and that the mineral wealth of Spitzbergen is at length being realised. But, over and above these somewhat base considerations, exploration justifies itself by the additions which it invariably makes to human knowledge, and by the quickening effect it produces upon the intellectual life of

THE WRONG KEY.

CHAPTER IL

'I LEANED back in my chair and stared at the cipher. So some one was going to "take Stewart away," was he? I doubted it! Then I remembered that I had been "taken away" several times, without my having known it at the moment. There had been false alarms of various kinds—sometimes a report that a patrol of Boer scouts had been seen in the district; sometimes an account of a farm having been raided by a party of invaders from over the border; once an alarm that the Kaffirs on the location were getting out of hand. And in each case there had been evidence to back up the report when I arrived at the spot—a handful of Mauser cartridges spilt on the road, as if they had fallen from packed bandoliers; a stripped farmhouse and crying women; or a gang of excited armed Kaffirs. It had all been prearranged.

'The meaning of this message was plain enough: the agent in Vrijstad, whoever he was —and the Trades Directory showed that there was a storekeeper called P. J. Bosman in that town—had arranged that a consignment of arms should reach Keurstad at about eleven o'clock that evening, and wanted me taken out of the way while it was being unloaded in Van Zyl's big wagon-shed, where he kept his wool-bales. Bartman had been engaged in translating the cipher message on the typewriter when he was supposed to be sending an answer to the firm in Vrijstad, and had by now told the other people who were in the business that they were to be

at Van Zyl's at the proper hour, when I should be away in the district on a wild-goose chase of their devising.

'A nice state of affairs it was, and the more I thought of it the angrier I became; for it was as plain as daylight now that my own four policemen must have been in the game all along, or the rifles could never get through. Wagons that I searched were always innocent enough, of course; the other kind only came in when the tip was given by my men that I was away. As it all unfolded itself I began to have a sick sort of feeling that there wasn't any one that I could trust besides the magistrate and—and whom else? I wondered. Good heavens! there wasn't a soul that I didn't begin to suspect now, since Bartman and Van Zyl and my own police had shown themselves to be such skunks. I was in a pretty ugly temper, I can tell you, by the time I'd made up my mind what to do. There's nothing gets a man's back up like the feeling that he's being played with.

'I looked at the end of the message again.

'Neem Stewart weg!"

"Oh no, brother!" I thought, "not this time;" and I swore that the man, or the men, even if there were a dozen of them, that tried to "take me away" would take more than they exactly wanted. I went into my own office and took out of my desk a long Mauser pistol that I kept for my own use. It was a lovely thing, any amount better than the regulation revolver

that I kept hanging from a peg in the other office; but of course I wasn't supposed to have it. As I was stowing it away in my coat there came a sound of feet running along the road outside, and then the challenge of the town guard sentry who was always posted at the court-house after nine o'clock. Then I heard Bartman's voice explaining to the sentry that he wanted to see me urgently. "Oh," I thought, "the abduction—or is it to be a seduction—again." The door of the other office was thrown open, and Bartman shouted:

"Mr Stewart! Mr Stewart! where are you? You're wanted."

"Here I am!" I called back, going into the room quietly. "What is it this time?"

'He was standing in the corner of the room near the door, next to the table where I had been using the typewriter; and on a peg just behind him hung my revolver in its holster.

"By Jove, sir," he began breathlessly, "I'm glad I managed to find you before you'd left the office! There's been most awful trouble out at Klassen's farm. Three of the—of the—I mean to say, three"——

'He stuck fast in the middle of the sentence, and then I saw that he wasn't looking at me, but at the paper lying on the table—my copy of his cipher. The poor devil looked as if he were watching a snake about to strike him; his mouth opened, and every bit of colour left his face. At last he managed to take his eyes off it, and looked across at me. I suppose I must have looked pretty grim at that moment, though I was smiling to myself, smiling with pure rage, for it seemed to be too much for his nerves. He suddenly let out a yelp like a strangled puppy, and made a grab for the revolver behind him.

"Hands up!" he called out in a very shaky voice that wouldn't have scared a rabbit. "If you don't let me leave this room, and swear not to say anything about that letter, I'll shoot you on the spot!"

"Shoot away, sonny!" I jeered at him, though I was feeling mighty unhappy, all the same, when I saw how his fingers were twitching. "Why, with a hand like that you couldn't hit an elephant!"

"Î'll do it, Mr Stewart! I swear I will!" he screamed, with the barrel of my revolver making circles in the air.

"Do it, then, you rat!" I cried, and ran at him. He yelled with fright and dropped the gun, but it was too late to prevent my fist smashing into his jaw. Down he went with a crash, his hat going one way and my pistol another. It was a cheap enough victory; but, all the same, I picked up my revolver before I looked to see whether he was hurt or not.

'He was stunned right enough, but there wasn't any time to waste, so I called the sentry outside, and told him to see that Bartman didn't get away until I came back. The sentry

looked startled, but I didn't explain to him; he probably didn't need much explanation. I put a handful of cartridges into my pocket, and went off down the street in the direction of Van Zyl's wagon-shed, which was about a mile away. I was in a murderous sort of temper by this time, but I hated the idea of having a row with Van Zyl. He was a decent old chap, and rather a pal of mine; we used to have long yarns together down at his shed of an evening, and so long as we kept off politics he was as jolly an old Dutchman as ever smoked Kat River tobacco and professed to like it.

'It was a pitch-dark night, blowing up for rain, and of course there were no lights in the street, for while martial law was in force all lights had to be put out at nine o'clock, and no one was allowed in the street after ten without a pass from the Resident Magistrate. But it wasn't likely that the sentries at each end of the town would interfere with peaceful gun-runners in the pursuit of their lawful business. Not they; they'd more likely interfere with me if they had the chance.

'It was a little after eleven by the time I reached the shed, as far as I could see without striking a light; and against the sky that showed between the black masses of the trees on each side of the street I could make out the top of a big wool-wagon showing over the line of the mountain beyond, and I heard the creaking of wheels and the clatter and shuffle of many hoofs as the oxen strained to drag the heavy weight across the ditch to the shed, which lay well back from the street. Several men were talking as they stood round the wagon, and not with any air of secrecy either; they evidently felt quite secure, confound them! The whole blessed town must have been in the game, and all of them laughing at the chief and myself. In that moment I hated Keurstad as a schoolmaster must hate his boys sometimes, and I was just in the mood to do anything foolish to make them smart for the way they had been playing with me.

'It wasn't easy to decide what to do. I couldn't very well fight the lot of them, though it wasn't likely that they'd be carrying rifles openly, even in Keurstad; but they might have revolvers. It was just in my mind to rush the door and loose off into the thick of them, when an idea struck me. I'd pay them out in kind, and at the same time do something better for the old Colony than any scrap in the dark could be. I waited there in the darkness under the trees until I was certain that they had all gone into the shed, and then I crept up to the door, with my pistols handy and loose in my pockets.

"Good-evening, kerels!" I called out cheerfully from just outside, with both pistols and one eye across the doorpost. There was a heavy crash of something falling—it sounded suspiciously like an ammunition-box—and then dead

silence. Presently a voice—it sounded like that of Conradie, one of my four policemen—called out from the back of the shed, in an undertone, "Wie's daar?"

"Is that you, Conradie?" I called back. "You're just the man I'm looking for. There's a job on to-night that you'll have to give a hand in—catching a lot of gun-runners!"

"Hemel / It's that — Stewart!" came another voice, with a gasp of dismay; then, "Rush him, kerels / Knock him out!"

"Soetjes, vrienden; soetjes!" I warned them. "Go softly; I've got a revolver in my hand, and it might go off if you fluster me. I'm nervous in the dark."

"That's all right, kerels; it's not loaded!" shouted Conradie. "Bartman took all the

powder out of the cartridges."

"Sorry to disappoint you, friends," I returned; "but I also have a Mauser pistol in the other hand." There was a muttering and shuffling in the darkness of the back of the shed; evidently they weren't quite happy among themselves. And then I went on: "But why all this talk of pistols and knocking out? Isn't it a bit foolish, seeing that I'm here to give you a hand?"

"What d'you mean?" asked several voices excitedly. "Are you in the game too, after

all?"

"I don't know what 'game' you're all talking about," I said. "But if you want to know, I came down to tell you that this consignment is really to be stored up at the court-house, and not down here; it's more convenient to have the rifles in the centre of the town, where they can't be got at by any possible rebels."

"What are you driving at, curse you?" asked a deep voice in English that I recognised as Van Zyl's, and pretty savage it sounded in the dark-

ness of the shed.

"That you, Mr Van Zyl?" I asked. "Ah, a sensible man at last. Well, Mr Van Zyl, I want you and your friends just to take all this stuff up to the court-house, and help me to store it there under lock and key, with all the other guns that were handed in. I'm sure you won't mind that?"

"And if we won't? If we kill you first? You mustn't think that because"——

"I think not, Mr Van Zyl; I think not! I said it would be more convenient for you to oblige me in this little matter; and when I tell you that I've reloaded my revolver while we've been chatting, and that I've got you all nicely covered"—I was standing just inside the shed by now, where I could see them standing round a small candle on the ground, and they couldn't see me—"you'll understand that it really will be more convenient—for you and your friends!"

'Van Zyl wasn't a fool, and he saw that the game was up. He thought for a bit, sucking in his breath through his teeth; then he laughed in a sick sort of way, and threw out his hands.

"All right, Stewart," he says; "you've got us fairly this time.—Shove those boxes back on the wagon, boys, and pray for better luck next time."

'It was amusing to watch that very disgusted crowd piling ammunition-boxes and heavy riflecases on the wagon. I made them light a number of lanterns, partly that I might stand in the shadow and see that none of them tried to make a bolt for it, but quite as much for the sake of watching their faces as they worked. They looked as if they were attending their own funerals, and cheap and nasty funerals at that, such as a Dutchman hates. It was meat and drink to me after all the worry I'd had. Shows what kids some of us are after all!

'When it was all done we started off the oxen, and the whole procession rolled solemnly up the street, with me behind as chief mourner, though I wasn't over-mournful; it was the others in the lamplight that fitted the part better. As we passed along the street I could hear shutters being softly opened, and smothered exclamations; and once I thought I heard a woman sobbing. There wasn't much doubt about whom the town sided with.

'We drew up at the court-house—the sentry had disappeared, for some reason; afraid to meet his pals, I suppose—and I turned to them.

"Look here," I said, "it's no use looking so glum about this job; you've got to do a bit of forced labour for once, and I'm not going to pay you for it; but it's all in a good cause, so for any sake try to look a bit cheerful about it!"

"It's all very well for you," broke in the heavy voice of old Van Zyl; "but you needn't expect us to laugh at your silly jokes. You take my Mausers and my cartridges, and you get me sent to prison—and more, possibly—and then you try to be funny like a d—— Hottentot!"

"Who's talking about prisons?" I asked, for the old boy was really badly upset; and no wonder. "Not I. There's nothing criminal in helping the Government to collect a lot of arms that may have been meant for a crowd of rebels, as any other loyal Colonist would have done! Why, man, we're much obliged to you for doing it! I've got nothing to do with your reasons for taking them to the wool-shed first; but there's no harm done, anyway. So I'll just take your names in case the magistrate wants to thank you personally, and then we'll get to work."

'The idea took some time to soak into their minds, and they wouldn't believe at first that there wasn't going to be a court-martial; but they gave their names and addresses—it wasn't really necessary, for I knew every one of them, by sight at least—and then we unloaded the wagon and carried the rifles (two hundred of them) and the ammunition-boxes into a little cell at the back of the lock-up, where all the other firearms were stored. After that we ad-

journed to the court-room for coffee, supplied by the jailer's wife.

'As we sat on the benches facing the magistrate's seat, drinking our coffee, I noticed that my guests seemed much interested in the fittings of the room; they stared about them like children in church, though most of them had been there before, attending municipal council meetings; they were influential men, for the most part. Then I heard a grunt from old Van Zyl, who was sitting next to me.

"Dat's der dock, niet waar?" says he, jerking his head towards the other end of the

"Ay, that's it, Mr Van Zyl!"

'He considered it for a while, nodding his head thoughtfully. "Zoo, ja!" he said slowly. "Zoo! It looks nicer from this part of the room, Mr Stewart—much nicer! Well, there won't be any trouble in Keurstad, I think; not until the Burghers from the Transvaal come and clear you out of it."

The inspector knocked the ashes out of his pipe. 'They did try to take the town a few months later,' he added; 'but Van Zyl and his crowd wouldn't let them.'

THE END.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF FISH AND GAME.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN.

IT is a curious fact that many North American rivers—generally those which flow through comparatively low-lying muskeg forests—contain long stretches of deep, clear water which appear to be almost entirely destitute of life. Not only are there no fish in these stretches, but one is struck by the complete lack of aquatic insect life—water-beetles, snails, spiders, and such like.

Take as a typical example the Mattagami River, Porcupine, north Ontario. Among the headwaters of this river fish are plentiful, but lower down one comes upon vast stretches from which, as the Indians will tell you, fish have never been taken.

Still more curious is the fact that very often the creeks which join these desert stretches harbour pike and small fry in large numbers, while other desert waters I have known actually join lakes which literally swarm with white fish and suckers. How is it that these stretches remain uninhabited, while in direct communication with them are waters teeming with life of all kinds?

Very often it can easily be explained. On the approach of civilisation the adjacent waters are apt to become polluted, no one knows just how, and for many years no fish are taken from the poisoned stretch. Again, the portable sawmill is responsible for the destruction of many thousands of fish, but as soon as the mill is gone the fish swim back into the depleted waters.

The damming of a river, causing it to overflow the surrounding forest, and thus exposing large areas of decaying matter, will cause a general migration on the part of the fish to the headwaters; but the desert stretches of which I write have always been desert—that is, so far back as the Red Man's memory can carry him, which is usually a very long way. They were recognised as desert stretches by the Indians years ago, and in passing from one hunting or fishing ground to

another the Red Man avoided these stretches when it was necessary for him to procure food on the way.

Were disease responsible for this, the fish would certainly find their way back sooner or later. In British Columbia my partner and I, late one evening, came upon a small lake, the surface of which was literally white with dead They lay in ridges all along the east bank -suckers mainly—while others were drifting belly upward on the surface, and came to life immediately we touched them. The bears of the vicinity must have held a carnival. An outbreak of this sort, however, would not entirely deplete the waters, and would attack only one or two species; for instance, there were no trout among the infected fish alluded to, though trout were probably the most abundant fish in the lake.

Now is it not possible that some poisoning in the water is the cause of these desert stretches? For instance, a small mineral spring joining the main river at a certain point may for some miles lower down so pollute the water as to render it impossible as a habitation for the more abundant forms of aquatic life; while, in due course, the water becomes purified by a natural process of filtration, and occupation begins again.

The poisoning, whether mineral or vegetable, may be so slight as to be almost undetectable by analysis, the water being so faintly tainted that, while not actually causing death to such creatures as may wander into it, it is sufficiently strong to prevent them from settling permanently. This, indeed, seems the only possible solution, and certainly would open up a new line of inquiry should it prove to be the correct one.

Another curious feature is that the forests surrounding these dead waters are often equally remarkable for their lack of life. If squirrels exist there, they usually hold undisputed possession with the woodpeckers. This is more easily explained. A great many wild creatures, though

not actually subsisting on fish, like to live in regions where fish are to be caught should need or desire arise. Again, the entire absence of kingfishers is apt to give the place an atmosphere of abandonment more striking than real.

There is, however, no getting away from the fact that deserted waters and desert forests exist side by side. I remember a young fellow with whom I was acquainted setting out some years ago on a trapping expedition into a country which had always struck me as being strangely lifeless. An old trapper, learning the boy's intentions, shook his head gravely, with the remark, 'The whole country below the headwaters is dead.' The young fellow learnt that this was quite true. 'We never saw scarcely a sign,' he wrote me the following spring, with his usual disregard for correct English. 'There was no fur, and we had to hike out to get moose meat. I never knew such a lifeless place. There weren't even any fish in the river.'

With regard to the uneven distribution of game much might be written. One comes across a little valley literally swarming with life; while the next valley, across the watershed, where the conditions seem exactly similar, may be pulseless as a desert. Trappers know that though a certain locality may yield well one season, it will not necessarily yield well the next. It would seem that periodical migrations take place even among the smallest fur-bearers. Should, for instance, the rabbits migrate, the weasels and lynxes are sure to go with them; while probably the conditions that caused the rabbits to migrate will likewise cause the deer to migrate, and produce a consequent exit of wolves, bears, and wolverines to keep the deer company. When Mr Trapper arrives next season he finds a great change has taken place; while a trapper in an adjacent forest suddenly finds his hunting-ground overrun by wolves.

Forest fires are apt to cause wholesale displacement of wild stock in their vicinity, and for many scores of miles around uneven distribution is bound to follow. It is surprising how far wild creatures migrate, when driven from their chosen hunting-ground, before taking up a fixed abode elsewhere. It is a known fact that a thoroughly frightened caribou will travel a hundred miles a day, and keep it up for days on end, before finally settling; while a wolf liberated in the vicinity of Villa Mare, Quebec, was taken in the Tobique Valley, New Brunswick, the same winter (1902). True, the caribou and the wolf are perhaps the most restless wanderers of all woodland animals. But I know that the lynxes during hard winters gather into packs, and when animals 'pack' it invariably means they are intent on making a long journey; indeed, they are compelled to do so, as they would soon overhunt a limited range, scaring away such of the game as they do not kill.

An exceptionally dry summer or an excep-

tionally severe winter is sure to be succeeded by wholesale migration. Valleys hitherto considered lifeless suddenly become possessed of life, while the happy hunting-grounds of last season no longer yield a harvest. During a dry summer, when thousands of miles of forest are burnt over, the animals make their way into the unburnt stretches between the fire-belts, and there remain for a given period. In due course the timber in the fire-belts begins to recover. It is young and sweet, while that in the area that escaped the fire has become somewhat stale. The deer, moose, and rabbits change their quarters accordingly, and thus the valley where game swarmed a season or two ago is now almost depleted, while the lifeless area has suddenly become possessed of abundant life.

Nature is true throughout to her system of economy. The keepers on the grouse-moors of Great Britain burn the heather at regular intervals to keep it young and sweet for the moor birds; in Canada nature scourges the forest periodicallyor rather nature used to do so, before man took it upon himself, and of course overdid it—and thus not only prevented certain regions from becoming overstocked, but caused a wholesale distribution of such life as escaped. Were it not for the forest fires—with full apologies to the fine ranging staff-many of the northern forests would be uninhabitable both for man and beast, for the insect life, unchecked for countless centuries, would have multiplied to the expulsion of life in any other form. This is no flight of fancy, but actual fact. In virgin forests there is practically nothing to check the multiplication of insect life except the forest fire. mosquitoes are not particular as to diet. Though carnivorous by choice, they can subsist and multiply on vegetable matter. I have seen them swarm in millions out of a bush, every insect as green as the bush itself, and from a vegetable diet proceed at once to make the life of man an unholy terror to him.

Thus the forest fires do good not only by sweetening up old feeding-grounds, but also by entirely wiping out the noxious insect life in the areas they devastate. So far the forest fire is a friend to the wild kindred, though from man's point of view it may be very undesirable. True, there are countries where forest fires are almost unknown, and which have yet survived the insect pest; but there nature has designed some other means—the typhoon, which hurls and shatters all insect life before it; and the tremendous periodical downpour which floods the lowlying lands where insects breed most prolifically, larger insects which prey upon the smaller, and a vast assortment of bird life which preys upon both. The sceptical may observe that the forest fire is the production of man, not of nature; but by no means is this true. A flash of lightning may set the timber burning; while if you traverse the woods long enough you will some

day find two trees or branches blackened and burned by rubbing together. There were forest fires in the days before man learnt the art of kindling a spark for warmth, in the days when he fled in panic from the fire fiend, regarding it | Nature in the fulfilment of her own schemes,

as a thing of life and all incomprehensible. There are forest fires to-day—more than we ever think there are, perhaps—which are brought about by no human agency, but by the hand of

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A LOCKED CORK FOR BOTTLES.

AN ingenious method of corking bottles has been invented which is applicable to the bottling of the more expensive liquors. latest device comprises the familiar cork made to standard sizes so as to fit bottles of varying capacity and shape, and provided with a patent metallic double cap. The cork is driven into the bottle in the usual manner; but, instead of a corkscrew, a small key is used for its withdrawal. In the metallic cap is a small slot for insertion of the key, which is slightly depressed. This causes the upper part of the cap to fly upward by means of a spring. This movable disc, which slides upon a substantial though slender shaft, serves as a grip for the fingers, so that a steady and direct pull draws the cork without damaging it. Consequently, when some of the contents of the bottle has been poured out, the cork may be replaced and driven home, the bottle being thus sealed as tightly as it was originally. To all intents and purposes it is the application of the Yale lock used for doors, &c. The cork cannot be drawn without the key, so that tampering with the contents or improper use is impossible, because the key is in the possession of the owner or some responsible person. The drawing of a cork thus becomes an easy operation, and destruction by the corkscrew is prevented. Although the stopper has been designed specially for the liqueur, wine, and spirit trade, it at the same time completely solves the vexed question of securing the safety of bottles containing poisonous liquids, as a bottle stoppered with this new appliance cannot be opened without the key; and as this is in safe keeping, premeditation is required to obtain the contents.

DISADVANTAGE OF THE WHITE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

A correspondent has drawn attention to the statement recently made in the 'Month' that the light emitted by the new nitrogen incandescent electric lamp is analogous to sunlight. This is an error, for it is really whiter and more glaring than sunlight, which is softer and more pleasing to the eye. There are many objections to the whiteness of the electric light whether produced by arc or the nitrogen-tungsten lamp. In the latter the glare is toned down by means of diffusing-globes when it is impossible to place the light from twenty to thirty feet above the ground. In this direction

there is scope for much artistic treatment. The most successful and satisfactory effect is obtained by means of amber shades, which impart a pleasing yellowish tinge to the light, thereby overcoming the ghostly appearance of the naked light. Our correspondent draws attention to a development arising from the utilisation of the electric lamp shedding a white light. If meat is displayed under it a very bad effect is produced on possible customers, as the joints appear anæmic and far from appetising. On the other hand, if the lamp is enclosed within an amber globe, so that the light is rendered somewhat yellowish in tone, the red colour of the meat is preserved. As a matter of fact, to display any perishable viands beneath an arc or nitrogen lamp is a mistake. Even poultry, fish, vegetables, and fruit lack that attractive appearance which tempts the customer during the daytime, this being particularly the case when red and orange colours predominate. In one store known to the writer, the manager of a department was perplexed by the frequent complaint that 'the goods look stale.' Eventu-ally this was found to be due to the brilliant white electric lights in the department. Forthwith the offending lamps were replaced by small incandescent metallic filament lamps, giving a light with a yellow tone, and the complaints immediately ceased. The effect is by no means confined to electric lighting, inasmuch as it is equally noticeable and destructive beneath the glare of high-pressure incandescent gas mantles. It may be mentioned that amber glass shades have been introduced into the House of Commons to neutralise the effect of the white light; while one of the latest lamps for miners emits a concentrated yellow light in preference to a powerful whitish light. The former is not so trying to the eyes, and does not cast such deep and vividly contrasting shadows. It is a well-known fact that the leading ophthalmic surgeons condemn both the high-powered electric and gas lights which to-day are so much the vogue as being injurious to the eyesight. Certainly there is no light so restful as that produced by the oil lamp, which is yellowish in colour; even acetylene is preferable, since its light is the nearest approach to that of the sun.

MAKING RADIUM WATER AT HOME.

Quite a lucrative and promising business has been developed by the supply of water from the radium springs in bottle, similar to the waters of Carlsbad, Vichy, and other therapeutic spas. The demand for radio-active water arises from its curative properties in the treatment of such maladies as rheumatism and gout. Now a method has been discovered of making this radio-active water in the home. The process is extremely simple, the effect being produced by means of a radio-activator, as it is called. The apparatus comprises a small glass cylinder provided with perforated bottom and top metallic caps, the metal being non-rusting and unaffected by the radio-action set up. This cylinder, which is inserted in an ordinary tumbler, is charged with certain natural radium ores. The tumbler is partly filled with water and the radio-activator immersed. As the water is able to come into contact with the radium ores owing to the perforations in the top and bottom caps, it becomes radio-active. Twelve hours' immersion is the average period required to obtain the best results. With this apparatus a high radio-activity is not attempted, the inventors maintaining that in the present state of knowledge concerning radium it is safer to imitate the natural springs as closely as possible. At the moment there is no experience available concerning the various effects arising from the use of highly radio-active water for any length of time; while it is not impossible that by using radium salts instead of the natural ores, some of the most curative properties, the sources of which remain undiscovered, are excluded. The water produced by this small radioactivator may not be more radio-active than that obtained from the springs; but experience has shown already, in connection with the treatment of rheumatism, that the effect produced is so strong as to compel a modification of its use, or even suspension for a time. From such results it is only fair to surmise that the use of a radioactive water of some thirty times the intensity of that produced by this little home device is attended with a certain element of risk. is one very powerful reason why radio-active water should be made when and as required. That bottled at the springs loses its radio-active properties very rapidly. In less than three weeks about 97 per cent. of the original radio-activity will have disappeared, as the radium gas is transformed into another substance which possesses no curative qualities. Consequently, if a course of treatment for rheumatism—it is generally conceded that radio-active water is the most successful treatment for this malady-is contemplated, it is essential that the water should maintain a uniform radio-activity to be beneficial. It may be mentioned that a curious effect is sometimes observed when radio-active water is taken as a cure; the complaint appears to get worse for a short time; then a general improvement sets The quantity of radio-active water produced by this home apparatus at one time is sufficient for one dose, and then it is necessary only to refill the glass and reinsert the radio-activator. This suffices for two glasses per day, morning and night respectively, although it may be taken more frequently if desired.

A HANDY GOLF-BALL LIFTER.

A golf-ball lifter, the object of which is to save the strain of bending the body to pick the ball out of the hole, has been introduced. It comprises a circular spring like those used in the pocket-clips for fountain pens, pencils, and what not, and is fitted with two vertically projecting loops. The lifter, made of stout steel wire, is slipped over the end of the putter; when not in use the spring is pushed down slightly, so that the loops lie close against the handle, and are not in the way when the player is putting. Before the ball is lifted out of the hole the spring is drawn to the end of the handle to allow the spring loops to project, then the putter is reversed and the handle-end is inserted into the hole, when the loops slip around the ball and grip it tightly.

A UNIVERSAL ACETYLENE LAMP.

The utilisation of acetylene for lighting purposes has undergone great advances during the past few months, particularly in rural houselighting. But hitherto the small country householder has been somewhat neglected in this matter. The central generator, even of the smallest and most inexpensive type, has been beyond limited means; but all disadvantages are now overcome by the Dargue self-contained lamp, which may be described as of the universal pattern. It is constructed solidly of polished brass, and works automatically, the water-feed to the carbide being drop by drop, and the regulation thereof effected by the gas. The lamp has two essential parts—the upper, or water-vessel, and the lower container, in which the calcium carbide is placed. When these are filled and the valve is turned, gas is generated continuously, yielding a uniform light, without any waste of gas or varying pressure, until the carbide is exhausted or the valve is turned off. It gives off neither smoke nor smell, and is perfectly safe to handle, as there is no danger of explosion. The lamp is easily dismantled, so that it can be thoroughly cleaned with facility; it is made in one standard size, is cheap, and can be utilised for many purposes. An inexpensive holder, an extension tube, a gallery, and a silk shade render it an artistic embellishment to the dining-table. By removing the tube it can be inserted in the holder of a floor lamp to light the drawing-room, dropped into a bracket on the wall to illumine the hall, or carried about with perfect safety and without interfering with its mechanism in any way. It is the only lamp of its kind adapted to such various purposes which has automatic control. Hitherto the flow of water had to be regulated by hand; but, once lighted, this lamp requires no further attention until the carbide is exhausted. When

more gas is needed the decreased pressure in the container permits the water to drip faster; but when the gas-pressure rises above the required level the water is shut off automatically. With the valve closed the generation of gas is stopped immediately, and the unused carbide is held in perfect condition until the lamp is again required. The cost of the carbide, bought in twenty-eight-pound quantities, is twopence per pound, and in drums of one hundredweight fourteen shillings and sixpence, or about threehalfpence per pound. With carbide at twopence per pound, the lamp will run a fifty-candlepower burner for five hours on one one-pound charge of carbide; at the lower price, the cost of maintaining the lamp is reduced proportionately, and this result compares favourably with But it must be borne in mind that any slightly enhanced cost of acetylene, as compared with oil, is more than counterbalanced by the extra lighting efficiency obtained; while the advantages of increased cleanliness and safety must not be overlooked. The Dargue automatic acetylene lamp is essentially suited to a small country house or cottage. Nowadays the methods of storing calcium carbide, even in the home, make it as safe and as easy to handle as oil.

CLEANING AND POLISHING FLOORS BY ELECTRICITY.

The success of the vacuum-sweeper has led to the evolution of a convenient, compact machine for the cleaning and polishing of extensive floor surfaces of wood, tiles, mosaic, parquet, plain floor-boards, or linoleum. The machine comprises a flat carriage measuring a few inches in length and width, mounted on wheels fitted with ballbearings to facilitate easy movement and noiseless-The lower part of the carriage is provided with detachable brushes, which may be changed instantly when necessary. On the upper surface is mounted a small cylindrical container and the electric motor driven from an electric-light holder or wall-plug. The machine is of stout construction, and can be used for scrubbing on wet surfaces or where the raising of dust should be avoided. The more expensive type is particularly adapted to cleaning and polishing parquet or wood floors. The brushes work with the grain of the wood, thereby removing scratches, blemishes, or stains without recourse to sandpaper, pumice, &c. The machine is provided with a handle like that of a lawn-mower to assist steering and manipulation, and by its aid the corners can be easily penetrated. The weight of the larger machine, in running order, is eighty pounds; while the smaller machine, the brushes of which work with a rotary motion, weighs ten pounds less. By means of this apparatus an even, steady polishing pressure is always maintained, and the resultant effect is far superior to that obtained by The largest floor surfaces can be hand-work. cleaned and polished within one-fifth of the time spent in manual effort, and the manipulation of the machine is simple and easy. Further, the cost of operation is low, averaging about one halfpenny per hour for electric current.

SUPERSEDING THE CARPET BROOM.

A few months ago the vacuum carpet-sweeper known as the 'sweeper-vac' was referred to in these pages. Recently some noteworthy improvements have been effected which cannot fail to be appreciated by the lady of the house. One is the incorporation of auto-roller bearings for the carrying-wheels, which not only reduces the physical effort required to manipulate the machine by more than one-half, but ensures a longer life to the mechanism and immunity from repairs. A silencer has also been introduced, so that the implement is now noiseless and easy to handle. In appearance, too, the machine has undergone distinct improvement, nickel instead of japanned fittings being used. The efficiency of this vacuum carpet-sweeper is due to its scientific design, in which there are only two bellows instead of three, these working alter-Theoretically and practically this is the most effective mechanism, because the power for operating the bellows is developed merely by the large traction-wheel running over the carpet; and the fact has to be borne in mind that the suction apparatus had to be contained within a space not much greater than that required for the ordinary brush-sweeper, while weight had to be severely kept down. The two-bellows system. carried out upon correct lines, secures absolute simplicity without any sacrifice of efficiency, the essential consideration being the production of a continuous air-current of constant power by alternating action. By means of the two bellows working on this principle perfect balancing may be obtained, since one is always expanding while the other is contracting, thus ensuring a steady, rhythmic motion. The success of the sweeper-vac has revolutionised the whole process of carpet and floor sweeping.

TRANSVERSE TRAVELLING HOTHOUSES.

A striking development of the commercial culture of hothouse produce is foreshadowed by the invention of a new system of travelling hothouses. These structures are made on a principle which enables them to be moved quickly and easily over any number of plots without undue strain. For the sake of example we will take the case of a double-span hothouse covering one hundred feet by forty feet, arranged to travel over about an acre of land. This plot is divided by cement pathways into eleven sections, any one of which can be completely covered by the house when required. Lengthways the land is bounded and divided by seven cement pathways only a few inches above the ground-level. The two outer pathways carry a three-inch steel rail, while the other five are merely faced with Portland cement. On each pathway run one drivingwheel, in the centre of the structure, and four bearing or conveying wheels mounted between trussed girders made of pitch pine. At each end of the house there are two horizontal wheels which travel against the side of the steel rail to keep the structure square. Motion is imparted to the driving-wheels by means of a shaft which runs the length of the house, actuated by spur and pinion gearing situated outside at one end. The difficulty with a long shaft of this nature is to overcome torque, but this has been successfully accomplished by a simple arrangement of setscrews. So well does this answer that the two ends of the house start into motion at practically the same moment—a very important feature of the invention. When it is required to move the house in either direction the fly-wheel of the gearing is turned, the hinged sides being first raised to clear the standing crops. The house glides smoothly sideways, one man easily moving it on to the next plot in twenty minutes. boiler, hot-water pipes, cold-water service, ventilating gear, and plank pathways travel with the house. The cultural possibilities of such hothouses are boundless. The plots are cropped in such a way as to afford a rotation over which the house can travel in the course of a year. Many crops require heat merely in their early stages, others only when near ripening; and in such cases the use of a fixed glasshouse is wasteful. For the forcing of a rapid succession of crops the advantage of the new system is obvious.

THE POSTAL SAVINGS BANK IN THE UNITED STATES.

Some two and a half years ago the United States Government established postal savings banks. At the end of the first six months, according to a report which has been issued lately, there were eleven thousand nine hundred and eighteen depositors, with six hundred and seventyseven thousand one hundred and forty-five dollars On 13th June 1913 there were to their credit. three hundred and thirty-one thousand one hundred and six depositors, with thirty-three million eight hundred and thirteen thousand eight hundred and seventy dollars at their credit; and in all probability, in the course of a few years, the deposits in these banks will amount to an enormous sum. The system adopted by the United States Government differs from that of the postoffice savings banks of the United Kingdom. In the latter, when a person makes his first deposit, he is given a pass-book, in which are entered all his deposits, all his withdrawals, and the accrued interest. In other words, this book contains a complete record of all his transactions with the bank. In the United States, when a person makes his first deposit, a certificate for the amount is given to him, and a duplicate of this certificate is signed by the depositor, and retained by the postal bank; and each time a deposit is made there is the same procedure. The certificates are of fixed denominations—one, two, five, ten, twenty, fifty, and one hundred dollars respectively. An account cannot be opened for less than one dollar, nor will fractions of a dollar be accepted. Sums of less than one dollar may be saved for deposit by the purchase of ten-cent postal cards and ten-cent postal savingsstamps. Nine ten-cent savings-stamps affixed to a ten-cent postal savings card will be accepted as a deposit for one dollar. A depositor may at any time withdraw the whole or part of his deposits by surrendering savings certificates for the amount desired. Interest at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum is computed on each certificate separately, and is payable annually; but no interest will be paid on money which remains on deposit for only a fraction of a year. The result of all this is that, according to the system prevailing in the United Kingdom, the pass-book shows the amount due to the depositor, whereas in the United States the amount due to the depositor is represented by the certificates in his possession. If one is lost and no entry has been made by the depositor in the blank ledgerrecord furnished to him by the postal bank, the loss of this certificate and of the money it represents may never be discovered by him unless, for some reason or other, his certificates are compared with the account kept by the bank. would, therefore, appear that however well this system may be adapted to business people, the old-fashioned pass-book is better suited to the average depositor, who, as a rule, has not received a business training.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE PIONEERS.

ALONG life's stream full many sail
Who have no thought but of their ease;
They float with wind and tide, their trail
A foam-line scattered by the breeze.

But there are some who would explore And know the beauties of the land, Who run their little crafts ashore, And struggle forward through the sand.

With fearless heart and eager eye
They strive a wider world to gain.
What if perhaps their names may die?
The imprints of their feet remain.
MARGARET BAKER.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIFTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



TROOPER 13,846.

By J. MORTON LEWIS, Author of Brunswick of the R.E., &c.

DEVEREUX stood beside the table. He stood alone amidst the fragments of the feastempty wine-bottles, plates, and dishes, exactly as his friends had left them. He seized a bottle and snapped the wires, and the wine bubbled over the glass and splashed on to the cloth. He raised the glass, and his lips moved over a silent Then he tossed off the wine and set down the glass.

Facing him stood a mirror. He smiled at his own reflection. Men called him handsome; now there was a wild look in his eyes, and his black curly hair was untidy. As he saw himself there came back to him the memory of the past six months of his life—the wreck he had made of it. His hand travelled to his pocket, and he took out a revolver. He looked at it curiously; it spoke much for the man that there was no fear, or even doubt, of himself. He had danced the dance that can only have one ending, and now the time had come to pay.

The weapon was raised and pointed to his head, when the curtain at the far end of the room was flung apart, and a figure rushed towards him.

'Stop!' cried the girl.

Devereux put down the weapon. Madge! Well, I'm hanged!'

The girl he addressed was young. She was at the awkward age, with the consciousness of a girl who has just put up her hair. She looked at him reprovingly. 'Dick, I didn't think you were a coward.

'Neither did L Devereux smiled cynically.

What are you doing here, child?'

Madge Lawrence was old for her age; for, many months before, Devereux himself had described her as a little witch. 'I came,' she said, 'because I expected something of this sort.' She laid a hand on his shoulder. 'Dick, no woman is worth what you have done.

'I loved your sister,' said Devereux.

'I know.' A shade of wistfulness crossed the girl's face. She was young-very young-but still she had her dreams of love. Later she was to learn of its pangs. 'But Grace never loved you; and because she broke off the engagement you tried to forget, you threw away all your | surprised.

money, and then you tried to use this! What good has it all done you?'

Devereux slipped his arm round her. 'It has taught me one thing: that you have hidden depths I never dreamed of. How did you get here ?

'I came by taxi. Every one is out. I have been behind that curtain for three hours.

'The deuce you have!' Devereux said. 'Well, you will have to go home now. I'm afraid Mr and Mrs Lawrence wouldn't approve of to-night.'

Madge shrugged her shoulders. A hidden fire smouldered in her eyes—forecast of the woman that was to be. 'Do you approve of it?'

'I think you are a little brick.'

'Then promise me you won't use this.' pointed to the revolver lying on the table.

Devereux laughed bitterly. 'Kiddie, I've been a fool.' He emptied the contents of his pockets on the table-nineteen shillings and tenpence halfpenny in silver and copper. He placed it all beside the revolver. 'There are my earthly possessions. I can't earn a penny; I've never been taught how to. Do you wonder I chose what I did?

Madge picked up the weapon fearlessly. 'Then

I shall take this from you.

Devereux's hand closed over hers. 'Stop!' he said. 'It's no toy for a child like you.'

'Not unless you promise me' She looked at him fixedly, and there was that in her pure young eyes which made him ashamed. 'Dick, life lies before you. Fight your way. woman is worthy of what you would have given'

'I am beginning to wonder if one isn't.'

'Not Grace?'

'No,' said Devereux gravely; 'not Grace.'
'You'll promise me, Dick! You may have only nineteen shillings and tenpence halfpenny now, but some day '-

Devereux leaped to his feet; a light shone in his eyes—the light of battle; it was as if the scales had suddenly fallen from before his eyes. 'No,' he said, 'I've more than that-far more; something you've given me.'

'Something I've given you!' The girl looked

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'Yes'-Devereux caught her hands in his and

looked into her face—'Hope!'
The girl smiled. She felt glad, more than glad. A strange, new emotion swept through her. 'I'm so glad, then!'

'Yes,' said Devereux, 'I'll promise. I'll fight my way, more folly, my child. although how, Heaven alone knows. Now I'm going to see you home.'

He led her down the stairs, and through the general supper-room of the restaurant, where the waiters bowed obsequiously; for Richard Devereux was a good customer, and they were not to know he would not cross the threshold again. Outside he hailed a taxi.

'Dick,' expostulated the girl, 'you can't

afford it!'

'Nonsense!' responded Devereux gaily. 'I'm not poor. I'm rich-a millionaire-for have I not hope!'

On the journey he laughed and chatted as if without a care, until the girl, in her ignorance, wondered. In after years she remembered, and knew what had caused his gaiety that night.

Only once was he serious—when they were reaching the end of their drive. 'Madge,' he said, 'when the time comes for you to choose, choose carefully. You are too good a little soul to throw yourself away on any man.'

Madge laughed. She was happy that night. 'Perhaps you will be here to choose for me,

Dick,' she said.

'Perhaps. Who knows?' he answered.

He left her at the door. She held his hand in hers. 'Dick,' she said, 'I hope you'll forget in time, and that you'll be very happy.'

Devereux bent down and kissed her. It was a kiss a brother might have given to his sister, but somehow it hurt the girl. For the first time that night she had opened the book of life, and on the first page she had found many things that hurt her.

'There is one thing I shall never forget,' said Devereux—'to-night!' He raised his hat and turned upon his heel.

Madge watched him walk down the street, then she slowly mounted the steps and rang the bell. 'Is Miss Grace in yet?' she asked.

The butler was stolid of countenance. Moreover, he was used to the somewhat unconventional behaviour of his youngest mistress. 'Not yet, Miss Madge,' he said.

It was an hour later when Grace Lawrence entered the drawing-room, to find her younger sister seated before the fire. 'What! not gone to bed yet?' she said.

'No,' said Madge. 'Where have you been?'

'To dinner and the theatre, with Leon.'

'Captain Marchand. Look what he has given me!' Grace held up her left hand. On the third finger gleamed a diamond ring.

'Grace!' said the younger girl; 'so soon!

Why, it is only three months ago you were

engaged to Dick.

'Ah, Dick!' The elder girl crossed the room and toyed with some flowers in a vase. 'Madge, you don't understand. I was engaged to Dick because every one wished it. I never really loved him as a woman should love the man she is going to marry. But Leon!' She turned and faced her sister, and her eyes shone. The cold unresponsiveness and lack of enthusiasm she saw on Madge's face chilled her. 'Child,' she repeated, 'you don't understand, but you will some day.'

'If it means wrecking a man's life,' said Madge slowly-she was thinking of a scene she had witnessed that night—'I hope I never may.'

Devereux had a fairly long walk home, one which took him through the varied sights of London. He watched the flotsam as he passed. True, he was going home to a flat that was luxuriously furnished; but really he was one of these. The flat would be his for only a few more hours. The idea amused him. As yet he only looked upon it with dilettante eyes; he had not come to grips with the new life. He walked up the stairs, and let himself into the flat. In a sudden fit of extravagance he turned on every light; he would have luxury for a few more hours.

His man had thoughtfully left a fire burning. He flung himself into an easy-chair before it. For a few moments the mood changed, and he felt bitter—bitter with himself for his madness, bitter with the girl who more or less indirectly had driven him to it.

It was the touch of his revolver that made him remember. He took the weapon out of his pocket and laid it on the table. At the sight of it memory came back, and the mood passed.

Three days later he moved his personal elongings and sold his furniture. Then he belongings and sold his furniture. learned fully one of the first economic lessons of life-the vast difference between buying and selling.

He moved into a single room at Westminster, and went out to look for work. He searched for it until he was footsore and weary, and his whole being revolted against the insults heaped upon him.

Then, one day, he met Madge; it was in Regent Street, where she had gone for a day's

shopping.

It was she who recognised him and stopped him on the crowded pavement. 'Well, Dick,' she said, 'I have been thinking of you such a lot!'

'Have you-wondering if I should keep my word, eh?

'I knew you would do that. Have you been successful ?

To please her, Devereux lied. 'Yes,' he said, 'so successful that we are going to have tea together. We must not go where it is too fashionable.' He glanced down at his clothes as he spoke.

'Anywhere you like, Dick.' She slipped her

arm through his.

For an hour he was Richard Devereux, man about town, chatting to her about people who had passed out of his life, and things which had ceased to interest him directly, since he took no part in them; romancing so that she might not know the hidden truth.

Another month, and he stood a failure. For nearly five months he had tried to find work, and failed. No one wanted him; he was a drug

upon the market.

He looked at his money one night. By the utmost care he had husbanded it, but there now remained only two pounds five shillings and fourpence. It would last him ten days—no longer; then starvation. The idea came to him suddenly. He packed his bag and went straight to Charing Cross. There was still time to catch the night train.

He smiled thoughtfully as he sat back in the third-class compartment. Five months' grappling with the forces of nature had not destroyed his sense of romance, and he weaved a romance

about the life to which he was going.

Marseilles, on a cold winter day, with the wind blowing in from the sea. Devereux made one of the little company marching to Fort St Jean. Already the hours spent with his new companions, the members of the Foreign Legion, had destroyed much of the romance. He had been herded in the recruits' room before the doctor with the unwashed and hopeless of five nations. He had marched with them through the streets to the station, carrying his loaf of bread. Now he marched across the drawbridge to Fort St Jean, through the gate into the courtyard beyond, filled with soldiers—Spahis and Zouaves—bound for Africa by the next troopship.

A chorus of voices greeted the new-comers, rising in volume. 'Oh, là là,' they cried, 'les bleue pour le Légion!' A corporal gathered them together in a corner of the courtyard, swearing at them in voluble French; they were the sons of pigs, a disgrace to the French army. Why should he be cursed with looking after such as

they?

Devereux looked around, and the uniforms of the Spahis, with their enormous trousers, and

the Zouaves amused him.

For the rest, the romance of the Legion was fading from before his eyes. Another légionnaire came up to him and entered into conversation. He was a German who had once been a journalist—a tall, muscular fellow. There was something

about him which appealed to Devereux. So far as eye could tell, he was the only gentleman in the whole crowd. He introduced himself with a smile. 'You have been a fool like me,' he said with a shrug of the shoulders. 'English' I thought so. My name's Wessermann. I was a journalist for five years in London; that's how I know your language.'

During the voyage to Oran the two men became friends. Beyond their names they knew nothing of each other. No questions are ever asked, which is perhaps the chief reason why France has an unending store from which to draw when she wants recruits for the Légion Étrangères.

Sidi-bel-Abbès at last. Devereux looked about him as they got out at the little station. It is an ancient town, the gateway to the desert, the city of the Legion. He had little time for reflection. Bullying them volubly, the corporal marched them through the streets, with their eye-aching yellow houses, and through the narrower native streets; past a minaret, where a muezzin chanted the monotonous prayer; then to the white stone building beyond—the barracks of the Legion.

A chorus of cries met them from the windows, 'Là, là, les bleus!'

Devereux looked around him—at the crowd of légionnaires who had come to shout and jeer at the recruits, at the cruel stone buildings looking more like a prison than a barrack. He had come to forget and be forgotten. As he lay on his hard bed that night he realised how fully he had succeeded. Of name now he had none. It had been entered on the lists of the regiment; beyond that it was lost. He was no longer Richard Devereux, fool, gambler, and failure; but No. 13,846 of the Legion. Bitterness was in his soul as he lay there. As a last crowning piece of folly, believing in its romance, he had joined the Foreign Legion. Twelve hours had taught him how little romance there was save that which he purchased at the regimental canteen at ten centimes a litre.

At last he fell asleep, to dream of old days in London, of people he had known and was now chatting to in his dreams. A crowd of them passed before his eyes—years of life in as many minutes—that whole gamut of emotion of pleasure and pain which makes up life. Once or twice he smiled and murmured in his sleep.

He was awakened, still full of his dream, by the bugle calling reveille. He opened his eyes. All around him men were leaping out of bed and hurriedly dressing. Then he remembered. With sickening certainty it all came back. He was no longer Richard Devereux, but No. 13,846 of the Foreign Legion.

(Continued on page 861.)



STUDENT-LIFE IN RUSSIA.

By JEAN D'AUVERGNE.

N spite of the showers of abuse which the modern Britisher likes to pour on the poverty of our higher education, it may be admitted that the majority of people who go to a university do not regret the fact later on in life. There may be grounds for complaints; and indeed, if the aim of education be to teach independence, many instances may be quoted to show that, so far as setting up a young man in a career is concerned, the British universities fail ignominiously. But, notwithstanding all defects of system, the desire for a university life is present in the hearts of all educated people. In France and Germany a man proceeds to the university as a natural course, and in French or German business circles a university education is an asset rather than a luxury or a hindrance. Great Britain is slowly advancing to the same stage. In Russia, however, the university occupies a peculiar position. Oxford and Cambridge form the strongest link in the Tory chain; they are the home of tradition, the stronghold of the Church, and the last line of defence in an uncompromising Conservatism. The youngest of all the great European universities, the Russian University, has no traditions upon which to fall back. From the beginning of its existence it has been the rallying-point for all those who are interested in the social progress and intellectual advancement of Russia, until to-day it stands for the most progressive principles of advanced democracy. Its whole history has been an unceasing warfare with a reactionary Government, and the long struggle has not produced the best results in the modern Russian student.

In Russia there are at present, including Tomsk, eight universities, with a total roll of just over thirty thousand students; not a very large proportion out of a population of one hundred and fifty millions. Of these, by far the most important, both historically and numerically, is the University of Moscow. With it are associated many of the greatest names in Russian literature; and with it, too, is connected the political agitation which has so adversely affected Russian university life in the last ten years. The buildings themselves-grimy, austere, still marked by the bullets of the soldiery in 1905, and sadly in need of repair—give some idea of the poverty under which Russian universities labour; but it is not until one sees the Russian students in their Moscow homes that one realises the complete darkness of the gloom which has settled over intellectual Russia. The ill-fitting uniforms, the long, flowing, greasy locks, the thin, pinched, unshaven cheeks, the threadbare coats, give one the impression of an army of beggars or of some garrison that has just undergone a six months' siege. Everywhere poverty obtrudes itself in most startling fashion, and a Russian student is as like an Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate as a smart Guardsman is to an Embankment loafer.

Of the ten thousand students on the Moscow rolls not more than 20 per cent. have one hundred pounds a year. More than 70 per cent. have less than forty pounds, and a student who has fifty pounds per annum is counted well-off. Education is naturally cheap, and the various charitable institutions supported by private funds make it still cheaper. But, notwithstanding, the privations which some of the poorer students endure are very real, and life on twenty roubles a month in a town in which living is admittedly dearer than elsewhere in Europe is a hardship which cannot fail to appeal even to the poorest imagination. By sharing a room with two companions, with one free, or almost free, meal a day at the university club for indigent students; by denying himself all but the barest necessities of existence; and by trespassing on the kindness of richer friends for his books, the poor student may succeed in eking out a living on his modest budget. The desire for education is very real, and to secure the benefits the university affords no suffering is considered too severe. Some unfortunates have no money at all, but live frankly on their wits, trusting to a beneficent Providence to provide them with their daily bread. Some earn a few roubles by giving lessons, others by undertaking menial tasks such as that of nightwatchman or doorkeeper, or by doing secretarial work for illiterate merchants. The difficulties of their existence are not lessened by the severity of the climate. In winter the lack of proper clothing subjects them to all the horrors of the cold; while in summer, for those who are unable to leave Moscow and the stifling heat of its dusty streets, the foul air of a room often less than ten feet square impairs the health and ruins the constitution.

The university fees are only one hundred roubles per annum, or a sum of less than eleven pounds. Many of the students, too, hold scholarships relieving them of even this light burden; and yet there are cases where students have not the wherewithal to keep soul and body together. Last winter the director of the famous Moscow Art Theatre received a letter asking him to advance twenty-five roubles to four students who were living together in one room, and who had only one suit and one pair of boots between them. Thinking the letter was the work of a professional beggarwriter, the director sent his secretary to investigate the case. He found the four men living in a tiny garret in a dilapidated house in a slum quarter, with no other furniture than a bed and a wooden

stool. They were in a half-starved condition, and told the secretary they were accustomed to have a meal once every three days! It is the old story of the Quartier Latin, so grossly misrepresented by English writers. Only, in Moscow the students' quarter is even more sordid, more pitiable, than its Parisian counterpart.

Naturally there are also rich students. It must be remembered, however, that the aristocracy and plutocracy have no need of a university. The Lycée—which in class bears some resemblance to an English public school, and at which the pupils stay until they are twenty-three or twenty-four—confers the same distinctions and the same degrees as a university, and relieves the jeunesse dorée of the necessity of mixing with the poorer classes.

However little one may have in common with the Russian student, however much one may hate the sordid squalor of his life, one cannot withhold admiration from a class that is so evidently desirous of education and so willing to undergo suffering to obtain it. There is no doubt of the sincerity of the wish for culture. Admission to a Russian university can only be granted to those who have finished the gymnasium, and the intellectual standard of the students is probably higher than anywhere else in the world. In spite of the difficulties under which he labours, the Russian student succeeds in amassing a wonderful amount of information by the end of his four years of study. There is nothing of the fraternity of English or German student life in his career; and, being poor, he is forced to work. He will have a good knowledge of the masterpieces of European literature. He reads the English classics, but has a warm admiration for such writers as Jerome, Mark Twain, and, more recently, Jack London. Indeed, the average Russian's knowledge of English literature, both classic and contemporary, forms a striking contrast to the woeful ignorance of Russian literature that prevails in England. He will have a thorough grasp of the German philosophers and a wide acquaintance with the English political economists. He studies law or higher mathematics, and his spare time will be devoted to sociology and political science. And herein perhaps lies his chief weakness. At an early age he has assimilated a great store of knowledge which he is quite incapable of applying practically. He is an idealist who can never soar beyond the depressing reality of his own sordid existence. By the time he is twentyfour he has passed through the whole gamut of human emotions. He is already discussing 'the fourth dimension' before he has mastered his multiplication table. He marries recklessly, without money and without knowledge of the responsibilities of married life; and if he does not marry, he passes from one mistress to another. Liberty and democracy are his catchwords, and the torrent of mere words carries him away like a leaf.

On the other hand, he is capable of great self-sacrifice and sympathy for others, and what little he has he is always willing to share with his fellows. If he betrays weakness in action and in carrying out his ideals, he is quite prepared to die or suffer for them, and shows an unexpected obstinacy in upholding them. It is only by admitting this mixture of weakness and strength that one can come to grips with the Russian character. It is weakness in action which has rendered so many revolutionary movements abortive. It is a certain obstinate strength of endurance which fosters and keeps the spirit of revolt alive.

It is his zeal for progress and his thirst for liberty that cause the Russian student to devote so much of his time to the spreading of revolutionary propaganda. This is very often only a phase of student-life which passes like a calflove, but at the time it is a real and serious cause. He has a hand in most of the strikes; and, disguised as a workman, he makes his way into the big factories to preach there his doctrine of Socialism. In his life, sociology takes the place of sport, and political agitation forms his only recreation. On all sides he finds himself at variance with the Russian Government. Sooner or later he breaks his lance against the hard facts of life with deplorable results. Misdirected enthusiasm gives way to self-analysis and morbidity, and as the realities of life are forced upon him, he yields to a hopeless depression which as often as not ends in suicide or moral ruin.

It is, however, from his class that are drawn all the best forces that are working for the advancement and enlightenment of Russia. The doctors, the engineers, the great professors, the writers, the artists, the actors, the inventors, the educationalists, all belong to the university. A large number of Russian schools are supported by private charity, and it is the rich intelligenzia—that is, the rich intellectual or university class—that supply the requisite funds. The intelligenzia may have no proportionate sense of the practical in life; but in their generosity, and in their labours for the educational emancipation of Russia, they show a unity of purpose that is in the highest degree commendable.

The Government is slow—purposely slow perhaps—in carrying out or supporting educational reforms. The higher courses for women at Petersburg and Moscow—which, as women may not attend a university, fulfil all the functions of a university, and are attended in each city by some four or five thousand students—receive from the Ministry of Education the totally insignificant grant of just over five hundred pounds per annum. The balance is paid for by the private enterprise of public-spirited Russians. The expenses of the 'People's Universities,' which correspond to the university extensions and evening-schools, and which have

been very actively and successfully carried on during the last ten years, are paid entirely by

local grants or private charity.

In justice to the Government it must be admitted that the education grant has increased nearly threefold since 1905; but the money has been spent on the development of elementary schools, and the universities have profited little. Even to-day Russia only spends eleven and a half millions on education, or roughly one shilling and fivepence halfpenny per head—a very low figure compared with the nineteen odd millions that Great Britain spends on a population one-third the size.

No picture of Russian university life would be complete without some reference to the Jews. Among the ten thousand students at Moscow some three hundred are Jews. The position of the Hebrew in Russia is not a comfortable one, and his admission to the ordinary privileges of citizenship is severely restricted. Only 5 per cent. are admitted to the gymnasia, and at the university the number is reduced to 3 per cent. The result of this eliminating process is that only the cleverest Jews can enter the university; and as there is no room for idlers among them, they very frequently earry off the highest honours. It is one of the most striking tributes to the pertinacity of the Jewish character that even in Russia, where every possible hindrance is placed in their way, they have come to the top in almost every branch of trade and industry. Not unnaturally the Jewish students are almost always active participators in the dissemination of revolutionary propaganda.

The present position of the Russian students is a little difficult to define. As may be seen from the very slow rate of increase in the official grants for education, they are not viewed at all favourably by the Government. The failure of 1904-5 has given a set-back to the intelligenzia from which it will take them years to recover, and the ideals of the students have suffered in consequence. The rate of suicide is very high, and is a direct result of the state of depression into which the intellectual classes have fallen. Failure, combined with the imitative emotionalism of the Slav character, has set the fashion to self-murder; want of proper recreation and deplorable conditions of life have done the rest.

For years the student classes have seen their hopes alternately raised and dashed to the ground with irritating consistency, until to-day their position is little better than it was sixty years ago. The message of contemporary Russian literature in relation to life may be summed up in the words à quoi bon? and in them the student finds unconsciously the echo of his own mind.

It is a dark picture, and the outlook is not bright. It is the alarming precocity of the Russian youth that furnishes the greatest danger to the future of Russia. He begins to live by the time he is fifteen or sixteen, and the number of schoolboy crimes is quite abnormal. 'The boys of to-day are the men of to-morrow; and there is little to be expected from a class that has already exhausted all the emotions of life almost before it has come of age. Much will have to be done in the way of hygiene, in providing better quarters for the students, and in altering a system which provides only for instruction and leaves education to fend for itself. But reform, when it comes, must come from the students themselves. As a class they can well afford to shed some of their self-analysis and soul-introspection for a much-needed force of character. Some provision, too, should be made for the exuberance of youthful spirits whose only outlet at present is the dangerous game of politics. One of the most pleasing signs is the growing interest taken by the student in sport, and more especially in lawntennis and Association football. The time is for ever past when the Russian professor considered football a game fit only for Englishmen and barbarians; although from the way the game has been taught and shown by the Moscow Britishers, the remark was singularly apposite. Last year a team of Moscow students took the field for the first time; and, though the game is only in its infancy, the sport has come to stay in Russia, and with it may come the regeneration of the Russian student. It may make for a commonplace type; it may cause the disappearance of the picturesque but much-to-be-pitied student of the present, but it will assuredly help to create a healthier interest in life and a proper appreciation of manhood amongst all classes. And in this it will have served its end.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

By IAN HAY, Author of The Right Stuff, A Man's Man, Happy-go-Lucky, &c.

CHAPTER XX.—continued.

1.

'I SAY, Philip, old son,' remarked Tim as they walked down Piccadilly the following Sunday afternoon, 'are you aware that our office has become a home of romance?'

Philip did not reply. His thoughts for the | to Coventry and see Bilston again.'

moment were centred upon more absorbing business. Presently he said, 'I think I shall take a long run to-morrow, and give it a proper trial on one or two really bad hills, and then go down to Coventry and see Bilston again.'

Tim sighed gently, and replied, 'Permit me to remind you, oh most excellent Theophilus'—this was his retaliation for being addressed as 'my son Timothy'—'that to-day is the Sabbath, and that we have left the Britannia Motor Company and all its works, including the Meldrum Never-Acting Brake, behind us for the space of twenty-four hours. In addition, we have washed ourselves and put on celluloid dickeys, and are now going to the Park to see Suffragettes. Let us be bright.'

'Did I tell you the patent had been granted all right?' pursued Philip, referring presumably to the Meldrum Never-Acting Brake.

A War 1:1) and Time and market

'You did,' said Tim resignedly-seven times

yesterday and five this morning.'

'The company simply must take it up,' continued the single-minded inventor. 'The brakes of the Britannic cars have always been their weakness, and now that we are building heavier and heavier bodies things are riskier than ever. Our present brake-power can't be developed any further; even Bilston admits that. My brake is magnetic—a different principle altogether. Its reserve of power is enormous. It would stop a motor-bus.'

'Yes, dear old thing,' said Tim soothingly.
'I am sure it would. And if you don't come out of the gutter on to the pavement you will stop one too, and then I shall have to waste a day taking you to Kensal Green in instalments.' He linked his arm in that of his preoccupied friend, and, having drawn him into a place of safety, repeated his former question: 'Are you aware that our office has become a home of romance?'

Philip replied that he had not noticed it.

They were on their way to the Park, after the fashion of good citizens, to enjoy the summer sunshine and regale themselves with snacks of oratory upon divers subjects, served gratis by overheated enthusiasts in the neighbourhood of the Marble Arch. After that they were to take tea with Timothy's lady mother in Lowndes Square.

'Well, it has,' affirmed Tim. 'Citizen Brand is consumed by a hopeless passion for the haughty

Jennings.'

'Rot!' said Philip, interested at last. 'How do you know?'

- 'I was having a brief chat with Miss Jennings the other day'---
 - 'What about?'

'We were discussing the affections, and so on,' was the airy explanation; 'and when, in the course of conversation, I happened to mention Brand's name, the poor young creature turned quite puce in the face.'

'That rather sounds,' commented the unsophisticated Philip, 'as if the hopeless passion

were on Miss Jennings' side.'

Tim wagged his head sagely. 'Oh dear no,' he said. 'Not at all. In a woman that is a

most misleading symptom. She told me all about it. I notice,' he added modestly, 'that people confide in me a good deal.'

'My son Timothy,' said Philip, 'you are a

gossiping old wife.'

'The difficulty, I gather,' continued Timothy, quite unmoved by this stricture, 'lies in the fact that they seem to have nothing in common whatsoever. Otherwise they are admirably matched. Socially, Miss Jennings is a young lady, while the Citizen is only a mechanic, like ourselves. In politics Miss Jennings is a Conservative, while Brand is an Anarchist. In religion Miss Jennings is Church of England, with a leaning to vestments; whereas Brand thinks that heaven and earth were created by the County Council, under the supervision of the Fabian Society.'

'I should have thought that it would have been a most suitable match,' said Philip. 'They would be able to bring each other such fresh

ideas.'

'That is just what I told her,' said Tim; 'but it was no use. She said he was only a common person, and did nothing but fill his head with stuff that would put him above his station—night schools, and debating societies, and Ruskin, and art galleries.'

'It seems to me rather a laudable ambition on

the part of a common person.

'So I said, but I soon gathered that I had said the wrong thing. It appears that the Citizen has been trying to elevate Miss Jennings' mental outlook too. He took her to the theatre, and that seems to have put the lid on everything.'

'Why? I thought she liked the theatre.'

'Yes; but the situation was mishandled. They met by appointment outside a Lyons' tea-shop—Miss Jennings in a dressy blouse and the Citizen in the suit which he only wears as a rule on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille—and proceeded to a hearty meal of buttered buns. Then, instead of being taken to see Lewis Waller, as she had secretly hoped, Miss Jennings found herself at the Court, listening to a brainy rendering of *Coriolanus*, played by an earnest young repertory company without scenery or orchestra. I gather that they parted outside the emergency exit, and went home in different buses.'

Philip listened to this highly circumstantial narrative in silence. Finally he said, 'I'm sorry for Brand. He may not be up to Miss Jennings' standard of gentility; but he is the best man we have, and I intend to make him foreman next week. I bet you he finishes high up in the company's service.'

Tim shook his head. 'We shall see,' he said. 'Meanwhile, let us go and study the Suffragette in her natural state. I hear the Cause received a tremendous fillip last Sunday. Two policemen

were jabbed in the eye with hatpins.'

But the Suffragettes were not so conspicuous as they had expected. They did discover a group of intensely respectable and consciously virtuous females haranguing a small and apathetic audience from a lorry; but these had wrecked their chances of patronage from the start by labelling themselves (per banner) 'Law-Abiding Suffragists.'

'We want Ettes, not Ists,' said Tim.

At length their attention was attracted by what looked like a gigantic but listless Rugby football scrimmage, some four or five hundred strong, slowly and aimlessly circling about upon a wide grassy space. It was composed mainly of anæmic youths smoking cigarettes. But there was no sign of the ball. All that indicated the centre of activity of this peculiar game was the sound of some twenty or thirty male voices uplifted in song-Timothy explained that the melody was 'Let's all go Down the Strand and have a Banana'-somewhere about the middle. A couple of impassive policemen appeared to be acting as referees.

Timothy addressed a citizen of London who 'What is going on inside was standing by.

here?' he asked.

'Sufferingettes, sir,' responded the citizen affably. 'The police won't let 'em 'old no meetings now-not off no waggin', that is-so they 'as to just talk to people, standin' about, friendly like, same as me and you. There's a couple of 'em in there just now,' indicating the scrimmage with his pipe. 'You'll 'ear 'em arguin' now and then.'

He was right. Presently there was a lull among the choristers. A high-pitched girlish voice became audible, trickling through the press, 'And I ask all of you, if that isn't woman's work, what is?'

The speaker paused defiantly for a reply. It came at once: 'Washin', ducky!'

The crowd dissolved into happy laughter, and the choir struck up, 'Meet me in Dreamland to-night.

Philip and Tim moved on. Philip felt hot and angry that women—apparently young women -should be subjected to such treatment as this. At the same time he remembered Miss Jennings' dictum upon the subject of asking for trouble, and wondered what on earth the parents of the

youthful orators were thinking about.

Presently they came to a group near the Marble Arch. It was being addressed by two speakers simultaneously. The first was an angrylooking old gentleman with a long white beard. He was engaged in expounding some peculiar and—to judge from his apparent temperature highly contentious point of doctrine to a facetious audience; but it was impossible to ascertain from his discourse whether he was a superheated heresy-hunter, an evangelical revivalist, or an out-and-out atheist. This is a peculiarity of the Hyde Park orator. Set him on his legs, and in ten minutes he has wandered so far from the point—usually through chasing an interrupter down some irrelevant byway—that it is difficult to tell what his subject is, and quite impossible to discover which side he is on. As Philip and Timothy strolled up, the bearded one parted company with the last shreds of his temper, chiefly owing to the remorseless hecklings of a muscular Christian (or Atheist) who was discharging a steady stream of criticism and obloquy into his left ear at a range of about eighteen inches; and partly by reason of the distraction caused by the voice of the other speaker-a pockmarked gentleman in a frock-coat and bowler hat—who, with glassy eyes fixed upon some invisible text-book suspended in mid-air before him, was thundering forth a philippic in favour of (or against) Tariff Reform.

With gleaming spectacles and waving arms, the old gentleman turned suddenly upon the heckler. 'Out upon you!' he shrieked. 'I despise you! I scorn you! I spit upon you?

Plague-spot!'

'What abaht the Erpostle Paul?' inquired the Plague-spot steadily, evidently for the hundredth time.

This naturally induced a fresh paroxysm.

'Miserable creature!' stormed the old gentleman. 'Having eyes, you see not! Having ears, you hear not! What did Charles Darwin say in eighteen-seventy-six ?'

The crowd turned to the heckler, anxious to see how this thrust would be parried. The heckler pondered a moment, and then inquired in his turn, 'What did the Erpostle Paul say in one-oh-one?' The crowd, evidently regarding this as a good point, laughed approvingly.

'I'll read you what Charles Darwin said,' spluttered the old gentleman, producing quite a library from his coat-tail. He selected a volume, and turned over the leaves with trembling

fingers.

'And now, gentlemen, as regards this question of Exports and Imports,' chanted the Tariff Reform expert, 'I will give you a few facts.'

'Fictions!' amended a humorous opponent.

At this moment the old gentleman began to read, in a hurried gabble, what Charles Darwin had said in eighteen-seventy-six.

The heckler allowed him two minutes, and then suggested cheerfully, 'And now let's git

back to the Erpostle Paul.

And so on. Our friends moved away, for not far off Philip's eye had discerned a familiar figure gesticulating upon a rostrum. Brand. He was addressing a considerable crowd, upon the edge of which Philip and Timothy now took their stand. Philip had never seen his colleague out of his overalls before, and was struck with the man's commanding presence and impassioned delivery.

'Life!' shouted Brand. His face was dead white, but his eyes blazed. 'Life! What does Life mean to you?' He surveyed his audience

with profound contempt. 'Beer!'

The crowd accepted this bludgeoning in ex-

cellent part.

'What do you do with Life?' continued the speaker—'the Life that is left to you when you have worked twelve hours a day for some capitalist, and slept eight more, and spent another two coming and going from your work—your spare time, I mean? How do you employ your Sundays? Do you go and study Nature? Do you read elevating literature? Do you cultivate your starving minds? No! What do you do? You can't think of anything better to do than to come here and listen to fools like me! That's the sort of mugs you are!'

This summary of the situation met with hearty endorsement from all parts of the audience.

'But it ain't your fault,' continued Brand compassionately. 'You haven't ever been taught what it means to enjoy Life. You haven't got the time!' He raised clenched hands to heaven. 'Life! Life! It should be beautiful—glorious—sublime! Look round you now! Look at those trees! Listen to that music!'

The crowd, docile but a trifle mystified, obeyed. Faintly to their ears across the Park came the tremendous chords of the Pilgrims' Chorus from Tannhäuser, played by the Grenadier Guards'

Band.

Brand sank down over the rail of his platform until his arms hung limply before him. 'Do these sights and sounds thrill us?' he demanded hoarsely. 'Do they move us? Not a thrill, not an emotion! Why? Because we haven't been educated up to them, you and me. We're only the People. We've always had to go to work, work, work! There's never been any time for us to learn of the beauty that Life holds for us.'

The crowd was listening now, as it always

will to a cri du cœur.

The man swept on, all aflame. 'Take music! What does it mean to us? Nothing—absolutely nothing! Can you and I interpret a symphony? Not on your life; we've never been taught!' His voice rose to a scream. 'And what sort of music do they hand out to us as a rule—us,

the People!—yes, and we lap it up? Ragtime! R-r-ragtime!

Philip and Tim turned away soberly enough. The spectacle of an immortal soul beating its wings against prison-bars does not lend itself to flippant comment.

'The Citizen may be a muddle-headed crank, Phil,' said Timothy, 'but he is a man for all

that.

Philip did not hear, though he would have agreed readily. He was wondering why the haughty Miss Jennings should patronise Mr Brand's meetings. Still, there she was, endeavouring to take cover from his observation behind a small but heated debate which had arisen between a gentleman with a blue ribbon and another with a red nose. Timothy caught sight of her too, and promptly rushed in where Philip feared to tread.

'Good-afternoon, Miss Jennings!' he said.
'I'm surprised to find you, with your strict Conservative principles, coming out to encourage such a low entertainment as this.' He indicated Mr Brand, now working up to a peroration.

Miss Jennings stiffened indignantly. 'I suppose I can come out and amuse myself listening to a pack of nonsense if I like, Mr Rendle,' she said, 'the same as any one else!'

'What do you think of Mr Brand as a

speaker?' asked Philip.

'I wasn't listening to him particularly,' said Miss Jennings untruthfully.

'What do you think of his views on ragtime?' inquired Tim.

'I think they are silly.'

'Can you interpret a symphony, Miss Jennings?' asked Philip.

'No,' confessed the girl reluctantly; 'I can't

say I can.'

'I believe you are a Socialist too, Miss Jennings,' said Tim, shaking his head sadly.

Miss Jennings, after an unsuccessful attempt to wither him with a glance, passed on.

(Continued on page 356.)

THE SEAFOWL ON THE FARNE ISLANDS.

By SARAH WILSON.

ABOUT midway along the north-eastern coast of Northumberland, whence we may see both Bamborough Castle and Holy Island close at hand, the great gray sea is studded with a group of small rocky islands known collectively as the Farne Islands, and individually by various names, such as the Wide Opens, the Brownsman, the Knoxes, the Pinnacles, the Megstone, the Kettle, and so on. The nearest to the shore is not much more than a mile away, and the most distant is not less than seven or eight miles seaward. There is a lighthouse on two of them,

and on one is a strong medieval peel-tower. As the tides rise and fall some of the smaller of these isles are covered and uncovered by the sea, and consequently lost and disclosed to sight alternately; hence there is some diversity of opinion as to their exact number; but for the purpose of these notes there may be said to be about seventeen of them, more or less. With the exception of the caretakers of the lighthouses, they have been uninhabited for many years save by birds, of which there are a great variety and a very large number. At some seasons the birds

and their broods are so numerous that venturous visitors have found it difficult to avoid treading

upon them.

Some of these islands were not, however, always uninhabited. We are told in olden chronicles, or the book telleth—to use the old phrase—that St Cuthbert used to retire to the one now known as the House Island from the monastery on Holy Island to be less disturbed in his meditations and pious contemplations; and at a later date a small Benedictine Priory was established there from Durham. It is on record that Edward the First granted this little community ten quarters of corn and two tuns of wine annually, to be paid by the mayor and bailiffs of Newcastleon-Tyne; and that the King of Scotland granted the recluses eight shillings sterling, to be paid to them annually out of his mill at Berwick.

The old Anglo-Saxon poets spoke of the sea as the swan's road and the water street, also as the gannet's bath; and have left us-earthlings they called us others—various descriptive touches; but none are more arresting than the details of the romance enacted in 1838 in the gallant rescue of the shipwrecked crew and passengers of the Forfarshire by Grace Darling, whose father, it will be remembered, was the caretaker of the lighthouse on the Longstone. Wordsworth set her brave deed into jewelled verse, and the public subscribed to place a monument to her memory in Bamborough churchyard; but the islands will be for ever most closely associated with her heroism. Queen Victoria, as she passed to Balmoral in 1842, thought well to write in her diary that she saw Farne Island, with Grace Darling's lighthouse upon it.

The temptation caused by the profusion of seafowl and their eggs led to frequent appropriation of them by unauthorised persons. Sometimes visitors would carry away pailfuls of eggs, and deal considerable destruction among the birds as well. Eventually, a few years ago, an association was formed for their protection and conservation, and the islands were rented and watchers placed in charge of them. From time to time the honorary secretary of this association issues reports of the events and conditions of this bird-world, and from them we gather the following facts.

There was in 1912 a good breeding season, and very few of the young birds died. There were more than a thousand nests of Arctic terns on

the Brownsman; and though but two pairs of roseate terns were noticed in former years, there were four or five observed that season feeding their young, of which two pairs had established themselves on the Knoxes. A great number of cormorants nested on the North Wamses, but moved on eventually to the Harkus on account of annoyances from the gulls; whilst others settled on the Wide Opens, and hatched their broods. The secretary noted a great increase in the number of puffins, which was so considerable as to threaten to destroy the vegetation on the islands. Eider ducks were doing more than usually well on most of the islands, though as many as seven eggs were seen in one nest in a former year, and five and six were common.

A great noise will sometimes draw a watcher's attention to attacks on some of the birds by One watcher, hearing a disturbance on an isolated rock where a gull had hatched three young ones, found that some black-backed gulls had taken possession of the place, and that the nest was empty and the parents had disappeared. Among the rarer birds observed by the watchers were the gray phalarope, black tern, black guillemot, night-jar, landrail, turtledove, tawny owl, and mountain-linnet. A report in 1895 mentions that a heron built a nest about four feet high on the Wide Opens, and laid four eggs, but they were stolen. This was before the watchers were appointed. Curiously, the Sandwich terns left the islands the day after the watchers commenced their surveillance. Altogether, the Farne Islands, whose history may be said to have begun in the days of St Cuthbert, and to be illuminated by the distinctive songcraft of the Anglo-Saxon poets, are of incommunicable interest; and their peculiar population of birds, migrant and resident, has a fascinating charm. The great gray sea rises and falls among the narrow passes or paths between some of them, well known to local sea-crafty men, the sun and the moon 'take up the wondrous tale' according to their laws; and as we look upon them we feel we have come upon a new world within our own. An army of cormorants on the steep rocks of the Pinnacles seems to be ready to resent our intrusion; and when they were visited by the writer, a whale was sighted in the act of spouting as it drove a shoal of herrings toward the shore.

HUMOUR AND THE HOUSEWIFE.

By KATHARINE BURRILL, Author of Corner Stones, The Amateur Cook, &c.

AT the first glance it hardly seems possible that humour can walk hand in hand with the careworn housewife. Is it humorous when the pipes burst, or the coal does not come, or the roast is burnt to a cinder or—like David Copperfield's mutton—raw? Till we read Mrs

Dowdall's illuminating volume, The Book of Martha, we mourned over the mutton, and wept when the porridge was burnt; no amount of unexpected music on the part of the pipes tempted us to dance. Dully, unsmilingly, with haggard cheek, we wrestled with the tradesman who sends

more than we ordered, and the tradesman who never sends at all. Pale and wan, like the discarded lover of the ballad, we set our teeth and grappled with dust, dishcloths, and incompetency. Mrs Dowdall arises like a star from a dust-heap, and tells us 'Ruth's favourite dishcloth looked like a dead rabbit in a bucket of castor-oil.' We laugh, and from now onwards we feel differently towards all dishcloths; in unexpected places they are no longer eyesores and miseries, but lineal descendants of the immortal Brer Rabbit. Laurence Sterne says somewhere that his spirits have never deserted him, or 'tinged the objects which came in my way either with sable or with a sickly green.' The witty authoress of The Book of Martha might say the same thing, and it is surely a subtle compliment to mention one of the great English humorists in connection with household tasks made radiant with laughter and gay with merriment. No object that comes in Martha's way is ever touched with 'sickly green,' nor is it sugared over with sticky pink and sentimental white; there is no 'linked sweetness long drawn out' about Martha. Facts are facts, but facts are also funny; and Martha's attitude toward life is that if we can find a laugh lurking in a pound of treacle or a joke concealed in a keg of soft soap, why, let us laugh. Now, most housewives do not laugh; like John Brown's sheep-dog, they find life 'fu' o' sairiousness.' We are not sure—judging by the rows that often dim the joyful lustre of the household —that many housewives are not on the sharp lookout for 'mair fechtin'.' You cannot laugh and fight; you cannot laugh and scold; but you can laugh and make the family chariot-wheels revolve briskly and happily to the sound of your merriment. If you feel you are incapable of this, read The Book of Martha, and see how it is done.

We have already mentioned Sterne, and we suppose it is quite unquestionable that the greatest humorists have been men. If we had to say why men claim almost a monopoly in humorous writing, we should be inclined to say because they are free of the frets and jars, the small annoyances and worries, that fill a woman's Think how a man's literary efforts are respected. The hush in the house; the maid importuned not to bang the Bissell sweeper up against the door of the study—oh that study! think of Cyrus Bantam!—the children bribed, cajoled, inplored not to make a noise; the organgrinder, pence in his unwashen palm, chased from before the house; the sellers of decaying vegetation and blocks of salt hastily bidden to Yes, when the Master is leave the scene. working it is very important; but when the mistress tries to capture anything approaching a 'fine careless rapture,' and place her poor thoughts on paper, no one stays the Bissell's mad career; she sandwiches visits from plumber and gasfitter between the verses of her soul-stirring poem; she finds the Master's boots (to be soled and heeled), and gives them to the blue-bagged boy, leaving Edwin and Angelina rent asunder, or just meeting for the first time. In the midst of the essay that is just getting under way she goes cheerfully to the dining-room and carves the beef, and keeps the baby's fingers out of the jam. How Martha ever wrote her book is for ever 'wrop in mystery;' but she can be eloquent over interruptions—only, of course, she treats them humorously. But then what does Martha not treat humorously? The doctor's visits (Martha has met many doctors, all with marked idiosyncrasies), the advent of the little dressmaker (chiefly pins and incompetency), the illness of the butler, the dinner-party when Ruth 'was at her wits' end,' the ministrations of Mrs Muff the washer-lady, who clamoured for another dryinggreen or a better quality of soap. If adventures are to the adventurous, certainly fun comes to the fun-lover, for out of such unpromising material as household cares and worries and bothers Mrs Dowdall has given us a book that will be a joy and delight to every housewife, and, we trust, a liberal education to every husband. Martha's own husband, James, is a most understanding person: witness his marked intelligence in the chapter dedicated to shopping; how responsively he sympathises with Martha over the ghastly, unintelligible names given by shop-walkers and shop-assistants to 'harmless, necessary' articles of clothing. Perhaps the 'Shopping in London' is the gem of Martha's volume, it is so full of observation, and so true. We thought of Martha two days ago, when in pursuit of silk cord, and were told we should find it in the habby' -which is, we presume, a pet-name for haberdashery.

But Martha does other things than shopeconomically and attend to the ways of her household; she occasionally indulges in foreign travel, and a very delightful description is given of Martha's experiences on a night journey, her sufferings at the hands of Roman guides (voluble and insistent), and her entirely original views on the subject of Tintoretto. We now look upon Tintoretto quite differently; and it would be instructive if Martha would only visit more picturegalleries, only she says she won't. We like to feel Martha has turned her household cares and her many difficulties to such enchanting use; she seizes a saucepan, and with a twirl of her hand it is a golden goblet brimful of the wine of happy laughter. Her rolling-pin, instead of being plastered with dough—possibly heavy—is a fairy wand that, touching homely things—and, worse than homely, dull things—makes them appear shimmering with the dewdrops of wit and scintillating with the sparkle of humorous thought. Black care may ride behind the horseman; but he can still ride erect, straight forward toward the dawn; if he can keep a smile on his lips and try to think of that unpleasant dark care with a lurk-

ing hint of laughter, his horse will have a lighter load. There are cares and troubles that, alas! we cannot laugh away; there are hills to climb that need all our courage, and leave us no breath to laugh with; but undoubtedly it is the merry heart that goes all the way, and the sad that becomes daunted and despairing before it reaches the first milestone. If there is anything or any one during life's journey that helps to give usif even for a few hours—a really merry heart, let us offer them all praise and gratitude. Great thoughts may come from the weeping philosopher. He may inspire us to higher things; he may teach and ennoble; but there will always be room in the world for the philosopher who could weep, but laughs instead. Instinctively we think of that laughing philosopher who made jokes of his many misfortunes and puns of his troubles. Thomas Hood had enough to try him and make him despondent; he might have chosen tears, but he resolutely chose laughter. Is there not something almost too tragic in the dying jester still clinging to his cap and bells? 'I drop these few lines as in a bottle from a ship waterlogged and on the brink of foundering, being in the last stage of dropsical debility; but, though suffering in body, serene in mind. So, without reversing my union-jack, I await my last lurch.' Well, is it depressing? Surely not; the mind and heart flutter aloft with that gallant flag that was never reversed. Any one can be dreary and gloomyit's the easiest thing on earth; but to keep a bright face when things go wrong, to laugh in the well-known face of that old curmudgeon Disappointment, sometimes takes a good deal of courage. Can we, then, be grateful enough to those who have cheered us with wit and humour and gay quip and sally? We all need to be helped along our way; we all crave some of that fill of tobacco Robert Louis Stevenson wishes us to pass round. Alas! some of us have none to pass, and we sit dolefully contemplating an empty pipe; then how our hearts leap up when some one appears with a well-filled pouch ready to share it with us all! Humour is the tobacco of life; you might argue it is useless, that it ends in smoke, that we might be better without it (this is open to question); but all honour and gratitude to those who possess it and who 'pass it round and let us have a pipe before we go.

LINGERIE.*

By Mrs George Crichton Miln (Louise Jordan Miln).

IT was abominably hot in the office; the very machines seemed to fret and sizzle as the tired girls click-clacked away at the keys. It was nothing new for the girls to be tired and impatient toward six o'clock, and in such July weather as this it was excusable. But it was something decidedly new for the manageress, Mary Field, 'forty if she's a day,' to be more tired and more impatient of the lagging clock than any girl there; and, instead of being nearly six, it had only just struck two.

Marjory Brown, watching the older woman amusedly, could not recall that she had ever before seen Miss Field flag or show any inclination to slack work. But to-day Mary certainly seemed tired and uninterested. Twice in five minutes she had looked petulantly at the clock, and there had been a distinct edge to her manner in negotiating with the free-lance journalist who had eloquently disputed his bill of seven-and-six, almost tearfully demanding its reduction to twoand-eight, declaring that he never, never paid over sevenpence a thousand, and three ha'pence a thousand for carbons, and he was quite sure she had overcounted his story by at least a hundred and fifty words. Mary had held her own and carried her point—it was her way to do so. And the man of genius had departed, heatedly promising to let his bad spelling and nopunctuation-whatever enrich some rival typewriting establishment in the future. But Mary had not held her own quite deferentially or carried her point quite smoothly; and that was most unlike her usual way.

Again the manageress looked at the clock. What could the matter be?

Miss Field beckoned Marjory into the tiny inner office. 'I am going home,' Mary said abruptly. 'Will you take charge, please, Miss Brown? Lock up very carefully at six. See that the windows are closed. The janitor will let me in in the morning. I'll be here first, as usual. You can give me the keys when you come.'

Marjory Brown nodded. She was neither reticent nor taciturn as a rule, but just now she was too amazed to speak. She herself had been in this office for six years, and never before had Mary Field left it until every one else had gone. First to come in the morning, last to go, working often late into the night, if the work crowded, such had been Miss Field's rule for almost as many years as Marjory had lived; and the girl knew it. More than once Mary had omitted to take a due holiday, and not seldom she brought to the office on Monday morning a roll of papers that told of work done at home on the Day of Rest. A life of drudgery it seemed to the girl, who was thirstily waiting now for Saturday afternoon and a long bicycle ride in the country with Dick, tea at some quiet wayside inn, and back in the dusk with wildflowers at their handle-bars.

^{*}The author reserves the book and dramatic rights.

It was a life of drudgery, but it had been gallant, willing drudgery, and not unrewarded. Mary Field had saved a little money-not much, but some—and she realised the incalculable difference between small savings and none; and only the week before Mrs Thomas, founder and proprietor, who came to the office less and less each year, had given Mary not only a nobly carned rise of salary, but a modest interest in the business. Mary's hours were all dull, but far less dull at the office, where the dozen girls, for all the monotony of their work, and for all the trouble of their carelessness and inaccuracies and sheer stupidities, brought something of spring and joy into the woman's dwarfed existence. And that, quite as much as her innate loyalty and love of her work-for she did love it—had made her never anxious to leave the office, and always willingly prompt to return to it.

But to-day she had suddenly felt that she must get away from it all. At last she yielded to her impulse; she had to. She put on her hat and veil and gloves quietly, and went quietly; and Marjory Brown, sensing that 'something was up,' by no means divined that Mary Field was running away, feeling that if she did not she would smash a machine or two. Marjory had felt that way herself once or twice, but she could not have believed that such maiden fury could be shared by quiet Miss Field.

Across the Strand, through Cockspur Street and Waterloo Place, Mary walked briskly on, in spite of the horrid heat of the day, a pleasant, refreshing figure in the trim dark-blue linen dress, more than one man thought, as he paused to wipe futilely his sweat-stricken face. For, the strain of the office escaped and her odd impatience gratified, Mary was contented and even radiant now. She slipped a silver three-pence to a limping barefoot boy, bought a red smiled an encouraging negative at the boys plying a brisk trade in Japanese paper sunumbrellas.

She walked more slowly after she had turned into Regent Street. She had business in Regent Street—important business. Through all her years of pinch and stress Mary Field had harboured, and not infrequently indulged in, one extravagance; she adored, and when she could -and far more often than she should—she bought, delicate underclothing. Dressed always like some secular nun, or a human and not iridescent pigeon, her plain, dark gowns hid usually some treasure of fine tucks and dainty She loved her needle, and she had cause to, for it had solaced and made endurable much loneliness; but now she had to buy most of her lingerie, she had so little time to sew. She was going to buy some now in Regent Street-petticoats, to be explicit, dainty, soft, and white; for this working-woman had a taste above bodylinen heavy with insertion, run with wide pink

or blue ribbons, and vulgar with long satinbows.

Her shopping done, she took a taxi home. That too was extravagant, but she was anxious to get there. She was very tired, and, also, she wanted to watch a while the Westminster boys at their cricket.

Such of her girlhood as she had not spent in India with her parents she had spent in Vincent Square with grandparents. Their house had long since been pulled down, making way for an up-to-date hospital; but Mary's first act after her financial betterment had been to search Vincent Square for apartments. She had found just what she wanted on the west side of the square—two front rooms—the 'drawing-room,' and for her sleeping-room the room above it. Again extravagant! But she planned to make this place her home, staying permanently where her best days had been spent; and she determined to make her home-hours as comfortable as she prudently could. Her large, airy bedroom was her particular delight. She went to it now at once, and sank contentedly into the big chair that stood by the open window. She looked across the old playing-fields—their green worn bare and dun here and there by active boy-feet -and her eyes filled a little because Ralph, her brother, who had played there—Ralph, her 'pal' and pride—was gone and dead. The maple-trees bent to her in the welcome wind. She threw off her hat, pulled off her gloves, and undid the parcel on her lap—three soft white petticoats. She fingered the delicate muslin appreciatively; but still her eyes were out of the window, watching for the boys who had not yet come, rested by the grateful swaying green, kindling as they always did at the glimpse, beyond the trees, of the Senate House of our Empire, gray and beautiful between the wonderful gray river and the sacred gray Valhalla of our Abbey-shrined heroes. Above the House of Lords flew the great flag—the flag for which her brother had died at Quetta, as their father had in Burma. Beyond St Margaret's she saw the incongruous dome of the new Methodist building, and disliked it because it was new, and because of its trumpery brazen apex of gilt. She leaned out of the window to bathe her face in the fresh breeze, and to her left she saw the square Byzantine tower of the Catholic Cathedral, higher than the highest point of Westminster Palace or of the Abbey, and in a sense not less but more significant than they. It too was new since her girlhood. But it appealed to her. She missed its significance, and its prophecy, But it touched with Orienand its warning. talism the Occidental convention of the picture, and for that, but unknowingly, she liked it.

Yes, the petticoats were admirable, quite as nice as she had thought at the shop. She sighed with feminine satisfaction, and drew her work-basket to her lap. Still watching for the

boys, she marked, as she always did such things, her purchases. It did not busy her swift needle long. The 'Cash' names were ready to her hand—'M. Field,' machine-written in red. Mary had had them in blue once; but the blue washed dull, and the red she found proof against the wickedest washerwoman. So 'M. Field' in bright red the new petticoats were labelled. Then they were put away in their proper drawer smoothly, with white bags of sweet lavender between.

She stood for a few moments watching the boys coming now across the grass. She loved cricket with all her soul, this demure little Briton, but she was too tired to watch long to-day. The heat was blinding. She drew down her window-shade, undressed, and slipped into a nightgown; drew up the blind cautiously, and slipped on to her cool, inviting bed. It stood against the back wall; but she could still see from her pillows the tops of the waving trees, and mark the moments on Big Ben, and she could hear the cheering of the boy-voices that she adored, pathetically, as childless women always do, whether they know it or not.

She had hung up her dress carefully, put out her dusty boots, and laid neatly on the sofa between the two open windows her more intimate garments—a strangely dainty array for the everyday wear of a merely comely 'old maid' who until recently had earned but two pounds a week. This woman loved to knit, and knitted exquisitely; that and some Sabbath-breaking, if all the truth must out, accounted for the silk vest that would have been a startling price at any self-respecting shop. But the petticoat, the silk stockings, and the garment that looked rather like a smock, but was not, must be set down frankly to extravagance.

Cricket raged. The summer wind grew high. The tired woman dozed, then slept. But on the green and gray-worn playing-field there was no sleep. The intolerable heat seemed to stimulate the boys; they played as if infuriated. It was a glorious game, and the young spectators clapped and yelled and walked about briskly, as if they were trying to keep warm. Here and there a brace of older boys sat on low canvas chairs and kept comparatively quiet, but not alarmingly so; and they did not sleep. Under a big maple-tree, the tree that was the nearest delight of Mary Field's window-gazing, a group of middleaged men sat, talking gravely. They were professors, and a friend, a gray-haired, gaunt-faced fellow, whose looks proclaimed him the Anglo-Indian colonel that he was not. He was a man of minor letters and a rapt Egyptologist; and neither he nor his scholastic hosts were paying much attention to the cricket. He had never rightly valued any sports more modern than the Nemean Games, the chariot-races of Rome, or the play-makings of the Ptolemys; and the schoolmasters had long since had the sharp edge of their appetite for sports and boys somewhat blunted by a surfeit of both.

'There's wind enough to blow a haystack down,' a boy with a very red head was saying to a boy the colour of whose hair is indescribable, because it was cut too short to be seen, when a sudden uproar arose—a violent storm of hot wind and a joyous clamour of mad boy-voices.

'Good lord!' exclaimed an astounded tutor, 'Heaven help us!' added one of his confrères, another went white, and the Egyptologist cried out—it was very commonplace of him—'My hat!' as Miss Field's unmistakable petticoat blew out of her bedroom window across the street, and caught in the branches of the maple-tree.

At that moment Mary woke with an eerie sense of disaster. Was it burglars? No; she had locked her door; she always did before she so much as took off her boots. Was it fire? She saw none, and could smell none. was it? Ah, a tornado of July air! Her belongings were pitching and tossing about the room as if they were the corps de ballet at a spiritualistic dark séance. A handkerchief had fluttered to her hair-brush; papers were scattered like autumn leaves about the carpet. With clearing mind and a nervous gasp, she looked at the sofa. Thank fortune, they were there! Stop! No! Sweet heavens! where was her petticoat? She looked under the bed and down the water-jug, one frightened, desperate glance about the room; then, forgetting her night-gown and her dishevelled hair, she rushed to the window and—shrieked!

Approximately one hundred and seven young Englishmen, and three or four from foreign parts, shrieked too, for at that instant the inconstant wind tore the eloping undergarment from its maple moorings and flung it earthward, and twisted it tight and intimate about the neck of the grim-faced Egyptologist.

Mary threw herself, sobbing, on her sofa. The boys danced and sang and shrieked and hugged each other until they too wept.

'Well played, old girl!' shouted the close-

cropped boy.
'Votes for women! Votes for women!' shrieked the he-fiend with crimson hair.

Even the professors laughed incontinently. The trees shook, and the wind subsided with a titter

But William Phillips did not even smile. He tore off his cambric shackle roughly, held it a moment in horrible embarrassment, swore at it and at the boys impartially; then, in absolute perplexity of embarrassment, stuffed it into a pocket of his coat, and strode awkwardly across the field, out and away.

Mary Field dressed and went down to her modest dinner more thoroughly frightened than she had ever been in all her life. What if her landladies—she had two, like herself spinsters—

heard? They were so very particular. They would turn her out. She had had to give unquestionable references to them. And she was so very comfortable. It would break her heart to leave Vincent Square. Yet, even for her own sake, she must go far, far away. She was disgraced. Would it get into the papers? Why not? Even be illustrated on the front page of one of the ha'penny dailies perhaps! And her name was on it, 'M. Field,' in bright red, plain-as-print lettering. It would be traced to her. Her shame would find her out—publicly.

But it did not. And she did not leave Vincent Square. After a few weeks she even grew calm again. But for a long time she wore a veil, a thick veil, and crept in and out of her lodging-house like a thief in the night, dashing stealthily in and out of Stanford Street, and never strolling, as she had loved to do, around the square.

William Phillips recovered sooner. But for some hours he was a very angry man indeed. A man resents being made ridiculous far more bitterly than any woman can. Possibly the male of our species is prouder than the female. Indisputably most men have a sense of humour and most women lack it. A sense of humour is a blessed gift, but it capacitates one for a good deal of suffering. Mr Phillips realised keenly just how ridiculous he had been made. Miss Field did not realise that she had been made ridiculous at all. She merely felt disgraced, and disgrace has not so sharp a tooth as has ridicule. She was distressed to have lost her 'maiden strewments' and her best petticoat. Her blood curdled when she remembered that, in the high glare of the July afternoon, she had stood, dishevelled, night-robed, in full view of that thickly manned playing-field. And when she thought of that red identifying Cash name she wept anew.

Phillips, chastened by dinner, fortified by wine, locked his sitting-room door and spread out on his table the truant garment. He studied it curiously. To his ignorant eyes it looked a thing of price. Miss Field had paid nearly a pound for it, but to this unaccustomed man it seemed to represent several times that sum. The red label caught his eye—'M. Field.' He dropped the garment hastily and sank into a

chair.

Would it seem far-fetched to recount how in the years long gone William Phillips and Ralph Field had been chums at Westminster School, and how as boy and girl William and Mary had loved? Such pat coincidences are of constant occurrence in life. But no such thing can be told here. Mary had loved her brother's chum, and for that memory, as well as for other memories, Vincent Square was dear to her; but his name was Joseph Burton, and he had married her best friend long ago. Phillips had never been a Westminster boy. He had never loved; and the only time he had thought he had, the

object of his fancy had been a flaxen Gretchen in his Stuttgart student-days. Why had 'M. Field' neatly stitched in red upon the petticoat's band so moved him? Because—and had it been in full 'Mary Field' it would have moved him more—his stepmother, a particularly objectionable specimen of that pseudo-relative, had been, when a spinster, a Mary Field. He disliked the name Mary excessively. He felt sure that the garment had blown from one of the houses on the west side of Vincent Square, and he wondered what he ought to do about returning it. It was marked plainly enough, in all conscience. He wished he knew where such namemarks were to be bought. Such a label ought to curb the phenomenal disappearance in the wash of his shirts and hose. Beyond question this petticoat belonged to 'M. Field,' a woman living on the west side of Vincent Square. find her should not prove difficult. To return her property would be but primitive honesty. But just how? He felt sorry for her, in spite of her name, now that his anger had cooled. He had seen her clearly at the window. He recalled her now as not unattractive, as she had stood bathed in sunlight and clad in white. Assuredly she must have the thing back, but he must think of the way that would mortify her least. Perhaps it would be kinder to burn it, and let the poor woman think that the name had never been seen, the owner never traced. He folded it up cautiously as one might handle a snake, and put it at the bottom of his winter underclothing drawer.

An Irish housemaid laughed herself ill next day; and a landlady, who had for years cherished perfectly futile designs upon her most eligible lodger, wept in rage and chagrin, and very nearly

gave the Egyptologist notice.

Perhaps that petticoat lay on the knees of the gods the while it lay in innocent impropriety upon the bosom of William Phillips's thickest flannels. For three weeks later the Egyptologist, impatient at the deterioration (as a typist) of a young woman in Holborn who had recently become engaged, hunted for a new typist, and chanced upon Mary's office. He did not recognise her, though he thought her face both sweet and familiar. What he did recognise, and admire, was the excellence of her work. He suddenly needed a good deal of typewriting done; and, mistrusting the postal service perhaps, he usually carried his work back and forth himself.

It was when she receipted a bill and wrote her own name beneath the firm's signature-stamp that he knew why her face had seemed familiar.

He had not yet made up his mind how to return the nomad petticoat. Now it was out of the question that he should do so at all. And yet he did, but not until they had been married a year. Even then he wondered how she would take it. But a wife is of a metal very different

from that of a spinster of social isolation. Mrs Phillips giggled. And when, emboldened by her mirth, he ventured on an impertinent joke, saying, 'I believe that you did it on purpose!'

she laughed still more. For they were growing young astonishingly, these two together, who apart had been for years deeply occupied in growing old. So wonderful is marriage!

FORT ON THE GUINEA COAST.

By C. H. P. LAMOND.

THE fort is perched upon a rock above the bay, and dates from the sixteenth century, having long been occupied by the Dutch, those great traders following in the footsteps of the Portuguese. But little now remains to indicate its former makers, who probably removed their records when the country passed by treaty to the British, or they may have perished by the natural decay which so quickly falls upon everything from Europe. In the yard, however, now used for the prison, there is the grave of an old Dutch commandant, with his name and the date 1656. Within the last year or so a curious incident occurred. An explosion took place in the grave, which cracked the headstone; but, like the scientific gentleman in *Pickwick*, I know not to what natural causes to attribute the phenomenon.

The fort, in common with all others on the Gold Coast, was built for security rather than for comfort; and for natives to attack it successfully, either by land or sea, must have been impossible, even if armed with the artillery of the past, which of course they did not possess. At present the fort contains several of the Government offices, two sets of quarters, and the prison. The Gold Coast prisoner must surely be the most tractable in the world, since the numerous opportunities for escape are seldom taken advantage of. In my time a prisoner did, however, escape from this very fort, apparently by climbing over the outer battlement in a corner of the yard. In the course of his inquiry the Commissioner of the District inspected the alleged locus in quo, paraded the prisoners, and offered any man a shilling on his release who could climb out that way in the Commissioner's presence. Only two prisoners accepted this offer, and made a few halfhearted attempts, being restrained by the gestures of their fellows behind the Commissioner's back. The yard was, of course, made more secure after this event.

Until recently the fort also served as the signal station. At every station on the Coast a timegun is fired at eleven A.M., whereupon work ceases with great punctuality till one o'clock, when the offices re-open. The gun also announces the approach of ships to the roadstead, and upon Coronation Day we had a royal salute of twentyone guns. The fact, however, that there was only one gun in use caused a longish interval between the reports, so that people supposed that a whole fleet of ships was being sighted, one after the other.

Out in the bay, half a mile from the fort, is the Fetich Island, so called from the religious practices of the natives there celebrated. When the Government acquired the island for the new signal station, it was with reluctance that the signalman entered upon his duties at this spirit-haunted place. The island affords fair green pigeon shooting in the early morning and evening.

Under the fort the native town and the bungalows of the Europeans have grown up side by side; it is only lately that the medical theory of segregation for the two races has had practical results, and the problem is rendered more difficult by the reluctance of the native to change his home, even when a better site is provided for him.

But the future of the country takes but little count of its past, those old days of lawless slaveraiding and destruction, to which the forts of several nations along the littoral bear witness, with their melancholy dungeons and rusty ordnance. Civilisation of a sort has touched the Gold Coast for centuries; it has introduced missionaries, it has introduced gin, and on the latter there follows a deterioration of the native. What he thinks about it all who can tell? We are strangers among a shy and secretive people. But yet we trust that somehow good will be the final goal of ill; and if the white man, looking back and around, sees indications of mistakes in his dealing with coloured races, it is with satisfaction that he remembers that it is to the white man's justice and fair-play that the black man looks, and we trust looks not in vain.

WHEN MORNING BREAKS.

WHEN morning breaks, and the earth awakes, And each flower and each tree Awakes from rest, in the bright dew drest, Then I long for thee.
The crimson skies, when the daylight dies, Bring fair visions to me;

The twilight hour, with its mystic power, Makes me think of thee.

O'er earthly things when Night spreads her wings

I bend then, dear, my knee,
The God of Love, in His heaven above,
Hears my prayer for thee.
Though sleep may reign, and the senses chain,
Yet the fancy is free,
Sleep hath no art to control the heart,
So I dream of thee.

LUDOVIC LITHGOW.



SEVENTEEN YEARS AMONGST QUEENSLAND BLACKS. By E. B. Kennedy.

PART I.

IF readers of this narrative take a map of Northern Queensland, and find Cape Bowling Green, in latitude 19° 20' south, where James Murrells was wrecked, it will assist them in tracing his wanderings amongst the wild tribes with whom he lived for seventeen years, and who always treated him with kindness.

The account is unique, and as I heard portions of it from his own lips it may be accepted as true. Murrells gave me the booklet—written by Mr E. Gregory at his dictation—from which

I now give his history.

I was serving in the Black Police of Queensland in 1864 when I met Murrells at Port Denison, since known as Bowen. This was after our return from a patrol which extended from Mount Elliott—a great hill which overlooks the mouths of the Burdekin—to Cape Bowling Green and Cleveland Bay. Turning from the coast at the latter spot, we proceeded westerly to the watershed of the Burdekin River, and so home to our snug bark-roofed barracks on the Don, situated not far from Port Denison.

These extensive districts comprised Murrells's wanderings, so that I learnt much of interest in conversing with him. He was shy at first, and could not always express himself clearly, having lost much of the English tongue. I now

turn to the narrative in the booklet.

James Murrells was born in the parish of Heybridge, Essex, in 1824. After seventeen years of bush-life he had almost forgotten his own name; though he told me that he would sometimes sit for hours in the bush trying to trace his name on his knee or write it on the sand, and read it to his black companions, to their great amusement.

His father was an engineer and wheelwright, and carried on business in Swan Yard in connection with a relative named James Hayes. When the lad was about fourteen years old, a pilot named Firman, who piloted craft down the Blackwater, used to take Jimmy with him. The novelty of these trips and the yarns and songs of the sailors made so powerful an impression on him that he constantly expressed a desire to become a sailor. His parents frequently told him of the troubles of a sea-life, but he was nothing daunted. On one of these occasions the captain asked the

pilot if he should take the lad with him there and then. Jimmy was consulted, and readily agreed to go; and thus, without further reference to his parents, he went on his first voyage in the brig Royal Sailor, belonging to the Maldon Shipping Company. The captain was a very pious man, and a Wesleyan. Every night at eight o'clock, weather permitting, he called all hands together and read the Bible to them and conducted a religious service. Everything went on well during that voyage, and the lad's ardour for a sailor's life increased. He made many short and long voyages; and at length he left home for the last time, arriving in Sydney on the 24th February 1846, and shipped on board the ill-fated vessel Peruvian, Captain George Pitkethly.

We continue the narrative in his own words: 'Having been only a few days out, in the neighbourhood of Horse Shoe Reef, and encountering bad weather, we struck with great force on rocks, and at length we were lifted by the seas to the top of them. The sea then swept one of the boats and the second mate overboard. At daylight a terrible scene presented itself; as far as the eye could reach there were the points of the rocks awash, but no friendly land in view. The captain ordered the jollyboat to be got over the side; but she was stove to pieces in the broken water. We now had only the long-boat left, which was old and shaky; and the spray and broken water filled her as she hung in the tackle. The captain ordered some hands into her to bale her out, but it was so unsafe that none would risk their lives in her except the first mate, who was the captain's brother. Before he had got out a couple of bucketfuls the stern-post was jerked out of her, when she broke adrift, and was carried away by the force of the current. Lines were thrown out, but none reached her. The mate sat calmly in the bows of the boat, and bade good-bye to his brother and sister, and awaited the will of God. Presently he disappeared from sight.

Our position being now apparently hopeless, the captain called us into the cabin, where we engaged in religious exercises, and commended ourselves to God in prayer. We then contrived

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to make a raft with masts and spars, and with great labour managed to get it off the ship's quarter on to the rock and then into the water. All the bread and nearly all the preserved meat had been washed away, and only a small keg could be found to hold water. All the provisions we could muster were a few tins of meat, the small keg of water, and a little brandy. During the night the force of the current caused the raft to part her mooring, and we were carried to sea. On the raft were three ladies, two children, two gentlemen passengers, the captain, the crew, and stowaways, in all twenty-one souls.

'All went on as well as could be expected for twenty-two days; at first we caught a few birds, drank their blood, and their raw flesh was eaten with gusto. The weather was fine

throughout.

'On the twenty-second day out the first death occurred, a man named James Murray. was stripped and thrown overboard, and the sharks devoured him instantly. We caught a couple of rock cod. It then rained, and we managed to get a few drops of water after the salt had been washed out of the sail. The infant child of Mrs Wilmot was the next to succumb, then the other little girl, and next Mrs Wilmot herself. Her husband then took off what clothing she had on, which was only a night-dress, and threw her into the sea. At this time the castaways dropped off one by one very rapidly, and the burial service was read over each; but I was so exhausted that I forget their names.

'We next began to think how we should obtain food. Our only fishing-line had been carried away. There were plenty of sharks about, and the captain devised a plan to snare them with a running bow-knot, as follows: We cut off the leg of one of the men who died, and lashed it at the end of the oar for a bait, and on the end of the other oar we put the snare so that the fish must come through that to get at the bait. Presently one came, which we captured, and killed with the carpenter's axe, and made a fine meal off him. We caught more in the same way, which we cut into strips and dried. Shortly after this we made the Barrier Reef, and two days later came in sight of land, which appears to have been Cape Upstart. Two or three days later the sea-breeze drove us inshore once more, and eventually about midnight we landed on the southern point of Cape Cleveland. There we lay down on the sand and went to sleep. Presently it came on rain, and we filled our tins from the holes in the rocks. Whilst on the raft the captain had cut a notch in a piece of wood every day, and on counting them there were forty-two. Of the twentyone who left the wreck alive only seven had survived.

'In the morning, when the sun arose, we

washed and dried a piece of white rag, took a magnifying-glass out of the spyglass, made a fire, and boiled some dried shark's flesh, which, with a drink of clear fresh water, made an excellent breakfast.

'At low water the captain, being the strongest, sallied forth in quest of food, and shortly afterwards returned, bringing rock oysters, which were very plentiful, sticking in great clusters to the rocks, and, like limpets, required no opening. Some of us crawled about and got a few; but three of my mates were so exhausted that they died.

'After we had been fourteen days on shore we were seen by some of the natives. It appeared that for several nights they had observed falling stars in one particular direction—the direction of the rocks on which we were.

'When I returned in the evening the captain's wife said she had heard the natives jabbering; and ten minutes later, after the captain came home, she heard the noises again. Jumping up, she went outside, and looked up on the rocks, and there, sure enough, were a number of the naked black-fellows. "Oh George, we have come to our last now!" she exclaimed.

'At first the blacks were as afraid of us as we were of them. Presently we held up our hands in supplication for help. Some of them returned the salutation, and after a while came among us and felt us all over from head to foot. They satisfied themselves we were human beings, and, hearing us talk, asked by signs where we had come from. We pointed across the sea; and, seeing how thin and emaciated we were, they took pity on us, and asked us, as well as we could understand, where we were going to sleep, as it was getting dark. We showed them the place in the rock. They came in with us, and we were going to give them some of our things; but while we were talking others had been in and relieved us of everything.

'Eventually about ten of the old men came into the cave we had made our camping-place, to sleep with us, and separated us by lying between us. They kept up a constant jabber among themselves, which led to a second and more minute examination of our persons to ascertain our sex, which seemed necessary to them because we wore clothing. The captain's wife strongly resisted this; but they persisted, and when they found that, like themselves, we were male and female they were satisfied, and did not further

trouble us.

'Next morning there was a great discussion amongst the blacks as to what should be done with us. There were representatives of two different tribes. The boy and myself were claimed by one tribe, whose permanent campingplace was about Mount Elliott; and the captain and his wife were similarly claimed by the tribes belonging to Cape Cleveland.

'Then they commenced to strip us; but,

pointing to the sun, we showed it would kill us if we were naked; so they allowed us to retain our clothes. They gave us small roots to eat, which we enjoyed very much; they also pointed to the bush to tell us if we came with them they would give us plenty to eat and drink. Signifying our intention to go with them, they were very glad, and wanted us to join with them in a corroboree; but, as we could not, we thought we should please them by singing a hymn. I accordingly gave out the words of a hymn I knew, beginning:

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform,

which we sang to the end, and which amazed them very much.

'We soon began to make preparations to move off toward the camp. Seeing the boy was unable to walk, one of them picked him up and put him on his shoulders, with his legs hanging down, just as they carry their children. Their camp was on the edge of a plain, where they had made a small fire, and when we came up we saw men sitting around it. We recognised them as strangers, powerful men, who seemed to be sitting in state, as they did not move. Great fear seized hold of me, and when they came to lead me up I thought I was to be cooked and eaten; but seeing the fire was so small, and not observing any weapons, I suffered myself to be led up. They looked at me, and observing me shake with fear, warmed their hands at the fire and put them on my face and all over my body to reassure me; at which I took heart again.

'Meanwhile some were sent on ahead to the camp to have plenty for us to eat, and to prepare for a grand corroboree. We were examined by fifty or sixty men, women, and children. At first they scampered off in all directions, as the sight of white people wearing clothes produced a panic. After their curiosity had somewhat subsided they led us to a gunyah, and gave us abundance to eat and drink. For eight evenings successively representatives from the more distant tribes came in to see the wonderful people. They would not allow us to go out and get food while we were so weak, but gathered sufficient for all our wants.

'As we got stronger we spent our time in wandering about with the blacks on their fishing excursions and in learning to snare ducks, wild turkeys, and other wildfowl, in which after a while I became much more expert than the natives themselves, because I took more care in making strong string for the nooses and in choosing the exact places to set them; also, being a sailor, I was able to make better knots than they did. This made them very strongly attached to me.

'Time went on, and strange natives began to collect in large numbers. When they had all

arrived they numbered considerably over a thousand, a larger number than I have ever seen since. They belonged to about ten different tribes. We learned that some of the tribes belonged to the country far south of where we were, which determined us if possible to go away with them when they returned, and so perhaps reach some white settlement.

'They had a grand corroboree which lasted three days, and went through the rites and ceremonies of the "boree." After it was all over we stole away and went with the tribe that was going south. We got distributed, one to one tribe, and one to another. The tribe I was in was located on the present site of Port Denison. Nearly two years after we had been living with them we heard that the boy was dead, and that they had burnt his remains, as they do with the remains of their own dead. Then we heard that the captain sickened and died; the death of the boy, I believe, preyed on his mind, and also the degraded state of his wife, for up to this time she had managed with great difficulty to keep herself partially covered. It was too much for him, and he sank under it. The sight was also too much for me when I saw her, and it almost broke my heart. I was forced to leave, and go on a hunting and fishing expedition to divert my mind from the painful feeling of isolation and despair of ever being restored to civilisation.

'Being in a strange tribe I felt lonely, and determined to go back to the tribe that claimed me as its own. After several months I reached it, and they were all very glad to see me.

'Shortly after this, while I was on Mount Elliott looking for honey and bread-fruit (which was not quite ripe), a report was brought to me that a vessel was seen on the coast of Cape Cleveland, where our raft had landed. A little later another vessel was seen, and I was told that the men from the vessel went on the rocks, looked through a glass, and brought the sun down to the water. I had previously told the natives, if ever they saw a white man again, to try and make him understand that there was a white man living there with them. On this occasion they remembered my wish, and tried their hardest, but seem to have failed, as the white men became alarmed, thinking they meant mischief, whereas it was only their earnestness in trying to make themselves understood.

'The report of the proceedings of the Government schooner Spitfire, in 1860, mentions that, upon landing, the natives suddenly made an attack, which was instantly repulsed. Then, shrieking and yelling most diabolically, the blacks retired to the beaches and hills.'

Murrells added this to the shortened account:

'Nothing is said in the report about shooting the natives; but one raw-boned, stout, ablebodied black-fellow, a friend of mine, was shot dead by some one in the boat, and another was

wounded. The hideous yelling was the noise

they usually make over their dead.'

About three years ago I was informed by the blacks of a distant tribe that a white man had been seen with two horses. Some of the tribe were lamenting the death of an old man; and while they were doing so this white man fired in among them and shot the son of the old man, who was lying on his father's dead body. The rest ran away; but eventually the blacks pretended to make friends with the white man, and got him off the horse. Then, by a preconcerted signal, they massacred him, and tried to kill the horses also, thinking they could speak and do mischief, as the man had done, but the animals escaped.

'Mr P. Somers of Port Denison told me the white man was probably a Mr Humphrey, who was out in search of runs. After this, four stray cattle were seen in our district; but I was on the coast with one of the blacks, making a 'possumskin rug. When I came back they showed me the tracks of the cattle. When I questioned them they said three of the animals had teats and one had none; thus they must have been three cows and a bull. I told the blacks these were what white men eat, and they chaffed me about their great size, long tails, big ears, and horns.

'These reports made me feel uneasy, and I began to think that civilised life was drawing nearer. Soon afterwards it was reported in the

camp that a lot of white and black men on horse-back were near Cape Upstart, shooting down the tribe I had been living with when the captain died at Port Denison. They explained to me about the saddles, bridles, guns, smoke, and the noise made by the guns when fired. I explained it all to them, to their great surprise.

'On hearing this I travelled south to the Burdekin River (or Pall Mall, the native name), thinking my chances would be greater on the river than at Mount Elliott, fifty miles farther inland. My tribe kept coming backward and forward, and they asked me why I did not come back, as I had lived with them so long. I told them I wanted to see the white men for myself. Shortly afterwards I heard of the cattle being on the river in great numbers, and of a man being on horseback with a stock-whip, which he cracked. The natives thought it was a gun, and, becoming quite frightened, they swarmed up the trees.

quite frightened, they swarmed up the trees.

'Next I heard that about fifteen black-fellows of a fishing-party belonging to the tribe I was then living with were shot down. I told them it only served them right, as showing me where the white men were might be the means of saving their lives. They said it was true, and agreed to go upon a hunting expedition on a hill called by the natives Yamarama, which was half a mile from the station called Jarvisfield, which I was soon to reach.'

(Continued on page 381.)

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XX.—continued.

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PHILIP received a scalding cup of tea from his hostess, and lowered himself timidly on to a seat beside her.

'I am so glad to make your acquaintance, Mr Meldrum,' said Lady Rendle. 'I have heard so much of you from my boy. One likes to meet some one one knows takes an interest in one's belongings, doesn't one?'

Philip, painfully unravelling this sentence, suddenly caught his hostess's eye, and realised

that an answer was expected of him.

'Yes,' he said, sforzando. 'Oh yes! One does.' Graciously directed to help himself to something to eat, he dipped blindly into the nearest dish, with the result that he immediately found himself the proprietor of a bulky corrugated tube of French pastry, with cream protruding from either end. He surveyed it miserably, wondering dimly if it would be possible to restore it without attracting attention. He was frustrated by Lady Rendle.

'I like to see a young man,' she said approvingly, 'who is not afraid of tea and sweet cakes. There are far too many of them nowadays who consider it beneath their dignity to take tea at

all. Caviare sandwiches and whisky-and-soda are all they will condescend to. And now,' she added briskly, 'I want to introduce you to a charming girl.'

The quaking Philip, with his bilious burden, was conducted across the room and presented to a pretty girl in a hat which for the time being deprived its wearer of the use of one eye.

'This is Mr Meldrum, Barbara dear,' announced

Lady Rendle.—'Miss Duncombe.'

Philip, still bitterly ashamed of his tea, achieved a lop-sided bow, and Lady Rendle departed to her own place. Timothy, who had been engaging Miss Duncombe in animated conversation, supplemented the introduction with a few explanatory comments.

'Babs, old thing,' he announced to the damsel, rising to give his seat to Philip, 'you must be gentle with my friend Theophilus. He is fierce if roused, and should on no account be irritated while having his tea; but when properly handled will be found perfectly tractable. He is not married.'

'Tim,' replied Miss Duncombe, 'I hate you! Go away!'

'By all means,' said the unruffled Timothy.
'See you at the Venners' dance on Thursday.
Keep me all the odd numbers up to supper, and everything after, will you?'

'No,' said Miss Babs.

'Thanks awfully,' replied Timothy gratefully.

'So long!'

He departed, leaving Philip alone with the girl. He regarded her covertly. Miss Babs Duncombe was a fair sample of the *ingénue* of the present day. She was exquisitely pretty, beautifully dressed; her complexion had been supplemented by art; and her tongue spoke a strange language.

'Tim is rather a little pet, isn't he?' she

observed to Philip.

Philip, who had been blinking nervously at Miss Babs' sheeny silken insteps, looked up. 'He is a great friend of mine,' he said; 'but I am afraid I have never regarded him as a pet.'

'I see you are a literal person,' observed Miss Duncombe. 'I must be careful. What shall we talk about? What interests you?'

Philip pondered. 'Machinery,' he said at

'How pathetic!' was the response of Babs. 'What else? Do you tango?'

'No.'

'Do you skate?'

'Yes.'

'I have never seen you at Prince's.'

'I have never been there,' confessed Philip, feeling very much ashamed of himself.

'How tragic! Where do you go? Is there

another place?'

'I skate—whenever there is a frost,' said

Philip. 'I am rather bucolic.'

- 'Oh, you mean on ponds, and that sort of thing,' said Miss Duncombe gently. 'You shouldn't, you know. It's not done now. Are you very fond of exercise?'
 - 'I take all I can.'
 - 'So do I. I adore it. Do you hunt?'
 - 'Once in a way.'
 - 'Polo?'
 - 'No.'
- 'You are a monosyllabic man! What do you go in for?'

'Rugby football.'

Miss Duncombe shivered elegantly. 'How very quaint—and how squudgy!' she said. 'I am afraid you are a cave man.'

'What is that?'

'Some other girls and I,' explained Miss Babs, 'have a sort of little society of our own, called The Idealists. Our séances are simply too thrilling. We sit on cushions round the floor, and smoke Russian cigarettes, and drink the most divine liqueurs—pink or green or gold—and have the duckiest little debates.'

Philip, dumbly gripping the tube of French pastry, gaped quite frankly. This eccentric young female was an entirely new type to him.

'What do you debate about?' he asked respectfully, sipping his tea, which by this time was stone cold.

'Oh,' said Miss Babs vaguely, 'subconscious influences, and soul-harmonies, and things like that. We divide men and women into various classes. Men like you are Cave Men. Most of the cave men I know are soldiers. Then there are Soul Men—actors and musicians. Then creatures who do nothing but crawl about in beautiful clothes are Thing Men. Men with shiny faces and hot hands are Butter Men. We divide women differently. Most of them are Impossibles, but there are a good many All-Buts. Life is so varied! The human soul, with all its infinite shades of colour'—

Philip, quite intoxicated by the exotic atmosphere in which he found himself, bit heavily and incautiously into the roll of pastry. Straightway from either end there sprang a long and sinuous jet of clotted cream. The rearmost section shot violently down his own throat, nearly choking him; that in front descended upon the inlaid parquet floor in a tubular cascade, where it formed an untidy and conspicuous anthill.

In a moment one of Miss Duncombe's daintily shod feet slid forward, her skimpy skirt forming a promontory which effectually hid the disaster from the eyes of others, especially Lady Rendle.

'Mop it up quickly,' she said in an excited whisper. 'Take your handkerchief—anything! No one will see.' She spoke breathlessly, with all the zeal of a faithful sister screening a delinquent small brother from the wrath to come. Philip, as he bent confusedly down to clear up the mess, recognised with genuine pleasure that for all her soulfulness and pose Miss Babs Duncombe was nothing more, after all, than a jolly little schoolgirl suffering from a bad attack of adolescence.

'That was the sweetest thing that ever happened,' said Babs, after all traces of havoc had been obliterated. 'If you could have seen yourself when the cream squirted out of the end! I must tell the Idealists about it at the next séance. Now, I must not laugh any more, or I shall get a purple face. Tell me, is my nose shiny?'

She submitted her peach-like countenance to Philip's embarrassed inspection.

'It looks all right,' he said.

'I don't believe you,' said Miss Duncombe, and extracted a small mirror from a gold bag. She viewed herself with a gasp of dismay. 'How can you say such a thing?' she exclaimed indignantly. Swiftly she produced a powderpuff, and proceeded to repair the ravages caused by excessive mirth in a warm room. The unsophisticated Philip gazed at her, speechless, and was still gazing when he was whirled away by his indefatigable hostess—Lady Rendle believed in keeping her male callers circulating, it enabled

those whose conversational stock-in-trade was scanty to indulge in the luxury of repetition—to the side of one Sheila Garvey.

Miss Garvey began at once, 'Do you play

cricket at all?

Yes, Philip went to Lord's.

'And I hope you are Middlesex !'

Yes. On consideration, Philip was Middlesex. 'My fiancé plays for Middlesex,' mentioned

Miss Garvey carelessly.

Philip, secretly blessing the unknown cricketer, said eagerly, 'I should like to hear about him, implying that the rest of Middlesex did not matter. After that he enjoyed a welcome rest. By occasionally supplying such fuel as 'What did he do against the Australians in the fourth Test Match?' or, 'What does he think about the off-theory?' he maintained a full head of steam on Miss Garvey for something like twenty minutes. He sat thankfully listening and watching the clock, secure in the knowledge that time was slipping away, and that Timothy had promised that their call should not extend beyond half-past five. 'Another five minutes and we are out of the wood,' he said to himself.

But he was wrong. He had just accompanied Miss Garvey (chaperoned of course by the fiance) step by step, match by match, through an entire cricket-tour in the Antipodes, including five Test Matches (with a special excursion up-country in order to see the fiance score a century against

Twenty-two of Woolloomoolloo), when his hostess once more intervened with the inevitable sentence, 'Mr Meldrum, I want to introduce you to a charming girl.'

Once more, with leaden footsteps, Philip crossed the room. Timothy apparently had forgotten all about both him and the time. despairing glance in his direction revealed him ensconced in a window seat with Miss Babs Duncombe. In that fastness he remained for another forty minutes. When at length, restored to a sense of duty by the departure of Miss Duncombe and his introduction to a grim young woman interested in Foreign Missions, Master Timothy set out to reclaim his long-lost friend, Philip had passed through the hands, seriatim, of a damsel who had be sought him to obtain for her autograph-book the signature of a certain music-hall comedian (mainly noted for an alcoholic repertoire and a deplorable wardrobe) whom she affirmed she 'dearly loved;' another who endeavoured to convert him to the worship of Debussy, not desisting until she discovered that Philip imagined Debussy to be a French wateringplace; and a third, whose title to fame appeared to be founded upon the fact that she had once bitten a policeman in order to demonstrate her fitness to exercise the parliamentary franchise.

'Now we will go to the club and drink deep,' said Timothy, as they turned out of Lowndes Square. 'You haven't thanked me yet, oh

brother, for your P.S.A.'

Philip eased his collar. 'Timothy, my son,' he observed, 'I fear I must give up all thoughts of becoming a social success. I am a Cave Man.'

(Continued on page 371.)

SELF-DEFENCE IN THE HUMAN BODY.

By Dr Charles D. Musgrove, Author of Nervous Breakdowns, &c.

NE of the most extraordinary features of accident assurance is the relatively small number of claims. It seems all the more remarkable when we consider the recurring risks which people run every day of their lives. It is only when we ponder the matter that we realise how many narrow escapes we have had. We go about our work or play, busy and preoccupied, up and down stairs, round corners, and through the midst of traffic, and yet it is seldom that an accident happens to us. We almost tripped on the stairs, nearly ran into some obstacle at the corner, all but got run over by a motor-car, and the whole time we were thinking of other things, only managing to dodge the various hazards just in the nick of time.

Occasionally it dawns upon us that we have had a hair's-breadth escape, but a thousand times we are oblivious of the fact. We realise neither the danger nor the escape. In that very fact our safety lies; for if we were conscious of all

the perils that beset us, and if it were left to our judgment to avoid them, there is little doubt that but few of us would live to grow up. By the time we had made up our minds what to do, the disaster would have taken place. A man is lighting a lamp, when it suddenly explodes, and a scorching tongue of flame shoots out straight toward his face. At the same instant he shuts his eyes and jerks back his head, and so escapes injury. He has made these movements actually before he has had time to realise his danger. Had the matter been left to his will, the flame would have reached him, and he might have sustained serious damage to his eyesight; for the impression would have had to travel from his eye to the visual centres in his brain, and thence to the conscious part of that organ, causing him to apprehend his danger and estimate the best and quickest way of dealing with it. After that a command would have had to pass to his motor centres, and from them to the muscles necessary for the movements of the eyelids and neck. This method would have been too long, and by the time the current had traversed it the psychological moment would have gone by. So nature, by way of saving valuable time and minimising risk, has devised a speedier method. The portion of the brain governing the muscles works automatically, the conscious part of the affair—the man's observation, judgment, and will—is left out, and so is achieved in the twinkling of an eye what would otherwise have taken an

appreciably longer time. Actions such as these are called reflex or automatic, and few people realise that an overwhelming proportion of the movements they go through every day and hour of their lives come under this heading. The chief part of life's experience consists in learning to do things automatically which at first are accomplished only by an effort. A baby staggers across a room, its little mind intent on its own endeavour; two years later the same child walks without thinking about it. Most of us have forgotten the days when we learned to walk, but we all remember those in which we learned to ride a bicycle. It appeared an easy matter after watching experts, but on trying it for ourselves it seemed at first an impossible thing ever to acquire the necessary balance. A vast amount of concentration was required, and the whole business seemed to be hopelessly complex. Even when the balance was gained, there was the steering to be attended to; and meanwhile the learner must not forget to keep on pedalling. Yet in a surprisingly short space of time the pupil became expert, and found himself doing all these things without giving them a thought, even chatting to a fellow-rider and looking about him in the most casual manner. The movements which had needed so much attention at first became practically unconscious. The rider could now turn corners without being aware that he had moved the handle-bars or changed the poise of his body. He soon learned to do something else too in an automatic manner, something more important than the mere act of riding. As he is going along he suddenly swerves, and it is not until he has done so that he consciously sees the obstacle which he has by this means avoided. His thoughts had been elsewhere, though his eyes were fixed on the road, and it was apart from any exercise of his own will that his arms had instinctively turned the steering-handle and his body had bent over in the right direction. Another time, as he is going round a sharp bend, he puts on the brake, and for the moment may almost wonder why he has done so until he perceives a trench in the road in front of him. Had the matter depended on his own observation and judgment he would probably have come to grief.

These automatic actions not only save time, but they are infinitely more perfect than conscious ones ever can be. A man who can walk gracefully along a road will often strut in an ungainly manner if, as a late-comer, he has to make his way to the front of a concert hall. Every cyclist knows that in the days of his learning, when he strained his utmost to avoid obstacles, the result was that he ran into them as a rule. A child will stand erect without any thought of maintaining its balance so long as its attention is otherwise occupied; but if you tell it to stand perfectly still, the chances are that it will sway about in the effort to remain motion-These are only a few of the many automatic movements which are constantly taking If it were not for them we should place. have little time to attend to other matters. Like the learner of the bicycle, we should make little progress and get scant enjoyment out of life if we had to fix our mind on all our

However, there is another aspect vastly more important than either of these. Work and happiness are not the only elements in our existence. The body must be protected against all the hazards which are continually threatening life and limb, and it is here that automatic movements are of such supreme value. For the instinct of self-defence is ever alert, even when the individual himself is careless or preoccupied. A person who is asleep will shrink away if a hand be placed on his face, and may even do so without waking up.

It is in connection with self-defence that the saving of time is essential to the last degree, for the question is one of moments, even of fractions of a moment, we might say. The rapidity of reflex acts is proved by a machine for testing the speed of movements. Tell a man to pull his hand away as quickly as possible at a given signal, and after that make him put his hand into a hole where an animal lies hidden. This time, with the shock of surprise, he will click his arm back the moment he feels the touch of the fur, and will perform this movement in half the time that he took when doing it deliberately.

The most significant part of this arrangement is the fact that the more important an organ is the more rapid is this reflex action. Of all the senses, eyesight is the most precious, and the loss of it is irreparable. Therefore the eyelids are gifted with a speed of motion unequalled elsewhere in the body. The expression 'the twinkling of an eye' is proof that this fact has been well known for many centuries. happens not uncommonly that people suddenly blink without knowing why. The next moment they are removing a fly or a midge from their eyelashes. They had not consciously seen the insect, but they had really done so, and had instinctively closed their eyes to keep out the intruder. So instinctive is this movement that few persons can keep their eyes open if a hand other than their own is passed quickly in front of the face.

Another movement, perhaps the next most rapid in the body, is the contraction of the muscles to ward off a threatened blow. Here, again, the more vital the part the greater is the speed and the more complete the movement. An unexpected blow on the arm will cause a contraction, but not nearly to the same extent as a punch on the chest or abdomen, where the consequences would be more disastrous. In the latter case the hard pad of contracted muscle forms an effective buffer, which robs the blow of much of its sting.

The body is built, too, in such a way as to lend itself to self-defence. The heart is protected by the bony structure of the chest. The abdomen, where a kick or a blow would be more dangerous owing to the absence of ribs, is guarded by one of the strongest masses of muscle in the body. When these muscles contract they not only form a dense pad, which is a protection in itself, but also draw the abdominal wall back-

ward out of the way of harm.

The brain and spinal cord, which regulate the various movements as well as the vital processes of the human system, are guarded by bone which is of the densest nature. The configuration of the skull is a shield in itself. A blow which would smash an arm or leg bone to splinters may glance off the head with little more than a bruise or cut.

The orbits are so shaped that a direct blow on the eyeball is almost an impossibility. You have only to look at a face sideways to see how deeply the eyes lie behind the upper edge of the cheek and the lower margin of the forehead. Nothing but a pointed instrument can enter the gap and so injure the eyeball; and cases where this occur are extremely rare, for the simple reason that reflex movements again come to our aid. Whether the object is aimed at the eye, or the eye approaches the object—as when a child falls on a spike or a grown-up person jerks his head toward the end of a sharp-pointed twig—the face is instinctively turned aside, so that the cheek, the nose, or the forehead receives the cut, instead of the all-important organs of vision.

When a foreign body, such as a needle, has entered any part of the flesh, nature deals with it in such a way as to render its presence as harmless as possible. For all such objects, especially if they are sharp-pointed-which is usually the case, as otherwise they would not have penetrated the skin-tend to work outward. A needle which has become embedded in a thick mass of muscle, such as that on the abdomen or the back, will gradually make its way to the surface. One which has entered a limb will travel by degrees in the direction of the hands or feet rather than toward the trunk, where its presence would be fraught with in-

finitely more risk. In one case a needle took six years to work its way from the shoulder to the tip of the thumb, whence it was finally extracted.

The place of pain in the human economy has exercised the minds of philosophers for many years. Yet pain is man's chief source of selfdefence. A grit in the eye would probably be left until it had set up ulceration and endangered the eyesight, did not the suffering render its presence intolerable. The pain of pleurisy keeps the affected side of the chest at rest; that of peritonitis secures that quiescence which is of all things essential to the treatment of the underlying complaint. The pain of a broken bone has saved many a simple fracture from becoming compound; a jerk or a struggle would have done the mischief had not the agony of movement prevented it. Pain and rest, dissimilar and irreconcilable as they may seem at first sight, are oftentimes found to be working hand-in-hand for the welfare of the individual.

Not all involuntary actions are the result of practice, the method by which walking, running, jumping, and many others are acquired. Other movements necessary for self-preservation are inherited. If it were not so few infants would survive many days. The new-born child has not learnt to ward off blows or shrink back at the approach of danger, but it is seldom that such movements are required in the case of the helpless little beings. Yet there are certain other risks which it runs, even from the moment of birth. Mucus may collect in its throat, threatening to choke it, and likely to do so were the child not provided with reflex actions which come to its assistance. Coughing, sneezing, sucking, and swallowing are instinctive from the first. Of these, swallowing is the most remarkable. If it were not for a certain reflex movement which takes place every time we swallow, food or liquid would find its way into the larynx, seeing that they must pass over the top of this organ. The consequences of such an accident might be disastrous to the last extreme. To avoid this, the upper opening of the larynx is provided with a hinged lid, which opens to admit air at each act of respiration, and must be closed securely during each act of swallowing; and this mechanical movement is a part of our organisation as much as the action of the heart and lungs. So far from being learnt by practice, matters are so arranged that the same movements which pass the food down the throat, automatically close the lid at the same time, shutting the door against all unwelcome intruders.

Furthermore, the throat itself has the power of preventing undesirable material from getting as far as this. It is well known that some people are poisoned, more or less, by articles which are pleasant and nutritious to others. Cheese, eggs, and shellfish are examples of this, and as a rule people subject to such idiosyncrasies have a corresponding dislike to these articles; if they try to swallow them the throat instinctively closes in a spasmodic manner, and deglutition becomes almost an impossibility. Even if the distasteful food be forced down by an effort of will, the stomach has also the power of dealing with it, as it has with all other undesirables. The latter may manage to get past the outer gates and their adjacent side-turning into the larynx, and yet find themselves turned back when they reach the end of the street. It is one of our inherited modes of self-defence that poisonous matter which has reached the stomach almost invariably sets up the act of vomiting.

In all these various ways Nature is ever on her guard to protect human beings from the constantly recurring risks to which they are liable. There is, however, another phase of self-defence even more wonderful than any of those we have described, another method alongside which these others seem almost commonplace. For it is not accident alone against which provision has to be made, but an enemy whose strength lies in its very minuteness, an enemy so small that it needs a high-powered microscope to demonstrate its existence. Place a microbe or bacillus under a strong lens side by side with a speck of dust, and the latter looks like a mountain in comparison. The eye may close to keep out the smallest piece of grit, but there is no sense acute enough to detect a microbe which has found its way into the throat. That being so, it would seem at first glance as though the human system were helpless against the onset of these invisible, hidden foes. Far from it. The human body does not depend solely on the efficiency of the guards at the gates, but has the power of dealing with the enemy that has penetrated to the interior of the citadel. A germ which has succeeded in establishing itself in the tissues of the fauces has more to contend with before it can fulfil its evil designs. There are substances circulating in the blood whose function it is to render such germs inert. Were it not so, the world would be swept from end to end by ravaging epidemics. This property is known as the 'resisting power,' and it is because of it that many people escape infection, even when brought into close contact with it. Several members of a family may have influenza, while others get off scot-free simply because the latter have greater resistance. It is on this quality that human beings must rely in order to secure immunity from disease, rather than on any attempt to elude the germs, for that is an impossibility. Every one who travels by rail or mixes with other people, either in the way of work or socially, is bound to encounter microbes, such as those of fevers, tubercle, or influenza, most ubiquitous of all. Safety does not lie in giving germs a wide berth so much as in attacking them by that strange, mysterious influence with which human beings are invested, and by means of which these pernicious foes are rendered innocuous. This faculty ebbs and flows, and it may be stated that as a rule it varies with the health of the individual. It follows, therefore, that the most effective way by which people can render themselves proof against disease is by keeping the general standard of health at as high a level as possible. In this way, by an abundant supply of fresh air, a sufficiency of exercise and rest, and by discrimination in regard to diet, man can increase his own resisting power, and so aid Nature in her most amazing, most ingenious method of selfdefence.

TROOPER 13,846.

CHAPTER II.

SIDI-BEL-ABBES is divided into two towns. In the centre of the town there is the narrow, squalid portion in which the Arabs live; on the outskirts the Legion's cemetery, and the villas and bungalows occupied by the Europeans.

It was midday, a scorching hot summer day. Sidi-bel-Abbès lay beneath a golden cloud of heat which was reflected from the sand. One of the villas stood apart. It was larger than the others. At an open window a woman stood looking across the intervening space to where a company of the Legion were marching back to barracks. The men marched with a heavy, hopeless tread. They had covered forty kilomètres, and the action had become mechanical, even as their brains had become numbed.

The woman turned away and spoke to some one within the room. 'It's awful, Madge!'

she said. 'If I didn't care for Leon I should go mad, run away, or do something equally foolish.'

Her sister looked up at her quickly. 'Do you love Leon?' she asked. The simplicity of her tones denied the look upon her face.

'Of course I do.'

Three years had done much to change the two women; they had taught the elder sister many things. For nearly three years she had lived a pampered life in Paris. She was a beautiful woman, and beauty is admired in the French capital. Then, for some unaccountable reason—one which she counted as madness—Captain Marchand had accepted a commission in the Foreign Legion. She had stormed, pleaded, protested, to no avail. He was going to Sidibel-Abbès, and she must go with him.

Three months' sojourn in the city of the Legion had changed her life, and it had also changed the woman; the hardness and selfishness had begun to show themselves. There is little frivolity in Sidi-bel-Abbès, and time hung heavily on her hands. So she had sent a telegram to her sister, asking—commanding—her to come over at once.

Madge had been in Sidi-bel-Abbès thirty hours, and those thirty hours had shown her the change that had taken place in her sister.

'Yes,' said the elder, 'I still love Leon; but I think it was abominably selfish of him to bring What is there for me to do in a place me here. like this?'

'Perhaps it meant advancement for him?' suggested Madge. She was watching her sister the while; and, strange to say, her thoughts were not with Grace, but with the man whose life she herself had saved.

Madge's attention was arrested by the marching column of men. 'Are those some of the

Legion?' she asked.

'Ugh! yes!' Her sister gave a convulsive shudder. 'Horrible creatures!' she said; 'rough and coarse. I was talking to Lieutenant Villevois the other day, and he said that fully 85 per cent. of those who join are criminals fleeing from What on earth could have made Leon justice. wish to belong to such a regiment?'

'Promotion is easy.' The Foreign Legion appealed to Madge, and she had studied its

history very closely.

'Promotion! I was happy enough. What would you say, my dear child, if you were taken

away from Paris and placed here?

If Madge heard, she made no reply. The légionnaires were only a few yards away now, and the walk of one seemed strangely familiar. The very thought struck her at the time as being absurd, yet her eyes followed the man and picked him out from amongst his fellows. command rang out: 'Pas gymnastique! En avant; marchez!' The men broke into the double, and in a few seconds disappeared from view.

'What are you looking at?' asked Grace.

'I was watching the légionnaires.'

'Oh, you will see enough of them whilst you are here. It is nothing but légionnaires, légion-

naires everywhere.'

To Madge, Sidi-bel-Abbes appealed with a strange fascination, as it does to some people. The Arabs interested her, but still more the regiment that goes by numbers. She had walked through the Jardin Public to the churchyard beyond, to that part dotted with black crosses, one like the other, the last resting-place of the Legion's dead.

A légionnaire was pulling some weeds from a grave. As she passed he drew himself up. She started. At first she thought she had made a mistake; then she realised why she had recognised the légionnaire only a few days before.

'You, Dick!' she said. The truth appalled her. She recollected what she had read about the Legion, and she knew that it was true. Moreover, she knew for whom he had suffered all this.

'Yes,' answered Devereux. Three years, though it had altered him in appearance, had done little to kill his spirit.

'Why have you come here? What made you

join the Legion?'

Devereux looked at her admiringly. Like a flash there came back the last time he had seen her, and the years had changed her almost beyond recognition. She had grown a beautiful woman, with a wild, elfin beauty. He did not spare himself. 'Because I was a failure. tried to get work, and failed. There was no other way to keep my promise to you.'

'Then that day you took me out to tea?'

'I lied to you,' said Devereux bluntly.

lied to save my self-respect.'

Since the girl had grown a woman she understood. Her eyes softened. 'It was good of you to keep your promise,' she said at last.

Devereux shrugged his shoulders. 'Why are

you here!' he asked.

For a moment the girl hesitated. 'I'm staying with Grace.'

'With your sister? She is here, in Sidi-bel-Abbès?'

'Yes. She married Captain Marchand.'

After a moment Devereux smiled. 'This is a funny world, and it is very small,' he said.

'I am glad I came out now,' said Madge. hesitated for a long while before I decided. Dick, why didn't you write to me?'

'What was there to say! Besides, one does not have much to spare for stamps out of five centimes a day.'

The girl's eyes glistened. 'I understand,' she said softly.

'You always understand,' responded Devereux.

'And I shall come and see you.'
He shook his head. 'You mustn't,' he re-

sponded. 'It would not be wise for you to be seen talking to a légionnaire.'

Madge laughed. Nineteen years of life had taught her many things—amongst others, a total disregard for conventionality. 'I do not care,' 'You are an old friend. That is she replied.

enough for me.'

She pondered as she walked home that day. Should she tell Grace or not? It was not until she reached the house that she decided. There, in the drawing-room with her sister, sat Lieutenant Villevois. He was a dangerous man, and Madge realised it. She waited until she was alone with her sister. 'Grace,' she said, 'whom do you think I saw in the churchyard to-day?'

'You went to the churchyard, child? How

morbid!

Madge ignored the remark. 'Dick,' she said.

'Dick?' Her sister started. 'In Sidi-bel-Abbès? What is he doing here?'

'He has joined the Legion.'

'Dick joined the Foreign Legion?' Madame Marchand smiled.

'Why'-Madge looked at her sister and spoke slowly-'because he was ruined.'

At that moment Devereux was busy at his work. The labour apportioned to him in the last resting-place of the Legion was not arduous, inasmuch as it gave him much time for thought. He looked up suddenly as a shadow fell across his path.
'We meet under strange circumstances,' said

Captain Marchand. 'The last time'-

'Was at Lady Grosvenor's, my captain.' Devereux was studying the man before him. He was the man who had won Grace, the woman to whom he was once engaged; but he felt 'Nature is a grand dramatist.' no jealousy. Devereux struck his spade into the earth as he There was a cynical smile about his

'And why did you join the Legion! I should not have thought it was for such men as you.'

Devereux could have laughed in his face. 'Because I am a gambler,' he said. 'I gambled away my money. Now I gamble with my life for five centimes a day. That is why, my captain.

Captain Marchand walked away. There were uneasy thoughts in his mind. He realised Devereux's words to the fullest extent. Nature was a great dramatist; for proof, the fact that she had placed these two men in such proximity under such conditions.

Then Captain Marchand smiled. He had little to fear, for was he not a captain, and his whilom rival—a légionnaire?

It was a time of peace for the Legion, a time which meant much manual labour and but little excitement. It is such times which send the légionnaires mad. It was during siesta, a sweltering hot day, when even the white walls of the dormitory were burning to the touch. The men lay on the beds endeavouring to snatch a few moments' sleep and forgetfulness.

Devereux had not wasted the three years he had spent in the Legion, and he lay closely watching the man who occupied the next bed to his. He was a little Frenchman who had served in the Legion for ten years. He lay still, a vacant expression on his face; every now and then his eyes dilated, and be began talking to himself in French.

Devereux listened, and his face grew hard.

Etienne, the little Frenchman next to him, had suddenly been seized with the cafard, and was muttering threats of vengeance against some

It was a momentary temptation to Devereux, and he cast it from him. That afternoon he watched Etienne more closely. For three hours the company marched in the broiling sun across a desert that was almost red-hot to the feet.

Etienne was in the front rank. Devereux, only a few feet behind him, saw the little Frenchman suddenly draw his bayonet and spring upon the officer leading them. A second later Devereux leaped upon Etienne and bore him to the ground.

They lay there struggling, the Frenchman shricking and screaming in his madness. His eyes were wild and bloodshot, and he endeavoured to thrust his bayonet through his assailant.

Captain Marchand was the officer leading. He turned sharply round in his saddle and gave a quick command, and a dozen légionnaires sprang to Devereux's help.

The little Frenchman fought with the strength of a madman; he struggled and bit. Half-adozen men fell back, wounded by his bayonet. At last they had him bound and flung into a

Captain Marchand had stood by impassively all the while. He turned to Devereux. 'I must thank you,' he said gravely. 'You saved my life.'

Devereux shrugged his shoulders. not tell Marchand how he hated him, of what he had heard the little Frenchman say during the afternoon, and the temptation it had been.

Captain Marchand wheeled his horse round 'Marchez!' he said, and the troop continued.

That evening Devereux walked to the church-While other légionnaires spent their vard. leisure hours in the Jardin Public, he preferred to wander away by himself. Curiosity—nay, more, a desire to see Madge—led him to walk on to the bungalow where Captain Marchand lived. With a total disregard of danger, he climbed the low wall and crept through the bushes toward the windows. For a few minutes he stood watching. Through the windows of the room nearest to him he could see two figures silhouetted against the light. They were standing close together, the man's hand resting on the woman's shoulder, and suddenly he bent down and kissed her. Devereux turned sharply round. He had seen enough, for the woman was Madame Marchand, and the man Lieutenant Villevois.

(Continued on page 577.)



MEMORIES OF KILMUN.

WHEN we glance at a map of the estuary of the Clyde it is easy to understand why this district has become one of the greatest centres for shipbuilding in the world, and the nursery of steam navigation. In no part of the United Kingdom are there finer sailing routes or better steamboats to negotiate them. No one who has ever sailed into any of the sea-lochs with which the northern shore is honeycombed, or through the winding waterway of the Kyles of Bute, is likely to forget the experience. Especially pleasant is it on a sunny day, with the lush greenery clothing the shore, or when autumn tints are glowing and the purple heather crowns the hills. On the way from Glasgow, after the entrance to Gareloch and Loch Long, comes Holy Loch, which runs inland for three miles, and, though small, yields to none of the other lochs in beauty and interest. It may be most easily reached from Strone or Hunter's Quay, the centre of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, close to Kirn and Dunoon. The other villages on Holy Loch are Sandbank and Kilmun, which suggest the subject of our article, at the centre of the north shore.

In sailing up Holy Loch, or in rounding by road the point toward Sandbank, a charming view of the rugged Argyllshire hills bounds the vision at the head of the loch. These grand hills are pierced by the valleys of Glen Lean, Glen Massan, and the picturesque road to Loch Eck. The beautiful estate of Ben More, named after the highest hill in the neighbourhood, nestles

in the foreground.

There is a tradition that the name of the loch owes its origin to a Glasgow-bound ship which was bringing a cargo of consecrated earth from the Holy Land being stranded here in Holy Loch. On the consecrated earth a church was built. The Gaelic name of Holy Loch means Charmed Loch. It is an earlier tradition that toward the close of the sixth century a Columban church was founded here by St Fintan Munnu, from Ireland, which was in lay hands in the thirteenth century. In the fifteenth century Sir Duncan Campbell of Loch Awe founded a collegiate church for a priest and six prebendaries. Its ruined tower still stands in the churchyard; and thither, from Magdalene Chapel, Cowgate, Edinburgh, was brought the headless body of the great Marquis of Argyll in 1661, and three years later the head was laid beside it. The fifth duke's duchess, known as one of the beautiful Misses Gunning, was laid here in 1790. The parish church has been restored by the late H. J. Younger of Ben More, who also presented Kilmun with a public From the churchyard the view of the opposite shore of the loch is pleasing and memorable, and embraces Sandbank, with Ard-

nadam (which has prehistoric remains), and the beautiful Hafton estate. The mildness of the climate is seen in the growth of all the wellknown forest trees, the fine evergreen shrubbery,

fuchsias, and arbutus.

The eighth Duke of Argyll, George Douglas Campbell, who was buried at Kilmun on 11th May 1900, in his autobiography recalls the funeral of his mother, which went thither in a steamer. Although only about five years of age, he noticed the engines of the steamer, so different from those of to-day. The engines worked in an open well, and the piston-rods rose high above and fell deep below the level of the decks. A small bulwark was all the protection which saved the passenger from falling on the machinery. No doubt this was one of David The duke writes: 'The Napier's steamers. burying-place at Kilmun is called a vault, but it does not at all correspond with that descrip-It is simply a part of the chancel of the old church, wholly above ground, to which access was obtained by large folding-doors. Each side of the aisle was fitted up with a broad shelf of stone, on which the coffins were deposited, and were fully exposed to view. My mother's coffin was laid near that of my grandfather, who had died in 1806. On this being done, the bearers retired, and shut behind them the folding-doors, leaving us all in a dim and gloomy light. I still recollect the panic which then seized me, and the tall, deeply craped figure of my cousin Adelaide Campbell trying to pacify my terrors by assuring me that we were not to be there long. I recollect, too, my father kneeling on the slab beside my mother's coffin, and seeing that it was carefully adjusted with reference to the position of the other mouldering remains. But my panic was little abated till I saw the folding-doors reopened, and until we emerged into the light of day, with the sea at our feet and the mountains all around.' His mother was Joan, daughter of John Glassel of Longniddry, East Lothian, and he was born at Ardencaple Castle, Dumbartonshire, in 1823. Keenly interested in science, he spent much time from boyhood to the end of his life among the islands, firths, and sea-lochs of the west of Scotland. As an orator he came next to Gladstone and Bright in the political arena.

Where no railways were possible to develop and connect Clyde coast towns and villages, their progress and prosperity have been coincident with a regular steamboat service. The phenomenal progress of Rothesay and Dunoon especially has been dependent upon this. J. Scott Russell said that from the year 1818 until about 1830 no man effected more for the improvement of steam navigation than David Napier. His influence was felt in a special manner, as we

shall see, at Kilmun and the Holy Loch. The son of John Napier, smith and founder, of Dumbarton, he was early initiated into the practice of an engineering business, as he entered his father's workshop when twelve years of age. He remembered how the machinery was kept running night and day during the war period boring cannon which had been cast at Carron or Clydebank. He had examined William Symington's Charlotte Dundas as she lay in the Forth and Clyde Canal, and realised that, with her double-stroke condensing engine and other improvements, the question of marine propulsion had been solved. His father knew Henry Bell. The boiler for Bell's Comet of 1812 was made in Napier's workshop, and paid for by a promissory note for sixty-two pounds, which was never honoured. The elder Napier died in the year following Bell's successful experiment. while the works had been removed to Glasgow, where David Napier, believing that steam navigation was likely to succeed, erected new works for making marine steam-engines. He made the engines for the Dumbarton Castle, the first passenger-steamer that sailed up Loch Fyne, and for the Britannia, the first that went to Campbeltown. These pioneer steamers suggested the idea to a Dublin company for a line between Holyhead and Howth; but the two vessels built for them at Greenock failed entirely in enginepower when exposed to the open sea. Napier felt he could do better, and in 1818 built on his own account the Rob Roy steamer for the passage between Glasgow and Belfast. She proved entirely successful, and was afterwards transferred to the Dover and Calais route, and finally sold to the French Government, and renamed Henri Quatre. Other steamers were built by Napier for the passage from Greenock to Liverpool and from Holyhead to Howth, and for the postoffice service. These were the first to establish the practicability of navigating the open sea by steam-vessels, as recorded in blue-books of the House of Commons. He built the engine for the United Kingdom (1826) for the passage from Leith to London. She was the first of the socalled successful leviathans. An explosion on board one of Napier's steamers, the Earl Grey, affected his health. He retired from the Clyde in 1836, went to London, and opened a yard at Millwall on the Thames, where his work was mainly of an experimental kind. His Eclipse, Isle of Thanet, and Rocket, built there, outsailed all other steamers on that river. When he retired to live at Worcester his yard at Millwall came into the hands of Mr Scott Russell for the building of the Great Eastern.

What David Napier did locally for steam navigation on the Clyde deserves further notice. He was at the full tide of his inventive ability, energy, and resource when he purchased for over eight thousand pounds the estate of Glenshellish, near the north end of Loch Eck, and

spent four thousand pounds on its improvement. Four well-made paddle-rings remain there as relics of his proprietorship. In 1828 he purchased from Mr Campbell of Monzie land on the north shore of Holy Loch, then in a state of nature. Later he made a further purchase which gave him control of three miles of the shore. He built the hotel and a landing-pier at Kilmun, and the six villas to the upper side of it, in the largest of which he lived for a time. He ran a line of steamers thither from the Broomielaw. In some autobiographical notes he writes: 'I also put a small steamer on Loch Eck (Aglaia), and then on Loch Fyne, and had a road made from Holy Loch to Loch Eck, on which I placed a steam-carriage (1828), thereby making a new route to Inveraray and the West Highlands. This steam-carriage was, I believe, the first that carried passengers for hire on common roads, being long before there were any public railways in either England or Scotland. But for the softness and the hilliness of the roads, and more particularly for the want of knowledge how to make a boiler, we could not obtain the speed I expected.' To-day the Loch Eck route is one of the most popular in the West Highlands. The work of David Napier was good, but scarcely so substantial as that of his cousin, Robert Napier (1791–1876), who followed in his

It is a surprise to most visitors to find the grave of Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D., in the churchyard of Kilmun, not far from the mausoleum of the Argyll family and Douglas of Glen Finnert. The inscription beneath the beautiful Celtic cross tells us she was born at Counterslip, near Bristol, on 3rd February 1821, and died at Hastings on 31st May 1910, and that she was the first lady to receive a doctor's degree, in 1849, and the first to be placed on the Medical Register of the United Kingdom, in 1859. What a lifetime of busy, beneficent effort was crowded into her span of about ninety years! There is an extract from one of her essays on the gravestone: 'It is only when we have learned to recognise that God's law for the human body is as sacred as-nay, is one with—God's law for the human soul that we shall begin to understand the religion of the heart.

Elizabeth Blackwell was the third daughter of Samuel Blackwell, a Bristol sugar-refiner, who emigrated with his seven children to New York in 1832, when she was eleven years of age. The family became sympathisers with Lloyd Garrison and other anti-slavery friends; while they read the works of Emerson, Channing, and Carlyle. When she was seventeen years of age her father died suddenly at Cincinnati, leaving his family unprovided for. A day and boarding school was started by Elizabeth and her two sisters, who became supporters of the wider movement for the education of women. In 1842 she left Cincinnati and taught successively in girls' schools in Kentucky, North Carolina, and Charleston. A

lady suffering from an incurable malady said one day to her, 'You have health and leisure; why not study medicine? If I could have been treated by a lady my worst sufferings would have been spared to me.' Although at first she was averse to the notion, the thought was seed cast in fruitful soil. She saved her small earnings for college fees, made application to eleven medical schools in vain, but was finally accepted as a pupil at Geneva College, Western State of New York. How well the professors and students behaved toward her is seen in her autobiographical notes. Punch had verses on 'Doctrix Blackwell' when she graduated in 1849. She came to England, and visited several hospitals; then she went to Paris, entered La Maternité, and had put in six months' hard work, when she contracted purulent ophthalmia from a patient, and lost the sight of one eye. This closed her career as a surgeon. She was again in New York in 1853, where, on being refused a post in the women's department of an institution, she opened one of her own. She was joined by her sister Emily, who had qualified as a doctor at Cleveland, Ohio; and Dr Sophia Jex Blake was amongst her first students. She was the first professor of hygiene in the medical school, and started, and took a leading part in, the movement for sending nurses to the front during the American Civil War. She accepted the chair of gynecology in the London School of Medicine for Women, and wrote and lectured on such subjects as the moral education of the young and how to keep people well, which was her lifelong aim, rather than to care for them after they were ill. Her intercourse with Florence Nightingale also impressed her with the supreme value of sanitation. We have not yet got beyond the need of the plain, direct teaching of her lectures on the moral education of the young, the physiology of sex, and other social and medical subjects in which her conclusions are in keeping with sound thinking and the highest morality. She left a noble example, and in this and much else has still a message for the present generation.

Elizabeth Blackwell loved the quiet beauty and health-giving air of the region round Kilmun, and had expressed the sentiment that there were just two places which she would like as her last resting-place—the Protestant cemetery at Genoa, or Kilmun. In the hotel register, under date

August 1905, we found this entry in her handwriting: 'Our fourth visit to this hotel. time the air of Kilmun seems more invigorating, and our host and hostess kinder.' And there, too, in the very rooms she occupied, we found Miss Katherine Barry, her adopted daughter and lifelong companion, established. Surrounded by the familiar books and pictures, with the dog Khaki she had known and loved, Miss Barry had still about her an atmosphere of her old Very interesting was the diploma of 1849 received by Miss Blackwell from Geneva. College, and now in the custody of Queen Margaret College, Glasgow. Miss Barry had much to do in the prompting of Dr Blackwell to write her life-story, which was published as Pioneer Work in Opening the Medical Profession for Women. It is a genuinely human document, rich in humour, with sane and high-toned views of life, and has been an inspiration to all who have read it.

Mrs Henry Fawcett, who wrote the obituary notice of Elizabeth Blackwell in the Times, and an introduction to her Pioneer Work for Women in the 'Everyman's Library' series, said: 'She was a great woman, a great pioneer, and a great example to her fellow-citizens.' The two poles of opinion regarding her work are exemplified by Charles Kingsley, who said to her, 'You are one of my heroes;' and by Fanny Kemble, who said to her in New York, 'Trust a woman as a doctor? Never!' In this Journal for 1858 there was quoted the greater portion of a sketch of Elizabeth Blackwell by her sister, Dr Emily Blackwell, who took her degree later, and who has been described as a splendid person intellectually, and a born teacher. This sketch was characterised as 'a piece of lifehistory of a most heroic and touching character.' Robert Chambers wrote later, in 1859, a generous notice of her lectures at Marylebone Literary Institute on the value of physiological and medical knowledge for women. These lectures first influenced Dr Elizabeth Garrett Anderson towards a medical career. Up to the last, when over eighty years of age, Miss Blackwell kept working at her social schemes and the purity crusades of others. Much of the best teaching of a lifetime will be found in her two volumes of reprinted papers and lectures, Essays in Medical Sociology.

SOME INHABITANTS OF JAPANESE GARDENS.

By CLIVE HOLLAND.

THERE are many other interesting things beside flowers, trees, and rocks in the gardens of Japan. Beautiful dragon-flies, butterflies, moths, fireflies, and occasional birds amongst flying things; and lizards, frogs, cicadæ, snails,

tortoises, gold and silver fish, carp, and snakes amongst those which crawl or swim.

Beautiful indeed are some of the dragon-flies which hover over the rivulets and tiny pools, the iris and the lotus ponds, of the gardens of

that far-off land. Amongst the most beautiful must be placed the tenshitombo, or emperor dragon-fly. Its iridescent wings, gleaming in the sunlight with a perfect rainbow of colouring, seem almost too large and powerful for the ghostly body of abnormal slenderness. The largest of all, it is also handsome, and is scarce. Of this type of dragon-fly the males much outnumber the females, and for that reason children, who are fond of catching them, when fortunate enough to secure a female tie a cotton or silken thread round her and attach the end to some blade of grass or twig, with the view of attracting the male dragon-flies. The ruse seldom fails, and a pair are soon in the possession of the happy children, who seldom, if ever, injure them by rough handling. Over the surface of the pools and ponds other varieties hover with apparently immovable but actually swiftly fluttering wings, beautiful as the flowers below them, and almost more fragile.

Of butterflies which haunt the gardens of towns and cities there are nearly a score of varieties. In the country gardens this number is frequently largely increased; although, of course, some kinds, as with us, are only found in particular districts. One of the commonest, as well as one of the daintiest, is a beautiful butterfly of snowy-white. Not the white we know, but a silvery shade of whiteness, so that its wings look as though cut out of the purest rice-paper.

The Japanese children love butterflies; and if the boys are by no means absolutely free—gentlemannered though they are—from a certain unconscious tendency to cruelty, which is indeed unhappily inherent in, and characteristic of, the male children of most nations, the girls are never cruel. The gentleness of the woman's soul displays itself in early years, and serves even in childhood to differentiate the sexes very markedly in this particular.

The white butterfly very commonly frequents the rape-seed plant, and when the little girls see it hovering over the na they often sing a little song which runs thus:

> Chō-chō, chō-chō, na no ah ni tomare; Na no ha ga iyenara, te, ni tomare—

which, freely translated, is an invitation to the butterfly to settle upon their little outstretched hands if it be dissatisfied with the na leaf.

The other butterflies, many of which are distinguished for beautiful colouring, are features of every garden during the warm months, and add even to a garden of stones, trees, and shrubs an element of charm which is perhaps the more marked on account of the beautiful insects' sombre environment.

The semi or cicadæ are well known to every traveller in Japan. They are insects with voices. They form a very considerable portion of the orchestra of the garden, from whose music the listening ear can extract many melodies. These

Japanese semi are more marvellous musicians than those of the tropics; they have one great advantage over the latter, that their song is much less wearying and monotonous, as there is a new kind of song with a different note for almost every month of the season during which they are heard.

There are six or seven kinds in all. The first to come and go is the natsuzemi, or the summer semi, which makes a sound of increasing shrillness, ji-ji-ii-iii-ii, till it dies away softly. Small as these semi are, three or four of them are capable of making so deafening a ji-i-i-i-ing that when they are close at hand one can scarcely hear one's self speak. Fortunately, however, the first-comer among these insect musicians is soon succeeded by the min-min-zemi, which is popularly said to chant like a Buddhist priest reciting the kyō. And although this is, of course, a fanciful exaggeration of the sound which it emits, and from which it takes its name, it is a fine 'singer,' and on hearing its voice for the first time it is impossible to believe that it is that of a mere insect.

In the early autumn, just as the gardens begin to take on some of their loveliest tints of foliage, the bell-like, tinkling sound of the pretty, greenhued semi or higurashi is heard crying kanakana-kana. Then comes the most extraordinary musician of the whole semi family, the tsukutsuku-boshi, whose music is so like the singing of a bird that foreign travellers, upon hearing its notes for the first time, often gaze up into the trees in anticipation of catching sight of the songster. It takes its name in part from the note of its song, which runs somewhat like this: tsuku-tsuku-uisu, repeated twice or thrice, and then the last note repeated several times alone and drawn out increasingly.

The wonderful bright-green grasshopper, called by the Japanese hotoko-no-uma, or 'the horse for the dead,' must be added to the garden insect orchestra. The reason for this strange name is not quite clear, although the head of the insect does bear a slight resemblance to that of a horse. It is a sociable little animal, and will not only enter the house boldly, but will permit itself to be taken up in the hand without alarm. But its voice cannot be compared with the notes of the more musical of the semi family.

There is another singing insect of the grass-hopper tribe, also green. It is a better singer than the other, and (as are perhaps sometimes human vocalists) is shyer of singing in consequence. Its song is really musical, and sounds very much like the words chon gisū, chon gisū, chon gisū, chon gisū.

In most gardens several kinds of tortoises are to be found, some of which are quite pretty and quaint. Tortoises are believed to live for a thousand years, and thus they are frequently depicted in Japanese art as the symbol of longevity.

A curious legend is attached to the turtle,

which is supposed in popular mythology to be the servant of the Dragon Empire beneath the sea. It is accredited with the power to create out of its breath either clouds, fogs, or a beautiful fairy-like palace at will. As might be expected, there is a charming fairy story or folk-tale of Urashima, with this peculiar gift of the turtle as its basis.

There are several kinds of snakes in Japanese gardens. Some of them, besides being very beautiful, are amphibious, coming out of the water on hot days to sun themselves on the rocks or sandy paths skirting the pools. In many parts of Japan it is considered very unlucky to kill a snake, and so it happens that should one come into the house by any chance, it is imperative that it should be politely ejected by the gentle suasion of a bamboo rod by one of the maids, rather than killed or put out by superior force. There is, in fact, a saying in Izumo that if one kills a snake without great provocation, one is sure afterwards to find its dead head in the box where the cooking-rice is stored.

There are many folk-tales connected with the insects and animals of the fields and gardens of Japan. Some are quaint, and others bear strange resemblances to similar ideas of metamorphoses met with in the tales of ancient Greece.

One of the insects, which comes in from the garden and buzzes to its death in the lamps at evening, is known as the sanemori. The name is also that of a famous warrior of Old Japan who fell fighting bravely in a rice-field after his horse had been killed under him. The story goes on that when he had been overtaken and slain by his enemy his soul became an insect which devoured rice, and was given the name of Sanemori-San by the peasantry of Izumo. Fearful of the depredations of this famous warrior who was metamorphosed into an insect, on certain nights during the season of rice the peasants of the district light fires in the fields and play on flutes or bamboo pipes with a view of attracting the insect to the fires, calling out at the same time a pressing invitation: 'Oh Sanemori, augustly deign to augustly come here.' A religious rite is also sometimes performed, and a straw figure made in the shape of a horse and rider is then either burnt or cast into the nearest canal or river; the peasants believing that when this act has been accomplished the fields will be immune from the attention of the sanemori.

The fireflies also come glinting into the darkest corners of the room and shine in the shadow of the garden after sunset, with the light as of tiny stars fallen from the dark-blue sky; and on the ceiling of many houses will suddenly appear a little gray lizard in search of flies and other prey—a pretty, harmless creature which no one disturbs. The moths which also enter the house at dusk are many of them extremely large and beautiful. Some are welcome because of their loveliness. But there is one at least which is of

ill-omen, known as the okori-chōchō, or aguemoth, whose large body and dusky brown wings flecked with silver-gray are said to bring fever into every house that it enters. And with the moths of various kinds come innumerable beetles, one species of which, the goki-kaburi, is supposed to devour human eyes.

And thus when night has fallen, and strange shadows form in the garden below the engawa, and bushes which bore normal shapes in the sunlight suddenly seem to take upon themselves weird resemblances to animals and terrible uncouth beasts, sometimes in the distance is heard the voice of one crying, as though in terrible pain, Ho-to-to-gi-su, which is also the name of the bird whose wonderful utterance has given rise to numberless uncanny tales and legends. By many a peasant, and even others, in Japan it is not thought to be a bird at all, but a wandering soul from the Land of Darkness, which has strayed out of the realm of the dead over the sunless hills of Shiede, which all poor souls must cross to reach the place of judgment. Once in every year, they say, it comes at the end of the fifth month, on its weary way to the Kingdom of Emma, who is the King of Death.

Very different is the sound of another garden visitant, the moving, gently caressing call of the yamabato, or dove, which few can hear without a responsive call in their heart.

These, then, are some of the beautiful and quaint inhabitants of the gardens of Japan, each of which contributes in some measure to the interest which such gardens always exercise.

THE MELODY OF SPRING.

Sing, throstle, sing,
Within the still woods where the bluebells ring,
Where lilies of the valley scent the shade,
And bright-eyed blossoms light the dusky glade;
While wanton Spring,
Thrilled by the rapture of bold Zephyr's sighs,
Disdains to hide her loveliness from longing eyes.

Sing, lark, above,

Lost in an ecstasy of joy and love!

Beyond the mists that shroud the sun from sight

Trill out thy strain of wonder and delight

O'er hill and grove,

O'er verdant field where, silent on her nest,

O'er verdant field where, silent on her nest, Thy mate enchanted sits with tender, throbbing breast.

Sing, heart of mine!
Yield to the magic of love's song divine;
Its mystic beauty, thrilling vale and hill,
Shall sound in thy dim cloisters sweeter still;
There brighter shine,

Star-like, the blossoms where love's footsteps fell

Than all the countless flow'rs that deck the fragrant dell.

NORA C. USHER.



THE TRAMP.

By C. EDWARDES.

LET me whisper in the beginning that the tramp was a boat without a character, and that her owners would be delighted any day to learn from a Lloyd's agent that she lies, poor thing (with of course all hands saved), at the Atlantic bottom-in mid-Biscay-Bay for choice -where you may drop a lead a thousand feet, and there could be no hope of her recovery and reinstatement as a seafarer by any human apparatus. The captain, his three mates, the chief-engineer, and the steward all called her names of the kind that are lavished by rude tongues upon the most unworthy of their fellowcreatures. It was usual after a trip for quite half the crew to stampede with their pay and certificates of discharge. Now that I know how easily these same so-called able seamen (foreigners for the most part) earn their five pounds ten shillings a month, and substantial rations, with the luxury of free physic and idle Sundays thrown in, I realise to the full what a vile old wretch this tramp must have been. I understand also, as I did not at the time, why the younger partner of the shipping firm that owns her wished me good-bye in the office with a businesslike eye that refused to meet mine, after assuring me that I was a bold man. I fancied at the moment that I was bold merely because it happened to be blowing 'great guns' outside just then, as even a landsman from the interior expects it to do on the sea-coast in March-'Bad weather in the Bay,' and that sort of thing! But he was right. I was bold, and rather imbecile to boot, to step from the midst of home comforts on shore into this iron husk of an old thing, with a dirty cargo, and neither the will nor the ability to put a passenger at ease with himself. She was nearly thirty years of age, without a rat or a black cat on board; and the skipper's final minutes ere he cast off at a dismal hour in the morning were harassed by the intelligence that two new apprentices had bolted out of her in the night, facing all the consequences rather than go to sea in a boat about which they had doubtless been stuffed with ill-omened yarns during their couple of days' attachment to her.

We steamed away with the barometer at 29.15, and wind to match; and when the pilot had been turned loose, and the skipper had dis-

carded his fur-lined coat for a seasoned oilskin and sou'wester, thoroughly befitting the outlook, we settled into a down-we-go and (with luck) up-we-come kind of hellcat movement, which we maintained during five days. There was no danger, even when the glass had alarmed the skipper and roused the mate's choicest prophecies by dropping to 28.4. The winds blew and the seas swept us all ways, but the elements could get no worse antics out of us than those with which we started. It was a time of holding on and starting eyeballs. I have seen many miserable men in my life, but scarcely one so continuously wretched as the steward of this ship in his tiny pantry opening out of the pretty good cabin which was the officers' mess-room. The discord of breaking crockery was ever in his ears, and he was, I fancy, the most contused man on board, due to the perils of his passages to and from the cook's galley with and without soups and ugly-looking joints. Every one, of course, shared in these discomforts, though not so bountifully as the steward. At night even I, the passenger, with the best bunk in the ship after the skipper's, could not keep fast in it. It was steadier in the chart-room under the bridge, where a succession of grimy mariners of nine nations, and the two brave other apprentices who still stuck to the ship, worked their twohour spells at the wheel, with ears and countenances unstirred by the remarks of the lusty young British mate plodding backward and forward in that breezy part of the tramp; steadier still in the engineers' quarters amidships; and steadiest of all in the stokehold, where the warmth was an agreeable change from the shivering upper blasts until we were off Cape Finisterre—with, however, reactions which seemed straight temptations to pneumonia. But movement was easy nowhere except in these plutonic deeps. The Bay under such conditions taught me much. I learned as never before why seacaptains are so simply gratified in the matter of pleasures ashore, and the significance of the wrinkles which furrow their honest brown foreheads even in comparative youth. understood completely for the first time why sailors swear more than other men. The dangers of the sea are as nothing to its exasperations. Only saints, the half-witted, and aged philoso-

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phers with immaculate constitutions may bear such trials without a craving for relief that becomes overmastering. It must be a word or a blow in some direction; and a few strong and not necessarily heart-felt words in a small crowd all addicted to strong words seem better, upon the whole, than a brain-fever due to hard-forced suppression of a quite natural impulse.

But with Spain in the offing there came a soothing improvement, and on the sixth night banjo and concertina music from the more cultured members of the crew hailed the pleasanter portents. We ate our meal for the first time with genuine smiles, and almost mocked the fiddles which still kept our plates in their places. But let me say at once while I remember this telling truth—the fiddles were a wise precaution throughout the voyage. Even on the blue summer seas beyond Gib's white rock, by some devilish contrivance of the cargo or the tramp's architect, we still rolled. Thanks to this perpetual derangement of our equilibrium and the weakness of our aged engines, we cut a very humiliating figure on the Atlantic highway from Finisterre to St Vincent. One after the other, mean little vessels loaded to the last ounce of their capacity caught us up and passed us by. Sometimes they signalled us sarcastic remarks about ourselves, and once the mate took great pains in the night to spell out a sympathetic flashlight inquiry as to whether we were in distress of any kind. The skipper made a lurid face the next morning at the breakfast-table when the mate told him about this benevolent stranger's interest in us, and for the nth time or so in the trip he echoed his owners' wishes that the poor old tramp was safely sunk and done with. But there was no getting away from the fact that we seemed reasonably certain to reach our destination; and so it fell out, and there were hours in the Mediterranean in the meantime when even the skipper threw off his anxieties and sat heaving moderately at ease with his passenger under an awning in the afterpart of the ship, and told romantic tales of his sea-going days in stately wind-jammers with masts as tall as a church steeple, and thus between blue sky and blue sea forgot briefly that he was captain of a vessel that could add to his reputation only by

Another week and we were back at Gib, well blessed by the barometer since we had come through the Strait, but still waddling in smooth water. And then our troubles renewed themselves. It was not real bad weather, or anything like it; but we were so high out of the water, now that we were empty and not half ballasted, that we made frantic oscillations in a mere

Atlantic swell, fretted off and on by capfuls of wind on the beam. There were no more banjo and concertina orgies. One of the relatively heroic apprentices broke his head badly against a stanchion, and every one's temper got ajar as at first. Our third leisure Sunday brought us into mid-Bay once more, and here indeed the Atlantic was in a temper again much like our own. But I had my best laugh of the trip in contemplation of a procession of sick-stomached and sore-headed able seamen to the steward and his little pantry about the time when the devout on shore are in church and chapel; 70 per cent. of the crew discovered this Sunday that they had ailments, more or less acute, which cried aloud for treatment. The idea was that they might get a little rum administered; but the steward had had word from the skipper to give them black draughts one after the other instead. It was all the same what they complained ofblack draught was their portion from the medicine-chest. I gathered that these homeward-bound trips across the Bay usually end thus. If so, no treatment could have been more impolitic in a skipper who wished to keep the same crew intact for two successive voyages. Even with the prospect of a month's pay in a day or two, our miscellaneous gang of mariners were a sullen-faced lot as we laboured drunkenly through our final hundred miles of water. But in truth, like themselves, the skipper also was beset with raw edges by this time, and professed not to care a herring or so what happened to the ship or her overpaid, so-called able seamen when once he had got her docked. He and his officers alike seemed to think it impossible that the owners would send the poor doddering old tramp on another voyage after this one.

They did, though, but without a passenger, which was perhaps really the ultimate temptation of the Fates. And sometimes in the quiet of the night, in my anchored bed at home, I find myself awake and conjecturing about her. Is she making four knots, five, or a straining six, and rolling thirty-five or forty degrees? And what is the very latest compound adjective of the first mate's fertile mind, invented for application to the Greek, Russian, or Levantine hybrid who has seemed to snore at the wheel? And when -oh, when !--will these same Fates, in their mercy, put an end to the poor boat without endangering one of the lives aboard her? After much thought, I have come to the conclusion that I do not know which I admire most—the audacity of rich men who own ships like this one, the courage of the intelligent men who command them, or the superb endurance of these groaning old tramps themselves.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XXI.-THE PROVING OF THE BRAKE.

ON Monday morning Philip rose early. He had a hard week before him, for besides performing his usual duties—and their name was legion at this busy season of the year-he hoped to devote an afternoon to an exhaustive trial of the Meldrum Automatic Electro-Magnetic (described by the ribald Timothy as the Ought-to-Scrap-It, Don't-You-Forget-It) Brake. He was anxious, later in the week, to run down to Coventry and persuade the conservative Bilston to extend official recognition to his offspring.

He devoted two hours before breakfast to the more tender adjustment of the mechanism of the brake, which he had attached to the servicecar provided for his use by the company. The car consisted mainly of a long, lean, powerful chassis, destitute of ornament, and fitted with a skimpy and attenuated body of home manufacture. He was assisted in his operations by Mr Brand. once more unclothed and in his right mind. Brand had taken a reluctant but irresistible interest in the evolution of the brake. Indeed, one or two practical suggestions of his had been incorporated in the final design.

At last the work was completed. Philip climbed out of the pit and disconnected the

inspection lamp.

'That's great, Brand,' he said. 'Thank you for all your help. If the company takes the invention up, I hope you will accept 5 per cent. of the first year's royalties as your just commission.'

It was an unnecessarily handsome offer, but Mr Brand was not particularly cordial in his thanks. He would have preferred on the whole to receive nothing whatever for his assistance, and so be able to announce that Labour (himself) had done the work, while Capital (Philip) drew

the profits.

Early in the afternoon, after a crowded morning in the office, Philip ordered round the service-car and set off upon his trial trip. First of all he tested his brake in the surging torrent of Oxford Street. In this enterprise he received invaluable assistance from that strange animal the pedestrian, and wondered for the hundredth time, as he eluded a panic-stricken party of shoppers who had darted out of Marshall & Snelgrove's apparently for the express purpose of getting run over, why it is that the ordinary citizen—even the selfconfident Cockney-who desires to cross a crowded street should invariably put his head well down and run rather than keep it well up and walk. However, he was gratified to find that the brake performed its duties without undue suddenness and held the car without apparent Affort.

and, gliding sedately past the long rows of green chairs, emerged at Albert Gate and sped down the Fulham Road. Presently he was across Putney Bridge. Twenty minutes later he cleared Kingston, and leaving Suburbia, with its tramlines and other impedimenta, far behind him, headed joyoualy for the Surrey hills.

It was a perfect afternoon in June, and Philip, who for some reason was in a reminiscent mood. wandered back in his thoughts to his first motorride—that ecstatic and epoch-making journey in Mr Mablethorpe's fiery chariot, Boanerges of

blessed memory.

Boanerges, alas! was no more. A fighter to the last, he had met his Waterloo more than two years ago in a one-sided but heroic combat with a Pantechnicon furniture-van. Always a strategist, Boanerges had taken the van in the rear, charging through its closed doors with devastating effect, and recoiling into the roadway after the impact with the first fruits of victory, in the shape of a wash-hand stand, adhering firmly to his crumpled radiator. But his triumph was momentary. The radiator stood gaping open; the cooling waters imprisoned therein gushed forth; the temperature of Boanerges rose to fever-heat; and, as the faithful engine refused under any conditions to stop running, the whole sizzling fabric rapidly heated itself to redness. and finally burst into flame, furnishing the inhabitants of Maida Vale with the finest and most pestiferous bonfire ever seen in Watling Street. So perished Boanerges, and the washhand stand with him. Pax cineribus!

Roaming farther down the avenues of remembrance, Philip came next to the affaire Pegs and the house on Hampstead Heath. Performing a brief sum in mental arithmetic, he calculated that Pegs would now be about twenty-one. Perhaps she was married by this time. Indeed it was highly probable, for Montagu Falconer was not precisely the sort of person with whom one would choose to dwell longer than was absolutely necessary. Still, it was odd to think of such a little girl being married. He recalled some of their quaint childish conversations, and was conscious of a sudden desiderium—there is no exact word for it in English-for the days that were no more. It would be pleasant, he reflected, to have some one beside him nowespecially some one with kind brown eyes and wavy hair-to cheer him with her presence and act as a repository for his private thoughts and ambitions. However, his own proper Lady would come along some day. Would she be ambitions. like Pegs? he wondered.

He touched the accelerator with his foot, and At the Marble Arch he turned into the Park, | the car began to breast the three-mile slope of

Wickmore Hill. It was on the farther side that he proposed to test his brake.

Meanwhile, along a road running almost parallel with Philip's, and ultimately converging on to Wickmore Hill itself, came another car. It was a Britannia, of a four-year-old pattern. It was driven by a gentleman with a yellow beard, into which streaks of gray had made their way. Beside him sat a girl. The gentleman, her father, had just completed a sulphurous summary of the character of the man who had designed the carburettor of the car, not because of any inherent defect in the carburettor itself, but because the gentleman—for a variety of reasons, the most cogent of which was an entire ignorance of the elements of motor-mechanicshad twice stopped his engine in the course of

Presently they emerged from the side-road on to the summit of Wickmore Hill. The gentleman stopped the car by a fierce application of the brakes.

'I shall write to the band of brigands who sold me this condemned tumbril,' he announced,

'and ask for my money back.'

'Considering that we have had the car for nearly four years now,' remarked his daughter calmly, 'won't they think we have been rather a long time making up our minds about it?'

'Don't be ridiculous! How could I detect the fault when I had never driven the car myself

until to-day?' snapped the car's owner.

'I should think,' said the girl, 'that if there had been a fault Adams would have noticed it.'

This apparently harmless observation roused

quite a tempest.
'Adams? That numskull! That bumpkin! Haven't I been compelled to dismiss Adams from my service for gross incompetence—only yesterday? How would he be likely to notice faults in a car?'

'I don't know, I'm sure,' was the unruffled reply, 'except that he was a trained mechanic

and a good driver.'

At this moment a Gabriel horn fluted melodiously in the distance. Philip was coming up behind, climbing the hill at thirty miles an hour. Seeing a car in front of him at a standstill, he slowed down punctiliously, and glanced in an inquiring fashion at its occupants as he slid past.

'Filthy road-hog!' bellowed the gentleman at the wheel; and Philip went on his way.

The gentleman turned to his daughter. let's have no more nonsense about Adams,' he said. 'I admit he had a wife and four children, but you can hardly hold me responsible for that. Moreover, he was a yahoo. He decorated the interior of the garage—my garage—with chromo-lithographs, and his wife kept wax-fruit under a glass case in her parlour-window. I have dismissed him, and there is an end of it. Let

us cease to be sentimental or maudlin upon the

'You might have given him a character,' said

the girl.

'If I had,' replied her father grimly, 'he would never have obtained a situation again.'

The girl changed the subject. 'Don't you think,' she said, 'that if we are really going to call on the Easts we had better be getting on? And go gently. The foot-brake is a good deal worn, and the side-brake won't hold this heavy car if it gets on the run down this hill.'

'If there is one thing,' replied her amiable papa, 'about this miserable and untrustworthy vehicle which can be relied upon at all, it is the

efficiency of the brakes.'

They set off with a jerk.

Meanwhile Philip, a little startled at the reception accorded to his tacit offer of assistance, was running down Wickmore Hill. It was a long descent-nearly three miles-but was not steep, and there were no sharp curves until near the bottom. It was a useful spot for brake-

'I wonder who that old cuss was,' mused Philip. 'Rum bird. One of our cars, too. There was something familiar about his voice. Road-hog, indeed!' Philip grunted indignantly, for he was a virtuous motorist. 'Now I will really hog it a bit; this is a lovely piece of road. I'll let the old car rip for a couple of hundred yards, and then see what the Ought-to-Scrap-It will do. There was a girl with him, too. I wonder what her face was like, behind that thick blue veil. Now then, old friend, put your back into it!' He patted the steering-wheel affectionately. 'Off you go!... No, steady! Wait a minute.'

He closed down the throttle, for another car was coming down the hill behind him, and he intended to let it pass in order to have a clear road for his own operations. He looked round.

'What in thunder'-– he began.

All was not well with the oncoming car. The horn was being blown unceasingly, and some one appeared to be shouting. As Philip looked, he saw that it was the Britannia car which he had passed at the top of the hill. It was going thirty miles an hour, and swaying a little from side to side. Next moment it was past him.

The gentleman at the wheel turned to Philip as they shot by. 'We are running away, damn

you!'he bawled.

It was what geometricians call a self-evident proposition; though why Philip should be damned because an incompetent stranger had allowed his car to get out of control was not readily apparent. Still, there was no time to sift the matter. Something must be done promptly, or there would be a hideous disaster. Besides, the man at the wheel was no stranger. Philip recognised him now.

Philip's foot came down upon the accelerator, and the low car leaped down the hill. Philip's mind was suddenly and tensely clear. There was only one thing to do, and the Meldrum Ought-to-Scrap-It, Don't-You-Forget-It Brake would have to do it. Otherwise—— 'Lucky there's no sharp turn for nearly two miles,' he muttered to himself between his locked teeth. 'Pray God we meet nothing coming up the other way! Now to get past! My word, they are swerving badly!'

Next moment he was abreast of the flying

'Get right behind me, if you can,' he shouted,

'and I'll try to stop you.

The only response to this appeal was another swerve on the part of the runaway, in avoiding which Philip nearly cannoned into a tree at the side of the road. The gentleman with the beard appeared to have lost his head altogether. His efforts to avoid disaster were now limited to swearing volubly and blowing his horn. Philip noted that the side-brake was full on; but it seemed to have little effect in checking the car.

'Stick to your wheel, you fool!' he shouted with the full strength of his lungs.

The gentleman responded with a fresh outburst of vocal and instrumental exuberance. suddenly, just as Philip shot ahead, the girl in the blue veil leaned over and gripped the wheel in her two hands. Her parent immediately relinquished his hold altogether, and devoted his undivided attention to the horn.

Then followed the fullest and most eventful minute of Philip's life. He was ahead now, going perhaps fifty miles an hour, but clear in front of the other car. He knew he must act at once, for there was barely half a mile of straight road left, and there were two sharp turns at the foot of the hill. What he had to do must be done instantaneously, and called for superb driving. He wondered if the girl behind could hold on long enough to give him a chance. To steer a car steadily from any position except the driver's seat is a difficult enough performance, but to accomplish it when the seat is occupied by a gesticulating lunatic is almost a physical impossibility, especially for a slightly built girl. Still, Philip had had time to note the prompt and decisive way in which this girl had grasped his purpose and carried out his instructions. He felt somehow that those small gloved hands could be trusted to cling gamely on until the end of all things.

Glancing back, he saw that the other car was now right behind him—seven yards or so. The moment had come—the inventor's moment. 'I told Timothy it would stop a motor-bus,' he observed to himself. 'We'll see if it will stop two cars.

The brake was controlled by a switch upon the steering-pillar. The farther the switch was pulled over the stronger became the current

which supplied the brake's magnetic force. it was not required yet. Philip first pressed down the foot-brake, which, though it could not check, sensibly moderated the headlong speed of his car; and then, getting both hands back to the steering-wheel, braced himself, and leaning well back with his feet on the pedals, waited for the impact of the runaway.

It came, but not too severely. By good luck or good management the pursuing car struck Philip's fairly and squarely in the back, and the two raced on down the hill, locked together like engine and tender, the sorely handicapped little chauffeuse behind exerting all her small strength to keep her leading wheels from slewing round. The shock of collision, coming where it did, sent a thrill of satisfaction coursing up Philip's spine.

'Oh, well done, well done, little girl, whoever you are!' he murmured enthusiastically. 'That gives us a Chinaman's chance, anyhow. Now /'

He pulled the switch of the brake slowly

over three parts of the way.

For a moment nothing seemed to happen; and then—oh, rapture !—the rocking cars began to slow down. The brake was answering to the call. The strain was immense, but the work was good.

On they tore, but more slowly, and yet more slowly. They were barely going twenty-five miles an hour now. Philip leaned hard back, gripping the wheel, and exulted. They were going to stop. The brake was proved.

Suddenly his eye caught a glimpse of a red triangle. They were coming to the turns sooner than he expected, for the pace had been terrific, and the whole incident had barely lasted a

hundred seconds as yet.

Well, they would just manage it, he calculated, provided that the smoking brake-shoes held out. They were running at a comparatively moderate pace now. A single car could have taken the approaching corner comfortably. The danger lay in the likelihood that the car behind would skid. Still, the little girl was steering like a Trojan. They ought to get off with a shaking at the

Round to the left they swung. glancing over his shoulder, could see the girl behind frantically wrestling with her steeringwheel. Next moment they were round. She had succeeded. The road was almost level now, but the second corner was imminent, and in the reverse direction, for this was what is technically known as an S turn.

Philip pulled his brake-switch into the very last notch and put his wheel hard over to the

right.

What happened next he never rightly knew. His car took the corner well enough. But then, instead of proceeding upon its appointed way, it slewed right round. Philip promptly spun his wheel over to the left, but all in vain. Next moment his car was squarely across the road; for the car behind, instead of following its leader round the bend, had pursued a straight course, pushing the tail of Philip's long chassis before it. Philip could feel his back-tires sliding sideways over the smooth asphalt. He felt utterly helpless. The brake could do no more. It was not designed to prevent cars from running away laterally.

Suddenly the skidding ceased, and Philip's car began to careen giddily over to the left. Then, without warning, it turned completely upside-down. The other car, like a victor who sets his foot upon the neck of the vanquished, mounted proudly upon the wreck of its prostrate preserver, and there poised itself—stationary at last.

Philip, unable to free himself, went over with his car. 'I rather fancy the old man must have been putting his oar in again,' he said to himself as the road rose suddenly up to meet him.

So the Meldrum Automatic Electro-Magnetic Brake was proved. When they examined the

car afterwards, it was found that though the brake-shoes were scorched and damaged beyond recall, the brake itself was in perfect order. The other car was hardly injured. Its occupants were unhurt. But Philip did not know this. He had ceased to take any active interest in the proceedings.

Only for one brief moment during the subsequent twenty-four hours did he exhibit any sign of intelligence at all. This was when he woke up on his way back to London. He found himself lying in a smooth-running closed vehicle of some kind. The light was uncertain, and his vision was somewhat obscured by bandages; but he was dimly conscious that some one was sitting beside him—close beside him. He made an inarticulate sound. Instantly the figure stirred, and a face came very close to his.

Philip surveyed the face gravely, and remarked, 'Hallo, Pegs!'

Then everything became blank again.

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SPANISH HONDURAS.

By E. W. PERRY.

N those good old days when Spain, the evermerciful and tender, employed sword and lash and cross to make good Indians of the millions who dwelt in the New World, three comparatively short and easy roads across this continent were used for carrying to the open pockets of the mother-country the riches of these Pacific shores, that have never been pacific since the white man first saw them. Of these highways, the shortest was that across fever-infested Panama. A second road, not so short, was where the tides of the great South Sea rushed through to the Atlantic until the bottom of the strait rose to dam the flood and make the lakes of Nicaragua serve as part of a highway for races then in the womb of distant ages. A third such interoceanic road ran due south across Honduras, from Puerto Caballos on the Caribbean Sea to the waters of the Gulf of

In time certain Dutchmen, Englishmen, and Frenchmen became active and diligent, possibly somewhat bold on occasion, in cruising the Spanish Main, seeking what treasures of silver and gold, señoritas and pearls, or other prizes passing ships, especially Spanish craft, might be persuaded to contribute to the cause. Spain and her sons in the Western World came to imagine that these gentry of the high seas asked too heavy tolls from those who had had the bother of collecting from Peruvian and Mexican, from Quiché and other races, along these shores.

Puerto Caballos, at the north end of the great Camino Real of La Provincia de Guatemala, of which Honduras was part, offered too open a welcome to undesirable visitors; therefore a new terminus a few miles to the westward was chosen. A new road was made from the snug bay of Omoa, straight over the mountains, to join the old highway some thirty miles from the abandoned port. He who cares to ride over that road from Omoa will still find, to his discomfort, parts of its pavement of big blocks of stone.

To discourage visits from the uninvited, the Crown ordered the erection of a strong fort at Omoa. That order was given in 1751, and the work was so rushed (?) that the Castillo de San Fernando was completed in 1795. It stands to-day in fair condition, a monument to Spanish dominion and to the honour of the masons and the power of the guns of a hundred and twenty

years ago. In time the profession of piracy became rather unpopular; its profits may have seemed unequal to its risks, or perhaps to the gains of such trading as may still be seen along these shores. At all events, most of those who followed piracy in the old days gave it up, perchance because meddling men of war followed them too closely and too often. So the roads southward across the isthmus became comparatively safe. Traffic left the great highway of Honduras for the short and easy route across Panamá. Americans built a railway there, and thus robbed Honduras of whatever remained of her interoceanic trade. Honduras dreamed of recovering part at least of that traffic. I am not sure that no such vain imaginings lurk in Hondureño minds to-day, notwithstanding that

the Panamá Canal will soon be open, and kill all reasonable hope of profitable competition by any such road. At any rate, the building of a railway was begun in 1867 at Puerto Cortés, the old Puerto Caballos, in hope of recovering that carrying traffic. When it was made as far as Pimienta, some fifty-two miles south, the work was abandoned, and the railway was left to the management of the republic. So were bonded debts to the amount of four million one hundred and sixty-three thousand nine hundred and seventy-five pounds, created seemingly to pay for the building of the road from ocean to ocean. At times this railway has been leased to private persons at one thousand pounds per annum. It was taken over by the Government early in February 1912, and in the first six months thereafter its net earnings were equal to seven thousand and forty-six pounds sterling. As this was about five thousand one hundred and ninety-seven pounds more than the lessee had paid, and as he seems to have had no just right to use the road, the act of the Government appears fully justified. To-day a passenger may land on the pier at Puerto Cortés, climb aboard a semi-weekly—or is it a tri-weekly? train, and in about half a day climb down at Pimienta, which is at the south end of the track, and which is also the terminus of a number of other tracks. A good saddle-mule may travel over one or other of these trails at the rate of from eight to fifteen Spanish leagues a day; so his day's journey may be from twenty-one to thirtynine English miles, instead of the twenty-four to forty-five miles the traveller here commonly But the day's travel seems long enough, especially if one is five or six days on end in the saddle, as when he comes to the national capital. For the roads here are-- Yet one who remembers what the roads were a quarter of a century ago, and knows what they are in other Latin-American republics, may well laugh at the grumbling of the tenderfoot of to-day. On the road between Pimienta and Comayagua, long the national capital of this republic, were many miles where one's mule had to pick its way carefully and slowly—how slowly!—between rounded boulders of spongy black scoria hardly far enough apart to let the poor beast's feet touch the ground. We scrambled up steeps covered with loose flakes of stone, to scramble down again a little farther Now these boulders are put aside, and the steeper parts are avoided by detours. At one place we climbed a stair carved in the rock; to-day a wagon may climb that hill with something like ease. On one trip over these roads, years ago, the then mayor of an American city was with me. After we had been one day out he exclaimed, 'These little mules are great! Why, I could ride this one up the steps of our capitol!' A day or two later he cried, 'This is a great mule! Why, I could ride her up the sides of our capitol!

Honduras has done creditable work to make her roads good. Despite her many revolutions and other difficulties, she has made a number of wagon-roads which would pass in many other countries as quite good indeed. One of her highways is ninety-two miles long; it is wide, and most of it is smooth enough for the automobiles which run over it. Much of it is carved in the rounded hills of siliceous sandstone called telpetate, and its bridges of solid masonry are well built. Even now automobiles carry passengers from the edge of the Gulf of Fonseca to Tegucigalpa in half a day.

A generation ago the traveller had to depend on the people living on his way for food and for lodging. If he was unacquainted with their ways, he would probably suppose they meant it when they said they had nothing to eat; but in time he learned that these folk would share with him whatever food they happened to have, or could get, in a land where people take no heed for the morrow, because each new day has brought enough, and there is no reason for fearing that each day ahead will not bring plenty if one goes about the matter in the right way.

After dark we rode up to the only pretence of a house we had seen for two days. To our inquiries as to food the man of the house declared,

'No, señores; there is nothing.'

'But, amigo, can't you get a fish from this river? Haven't you any eggs? Not a plátano?'

'No, señores. The tigers [pumas] ate our pigs; the tiger-cats [ocelotl] killed our chickens.

There is nothing.

This with a brawling river before the house. in the midst of a great virgin forest where we had seen no man for two days or more, but had seen wild turkeys and pheasants, peccaries, agoutis, deer, iguanas, and monkeys enough to feed abundantly four times our number.

'Who is that groaning? What is the matter?'

I asked.

'It is my wife, señor. She has the calentura.' 'Well, then, I have quinine. We will cure her.' Two minutes later the man was taking quinine

to the woman, two lads were on their way with flaming pine-torches to spear a fish, a well-grown girl was bringing a bunch of ripe platanos down the notched pole that was the stair from the loft, an old woman was patting wet meal into flat cakes, while a girl of a dozen years or so brought from the darkness the ham of a wild pig.

One day a girl of eight or ten was taking a loaf from an oven beside the road at the edge of a town not many miles from here. Just then my mule stepped from the carpet of grass to the sun-baked roadway. Instantly, without a glance to see who was coming, that heiress to the heredity of all the ages pushed the bread into the oven, put her back against the door, then looked

up.
'How do you do, my little friend? Can I get something to eat at your house?'

'No, señor; there is nothing.'

'But, little daughter, not even a bit of bread ?'

'No, señor; there is none.'

Her eyes twinkled; then we laughed, and she took the bread from the oven. To me her instant, involuntary concealing of the loaf spoke plainly, not of design, but of instinct born who knows how many centuries before that child saw light?—born in the days when the strong hand took whatever seemed worth taking from these people; when it was prudent to hide all one had as soon as a stranger drew near, and then hide one's self in the bush.

The traveller is likely to lodge in houses with adobe walls that are thick and high, and coated with snowy plaster, which is whitewashed once a year, if not oftener. Within these walls are usually two rooms, the larger of which is the sala, or reception-room; the other, the dormitory for all the family. Between the floor of flat bricks and the roof of concave tiles may be a ceiling of wood or of cotton-cloth, or there may be none. A broad door opens upon a wide, paved corridor or veranda, and directly across the reception-room is another door opening upon another The dormitory may or may not have a veranda. door other than the one which connects it with the sala. Some of these rooms have, in these modern days, windows without glass and with close wooden shutters. Ventilation may be effected through the crevices between the tiles of the roof, or not at all. For furniture, the dormitory may have bedsteads of wood without mattresses. Some of the beds are of rawhide stretched over, and securely nailed to, the frame, and are as soft and warm as a drumhead. Other beds are of small cords which form a net, and are cooler than the rawhide ones, but not, on the whole, much more comfortable. In place of such beds, cots of canvas nailed to cross-legged frames are coming into quite common use. If the voyager has plenty of blankets, some to fold and use as a mattress, and one or more to cover him, he may get through the night without dreaming that he is lying on an iceberg. But the nights are always cool in this country.

If the traveller should be curious about the kitchen in which his food is to be prepared——But he had better not be.

The population of the republic was five hundred and fifty-three thousand four hundred and forty-six in 1910. Schools have been established in nearly every village and town in Honduras, for the people generally are determined that their children shall learn to read, to write, and to calculate, if no more. In the year 1912 they established one hundred and eighty new schools, thus making the whole number of schools eight hundred and ninety, with thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and three enrolled pupils. Naturally they have higher-grade schools in the national capital, in some of which mechanics are

trained; in others girls learn to make cigars, or to manufacture hats which the world calls Panamá hats, but which the natives know by the name of *jipijapi* (which please call he-pe-ha-pe) or junco sombreros. Improved methods of agriculture are taught in a few special schools.

Honduras greatly needs development of her agriculture, as does the whole of Central America, for that matter; for in the main the ways of the farmer here are those of the days of the first of the Pharaohs, perhaps of times long before that. Worse than the antiquated methods are the frequent armed uprisings which prevent the planting or the harvesting of food. It is a fact that, with all their advantages of soil and climate, these republics have rarely grown food enough to supply their own needs. They manufacture nothing for export, and their lumber trade is small.

Honduras exported during the year 1912 products valued at seven million seven hundred thousand four hundred and forty-six dollars silver, or about six hundred and thirty-two thousand nine hundred and thirty-five pounds sterling. In the same period she bought from other countries goods valued at about twenty-five thousand four hundred and fifteen pounds more than the value put on the things sold. Adverse balances such as this have been the rule in Central America, and this means a gradual impoverishment. Yet Honduras has much fertile land, despite the fact that a great central area is a mass of rounded hills of telpetate—a friable, siliceous sandstone which can furnish little, if any, plant-food. Through this mass rise peaks and ranges of primitive rock, with limestone in places. Great forests once stood on these hills, and now furnish soil on which bananas and many other fruits, vegetables, cacao, corn, beans, rice, coffee, cotton, tobacco, and other crops might be richly raised.

If any other land has a more healthful and delightful climate than that of Honduras, its name is not on any map I have seen. Here the temperature is equable and mild, as it is regulated by the two great bodies of warm water which are near every spot in the land. When the north is enjoying its summer the sun lifts big loads of moisture from the North Atlantic, to drop it on the mountains and valleys of Central America. It gives more to Panamá and Costa Rica, less to northern Guatemala and Mexico, than to Honduras and Nicaragua; but always there is enough, yet seldom too much, here.

President Wilson lately announced that the United States will lend its influence to support the recognised Governments of Latin-America, and cannot regard with a friendly feeling those who may, from personal ambition, attempt to disturb the peace of any of these countries, particularly those of Central America. This declaration relieved the nervous tension which was caused by the death, on 21st March 1913, of

General Manuel Bonilla, president of the republic. The announcement inspired a sense of security and a strong hope and belief that this country will now enjoy a long period of peace. Little more will be required to give the people prosperity. Bonilla's death suddenly stopped action on a proposal to construct the Honduras inter-oceanic railway, projected sixty years ago; but

before this the National Assembly had approved of a grant of right-of-way and franchises for the Pan-American or Intercontinental Railway which is to be built along the plain bordering the Gulf of Fonseca. These works, and protection by the United States against insurrection, invasion, or rebellion, should make Honduras richer, more comfortable, and happier than she has ever been.

TROOPER 13,846.

CHAPTER III.

IT was while walking back to barracks that Devereux encountered Captain Marchand.

'That is you, Devereux ?' said Marchand.

Devereux saluted. 'I'm No. 13,846 of the Legion, my captain,' he replied.

'For the next few minutes you are Devereux. Why did you save me to-day? Good God, man, you must have hated me!'

Devereux made a little gesture. 'You married her husband. That is why I saved you.'

A smile lit up Contain a saved you.'

A smile lit up Captain Marchand's face. 'You're a queer fellow, Devereux,' he said. 'Quixotism like that is beyond me.'

Perhaps Devereux was thinking of what he had just seen, and wondering whether the woman was worth it.

'You don't still love Grace, do you?' Captain Marchand looked at him keenly, and for a moment the two men measured one another.

'That is beside the question,' said Devereux. 'At least I have honour, or I should have let you be killed to-day. Not another man would have raised his finger to save you.'

The remark gave Captain Marchand much food for reflection as he walked home. He entered the drawing-room to find Madge seated 'Grace out?' he asked. reading.

'Yes; she has gone to the Cercle.'

'Not by herself surely?'

'No; Lieutenant Villevois went with her.'

'Oh, Villevois? A harmless, amiable young ass.' Marchand laughed. 'I wonder why he volunteered for the Legion.'

Madge looked at her brother-in-law, and a momentary gleam of pity lit up her eyes. She knew only too well why the lieutenant had left Paris and come to Sidi-bel-Abbès only a few weeks after Captain Marchand and his wife; but loyalty to her sister prevented her from telling the man who stood before her.

Captain Marchand flung himself down in a chair. 'What a strange place this world is! To-day, Madge, I stood face to face with death, yet here I am.

'How?' Madge looked alarmed.

'One of the légionnaires got cafard, and he would have killed me, only another légionnaire sprang upon him. Who do you think it was?'

Something in the captain's voice made Madge look up. She knew intuitively the name of the légionnaire, though she asked the question.

'A man named Devereux. You knew him in

England of course?

'Of course,' responded Madge.

'One of the pluckiest deeds I ever saw. légionnaire with cafard is no easy task. It took half-a-dozen men to hold him.

'Tell me about it,' said Madge. She strove to speak unconcernedly. A feeling of pride surged through her-of pride and thankfulness that she had saved Dick for this.

Captain Marchand was not a good raconteur. He spoke disjointedly; nevertheless it was wel-

come to the girl. Her eyes shone.

Early next morning she went to the Legion's cemetery. Devereux was there, bent double over his work. He did not look up until he heard her voice. 'Dick!' she said.

His eyes lighted up.

Madge held his hand. 'I am so proud of you, Dick!' she said.

'Who told you?' 'Captain Marchand.'

Devereux looked surprised. 'Captain Marchand! Was Grace there?

'No; she had gone to the Cercle.'

'With Lieutenant Villevois? interposed Devereux.

Why do you ask ?' 'Yes.

'I walked to the bungalow yesterday, and I climbed the fence and hid in the grounds. Grace was standing in the drawing-room with Lieutenant Villevois.'

It was evident he had left something unsaid.

'I know,' said Madge slowly. 'She is playing with fire, but she only laughs at me. She looks upon me as a child.

Devereux turned sharply toward her. 'There is more womanliness in your little finger than in the whole of her body. She would not have done for any man what you did for me that

night.'

Madge's eyes softened. 'That is why I am so glad you saved Leon's life.' She paused. 'Tell me,' she went on—and her voice was wonderfully soft-'why did you go to the bungalow last night?'

For a moment Devereux hesitated. 'Life in the Legion is not altogether pleasant,' he said at last, 'and since you have come I have known a little kindness. So'---He broke off.

'You came for more? Poor Dick!' linked her arm in his. 'I wish you would let

me see more of you.

Devereux laughed bitterly. 'It would not be

wise. I'm a légionnaire.'
'Nonsense!' Madge laughed. She was with the man she loved—how much she had yet to learn.

Devereux looked down upon her fresh young face, laughingly turned up to his. With the sight a load of care dropped from his shoulders. He forgot he was a légionnaire, forgot everything, save one—a great truth that had suddenly forced itself upon him. 'God bless you, dear!' he said. Then a moment later, 'Madge, you have spoken to your sister?'

'Yes.'

'Then you can do no more. She will get burnt, as all women do who play with fire. is the price we mortals have to pay for folly. When the time comes I shall be near. I can do more than you can.'

'Thank you, Dick. Why are you doing all

this?

'Because I cared for Grace once,' said Devereux,

'and because she is your sister.'

Madge thought over these words as she walked home. She reached the bungalow to find her sister on the veranda.

'Madge,' said the elder sister, 'come here. I have something so amusing to tell you.'

'What?' Madge stood before her, the personification of healthy English girlhood.

'Lieutenant Villevois has asked me to go away with him.'

'Grace!'

'Don't look so shocked. I haven't done it yet.'

Madge looked severely upon her sister. you don't stop this foolish flirtation I shall tell Leon.'

The smile faded from her sister's face. 'You dare not do any such thing! Madge, you wouldn't be so foolish—so wicked?'

'I shall if you are so foolish on your part.'

'It is nothing, simply pour passer le temps. Leon shouldn't have brought me here. shouldn't leave me so much alone.

Madge looked away. There was pity and contempt on her face. Her hand, resting on the veranda-rail, suddenly gripped it until her knuckles showed white beneath the skin. 'You know Dick is in the Legion. You sent him here. Did you play with him pour passer le temps?'

'Dick joined the Legion because of me?'

'Yes, because he loved you so much.'

Grace sighed. 'Poor Dick!' she said, 'I did behave abominably to him. I must speak to him some day, and ask him to forgive me.' She little guessed how soon they were to meet, and under what circumstances.

'I shouldn't, if I were you,' said Madge.

'Why not?'

'Because you may find Dick has changed. Three years in the Legion would change most men, and Dick did not leave England thinking too kindly of you.'

CHAPTER IV.

DEVEREUX lay on his bed during siesta, and smiled. There was much to amuse him in Sidi-bel-Abbès, even as there was much to interest. He was thinking at the moment of a short conversation he had had a couple of hours before with Madame Marchand; she had come extending the warm hand of patronage, and she had left looking upon him as an enigma. He was thankful, too, that the scales had fallen from his eyes. For three years he had worshipped her as the lady of his dreams, and that morning had shown his idol to be of common clay.

It was hot outside; a pitiless sun poured down upon the sand. Around him the men lay contorted and gasping from the heat. There was a silence in the room, the silence of weary men.

Devereux's eyes closed, and his brain was busy. It was no light task he had set himself -the saving of Madame Marchand-for it is not easy to save a woman who deliberately thrusts herself in the path of danger; moreover, the means at his disposal were limited, since he was only a légionnaire.

He was still thinking about it when the corporal swung into the room. 'Débout, légionnaires / Débout /' he shouted. Siesta was over.

The eleventh company, to which Devereux belonged, were sent for a long march that afternoon, and it was dark before they returned. The long hours of monotonous physical exertion, swinging across the sand at a uniform rate of nearly five miles an hour, until one became an aching automaton, gave Devereux the opportunity he needed. By the time they had swung into the streets of Sidi-bel-Abbès again his plan was perfected.

Devereux hurriedly changed at the barracks, and walked through the town in the direction of the Street of Seven Delights. Diving down an alley, he entered an old Moorish courtyard. Gathered round the three sides were men-Arabs mostly—smoking narghiles; while scantily clothed Arabian girls passed from one to the other with cups of strong tea. An old grayhaired man smiled at Devereux as at an old Though it was forbidden ground to the friend. Legion, Devereux had been there before. was much that was interesting in the old Moorish house, and much that made him forget.

The trooper flung himself down on a gaudy yellow mat, and lay back with half-closed eyes. During the three years he had been in the Legion he had learned Arabic. At the far end hung a fine brocade cloth, woven with many colours, which separated the court from a room beyond. Devereux had chosen a mat near this. Apparently he sat idly, almost somnolently, sipping his tea like those around him. He rolled a cigarette and smoked it slowly. Through the clouds of the vaporous smoke he watched those around. He had come to seek one man.

Presently the curtain moved, and a group of women appeared—twenty or more. Most of them were southern Arabs, little more than children; others, from the whiteness of the skin which showed in the folds of the burnous, were English or French women. One of the girls picked up a torch and commenced to dance in the middle of the room—a wild nautch-dance, with the torch making curves of flame about her head. Murmurs of applause greeted her when she had finished.

Suddenly a little sigh escaped Devereux.

A figure had entered the courtyard, and, though his features were hidden beneath a hat low-drawn over his forehead, Devereux had little difficulty in recognising him. It was Lieutenant Villevois! The new-comer nodded to the proprietor, and crossed the courtyard to where the woman was lying. She rose at his approach, and, putting her arms around his neck, kissed him wildly, passionately. For a few moments he stood talking to her, her arms still about him, as she pleaded with him in soft, passionate tones; then he drew aside the curtain and passed into the room beyond.

Devereux strained his ears to listen; he even drew himself nearer to the curtain, so that he might catch every word. He was so near that only a few inches separated him from the woman who had caressed Villevois. She drew herself

away with an air of repugnance.

At other times the action would have amused Devereux. Now it escaped his notice. From behind the curtain came the sound of soft voices, so soft as to be almost indistinct. One he recognised as the voice of Lieutenant Villevois.

'Yes,' the lieutenant was saying, 'the eleventh are going for a long march on the 15th. They will be away for three days at least.'

'The 15th?' said another voice. 'That is the second day after Ramadan.'

Devereux waited to hear more; but the voices dropped, and the rest of the conversation was lost in the jingle of the ornaments on a girl who had just come forward to dence

who had just come forward to dance.

. . .

Devereux rose and walked out into the street and back to the barracks. He went to bed early that night. The day's marching had wearied him; nevertheless he dropped off to sleep, feeling that he had done a good day's work, and that fate had played into his hands.

For a week the *légionnaire* spent his leisure hours in the vicinity of the bungalow. Once only were his efforts rewarded. He was strolling in the bushes, when he felt a light touch on his arm, and turned sharply to find Madge looking into his face.

'I thought you would be here, Dick,' she said.

'You did not see me from the house?' he asked anxiously.

'No,' she answered. 'Why?'

Dick laughed gaily. 'It would mean a couple of years or more in the penal settlement,' he answered; 'and I could not do much to help you then.'

The girl took his arm. 'Don't, Dick!' she said. For a moment she hesitated. There was a question to which she longed to know the answer, with all the longing of a woman's heart. 'Dick,' she asked suddenly, 'you don't care for

Grace now, do you?'

'Care for her?' Devereux laughed softly.
'No. I don't hate her, but my feelings are little better. I am doing this because she was to have been my wife, and I want to save her from herself if I can. Besides, I have promised you.'

'I know.' The grip on his arm tightened a

little

For a few moments the two stood in silence. There was much they had to say, yet neither could speak.

'Has Lieutenant Villevois been here lately?'

asked Devereux.

'Not for three days now. Leon is nearly

always at home.'

'I understand.' Devereux did understand to the farthest inch, and he was wondering how he could ever have cared for that woman. He was about to ask another question, when a white-clad figure appeared on the verands.

'Madge, are you there?' called her sister.

The girl gave Devereux's arm a little squeeze—she was singularly unsophisticated—then she disappeared.

'Good gracious, child! where have you been?'

asked Grace petulantly.

'For a walk through the grounds,' answered

Madge.

'What a mad thing to do! Come inside and talk to me, child. Play, or do something. I am tired of my own company.' Grace shivered. 'I feel nervous, as if something were going to happen.'

Madge looked closely at her sister. 'There is

thunder in the air,' she said.

It was the last day of Ramadan. Devereux was standing before Captain Marchand.

'You say you heard this in Ben Radi's cafe?'

queried the captain.

'Yes,' answered Devereux.

'Who was it?'

'I can't tell you that; you would not believe me if I did.'

For a moment the two men looked at one another. 'Do you know what it would mean if I went to the colonel with your story?'

'A month's imprisonment for me; but it would mean also the annihilation of the Legion. Sidi-bel-Abbès would fall.'

Captain Marchand nodded. 'On the second day after Ramadan—the day after to-morrow—I will see that we do not march north. I can explain to the colonel; he is a wise man, and will not ask too many questions.'

It was the following evening that Devereux saw Captain Marchand again. He was walking near the Place Sadi Carnot. Devereux saluted him gravely. The next moment he was running toward the bungalow. There was danger that night; he felt it; he knew it. Captain Marchand was supposed to be marching out with the eleventh company. He had come back unexpectedly. In half-an-hour he would be at the bungalow.

The Legion makes good athletes of its men. The eternal march, march, trains them to a point of efficiency that nothing else could. Beads of perspiration were running down the *légoinnaire's* face when he reached the bungalow. One glance was sufficient. There, in the drawing-room, sat Madame Marchand and Lieutenant Villevois. His arm was about her, his face close to hers, as he said something to her in low tones.

The next moment Devereux stood on the veranda.

Madame Marchand rose to her feet with a scream.

Lieutenant Villevois surveyed him insolently. 'What does this mean?' he said. 'You are a légionnaire. Your number?'

'No. 13,846, my lieutenant.' Devereux turned to Madame Marchand. 'I have not a moment to lose, madame. Captain Marchand is on his way back now.'

'My husband?' Madame Marchand went white to the lips. Then she recovered herself. 'I knew he was coming back to-night. What objections should he have to my entertaining friends. I trust all légionnaires are not inflicted with the same curiosity—cafard, it is called, is it not?'

'No, madame, it is not,' responded Devereux sharply. 'In England, where I come from, it is called honour.'

Lieutenant Villevois took a quick step forward. The next second he had drawn his sword.

Devereux watched him. There was no sign of fear on his face. His eyes wandered to Madame Marchand. A word from her could have saved him; but she remained silent, sacrificing him now, as she had sacrificed him once before.

'No. 13,846,' said Villevois, 'to-morrow I

shall report you to your colonel. I give you one minute, or I shall report a dead man.'

Devereux ignored him. He turned again to Madame Marchand, and for the first time for over three years called her by her Christian name. 'Grace,' he said, 'has my appeal failed?'

For a moment Madame Marchand hesitated. The door opened, and Captain Marchand entered. He stared at the trio in amazement—at Devereux, at his white-faced wife, and at Lieutenant Villevois, who stood with drawn sword.

'I am afraid I do not understand,' he said,

speaking slowly.

'This man of your company chose to break in here and insult Madame Marchand,' said Villevois. 'It was fortunate I was here.'

'You came here?' Captain Marchand looked at Devereux, who drew himself up.

'Yes, my captain,' he replied.

'Why did you come?' Vague suspicions were forming in Captain Marchand's mind. This man had loved his wife once. Perhaps he did now. Rage showed itself on the captain's face. 'Why did you come?' he repeated.

Devereux shrugged his shoulders. 'Perhaps it was a touch of the cafard,' he said. 'Madame

was good enough to say so.'

'You will go to barracks, and consider yourself under arrest. To-morrow I will report you to your colonel.'

Devereux staggered for a second. He knew what that would mean. His eyes sought Madame Marchand's face for the second time that evening. A word from her would have saved him, but she stood there calm, motionless, relentless.

'Mr Devereux came to-night because I asked him to,' said a voice. In the doorway stood Madge. The eyes of all four were fixed upon her as she crossed the room and came to Devereux's side.

'You asked him to come to-night?' Madame Marchand found her voice. 'You must be mad! A common légionnaire! It is an insult to me.'

'He may be a légionnaire. You were engaged to him once,' said Madge hotly. 'I asked Mr Devereux to come because we were old friends in England. We are friends now.'

'This is not England, Madge,' said Captain Marchand.

'No,' said Madge. 'In England men are men.' She looked at Lieutenant Villevois as she spoke. 'Leon, you said you would report Mr Devereux to the colonel. For my sake I must ask you not to. It was my fault, since Mr Devereux came to please me.'

Captain Marchand hesitated.

'You will report him, my captain?' interposed Lieutenant Villevois. 'The man must be mad. He insulted your wife grossly.'

Madge surveyed him. There was utter contempt in her face. She felt that the moment had come when her own sister must be sacrificed

to save this man. 'In what way did Mr Devereux insult madame?' she asked gently.

Instinctively she drew nearer to Devereux as she spoke. A faint scent from her clothes rose and spread toward Devereux's nostrils. A soft desert wind had arisen and blew past the window with a gentle soughing. And still those within the room waited in silence.

It was Devereux who broke it. madame an apology,' he said. 'I made a mistake an error. We are all liable to that.

Captain Marchand watched him. 'You can

go back to barracks now,' he said.

Devereux saluted, 'Yes, my captain.' He walked quickly through the grounds, until the sound of footsteps made him pause. He turned. Madge stood before him. She was breathless from her run.

'Child,' said Devereux, 'you shouldn't have come.'

'Child!' Madge stamped her foot. 'Why

does every one look upon me as a child? Leon said I was a child, and did not understand.'

Devereux laid a hand on her shoulder. 'No,' he said gently, 'you are not a child; you are a woman—a woman whom some man will take to himself one day, and he will be a lucky man, Madge.'

For a second Madge looked at him, and there was that in her eyes which sent the blood wildly coursing through his veins. He broke away suddenly, passionately, as a man who is afraid. 'Good-night, Madge,' he said.

The girl stood watching him; she saw him break through the bushes, saw the bushes quiver, heard him vault the fence. Then there was silence, and she stood in the silence, a smile on her face—the smile of a woman who understands, and is happy. Then she walked slowly back to the house.

(Continued on page 398.)

SEVENTEEN YEARS AMONGST QUEENSLAND BLACKS.

PART II.

'WHEN we got to the hill we spread our nets and commenced work, and while we were hunting the old women went down as spies to look for the white men. They soon came back, and I made out from their report that there was a large hut, and that they had seen red and white blankets hanging on stockyard fences, and heard a dog bark, and the bleating of an old sheep which was tied up to a tree. I wanted to go and see for myself; but the man I was living with was not willing to permit this unless somebody was with me; so he made his gin go with me.

'When we got clear of the hill, going down in the direction of the hut, we saw the sheep feeding, and the sight so frightened the gin, who had never seen such animals before, that she ran away. I went farther on, and came to a waterhole, where I washed to make myself as white as possible. Going on still farther, I came to the sheep-pens, and saw the blankets and the sheep the gin had spoken of. Then I stood behind the yard for some minutes, trying to think what I should say. Presently I took courage, and got on the fence out of the way of the dogs, and called out loud, "What cheer, shipmates?" When the men heard me, one of them came out and saw me there, naked, and neither white nor Looking surprised, he went into the hut black. and spoke to his mate. I understood him to say, "Come out, Bill; here's a red or yellow man sitting on the rails, naked. He's not a black Bring the gun." But, being dreadfully afraid they would use the gun, I said, "Do not shoot me. I am a British subject, a shipwrecked sailor." One of the men was named Hatch; the other, Wilson, had been a sailor. They told me to come round the stockyard, and met me halfway. They cross-questioned me, and I told them when and where I was wrecked. They asked me if I knew what day and date it was. I told them I did not; then they told me it was Sunday, 25th January 1863. They reckoned back to 1846, when I was lost, and told me it was seventeen years, and asked me if I thought it was so long. I said, "No, nor half so long."

'After talking some time, they took me into the hut and gave me a piece of bread, asking me if I knew what it was. I told them it was made of flour. I tried to eat a piece, but was so overjoyed that it stuck in my throat. However, I was not hungry, for we had caught twenty small gray wallabies during the day. I had some tea, and again they asked me if I knew what it was. I replied that I did, but that it was too sweet, as I had not been accustomed to sugar; so they added some water. After I had been in the hut for some time they told me to look out and tell them what I saw.

'I saw a large flock of sheep, with their third companion—a Scotsman named Creek—coming home. They wanted to give me some clothes; but I told them I had better go back just as I was to the natives, who were on the hills in the distance, where we had been hunting all day, and tell them to go away toward the sea-coast; then I would return in the morning. This they agreed to, and instructed me to tell them that "if they did not interfere with us we would not interfere with them." They also told me that if I did not come back in the morning they would conclude I had told them a lie, and they would put the black trackers on our trail, and shoot us.

When I left the sheep-run I went back to the blacks, who surrounded me and asked me about the white people. I told them if they went near they would be killed, and that the white men had come to take their land. So, believing me, and bowing at once to the force of might, they told me to ask the white men to leave them all the ground to the north of the Burdekin, and to let them fish in the river; also, to leave them the low grounds where they live, to get the roots. They asked me what I intended to do. I told them I was going to stay that night; but in the morning I must go back, or they would track us up there and shoot us all. Next morning they all came round me again and asked me if I would come back in a few days. I told them no. I should be away quite three or four moons. They then said, "You will forget us altogether." when I was coming away the man I was living with wept, and so did his gin and several of the other gins and men. It was a wild, touching The remembrance of their past kindness came full upon me and quite overpowered me. There was a short struggle between the feeling of love I had for my old friends and companions and the desire once more to lead a civilised life which can be better imagined than described.

'I then left them and came on to the hut. The men were glad to see me, and took me down to the water-hole, washed me with soap, and gave me some clothes. I remained a fortnight in case the natives should come to me, but none of them ever came in sight.

'I then gave myself up to Mr Meyers, who left me in the charge of Mr Salting, of Hiffling cattlestation, until the return of the commissioner's orderly from the Fanning River, who accompanied me safely into Port Denison. I experienced great kindness from Mr W. H. Thomas and Mr P. Somers, who gave me clothes and collected a subscription for me in my necessity.

Murrells became a freeholder at Port Denison and a general favourite with the inhabitants. His personal appearance was somewhat striking. Exposure to a tropical sun had made his skin very dark. At intervals for some years he suffered from large rheumatic swellings in various parts of his body. This malady carried him off, as recorded in the Port Denison Times thus:

'It is our mournful duty to record the death of the pioneer white man in the north, James Murrells, from rheumatism, ending in inflammation and fever. During his last illness he was unceasingly attended by Dr W. S. Smith. Jimmy was devotedly attached to his wife and child, and his only care seemed to be how they should be provided for in future. He was a general favourite throughout the district, and when his death became known in the town the flags of all the ships in harbour and at the various stores in town were lowered to half-mast. During the reading of the solemn and beautiful service of

the Church of England by the Rev. E. Griffiths many an eye glistened with unbidden tears as some act of kindness by the departed was recalled.'

James Murrells was not an old man, being only forty-one years of age; but he was prematurely aged by the troubles and hardships he had encountered during his adventurous life. Could the Mount Elliott blacks have learned that their pale-faced brother was dead, what howling and woe there would have been!

James Murrells described the aboriginal tribe he had been living with so long as a vastly superior race physically and in general appearance to any he had seen in the more southern part of the continent. Nevertheless, they are treacherous, jealous, and exceedingly cunning. They are not black, but more of the colour of half-castes. When born they are nearly white, but when they are three days old the gins rub charcoal into their skins to make them black and shining. They have sunken eyes, broad flat noses—which are flattened by their parents in infancy-and very large, broad mouths. The infants are suckled for a very long time, even till they are old enough to get their own food. Murrells had seen a child sucking at the breast with its next younger brother or sister. women have very few children, seldom exceeding four, and very seldom more than one at a time. He knew of about four cases of twins. He also remembered that when a boy and a girl were born, the father killed the boy and spared the girl to save the trouble of bringing both up, for these blacks are very lazy. The women go into the swamps to gather food the day after their confinement, as though nothing had happened.

The men have several wives—in some instances as many as eight or nine—and this causes war, single combats, and feuds; they steal the women, and frequently lend or sell them for a time for a slight consideration. It was Murrells's early knowledge of this that made him very careful. They never stay long in one locality; when the food in one place is exhausted they travel to another. In the wet and cold season they put up small, temporary gunyahs for shelter, but in no particular order. They live in tribes, each tribe speaking a different dialect, which can hardly be called a different language. James Murrells could speak eight of the dialects. They have no regular chiefs, and the strongest man is the best. They get food by fishing, hunting, digging in the earth for roots, or gathering fruit. They eat anything, even sharks and alligators, besides shell-fish and fish of all kinds, kangaroos, rats, wallabies, snakes, grubs, snails, and all sorts of creeping things, as well

as wild duck, geese, and turkeys.

Murrells gives us native names, descriptions, and places of habitat of hundreds of edible roots. He continues: 'There is plenty of the honey of wild bees in the hollows of trees.

matives eat honeycombs, bees and all, if they are hungry. There is plenty to eat if they are not too lazy to fetch it. Human flesh cannot be considered part of their food, though they sometimes eat it. They eat the bodies of young men slain in battle or killed by accident, and also of young women and children, but never those of their enemies. They cut their enemies up in strips, dry them, and distribute the pieces through the tribe, by which means they think their enemies' strength is added to their own, and that they will be lucky in hunting and fishing.

'They have no written language whatever, and very little tradition. The language is very guttural in sound and extremely limited in power of expression. Of course they have no means of teaching their language but by imitation and memory, assisted by their wants. different animals are arranged according to the size of their feet; hence sheep have the same name as the wallabies (cargoon). All kinds of sailing-ships have the same name as their canoes, because they float on the water (woolgoora). The heavenly bodies are named differently. sun is ingin, which they think is a body of fire because of its warmth, and especially since they saw us light a rag with a burning-glass. The moon (werboon-burra), they say, is a human being like themselves, and comes down on the earth, and they sometimes meet it in some of their fishing excursions. They believe that one tribe throws it up, and it gradually rises and then comes down again, when another tribe catches it to save it from hurting itself. They accordingly think there is a new sun and moon every day and night.'

About six years before Murrells's restoration there was a total eclipse of the sun, the only one he saw, about four o'clock in the afternoon. He asked an old man what it meant, and he told him his son had hid it (the sun) to frighten another of his tribe. But they were very uneasy during its continuance; they picked up a piece of grass and bit it, making a mumbling noise till the eclipse was over. They are very frightened of thunder (teegoora) and lightning (timulba). They have no knowledge of how they came into existence; they think they live and die like dogs, but there is a kind of innate fear of death, and they have some thought that they will jump up white-fellows.

'They told me that their forefathers witnessed a great flood, and nearly all were drowned; only those who got on a very high mountain—Bibbiringda, which is inland of the north bay of Cape Cleveland—were saved.' He understood them to refer to the flood mentioned in Scripture, especially as they say only a few were allowed to go up.

'They can only count five: woggin, 1; boobray, 2; goodjoo, 3; munwool, 4; murgai, 5. For any number beyond these they put up their

ten fingers together, beyond that again the ten fingers of another person, and so on for three or four persons, till they come to a moon. When they make reference to fish, roots, or things in general, they commonly say "a few" or "plenty." They measure time by moons and wet and dry seasons. The language is very irregular, and it seems to be totally impossible to systematise it in any way."

Here follow about one hundred of the prin-

cipal words in native and English.

The natives easily obtain fire by friction. The wood used is that of the black fig after it has rotted and become almost powder with age. The ceremony of making the lads young men takes place about once every six years. Murrells remembered four different occasions when there were great meetings for the above purpose while he was with them. 'For eight or nine months immediately previous the lads have to go into the bush to provide wholly for themselves, during which time they are never allowed to see a female; this is to test their fitness to take a wife. If they do accidentally see a female they think they will waste away. After the nine months are over they are brought into the camp, and cane rings are put on their arms and tightened very much, so as to stop the circulation of the blood. Their arms swell very much, which puts them in great agony. They are then left in that torture all night, and their cries are terrible. To keep their fingers from contracting and thus deforming them, they sit with their hands and fingers spread out on the ground, with their heels tightly pressed on them.

'In the morning they are brought out in the presence of their mothers, sisters, and relatives; and just above and below the marks of the cane rings on their arms small incisions are made to let the blood flow, which is simply to prevent While this is being done their inflammation. mothers and relations are crying and cutting themselves from head to foot with sharp stones in token of joy at seeing them. When the swelling has somewhat subsided they retire to places previously provided for them to sleep under, with boughs to shade them from the sun, as of course they could get no sleep during the Whilst they are sleeping the old gins go night. into the swamps and get roots to make cakes for them when they get up in the evening. The men get all the spears the young men have been carrying with them during the nine months they have been away, and fix them in the earth on a clear space in a semicircle, fastening the spears head to head with grass festoons.

'In the evening, all being ready, the young men wake up, generally about eighty in number, and are all seated under a festoon in a reclining position. Then their sisters or female cousins lie with their heads on their swollen arms to press down the swollen and cut places. While they are lying there a lot of cakes are thrown up and

scrambled for by the lookers-on who had gone

through the ceremony before them.

'In the morning they are taken into the bush again and dressed up with shells and the down of birds stuck on their heads, painted, and made to look to the best advantage. They are then brought back to choose and take their sweethearts, and the whole ceremony closes with a grand corroboree.

'After this is over there is a good deal of quarrelling and fighting among them. steal the wives of the old and weak men, and daughters from their parents, which leads to fighting, and often extends to two tribes, and then there is a war, which, however, is not very sanguinary. They often get some terrible blows, and sometimes one is killed; but they cannot keep this up many hours, for they are forced to go and get supplies of food in the swamps. They seldom renew the conflict.

'They are very strict in their relationships. When girls are about ten years old they are not allowed to sleep with their brothers at the same fire; as families they are very distinct. They burn their dead, and carry the remains tied up in a sheet of bark for about twelve months; but when tired of this they throw them into a waterhole. Their tomahawks (bulgoo) are made of stone, though latterly they have got a good deal of iron from wrecks.

'There is a very fine flax grown there which they use in making fishing and hunting nets,

and very good mesh nets too.'

Murrells's description of the country was inviting and most interesting. He described the country about Mount Elliott, where he mostly lived, to be well grassed and watered. At the top of the mountain there is a never-failing spring of beautiful water which finds its way down both sides. The waters are frequented by alligators, and dozens of his companions fell victims to these animals. He also described the snakes as very venomous, and said the natives had no antidote against their bite. He had been scared by an alligator and bitten by a whip-snake, from both of which he had a narrow escape.

The process of extinction is gradually but surely going on amongst the aborigines. The tribe Murrells was living with were far less numerous than when he first went among them. with the wars, fights, destruction by the settlers and black police, and natural deterioration in the people themselves, they were fast disappear-While he was with the natives he suffered a great deal from rheumatism, which had left its mark upon him, so that he was so reduced in strength that he felt he would not have lived much longer if he had not come away from his nomadic associates.

I happened to be talking to Dr W. S. Smith, when he pointed out Jimmy. Those who knew Port Denison in the sixties will remember

the kind-hearted, if somewhat rough-spoken, Dr Smith, a man of herculean proportions, who always dressed in a suit of white flannels.

I much enjoyed chats with Jimmy. One day we had taken a long walk to the sea-coast by way of Salisbury Plains, where some members of his old tribe were fishing. It was amusing to see him casting his eyes on the gum-trees as we walked, looking for wild honey. The conversation between us referred to the kind of hair grown by the aborigines. As he pointed out, there were some with hair almost straight if it were combed out, others had curly hair, but none had kinky or negroid hair. I was glad to hear him corroborate my own observation on this matter, and have often wondered why Australian blacks are referred to as 'niggers.' In no sense do they merit this distasteful term.

THE END.

MAYTIME.

Do you wonder of what I'm thinking as I play you your favourite tune?

of your golden curls, boy, or your eyes like

blue stars of June.

Tired? Well, nestle near me in this corner, and listen the while I play,
And think of God's beautiful growing things, for
we are nearing the heart of May.

Only to-day, in a golden dawning, there came sweetest of wild sounds rioting by;
They were birds' voices softly cooing and calling, young things answering ready to fly.
Green little blades of grass were upspringing, rustled by tiniest feet that come and go,
With a morning wind spothing and tenderly touching

With a morning wind soothing and tenderly touching pale emerald leaves, and murmuring low.

Down in the old Hall gardens, just waking, a daffodil nodded her graceful head, And valley lilies scented the air as they welcomed

two shy little field-mice leaving their bed.
The fresh green smell of the sap seemed to mingle

with earth-scents from near and far,
As over the tree-tops I watched her coming roseate dawn reaching to morning star.

And I listened till waking world filled me with wonder, and divine hands reached right down to my heart,

Though I smiled at two velvety swallows wooing, fluttering together, then drifting apart; white winged butterfly came to my window, a bee flew joyously over the way;

For he knew it was Maytime, and nearing to haytime, and this just his first spring day.

So now you know where my thoughts were wandering as I played softly the same old tune, For the breath of a new-born spring had touched

me, with its promise of golden June.

Sleep on, little head with the gold curls shining;
there's nought to disturb save glad birds on

the wing; Sometime you'll have day dreams, and earth's nearer to heaven when you've fallen in love with a radiant spring!

E. A. HENTY (MRS EDWARD STARKEY).



THE MAKING OF MICHEL

A STORY OF THE OLD NORTH-WEST.

By ROBERT MACHRAY.

CHAPTER I .- MICHEL RUNS AWAY.

THE sun was sinking to the clear, frosty line of the horizon as a picturesque procession of dog-trains, drawing toboggans laden with furs, halted in front of the Manitoba House, a roadside tavern on the eastern edge of Baie St Paul. With tongues thrust out, and breathing hard, the 'husky' dogs squatted on the snow-covered ground, while the men of the party gathered round Pierre Delorme, their leader.

After spending the winter in the far Saskatchewan, these hunters and trappers, French-Canadians with a dash of Indian blood in them, and locally known as Métis, were returning to Winnipeg—the new town rising beside Fort Garry, from which they were now some forty miles distant—with their spoils late in March. They were dark, swarthy fellows, mostly young; their frames were lean and tough, their souls were the simple souls of children, but their passions were the hot passions of men.

'Shall we camp here?' asked Pierre of his band, with a twinkle in his black eyes. 'You'd like to, sure; but we might do two or three miles more before turning in for the night, eh?'

He glanced at the faces around him; they were fixed wistfully on the Manitoba House and its windows warm with sunset. In his heart he felt that they should make these two or three miles. But the place, which was kept by one of their own race, an old-time coureur des bois, was tempting, with its promise of comfort and good cheer.

'It's whatever you say, Pierre,' remarked his second in command. The others said nothing in words, but they looked at the tavern longingly.

While Delorme was hesitating there stole from the building a strain of music—a familiar air, played enchantingly on a violin. That settled the question.

'Yes,' said Pierre, 'we'll camp here.'

For some moments, however, he and his comrades stood listening; the atmosphere seemed void of sound save of the beguiling melody. Then one man lifted up his voice, and then another, until all were singing lustily, yet with an undernote of pathos, the chorus of the tune:

A-lou-et-te, gen-til a-lou-et-te, A-lou-et-te, je te plu-mer-ai. No. 182.—Vol. IV. Suddenly the door of the Manitoba House was thrown open, and Jules Barras, the proprietor, stood on the threshold and roared a welcome. 'Hallo, boys! Come in!' he shouted. 'Come right in!'

'Yes, yes, Jules, when we've fixed up the camp,' answered Pierre with a joyous laugh.

After camp was made, Pierre charged his men before entering the tavern to take few drinks, as they had to be off early next morning. 'We must not stay long,' said he, warningly.

But there, in a corner of the bar-room, sat fate in the form of Alphonse Caron, with his fiddle to his chin, and gaily he greeted them, with a smile and a flourish of his bow. Amid a babel of talk, merrily round went the whisky; and them Alphonse, tuning up, asked what was their fancy. He gave them one or two songs of Old France and some of the rolling chansons of the voyageurs; and they joined with a will in the choruses, the music, with its memories, tugging at their heart-strings. Oh, but it was fine! Next, drinks again, followed by a suggestion from Pierre that it was time to go.

'Not yet! not yet!' said his men. 'In a few

'Well, well!' said Pierre assentingly.

'Why don't you have a jig?' came from Jules, behind his bar. He knew what he was about. In that country, at that period, a jig meant the 'Red River Jig,' a dance peculiar to the North-West, in great favour with its people, and always a highly inflaming affair. Glad cries acclaimed the proposal.

'Yes, Jules,' said François Lepine, a young trapper.—'Play us a jig, Alphonse.—Eh, Pierre?' Delorme frowned slightly; but the fiddler,

ready to oblige, forthwith began a lively measure without waiting for his permission.

'Well, just one,' said Pierre, and, with a grin, was the first to take the floor. Gaston Bernardin, a long, supple hunter, sprang into position opposite. The others quickly joined in. Presently the room was in a whirl; dust rose like a cloud; and, as the crafty Jules had foreseen, thirst struck hard at every throat.

Now, the special feature of the 'Red River Jig's erved.]

MAY 23, 1914.

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is that it is not a dance of partners but of rivals. It is a dancing duel, in which each contestant strives to tire out his vis-à-vis. Generally it is a genial, friendly competition; but there have been occasions when jealousy changes the jest into earnest. There are grim tales of dancers dropping dead! Women sometimes take part, but it is par excellence a dance of men.

For a quarter of an hour all went well. There is no reason why the jig should ever stop so long as there are men to dance and a fiddler to play for them. But Pierre made a sign to Alphonse, and the music ceased. Thereupon every one lined up at the bar before the beaming Jules, and merrily round went the whisky again.

'We must be going,' said Pierre after a while. 'It's early yet,' protested Jules, and persuasively he pushed an open box of cigars toward 'Help yourself, my friend,' he added in a cordial tone.

'Well, well,' said Pierre, with indecision in his voice and his fingers stretching out for the

cigar-box.

'Let's have another jig,' said François Lepine, who had asked for the first.—'What do you say, boys?'

'Yes, yes,' they answered gleefully, but they

looked doubtingly at their leader.

'Why not, Pierre?' inquired Jules, and, without waiting for a reply, nodded to the fiddler. Delorme, who now had a cigar between his lips, shook his head, but Alphonse commenced playing

'All right, then,' conceded Pierre, lighting up and puffing out the smoke luxuriously. 'But

just this one more!'

'Come on!' François called out, beginning the steps. A skilful performer, light as a feather and active as a squirrel, he had figured conspicuously in the previous dance. 'Come on!' he shouted. His face was a trifle flushed, and Jules's whisky was more than a trifle in his head. Antoine Norbert stood up to him, laughing, and at it they went, their moccasined feet timing pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat softly on the floor. A second and a third couple formed up; while Pierre, tranquilly smoking Jules's cigar, and the others looked on. At last one dancer after another confessed defeat and dropped out, and François alone was left, invincible and still unsatisfied.

Come on! come on, boys!' he shouted, circling the now empty space. He paused when no one accepted this gage of battle, and he rested his eyes on Michel Macmannus, a young trapper like himself, but with Irish as well as French and Indian blood in his veins.

'Michel,' cried François, 'come on! Let's see who's the better man!'

But Macmannus turned silently away.

'Come on, Michel!' persisted François. you afraid of me?'

'Afraid? No!' said Macmannus, swinging round and facing him.

'Then come on and dance!' François added sneeringly, when Michel did not move, 'You are afraid. You know I'm the better man!'

Without a word Michel got into position, and Alphonse swept the strings of his fiddle with its bow.

'I'll dance you for a dollar-for five dollars, Michel Macmannus, jeered François.

'For anything you like,' said Michel, ominously quiet.

'For drinks all round?'

'If you please, François Lepine.'

Gazing at each other heedfully, François and Michel set to work, the one making the moves and the other duplicating them like a shadow. Not a step did François dance but it was reproduced by Michel.

Among the trappers and hunters who composed Pierre Delorme's party there subsisted a fine spirit of camaraderie, born of hardships and dangers shared in the wilderness; but between these two was bad blood, its cause being that ancient and eternal fount of strife—a woman. Both were in love with pretty Toinette, the daughter of Pierre, and the rest were well aware of the fact.

Toinette was believed to favour Francois, but was not engaged to him; he made no secret, however, of his expectation to marry her in the coming summer. Michel had not abandoned hope, but it was no wonder that his rival's taunts He would show him who was the angered him. better man! As for Toinette, whose good looks made her the belle of St Boniface, the French-Canadian village opposite Winnipeg, she was but a maid of seventeen, and had shown herself sweetly saucy to both lovers; more so, it was thought, to François.

All this, then, lay in the minds of the other men as they formed a ring and watched the varying phases of this duel. Never had they seen such a jig, so determined, so prolonged; the tale of it is still told by people now old, but who then were young. Alphonse played till his arm ached. Pierre, his cigar gone out, pulled nervously at his beard and tried to intervene; but he might as well have spoken to the winds.

And then! How it happened no one could tell, but François stumbled when he and Michel were near each other. Trying to regain his balance, he almost fell—would, in fact, have fallen had not Michel caught him and held him up. With a passionate imprecation, François pushed Michel from him with so fierce a fling that the latter, taken completely by surprise, was driven hard against the men looking on.

Straightening himself by an effort, Michel glared at François and rushed at him; but François, whipping out his hunting-knife, seized one of Michel's hands, and stabbed at him with all his might. Michel, however, succeeded in parrying the blow, grasped and held François's wrist, drew his own knife, and drove it into the other's heart. François shrieked, spun round, fell on the floor, gasped—and died. All was over in one frantic minute!

The men looking on saw and hardly understood; then they gave vent to their feelings of dismay and horror in abrupt ejaculations.

Pierre, his face gone white, stepped forward, knelt down, and bent over the body. 'François is dead!' he exclaimed, rising and gazing at Michel accusingly. 'Michel Macmannus,' he said in harsh tones, 'you have killed him. It's murder!'

'It's not,' Michel answered vehemently. 'He drew his knife and struck at me first, meaning to kill me. It was he or I.' He turned from Pierre and appealed to the others. 'Was it not so?' he asked.

'It's true,' said Alphonse the fiddler. 'We all saw him draw first, Pierre; but Michel was too strong and quick for him. It was a fight; it was not murder.'

The rest murmured approval, but Delorme shook his fist at Michel.

'Michel Macmannus,' said he, 'you have murdered François, and you shall answer for what you have done.'

'I killed him in self-defence. He would have killed me if he could,' said Michel hotly. 'You have no right to call it murder!'

Pierre looked at the body on the floor, and then at Michel. For a few seconds he was silent; at length he spoke.

'And Toinette—what of her, Michel Macmannus?' he asked. 'What will she say? She loved him. With my consent they were to be married. And here he lies, dead by your hand. What will she say to you, Michel Macmannus? My poor Toinette!'

'Toinette!' muttered Michel. 'Toinette!'

All the passion went out of his face. He had forgotten her in those terrible moments. White to the lips went Michel, and his heart was water.

'She loved him,' said Delorme mercilessly.
'And I have to take his dead body to her,
Michel. Oh! it will be the end of her. My poor
Toinette!'

Michel stood dumb and stricken. The room was in a hush.

'She loved him,' Pierre repeated relentlessly, 'and you have taken his life.'

'Toinette! Toinette!' whispered Michel chokingly. 'Oh,' he cried, throwing up his head, 'I cannot bear it!' And, crying this distractedly, he rushed madly out into the open air, the others making way for him. Like a man possessed, he rushed on and on; and when Delorme and the rest came out to see what had become of him, he had disappeared in the dark-

'Michel! Michel!' they shouted, but there was no response.

'He has fled,' said Pierre wildly.

From Toinette,' added Alphonse the fiddler.

'It is the thought of her that has unmanned him and made him run away. He feels that he cannot face her. That's how it is.'

'He shall pay for what he's done this night,' said Pierre.

Two days later Delorme, with his men and dog-trains, arrived in Winnipeg, bringing the body of François Lepine, and telling how he had been slain by Michel Macmannus, who had fled, whither no man knew. Toinette listened to the sorrowful story, and shed some tears, but said very little.

'The girl's heart is broken,' said Pierre to Marie, his wife and Toinette's mother. 'She

will never get over it.'

But Marie, who was wise in the ways of girls, and especially of her own daughter, had her doubts. To her it seemed that Toinette's grief did not go very deep, and she had always wondered for which of her two lovers Toinette had cared.

'Where is Michel?' she asked herself. For Gaston Bernardin, who was her sister's son, had told her the tale of the killing, and of Michel's flight, with the interpretation Alphonse the fiddler had put upon it.

CHAPTER II .- MICHEL RETURNS.

MURMURING frenziedly the name of Toinette, Michel Macmannus ran on and on through the darkness of the night; but after a time his feet fell unconsciously, yet naturally, into that steady trot which the trapper, accustomed to the movement of dog-trains, can keep up hour after hour with scarcely a halt. He travelled along the eastern trail till dawn, and then headed south across the Assiniboine for the American frontier. Getting a meal and a rest here and there on the way, he reached the boundary, and passed it early in the afternoon of the next day.

But, pursued, haunted, and obsessed by the thought of Toinette and the misery he had brought upon her, on and on he went, striving to place as long a distance as possible between her and himself. The miles, however, made no difference, and he could not escape from Toinette; everywhere he saw her beautiful eyes and face dulled and shadowed by melancholy and despair. He had to work to live; but work brought no respite. Some weeks after the killing of François Lepine he found employment in a sawmill at Grand Forks in Dakota, piling lumber, and tried in hard toil to forget, but with no success. He wanted—he longed to hear of her, since forgetfulness could not be his; if the strenuous labour did not give it to him, the strain on his body at least steadied his mind somewhat. Time passed, and then he wrote to his mother, a widow, who lived in St Boniface, not far from the Delormes, and sent her part of his wages. He asked her

to tell him of the girl, the idea of whom had become a torture ceaseless and terrible, and he awaited her reply in a fever of anxiety, counting one by one the leaden-footed days.

It was from Père Cloutier, the kindly priest who had known him from his childhood, that

the answer came, if answer it could be called.
'My dear son,' wrote Father Cloutier, in a fine spidery hand, 'you must return here at once. Your mother is well, and is glad to know where you are. She thanks you for the welcome money; but she begs you to come back—she implores you, my son. People are ever prone to think evil, particularly of a man who, they say, has run away. It is spread throughout the settlement that you murdered François Lepine, and that that is why you are not here. For myself, I cannot believe it; nor does your mother. But a warrant for your arrest on that charge has been issued by the Attorney-General of the province. You must return and stand your trial like a man, else your mother will never be able to hold up her head again. My dear son, come back at once. It is your bounden duty to her—and to yourself.'

Not one word about Toinette! But his duty, plain as the sun in a cloudless noontide.

So people were saying he was a murderer, and bowing down his mother with sorrow! It was an intolerable thing. He did not fear to stand his trial; indeed, he had not even thought of it. What had daunted him had not been that; it had been Toinette and her broken heart. From them it was that he had run away. He had a sufficient answer to the charge of murder; he had killed François, but after provocation and in self-defence. Yet it might look as if he had run away because he was afraid to meet it. His mother called on him to return; otherwise she would be for ever shamed.

But there was Toinette! Why had Father Cloutier said nothing about her? Michel pondered this in his simple soul heavily. Did the priest mean that he must not think of her, but only of his mother and her supreme need? And Michel wrestled with himself and his dark fear of Toinette, and in that struggle a man was made.

'I shall go back,' Michel at length decided. 'I must face Toinette, however bitter it will be. I suppose I was—I am—a coward,' he said to himself. 'I should not have run away, but I was afraid of her and the misery I caused her.' He was afraid still, but his mind was made up; he shrank from meeting Toinette as from some frightful ordeal, but he wrote to Père Cloutier that he was returning, and he gave notice at the aa.wmill.

Within a few days he recrossed the frontier, and at the small town on its Manitoba side he surrendered himself to the local deputy-sheriff, who incontinently clapped him into jail, and, to his intense surprise and consternation, loaded him with irons as if he were indeed a murderer.

'Why do you chain me like this?' asked Michel indignantly. 'I did not murder François Lepine.'

Folks say you did,' was the stern reply. 'Why did you run away if you were not guilty? That don't look to me like innocence. Guess you did murder Lepine. Anyway, judge and jury will settle your business in Winnipeg shortly. Jim Consedine, the sheriff, will be here by the steamboat to-morrow, as it happens, and he'll take you up there next trip.'

'I have given myself up voluntarily,' protested

'That's what beats me. Why in thunder did you do it?'

'Because I'm not guilty.' 'Then why run away at all?'

Michel was silent. How could he speak of Toinette and his dread of her to this man, who would never understand? And a new fear fell upon him. Did people really believe he was guilty? Was that Pierre's doing? Pierre had called the killing murder. And his running away-how was it to be explained? Was Pierre saying it was a proof of his guilt-Pierre, implacable because of Toinette?

The steamboat came, and the sheriff with it. On its return two days later from higher up the river he took Michel aboard. Railways had not then penetrated north of the international line, and communication was either by stage or steamer. The vessel which conveyed Michel to Winnipeg was of the usual river type—a sternwheel, flat-bottomed structure with two decks, the upper with staterooms for passengers, and the lower for freight. It was on the lower deck

that Jim Consedine kept Michel—and himself.
Michel was in irons. He had told the sheriff the story of the killing of François, and had urged his plea that it had been done in selfdefence; but Jim Consedine was not sympathetic, having heard such tales before from prisoners accused of murder. His impression was that Michel had committed the crime with which he was charged. He took good care, therefore, not to remove Michel's handcuffs; but he did loosen to some extent the fetters about his feet, so that Michel could move his legs more or less freely.

'I don't want to be harder on you than is necessary,' said the sheriff; 'but I reckon you won't try to swim off with those things on you to cramp your style.' And he smiled grimly.

'I shall not try,' said Michel. 'You forget that I gave myself up of my own free will."

'Well, well,' said Consedine equably, 'that's all right; but I've got to keep you tight now you're in my hands.'

The sheriff was not there for argument. But he was not adamant, and when he pulled from his vest-pocket a cigar for his own smoking he offered Michel another, and Michel took it gratefully, and felt somewhat comforted; he had been growing sullen and savage in his chains, but Consedine's simple act of kindness made him human again. The vessel steamed on for several hours, and the sheriff and his captive exchanged a few words now and again; they took their food together, and so the time passed.

Suddenly, as they were nearing Winnipeg, they heard a great splash in the water near the bow of the steamer, followed instantly by the shrill, piercing cry of a woman from the upper

deck.

'What's that?' exclaimed the sheriff, rising to his feet quickly. He had been sitting with Michel in the stern.

'Some one overboard, I think,' said Michel.

Again came that shrill, piercing cry from the upper deck; but it was now accompanied by other voices.

'Come with me and let's see what's amiss,' said Consedine to Michel. 'It's a child—in the water—fallen overboard!' he went on excitedly, as they moved forward together. 'That would be the mother we heard.'

A tiny girl, sinking, sinking, floated toward them.

'She's not much more than a baby,' said the sheriff pitifully. 'And she's out of reach and I can't swim. I'd do no good. She'll drown.'

'No, she won't,' said Michel, his eyes glittering.
'I can swim. You leave her to me, sheriff.'

'Leave her to you! What can you do with

those irons on you?'

But Michel had already dropped over the side of the vessel. 'Get out the skiff quick,' he cried to Consedine. 'Guess I can hold the child till you come along with it.'

'You'll drown too, you fool!' said the sheriff. But he changed his mind when he saw Michel catch the child with his hands, bound though they were, and fasten his teeth into her clothes, treading water with his feet the while. 'Perhaps he can do it,' said the sheriff to himself, and he

rushed off to unship the skiff.

Meanwhile the engines had been stopped and reversed. Men came running down the steps from the upper deck, and helped Consedine. Soon the skiff was launched, but Michel and the child in the meantime had fallen far astern. The mother of the little girl came down and watched them, wringing her hands and sobbing bitterly. But after some moments of suspense she saw the skiff, in which were Consedine and another man, pick up the child and then Michel.

'Saved!' ran the joyful cry throughout the

vessel.

'I could not have held out much longer, the pull of those leg-irons of yours was so tremendous,' said Michel to the sheriff, once he was in the skiff. 'The child is all right, I think.'

'Guess so,' said Consedine, whose first care had been for her. 'She's all right. But I don't know how you held out at all, Michel,' the sheriff went on. 'Finest thing I ever saw in my life! Didn't think you'd do it, with those things on

you. Splendid! Michel Macmannus, you're a man, anyway!'

Michel's magnificent deed of heroism had been witnessed by all on board the steamer, and they cheered him wildly as the skiff came near. Most of them had already heard who he was—a man charged with murder, and, it was said, most probably guilty. But they cheered him again and again; their warm Western hearts were fired with enthusiasm.

Jim Consedine joined in the applause—later, and in his own way. It was he that placed the child, who appeared little the worse for her immersion, in her mother's arms. 'Here's your baby, Mrs Bronson, safe and sound,' said he.

With tears of joy and gratitude the mother thanked Michel, and a proud man he was that minute. 'You a murderer?' said she. 'Never!' she added, with all a woman's illogical logic, which is of the heart rather than of the mind.

'Madam, I'll tell you the truth,' said Michel, his face aglow. 'I did kill a man, but it was in

self-defence; it was no murder!'

'I am sure of it,' said she. 'And if you took a life, have you not saved another? I'll tell my husband all about you'——

'Yes, madam,' said Michel simply. The mother had stopped speaking to kiss her child. After thanking him again, she went up the steps to the upper deck with her little girl.

'Something ought to be done for the man,' said one of the crowd which still surrounded

Michel.

It was then that the sheriff came out strongly. 'Something shall be done,' he said, and he removed the irons from Michel's hands and legs, amidst general applause.

'Michel Macmannus,' said he, 'I trust you. You are a man! You're not the kind that commits a murder. Mrs Bronson's dead right! But you'll have to go through with the trial.'

'I want to,' said Michel. 'What else did I

give myself up for?'

'Quite so,' said Jim Consedine with a grin. Then he laughed outright, a great, hearty laugh, so that Michel wondered. 'Did you know who that lady was?' the sheriff asked him.

'No; I never saw her before.'

'And you won't know her husband, the child's father?'

'No, I don't.'

'He's called the Honourable Tom Bronson. Does that tell you anything, Michel?' Michel shook his head; and Consedine resumed: 'I guessed it didn't. He's the Attorney-General of Manitoba, and my own boss. Your case is in his hands. See? Reckon it will be in pretty friendly hands now, eh? I believe now that you're not guilty, and I bet he'll think the same. See?'

Attorney-General was but a vague term to Michel, the trapper of the wilderness; but he recalled that Father Cloutier had said in his

letter that it was this personage who had issued the warrant for his (Michel's) arrest.

'Guess you'll come out all right enough, Michel,' said the man in the crowd who had

spoken before.

And so it came to pass. The Honourable Tom Bronson had a long conversation with Michel the day after he was imprisoned in Winnipeg, and was told the whole story of the killing of François, along with the reason why Michel had run away. The trial took place, and Michel was acquitted. The evidence of his comrades, and even of Pierre under the fire of cross-examination, showed that the killing of François Lepine was no murder.

But the Honourable Tom Bronson's gratitude to the rescuer of his child was not satisfied with helping all he could to this result. He had thought of Michel and Toinette; he made some inquiries about the girl, and doubted whether her heart was broken. He sent for Pierre, and talked the matter over with him, mentioning that it was his intention to give Michel a position that would enable him to marry, and saying that he was a splendid fellow, simple, but with a core of gold.

'You must let him have your Toinette,' declared the great man. 'He loves her. He ran away

because he loved her.'

'Let Michel go and ask her,' said Pierre, yielding after a time. But he added, 'I don't know that she cared for François as much as I imagined. And he is dead, and Michel is alive.'

'A wonderfully wise observation, Pierre,' said the Honourable Tom Bronson, with a grave air

of understanding.

'Well, let him ask her,' said Pierre finally.

And pretty Toinette did not say 'No' to
Michel Macmannus. 'It was you I loved,' said

she.

'That's what I thought all the time,' said Marie, her mother, to Pierre; though how she could say that was a mystery to him.

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

By WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

THROUGH the speeding mass of men and women who thread our streets, by broad thoroughfares and narrow and tortuous turnings, one seems to see the image of an unexpressed thought, a suppressed desire, an unformulated quest. If language was given us to conceal our thoughts, the looks we wear also endeavour to hide what is uppermost in our mind. The busy rush, the hasty greeting, the expressed resolve to do such and such a task, hides another thought. Below the mere work of life there is a 'castle in the air' in each mind, and that represents the true character of the person. This is so deep and so concealed that it will for ever remain a mystery to the average crowd. There are 'mysteries' which the daily newspapers have got hold of—at least a portion of such mystery; but this other that walks the street, concealed under hat, cap, or bonnet, who shall fathom it? And yet that very thought which passes, concealed, is moulding history, is making the character of the drama, is solving the eugenics and the sanitation of the age, is widening streets, is removing 'the slums'—is, indeed, the whole of life in embryo. Just occasionally the quick-sighted may perceive the tense brow, the knitted forehead; as a certain point in the determination is reached the eyes glow for a moment, and look 'far away.' We have all, at times, seen that 'far-off' expression. Then the mask is put on again, for the face must wear the 'business look.' Behind comes a bicycle; in front and to each side are wagons and motors and everything to avoid—it is so hard to exist at all in the streets—and the thought, as it was for that tense moment, is locked up; locked, perchance, until the quiet

sanctum of one's room is reached—perhaps locked up for ever. The sadness of it! One may even forget one's castle intended to be built with such scrupulous care, such beauty. Its pillars were to be of silver and gold; its cornices were to be of all manner of precious and glittering gems. Alas for the genius that, to save himself from the oncoming of a wheel, turned away from the splendid dream, and perchance became for ever an ordinary unit in the great mass of unsentimental mankind! Traces remain, we will suppose; but the splendid edifice was never built.

A mystery! Are you fond of unravelling such? Where did that splendid dream exactly die down? What was the particular impediment that began the 'crushing-out' process, and left the golden butterfly, saddest of sights, wingless, a mere crawling insect? Such revolutions, such terrible mysteries, are happening daily, hourly, weekly, momentarily, on our streets. There are lost treasures which no man may regain, vast as those splendid treasures of the lost Incas, about which so much has been written from time to time. The horror of lost thought! Try to think of it! In a minor sense, in the midst of rush and traffic, one is for ever brought face to face with it. You are talking, perhaps, with a friend, running over old family connections, recounting the names of those you knew in youthful days. As you speak, for a time each name, and the abode of its owner, come before you in a quick mental flash! Then suddenly you have forgotten. A puzzled look is on the brow, and enters the eyes. 'What was the -в.' Ah, name of So-and-so? She knew the Sit is gone! Just in this way splendid lines of

poetry, splendid turns of rare and rich description, come to you on the street, and pass. At night you do remember the golden and rich archæological or literary fields you meant to traverse; you do know somewhat of the method in which you intended to cast the description; but the golden moment' never returns; the 'silver bowl' is 'broken at the fountain.'

The present writer, sitting in the Reference Department of a public library, in the town of his whilom habitation, had got thus far when a friend called. He waved him 'off.' Thoughts were much too dear and too secret to be disturbed; but no, that friend would talk, and the writer has been able to put in the fact by way of illustration. But, oh, what treasures were lost-founts of imaginationduring those few 'gossipy' moments! Dear friends, please do keep away from the student's den! If you have any love for the artistry of words, if you have any conception of how 'golden' is 'silence,' leave the 'lion in his lair,' leave the author to bridge over the vast chasms of thought with new thoughts, let him work his rare gift into chaplets of amaranthine sweetness and rounded form. The gift is not yours perhaps, and the atmosphere he is creating is more than worlds to you. Have you ever got up in the morning 'seedy,' so to speak, unrefreshed after a night of more or less broken sleep, and gone to the newspapers or magazines afterwards, finding the rare and precious thought which compensated you for all the weariness, the want of natural rest? Yes, you have! Such thoughts are being born somewhere in the crowd that passes—in every town and village, hourly, daily, and weekly! The great poem is being evolved, built up of grass and trees, flowers, men and women; built of the look in a child's eyes, of the pathos in some toiler's face. The cause of that sad look which the dreamer seizes is a vast mystery; the evolution of a smile or a tear is a greater puzzle than the fate of some missing steamer which left port gaily, but which never returned, and was never heard of again! The daily happenings, the accidents, the crimes, formulated in mind or at this moment taking place; the advent of the 'psychological moment' -these are mysteries as strange as anything recorded on the printed page, events which make us stare in wonderment, which make our bosoms heave with true human sympathy; for man is so gregarious, and nothing can happen to any unit without in some degree affecting the race.

That 'missing' man or woman! appeals to the human crowd! What speculations, what tender feelings, what an upheaval of general human emotions! The sadness of 'might-have-beens' strikes us here, the sadness of the Raven's 'Nevermore' in the great effort of Edgar Allan Poe! To stand on the seashore, and to think of the wonderful things which the mighty deep contains; to know that, save for the rush of the mighty breaker and the sight of the lesser 'rollers that dissolve in pearls' along the shore, nothing of the mysterious and hidden thought can ever come to us-this is surely a sad lesson as to our limitations. But even here there is the great law of compensation at work, as it is everywhere throughout the universe. Just because we do not know we draw imaginary pictures; and these are so grand, and have sometimes been so nigh the truth, that fiction's page has afterwards proved to be the fact. Over and over again have the exact facts almost tallied with the dreamer's structure of thought. It was so in the case of Stevenson's Treasure Island: it was so in the creations of some of H. Rider Haggard's works. We assume no psychological knowledge as to these facts; nor will we treat of what is called the far-reaching will, a kind of telepathy with worlds unseen, which some discuss at present. All we do know is that conjecture itself is grand; that the 'solutions, which may not be solutions at all in any real sense, have a beauty of their own; they are the work of that ceaselessly working and wonderful mind of man which is greater than even it thinks, which has such reserves of power, such vast latitudes of fancy and romance, from which to draw. Truly the 'well' of knowledge is 'deep,' but the mind will ever bring up some-

thing worth having.

There are many mysteries, all as yet unsolved. By what peculiar mental process does a man fail to remember, the while he holds it, the pen in his hand; searching all the while for it, as if it was lost; never relaxing his grasp on the article the whereabouts of which is so bewildering? By what strange process does he come to sober fact, and know that he holds it; know, too, before he has once dropped it or put it aside? Or that poem-arrangement, verse after verse, in mind? He loses the exact structure, but its leading thought is remembered. Without much grief for that which he cannot recollect, he builds up a new 'tower of beauty.' Is it better; is it equal to the first idea? We are inclined to believe the first conception the true, pure idea. But from the very fact of what has 'gone' for ever he gets something which can be used, and which a keen-sighted man would almost perceive in the new creation, something that enriches, as pin-manufacturers are enriched by the loss of pins, and mustard-manufacturers by the amount of condiment we leave unused and wasted on our plates! Then is waste or wreckage of thought by distractions, gain? In some cases. There are gems lost for ever, no doubt; but as in the case of losing the beloved object which was the very soul of our existence, it is better to have 'loved and lost than never to have loved at all; and, in like manner, it is better to have had a dream, the exact form of which has perished, but the very loss of which has made us think. The worst of it is that the thought cannot return in the same form; the occasional rose of October or December cannot be the same as June's roses! But the former is a rose. We must be content with the treasure which has remained.

Another mystery comes up to us at this moment: why should we have written of this subject at all? It is really a subject about Nothing, because the thing lost, the thing which is a mystery beyond knowledge, cannot be said to exist. This reasoning would, however, kill all poetry, all the beauty which delights children, and sometimes their elders. The fact of the

mystery itself—the mystery as a great forcehas been present with us as we wrote. And the mystery also is greater as we think how or when we shall end; there is so much to say. The world is largely made up of mysteries; and it is now a mystery to us whether we should continue indefinitely or put the pen away. But there! We have lost the thread of what we were about to say. Some one has entered the room; thought has retired. Will this subject engross us to-morrow? Alas for the 'unfinished' window in 'Aladdin's Tower'!

KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

BOOK III. - OMNIA VINCIT.

CHAPTER XXII. - THE BIG THING.

* NINE o'clock, sir.'

The pert young housemaid entered Philip's bedroom, deposited a basin of hot water beside his bed, drew up the blinds, surveyed Tite Street, Chelsea, in a disparaging fashion, and announced that it was a nice day for the ducks.

Philip, gathering from this observation that the weather was inclined to be inclement, replied sleepily but politely that rain made little or no difference to his plans at present.

'I dare say,' retorted the housemaid; 'but it's my afternoon out. And, please, sir, she added, recollecting herself, 'Miss Margaret wants to know if you are ready for your breakfast.'
'Thank you,' said Philip. 'In a very few

minutes.

When the housemaid had departed he sat up in bed as completely as splints and bandages would permit, and prepared for breakfast. Then he lay back and waited, with his eyes fixed unwinkingly upon the door.

Presently there was a rattle of silver and crockery outside, accompanied by a cheerfully whistled tune, and breakfast entered upon a tray. Behind the tray came Peggy Falconer, who had been Philip's hostess now for the best part of three weeks.

Peggy greeted her patient with a maternal smile, and inquired, 'Slept well?'

'Very well, thank you.

'Leg troublesome?

'No. It seems to be joining up in first-class style now.'

'Concussion all gone?'

Philip knuckled his head vigorously all over, to show that his skull was once more free from

'In that case,' announced Peggy, 'I may possibly let you have some letters to read. I shall wait until the doctor has seen you.

Philip, who had no desire whatever to receive

letters—nor would have, until fate separated him again from Miss Peggy Falconer—thanked his hostess meekly, and proceeded to decapitate

'Do you feel strong enough to receive a visitor

to-day?' continued Peggy. 'Who? Tim?

'I didn't mean Tim, though I haven't the slightest doubt that he will call,' said Peggy with an enigmatic smile. 'This is a new visitor -Miss Leslie. She used to be mother's greatest friend, and—and she has always been very good to me. I should like you to know her.'

At this point the conversation was interrupted

by a roar from the foot of the stairs.

'That is dad,' explained Peggy, quite needlessly.

Montagu Falconer invariably adopted this method of announcing his readiness for breakfast. A commotion upon the ground-floor merely signified to Philip the intelligence that it was about half-past nine, or half-past one, or eight in the evening.

'I am afraid I am keeping you,' he said.

'Quite right,' assented Peggy, 'you are. Eat up your breakfast, like a good little boy, and perhaps I will come and see you again later.' And she sped out of the room and down the stair to quell a bread-riot. A woman with two men on her hands is indeed a busy person.

Philip munched his breakfast in utter content. He was convalescent now, though the first week or so had been a bad time. He was only intermittently conscious, and his injuries had combined to render sleep a nightmare and wakefulness a throbbing torment. But he would have gone through it all again, and yet again, cheerfully, provided he could have remained in the hands of his present nurse. In the dim and distant past he had recollections of another attendant—a deft and capable lady in a blue-andwhite uniform; but she had disappeared long ago (friction with the master of the house being the cause), and his whole illness and recovery were summed up to Philip in the single word

Peggy.

For the Big Thing had happened. Philip was in love. His long-expected Lady had come to him at last—or, rather, come back to him after an interval of years—grown up into a slim, elfin, brown-eyed piece of Dresden china. She had gathered him up, crushed and broken, from the middle of a Surrey highway, and had conveyed him straight to her home in Chelsea, to be nursed and mothered back into coherent existence. This, be it noted, in the face of a strongly worded and most enthusiastic eulogy (from her parent) of the public hospitals of the Metropolis.

But Peggy had been quite firm. 'Dad,' she said, 'I don't think you quite realise that he has

saved your life.'

'If he has,' said Montagu Falconer magnifi-

cently, 'he shall be suitably rewarded.'

Peggy eyed her progenitor dispassionately. 'If you are thinking of tipping him half-asovereign,' she said, 'I advise you not to. I happen to know him. Now don't be a silly old curmudgeon, but go and see if the ambulance is coming.'

Montagu obeyed, grumbling. There were only two women of his acquaintance who did not fear him, and Peggy was one. In fact, Peggy feared nothing except spiders and the revelation of her own feelings.

H.

'And how is the tibia of Theophilus this morning?'

Timothy, entering the room like a gust of ozone, sat down heavily by the patient's bedside, and slapped the counterpane heartily.

'Just making both ends meet,' replied the owner of the tibia, shrinking nervously towards the wall.

'Good!' said Timothy. 'And is it well with the solar plexus?'

'Try again,' said Philip.

Timothy paused, thoughtfully. 'I was under the impression that it was the solar plexus,' he said in a troubled voice. 'I know it was a heavenly body of some kind. Ah, I have it! The semilunar cartilage! How is the semilunar cartilage this morning?'

Philip reported favourably.

'Cavities in the cranium now permanent, I gather?' continued Tim sympathetically. 'Prospect of ultimate mental weakness confirmed. What? Never mind! I'll get my late boss to provide you with a permanent post under Government.'

'My skull,' replied the patient mildly, 'is all right, except when you make such an infernal noise.'

Timothy was contrite at once. 'Noise? Tuttut! Am I making a noise? This will never

do. Nervous and irritable patient—eh? Must be kept quiet. I see. We will get some tanbark down outside. Street Cries Prohibited / and so on. But how are you getting along generally, old thing? How are all your organs? Fairly crescendo, I trust.'

'Leave my organs alone, curse you!' growled

the invalid.

'Certainly,' said Timothy soothingly. 'Organs and Street Cries Prohibited! We'll have a notice to that effect pinned up on your bedroom door. It will please Falconer. By the way, how is—er, Miss Falconer this morning?'

Thereafter the conversation pursued a line far remote from Philip's health. Needless to say, the impressionable Timothy had fallen an instantaneous victim to Peggy. Striding about the room, absently munching some grapes which he had brought as a present for Philip, Timothy embarked upon a whole-hearted panegyric of his present adored one, heedless of the fact that the same panegyric had been delivered, mutatis mutandis, to the same audience by the same rhapsodist many times before. Philip lay back and listened contentedly—nay, approvingly. He experienced no feeling of jealousy. No man, he considered, could know Peggy Falconer without loving her, so why blame Timothy?

'Have you noticed the neat little way she puts her head on one side, and smiles right up at you, when she wants something done that you don't want to do?' inquired the infatuated

youth.

'What sort of thing?' asked Philip, glad to

discuss Peggy in any aspect.

'Oh, going away, and things like that,' said Timothy naïvely. 'And her complexion, and her arms—my word! Have you seen her in evening kit? Fancy your knowing her when you were kids! I suppose you were great pals?'

'I dare say,' admitted the reticent Philip.

'Only in a childish sort of way, though, I suppose?' pursued Timothy, with a touch of anxiety.

Before his suspicions could be allayed there came a vigorous but rhythmic tattoo played upon the tiny brass knocker of the door.

Tum-ti-tum-ti-tiddle-i-um, Tum-ti-tum-ti-tum-tum!
Officers' Wives getting pudding and pies,
Soldiers' Wives get skilly!

it said. This was Peggy's regulation way of announcing to her patient that she was about to enter the room. When her hands were full she whistled it. Philip knew every beat of it by heart.

After the usual brief interval the door opened, and Peggy entered, to announce to Timothy, with her head upon one side in the manner which he had just described with so much tenderness and enthusiasm, that it was time for him to depart. 'I have another visitor,' she

The new-comer proved to be a gigantic Scotswoman, of forty or more, with humorous blue eyes and a slow, comprehending smile.

'This is Miss Leslie, Philip,' announced Peggy.

'Mr Rendle, I want to show you our front-

door.'

III.

Miss Leslie sat down in the chair vacated by Timothy, and remarked, in a soft Highland drawl, 'It is very shocking being left alone with a young man like this.'

She smiled, and Philip's heart warmed to her at once. He felt instinctively that Miss Leslie was going to be a less bewildering companion than Miss Babs Duncombe, for

instance.

'My only excuse for my unmaidenly conduct,' continued the visitor, 'is that I am a very old friend of Peggy's. I have known her ever since she was so high.' She indicated Peggy's infant stature by a gesture.

'So have I,' said Philip proudly. 'Did you

know?

No, Miss Leslie did not know. Peggy had not told her; so Philip, with wonderful fluency for him, explained the circumstances under which he had first entered the house of Falconer.

Miss Leslie chuckled. 'It would be a fine ploy for Montagu,' she said, 'scarifying a little boy. But I am glad you met Peggy's mother, if only for five minutes.'

'She was very kind to me during those five

minutes,' remarked Philip.

'She was my greatest friend,' said Miss Leslie simply. 'But she has been dead for seven years now. I suppose you knew that?'

Philip nodded. Peggy had told him.

So the conversation proceeded comfortably, understandingly. Jean Leslie was one of those women in whose presence a man can put his soul into carpet-slippers. It was not necessary to select light topics or invent small-talk for her benefit. She appeared to know all about Philip, and the brake, and the accident. She also gave

Philip a good deal of fresh information about

Peggy and her father.

'I had hoped,' she said, 'that when Montagu was made an A.R.A. he would become less of a bear. But he is just the same. Success has come to him too late, poor body. He is as morose and pernickety and feckless as ever. Peggy is hard put to it sometimes.'

'I expect you help her a good deal,' remarked

Philip, with sudden intuition.

Miss Leslie smiled grimly. 'Yes,' she said, 'I put my oar in occasionally. Montagu dislikes me, I am sorry to say. He is not afraid of Peggy, nor she of him, for that matter; but she is too soft with him. So whenever I see her overdriven I just step in and get myself disliked a little more. But he usually comes to me when he is in trouble, for all that. I am the only person who has any patience with him.'

After that they talked about London, and Philip's work, and the future of automobilism. Miss Leslie apparently saw nothing either 'pathetic' or 'quaint' or 'tragic' in a man liking to talk about what interested him. At any rate, she drew him out and lured him on. For all her spinsterhood, Jean Leslie knew something of masculine nature. She knew that the shortest way to the heart of that self-centred creature Man is to let him talk about himself and his work and his ambitions. So Philip discoursed, with all his shyness and reticence thawed out of him, upon subjects which must have made his visitor's head ache, but which won her heart none the less. That is the way of a woman. She values the post of confidante so highly that she will endure a man's most uninteresting confidences with joy, because of the real compliment implied by their bestowal. 'I am a silly, sentimental old wife,' she mused to herself afterwards; 'but it warmed my heart to have that boy turning to me for advice on things I knew nothing about. It would be good for him too. He would never talk like that to Peggy; he would be afraid of wearying her. I do not matter.'

(Continued on page 404.)

RATS.

By E. K. VENNER.

WHEN a certain prisoner in the Bastille saw a rat come out of a hole in the wall of his cell and gravely turn a somersault, he gave it a welcome such as seldom falls to a member of the rat tribe, for he felt sure it must be the friend and pupil of a former prisoner that had come to transfer its affection to him. That was very well for a man in his situation, but in the outside world the acrobatic feats of the rat meet with little appreciation. It doesn't turn somersaults, it is true; but it runs up and down walls with equal facility, its hindlegs working at right

angles in a remarkable way to aid its descent. And these up-and-down displays are never for mere practice, but are generally fraught with a deadly purpose which leaves many registered vows of vengeance behind it. I remember, as a case in point, the fate of a favourite dove. She hung in her wicker cage from the roof of a greenhouse, and was apparently absolutely out of harm's way from every point of view. But we overlooked the uplook of a rat, with the result that, one morning, in the place of the dove on the perch, there was a mutilated body on the

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floor of the cage, which told its tale with a dreadful plainness. A rat had run up the wall, jumped off on to the cage, torn its way through the wickerwork, and then ruthlessly slaughtered a friend of many years' standing. For sheer repulsiveness this deed would be hard to beat; though it was perhaps equalled by a rat that was discovered sitting on a bullfinch's nest, out of which it had eaten the young.

It is, therefore, no wonder that, with such a record of cruelty and destruction behind it, the appearance of a rat should set people looking round for the likeliest stick or stone within reach, and that there should be an organised movement to prevent its escape, if possible. The 'There excitement of the moment is intense. he goes! He's run under that tub! Now then, look out!' and so on. There is an electric current in the situation which runs through even the most phlegmatic and inert individuals. One such I have in my mind, when a rat was discovered in a pigsty. He had appeared up to that moment to have no sporting instincts whatever; but that discovery also discovered him, with a stick in his hand, watching an exit from the sty with an intentness that would have done credit to a well-trained terrier.

He did not, however, come so near the real thing as a blacksmith once did. We were drawing a woodstack with ferrets for rats, and were on the point of stationing a dog at the principal run, which led to a drain. It was at this juncture that the blacksmith came on the scene. He said we shouldn't want a dog, and that he would guarantee to catch any rat that came out that way. He therefore crouched down, a motionless figure, over the hole into the drain. Presently there was a rustle in the stack, and a gray streak flashed down the run to the city of refuge. But, quick though the fugitive was, the blacksmith was quicker. There was a lightning grab, and the next moment the hapless rodent's head was in the blacksmith's mouth and nearly bitten off by a set of serviceable teeth. It was not a pleasant sight; but though no one could have dreamt of the method of its capture, the rat was caught, as this human

terrier promised.

But I doubt whether even the extraordinary ratting talents here displayed would have been of any avail in the case of a certain colony of rats I once came across, for the simple reason that they remained for the most part invisible, and defied the combined efforts of dogs, men, and ferrets to get them out, as well as proving superior to every trap and poison that could be thought of. The nearest attempt to bring one to the surface was made by a ferret that, after considerable prospecting, disappeared down a much-used hole. Presently there were sounds of scuffling underneath, and we prepared for eventualities. A neighbouring farmer, with a gun, gave it as his opinion that a 'regular old

warrior' would be out in a moment; and it seemed as though his prediction were likely to be verified, as the scuffling came nearer and nearer the surface. But it was not the 'regular old warrior' that at last appeared, but the ferret coming out of the hole backward in a very depressed state of mind. It had good reason to be, for its appearance presented anything but the results of a peaceful interview; in fact, it had to be promptly taken home for very necessary repairs, leaving the 'old warrior' below, the master of the situation.

The same farmer, who lived close at hand, certainly managed to account for one incautious member of this colony by poison; but as the defunct rodent was promptly found and eaten by one of his pigs, who as promptly died from the effects of the poison, he lost considerably more than he gained in this transaction.

Another scion of this stock took up its quarters in a well, whence it was wont to ascend into an adjoining scullery. Its medium of ascent was the connecting-rod of the scullery-pump, which was a very long one. As it came up this it would give involuntary notice of its approach, the pump-handle beginning to move up and down in the most uncanny manner, which, together with the noise, might easily have caused the house to be called haunted, especially as the pump could be heard working in the middle of the night. Often have I waited as the pump-handle began to work, hoping to give the climber a greeting with an air-gun; but I was only once able to get a snapshot at it, and then it was like shooting at a shadow.

This horde of rats, in fact, got quite a reputation in the neighbourhood for their cunning, and the vendors of sundry traps and poisons, for which the rats had no use, declared themselves at their wits'-end as to what to recommend next. One, indeed, as a last resource, tried to think of the name and address of a man who, it seemed, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, possessed a wonderful power of drawing rats from their strongholds. It was not a natural power, but arose, my informant told me, from some preparation the rat-extractor used, always with unfailing success. However, the name of this wonderful person never transpired, and we had to imagine the effect of his powers on the rats in question.

He would have had a much easier task than the one set him here in dealing with a rat that once took up its quarters in a church organ. There are endless possibilities in an organ for a rat that is musical enough to take advantage of them, and this rat appreciated to the full the queer spaces and angles which abounded in the instrument. It was also not at all averse to showing itself outside on occasions. One of these occasions sealed its doom. It was a Lent week-day service, and a large congregation had assembled to hear a famous

preacher. His fame had apparently reached the interior of the organ, for no sooner did he ascend the pulpit than the rat suddenly appeared in the stall he had just vacated. I was sitting in the choir opposite, and watched it run up into the seat and then on to the desk itself. It was a huge specimen, with a very dilapidated coat, which considerably added to its unattractiveness. I must confess to a constitutional horror of rats, and the thought of a possible visit to me in my seat made me keep my eyes on it in a kind of fearful fascination. However, the intruder had other views; for, after a thorough examination of the preacher's stall, and after sitting up on its hindlegs and looking inquisitively about, it disappeared from view, and the next moment was in the middle of the chancel-steps, in full view of the horrified congregation. There are moments of enforced silence so tense with feeling as to be absolutely painful. This was one of these moments. One felt that screams and exclamations were being stifled by terrific efforts, and that sporting instincts were meeting with heroic suppression. But the twofold task of dividing attention between the rat and the preacher was plainly hopeless. The rat was in full possession of the moment, and no preacher could ever hope to receive the frenzied attention which was accorded to the horrid intruder as it coolly surveved the scene from the chancel-steps. it glided down into the nave and into the midst of the congregation. It is greatly to their credit that they kept their seats after this; but frantic silent signals to the verger in all directions bore eloquent testimony to the state of their feelings; though, of course, he was quite helpless. Fortunately the sermon was not a long one, but it is safe to say that no sermon ever came to an end with a greater feeling of relief. A professional ratter was at once sent for after the service, and a trap set by him behind the organ caught this ecclesiastically minded rodent two mornings later.

This ratter had, I believe, a most lucrative practice on the vessels in some adjoining docks, where there was always plenty of scope for his talents; for his department seems to require just as much attention as it did in the days of sail. Rats have no objection to modern improvements; in fact, many of them suit their requirements admirably. The large discs fixed on mooring-ropes are, it is true, efficacious in turning back those passengers who use this favourite way of embarkation; but there are other ways of taking a passage of which such undesirables are not slow to take advantage.

There was a certain crack liner which once had quite an undue share of them—so much so that they would sometimes climb down the blue curtains of some of the berths and flop down on the pillows of the horrified occupants. They got, in fact, to be such a nuisance that very drastic measures had to be taken against them.

I happened to be looking over this vessel some time afterwards, and was assured that these measures had been entirely successful, and that the passengers could now sleep quietly in their berths.

But the most objectionable feature about imported rats is not, after all, inconvenience to passengers or destruction of property, but the possibility of plague infection. It is an established fact that in this respect the rat is a serious menace to communities. As a plague-carrier he is second to none. Plague, it was pointed out by an expert on the subject, is a rat disease, and man could avoid it with ease were it not for the rat.

It will be remembered that this fact was brought before the public in a very prominent way by the recent plague scare in Suffolk. In the adjoining county notices were displayed warning people against touching dead rats with their naked hands, and suggesting several ways of dealing with them. This very unpleasant aspect of the rat was instrumental in forming numerous rat-clubs, with very satisfactory results, for the Ishmael of the fields and barns is much less in evidence about here than it used to be.

This fact, which establishes the rat as a plague-carrier, has a horrid suggestiveness when it is recollected that it is used as an article of diet, and by no means exclusively in times of stress and siege. There have not been wanting people, and not in China either, who claimed that a rat-pie is a dish fit to set before a king. I remember reading of some family where such a dish was always regarded as a particular treat. On one occasion the children, in the absence of their elders, being left to select their own luncheon, at once decided on their favourite They were, however, considerably delicacy. taken aback by an unexpected visit from their grandmother, and by the thought that there was nothing else to set before her. What was to be done? After a hasty consultation, it was decided to have the pie and say nothing about its contents. They accordingly regaled their unfortunate grandmother at luncheon with a nameless pie, which the old lady ate with avidity under the impression that she was partaking of an excellent preparation of veal and ham. I forget whether the awful secret of the pie was ever revealed, and, if so, whether it was followed by But the spectacle of the disastrous results. unsuspecting and confiding old lady sharing a rat-pie with her grandchildren, and highly commending it, must have been an inimitable one. I think it was claimed that the rats were barn fed, and that it was their diet of grain which made them such excellent eating. The neighbouring farmers could probably have borne painful testimony as to the diet in question; for, it has been noticed, 'the havor that an army of rats will work among corn-ricks is almost inRATS. 897

credible; while they carry on their depredations with so much secrecy that an unpractised eye would think the stacks to be sound and unharmed.'

As to the number of young birds—ducklings in particular—and eggs that are destroyed by the same depredators yearly, the county's total bill must be a very considerable one. It is wonderful how rats will not only eat eggs but carry them bodily off to their lairs. I once witnessed a highly diverting illustration of this. I was standing on the banks of a stream, when my attention was attracted by a rat rolling a hen's egg down the slope below me to the water. It exercised the greatest care in this, steadying the egg when the descent was steepest, and generally showing a wonderful knowledge of the ways of eggs in that situation. All went well until it had nearly got the egg to its destination, the mouth of a drain which opened into the But, alas! at the last moment its excellently laid scheme went agley. The progress of the egg was suddenly obstructed by a horrid stone, on which the cherished oval promptly smashed, its contents running down the bank into the stream in what must have been to the rat a heart-rending cascade. I almost found it in my heart to be sorry for the animal in this grievous calamity, as, after gazing ruefully for a moment at the wreckage of its hopes, it disappeared into the drain in a very depressed state of mind.

This stream was the favourite haunt of waterrats, or rather water-voles, miniature beavers in all but the tail, and most harmless, inoffensive little animals. It is almost impossible to walk along the banks of a stream for any distance without noticing eddies suddenly spreading out from the bank and perhaps being carried along the edge for some yards, and then extending out into the stream as a small dark object makes its way to the other side. The slightest sign of alarm, and there is a beautiful dive, the remainder of the journey being marked by a line of silver bubbles, till a disturbance in the water at the opposite bank announces that the goal is reached. But no one examining the place of departure has ever found that the swimmer had left a dinner of fish behind it. For, in fact, it has been almost conclusively proved that it is a strict vegetarian, living on various aquatic plants and roots. But, unfortunately for itself, it has often to suffer for the crimes of the brown rat, whose capacity for mischief and destruction is as much in evidence by the waterside as elsewhere. It is an expert swimmer, and for this reason alone is often mistaken for the water-vole. It is also by no means averse to trying its luck at

angling, frequently with considerable success. Richard Jefferies, for instance, mentions a lake which he said was swarming with roach, which were preyed on at spawning-time not by the water-rat, he is careful to point out, but by the house or drain rat. He said that there were always a few of these about the lake, where they grew to enormous size. He convicted them of destroying the roach in great numbers by noticing that the sand was strewn with dead fish opposite, and leading up to, their holes-which also proved that they caught and killed many more than they could eat, or even had time to carry away. He further says that he has shot at these great rascals when they were swimming fifty yards from the shore, and he strongly suspected them of visiting the nests of moorhens and other waterfowl with felonious purpose.

The size of these rats here noticed would seem to point to the conclusion that certain conditions and environment are especially favourable to ratgrowth. It has been pointed out, for instance, in an interesting article, that in Australia, where rats are becoming as great a plague as rabbits, they are not only greatly increasing in numbers, but also growing to enormous size. In this case, however, it would seem that they are less bold and ferocious than their kinsfolk over the seas. The atmosphere of sewers, again, seems to be especially productive of great size, for there, as is well known, the largest, and in this instance the boldest and most ferocious, specimens are to be encountered.

It is curious that, in spite of their size and ferocity, the professional rat-catcher should make as little account of them in his methods for their circumvention as he would of mice. He would seem, from accounts of his underground operations, to have a kind of magnetic influence on his victims, and to exercise a fearful fascination which leaves them trembling and powerless before him. These methods were vividly illustrated by the related experience of a neophyte who accompanied a Paris rat-catcher in one of his subterranean journeys along the city sewers. This functionary, like all his tribe, made no more of catching the sewer monsters than a shrimper would of catching shrimps. The flashing of the light which revealed the startled quarry was hardly quicker than the transfer of the astonished rodent into a kind of cage hung on the ratter's back, and so to the next victim. In addition to the cage, the ratter was hung in all directions with sundry other receptacles for his prey, which were all quite full by the time he reached the surface. The captures were all destined for coursing, and, sold for, say, sixpencea head, would realise quite a respectable sum.



TROOPER 13,846.

CHAPTER V.

IT was just before siesta that Devereux was called into Captain Marchand's room, a barely furnished apartment, typical of the Legion.

Captain Marchand stood before a plain wood

table.

Devereux saluted.

'Devereux,' said Captain Marchand,' you were at my house last night. For what purpose?'

'I went,' said Devereux slowly, 'because I made a mistake.'

'And the mistake?'

'I cannot tell you, my captain.'

Captain Marchand spoke dispassionately, yet beneath the mask Devereux read the fire that consumed the man—the fire of jealousy, passion, and misunderstanding. 'You understand that I can send you to the penal settlement for seven years as a result of last night?'

'Yes, my captain.'

'Then tell me the mistake you made. What prompted you to go?'

'I cannot, my captain.'

'Remember, seven years in the penal settlement. And, before God, you shall go there unless you tell me!' For the first time Captain Marchand lost control of himself. His eyes blazed.

'I am under arrest, then, my captain. I saved your life, and you send me to my death. I am not pleading for mercy. I do not expect it—do not want it from you; but I ask one thing. Tonight we go for a march. You will give me these few hours?'

For a moment Captain Marchand hesitated.

'You will not attempt to escape?'

Devereux laughed a trifle bitterly. 'To the desert? No, my captain. Besides, the Legion has not killed all my sense of honour.'

'I apologise.' Captain Marchand took a step forward. 'Devereux, tell me everything.'

'I made a mistake. We can all make mistakes.'

'You will not tell me?'

'No, my captain. I am free?'

'Until we enter Sidi-bel-Abbès again.'

Devereux saluted. His brain was working rapidly as he walked across the barrack-yard. He had six hours—six hours in which there was much to be done, two lives to save.

It was at the entrance to the barracks that he met Lieutenant Villevois, as he had expected. He stopped before the lieutenant with a salute. 'I should like a few words with you, Lieutenant Villevois,' he said.

The lieutenant looked at him disdainfully. 'You are not in my company,' he said. 'Ah, you are the ruffian who was thrown out of Captain Marchand's house last night?'

'I am the man who left Captain Marchand's house of my own free will last night, and I am going to ask you now, Lieutenant Villevois, not to enter it again.'

'You tell me what to do—you, a common légionnaire? Give me your number. I shall

report you to your captain.'

'I should not, since it is Captain Marchand.' Devereux spoke quietly, dispassionately. 'Lieutenant Villevois, for a few moments we will forget we are officer and *légionnaire*. I ask you not to go to Captain Marchand's again. I was engaged to Madame Marchand once.'

You?'

'Yes. Consequently I have an interest in Madame Marchand's life. You understand?'

'Still, I do not take orders from you.' Lieu-

tenant Villevois laughed.

Devereux shrugged his shoulders. He knew he was making an enemy, one who could make his life in the Legion unbearable; but still he was saving a woman's honour. 'I was in the Ben Radi's café the other night,' he said, 'and I saw you enter. I also heard what you said when you sold the Legion.' He turned slowly on his heel and walked away.

Lieutenant Villevois stood rooted to the spot, watching him walk across the barracks and out of the gate. His face had gone white, and a look of mingled fear and hatred narrowed his

eyes. 'Sacré!' he muttered.

Devereux walked sharply along the road which led to the open country. The streets were deserted save for an occasional légionnaire, and clusters of Arabs freed from the observances of Ramadan. The Arabs regarded him closely. He was one of the regiment they hated and feared. A caravan, fresh from the desert, the camels laden with bales of merchandise, passed him, but he took no notice. His mind was filled with other thoughts. His objective was Captain Marchand's bungalow, and this time he walked straight up the path and inquired for Miss Madge Lawrence.

Nevertheless it was Madame Marchand he saw first. She started in surprise. 'You have come again, Dick?' she said.

'Yes; I have come to see your sister.'

Madame Marchand was not a clever woman, but married life had given her a certain cunning. She saw it was wise to propitiate this man. 'Dick,' she said, 'you made a great mistake last night.'

'A great mistake!' Devereux bowed.

'It looked unusual, foolish perhaps; but Lieutenant Villevois and I are such old friends. We knew each other in Paris.'

Devereux looked at her; then he said quietly,

'Yes, I made a great mistake last night, and as a result of that mistake your husband will send me to the penal settlement for seven years.

'What?' Madame Marchand looked at him, 'To the penal settlement for horror-struck.

seven years?

'Of course I could save myself, but it would

be at your expense.

Madame Marchand took a step forward. would have laid a hand on his shoulder had not Devereux drawn back sharply. 'You wouldn't do that, Dick?' she said pleadingly. She looked frightened. She had played with fire, and, now that the moment had come when she might burn

herself, was afraid.

'No,' said Devereux, 'I shall not save myself at your expense, because we were engaged to each other once, and I value a woman's honour above everything else on this earth.' He looked so singularly handsome in his uniform, poor though it was—a man to admire—that Madame Marchand began to wonder whether she had not made a mistake. The look of terror died from her face. She was about to speak, when the door opened and Madge entered.

Madame Marchand watched them both, and in the look that passed between them she learned many things. She walked toward the door with a laugh. 'I will leave you two together,' she said.

For a moment they stood in silence; then Devereux stepped forward and took the girl's two hands in his. 'I can't stop more than a few minutes; but I wanted to thank you for last night.'

'It was nothing,' replied the girl. 'Nothing in comparison with what you have done for Grace.'

'I have done all that for you, not for your sister. Lieutenant Villevois will not come here again.'

'No?' A look of relief swept over the girl's 'You are sure?'

'Yes, because I have blackmailed him.'

'You blackmailed him ?'

'Yes. To save your sister I opened the door of a cupboard that he thought securely locked.

'I see,' said Madge thoughtfully.

you, Dick.'

With a little gesture she slipped her arm through his and led him to the window. For a few moments they both looked out in silence. Before them lay stretched Sidi-bel-Abbès, and beyond the sand of the desert—Sidi-bel-Abbès, with all that it meant to both.

Suddenly Devereux turned away. He had accomplished his mission. At the long French windows he turned. If ever they met again, seven years would have passed—seven years of He walked back, and caught the Hell for him girl in his arms. 'Madge!' he said. His lips sought hers, and clung to them. Then he disengaged her. The next moment he had gone.

It was near the barracks that he encountered Captain Marchand. A salute, a curt nod in

response, and the two men went their ways as though nothing had happened between them a few hours before.

The day had been overpoweringly hot and Rumours which had travelled across tiring. miles of sand were distressing.

Captain Marchand felt at variance with the whole world. Jealousy and passion gnawed at his very fibres, the mad jealousy of a man who loves passionately. He flung himself down in a chair in the drawing-room, and threw his képi on to a side-table with a gesture of anger.

'You are Madge looked up with a smile.

tired, Leon?' she said.

For the first time he noticed her. He crossed and stood before her chair. 'Ah, Madge, I wanted to see you alone. Why did Devereux come here last night?'

'Did I not tell you?'

'And that was not true. You are shielding some one. Why did he come?'

'Have you asked him?'

'Yes; and he would not tell me. He refused.' 'Which shows that what I said is true. He kept silence to shield me.'

He kept silence for no such purpose. You are hiding something from me. He has refused

to tell me, so you shall.'

He spoke angrily, his hands clenched. The girl looked at his passion-distorted face, yet there was no fear on her own. 'If he has refused to tell you, I cannot but do the same, since it is not my secret.'

Captain Marchand turned away with a bitter laugh. 'I cannot make you pay for your silence;

but, by Heaven, he shall pay for his!'
Madge leaped to her feet. 'What are you going to do to him?' She faced her brother-inlaw, her eyes as flashing as his.

Captain Marchand watched her. His was not a cruel nature; but recent events had made him hard, and wild to know the truth even though it wrecked his happiness. 'To-night we go for a long march, and when we return he will be And it will mean the placed under arrest. penal settlement if he is convicted.

'And he will be-because he is a légionnaire. Does he know this?'

'Yes.

For a moment a soft look crossed the girl's face. She understood the passion of his kiss that morning. He was going to what meant a certain death in order to save her sister.

'And you would do this to a man who saved

your life?' she said vehemently.

Captain Marchand shrugged his shoulders. A woman is cruel when fighting for her happiness, a man relentless. 'I had to do it,' he 'I do not know for what purpose he was He would not tell me. And once the Legion gets out of hand '-

'And if I tell Madge laughed scornfully.

you the reason he came?'

'He shall go free.'

She nodded. 'You shall know when you come back from the march.' Then she walked slowly toward the door.

'Tell me now,' pleaded her brother-in-law.

'You shall know—when you come back.'
She shut the door and walked up the one small flight of stairs to find her sister, and there

was a hard look on her face.

Madame Marchand was in her room. There was a fête in the Jardin Public, and she was busy in the hands of her maid. She looked up pettishly as her sister entered. 'How you startled me! Why, what is the matter, child?' she went on, as she saw the look on the girl's face.

'I want to speak to you; but it can stay

until we have a few moments alone.'

'You had better speak now. I hope it is nothing serious.—Marie, you can leave until I ring for you.'

'Yes, madame.'

'Well?' A sense that something unpleasant was about to transpire made Madame Marchand wheel round in her chair and face her sister.

'You know why Dick came the other night?'
Madame Marchand shrugged her shoulders.
'Goodness only knows what perversion of his mind prompted him. Surely, child, you are not going to trouble me with that?'

Madge looked her sister straight in the face. 'You know the reason he came as well as I do. Because he was once engaged to you, his sense of honour, quixotic as I dare say it may appear to you, makes him want to save you from yourself.'

'I did not ask for Légionnaire 13,846's interference, neither do I want it.' Her hand strayed toward the bell as she spoke. Another second, and she would have summoned her maid.

'Stop!' cried her sister. She came a step nearer. 'Leon gave Dick the alternative. Either Dick was to tell him why he had come that night, or he would have to stand his trial, which means seven years in the penal settlement.'

'Yes?' Madame Marchand's lips became dry.
'And Dick refused to speak—to save you!'
There was a moment's silence. 'Why did you tell me this?'

'Because you must tell Leon.'

'I tell him!' Madame Marchand laughed nervously. 'Don't be so absurd, child.'

'You would rather Dick went to the penal settlement, and died there. It means death!'

'I did not ask Dick to come here that night. If he was so foolish, so interfering, he must pay the price of his own folly.'

'Then you refuse to tell Leon?'

'Of course I do. It is unnecessary—absurd.'
'If you don't tell him, I shall.' Madge spoke

'If you don't tell him, I shall.' Madge spoke slowly.

'What?' Madame Marchand rose and faced her sister. 'You would not dare!'

Despite her sister's temper, Madge detected

another emotion, and she pitied her, even as she despised her. 'I am not going to see Dick sacrificed so that you may satisfy your love for excitement. Leon asked me to tell him the truth to-night, and I told him I would when he returned from the march. But I have given you the chance first.'

'And if I don't tell him, you will?'

'Yes, to save Dick.' Madge met her sister's gaze unflinchingly.

'Why do you take such an interest in Dick?

What is he to you?

Madge drew herself up. She had only a few precious moments to remember, but they made her a proud woman. 'Because,' she said, 'I look upon Dick as the best man I have ever met.'

Madame Marchand laughed, but the laugh died on her lips almost as soon as it had risen. Instinctively both women turned toward the window. From the barracks came a single buglecall. Though they had never heard it before, they both knew what it meant. Aux armes / Aux armes / It was the call to arms.

(Continued on page 409.)

THE STAR OF HOPE.

THE gloaming gray
Of life is fast descending,
The light is waning, and the night draws near,
That soon the way,
Along which I am wending,
Will coldly wrap in shadows dark and drear.

None knows the path Through which my course must labour, Though countless thousands passed that way before; For no one hath

Returned to tell his neighbour Of how he fared to reach the viewless shore.

Mere flesh and blood,
Though ne'er so stout and daring,
Can not prevail in death's dark hour of gloom;
Nor Jordan's flood
Can cross without despairing
To brave the billows of impending doom.

Yet though we grope
Through life, in measure, blindly,
And fear the furrows of the frowning foam,
The Star of Hope,
That beckons calm and kindly,

Will guide the way to our eternal Home.

That sacred star
Of Christ, through paths full dreary,
Will cheer the soul, how sore soe'er the plight,
To wage the war

That all must wage, though weary, At last to land where all blooms fair and bright.

Therein to dwell
With Him who died to save us,
And rose again, as we shall also rise
All hale and well

From sins that now deprave us, No more to wail with worldly cares and sighs. JOHN MACGREGOR.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

MULTITUDES of men and women have lately taken the different roads that lead from all parts of the world to Rome, and they have lingered there seeing and wonderingvaguely wondering in the case of many of them. It would not be unfair to judge any of these people for their powers of feeling, their sensibility, and their imagination by what they say they think of Rome on their return. Ask a friend who has just been there what he feels about it, and consider the answer carefully; but see that he speaks sincerely. I should like to have the opportunity of reading some essays sent to a competition that might be organised on such lines as these, limited to persons who had previously passed a test in matters of general education, common-sense, and a certain elevation of thought. There would be so many different Romes described; and we should see some strange effects, the results of different powers of observation, varying degrees of imagination, and curious variations of temperament brought to bear on precisely the same subject. Had one the powers of an autocrat in such matters, it should be made a law to forbid at least half the people of the kind who visit Rome in these days ever to go that way. It is not fair to Rome, or to any one. These are the people who, having been to Rome, come home to say that they have felt a little disappointed. They had heard much of Rome, had read much about it, and had steeped their minds in its history and romance as described in the books of fact, and given with a little more of the dramatic touch in Elizabethan Now when they went there they had found only ruins which, somehow, were not so fine as they had pictured them; St Peter's in a place on the far side of the Tiber from the hotel at which they stayed; and a very modern city abounding in Italians, with a fair number of British, Americans, and Germans among them. They had heard no spirits in the air singing to them of the glory that was past; as they had looked from the Palatine Hill over the site of the Circus Maximus, with chimneyed factories beside it now, they had had difficulty in imagining chariots swinging madly round the corners in the races; when they had tried to think of Nero as having been real they had

failed; lions and Christians did not come up in the vision of their minds when they stood in the Colosseum; and they could not think of Cæsar in his toga striding down toward the Forum. Unhappy Rome! you have disappointed them! Abiding memories with them are the number of picture palaces, the paucity of clocks, the cleanness of the streets, and the general decorum of a city that is well laid out and probably much more conveniently disposed than it was two thousand years ago. Among many dull, gray remembrances there will sparkle like a gem the fact that a she-wolf is caged for all to see on the Capitoline Hill—such a she-wolf as suckled Romulus and Remus.

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It is the truth, as any one may discover upon inquiry among his company of friends, that a great proportion of the people who visit Rome thus declare themselves as disappointed! It is a serious matter. There is such a great Rome, a city of the most intense fascination for nearly every one of sensibility, for every different kind of taste and thought, that it seems a pity that any of us should ever be without a Rome to please us when Rome herself would accommodate so well. As a hundred artists would paint a hundred different pictures of the same scene, so might a hundred people see so many kinds of Rome. Rodin once said of the artistic way that you 'just looked at Nature, and the rest happened according to your tempera-ment.' That is the way with the visitor to Rome. Perhaps the materialism of the time hinders many very modern people from gathering such a proper appreciation of it as they might otherwise do. I am sure also that the average modern visitor does not approach this amazing city in the right way, which is not with a guide-book in hand, but with a spirit open and ready for the romance of reality. Guide-books are the curse of modern Rome, and there are more of them concerning her than for any other city; and in the circumstances of the case it follows that the detail is more intricate, more elaborate, more confusing. A poor traveller who makes this pilgrimage to the proudest spot on earth, having anticipated it for so many years, stumbles through the ruins while his eyes are pressed close down to printed pages that are a

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mass of figures with B.C. and A.D. sprinkled freely among them, and measurements and numbers in a fearful complexity. These guide-book facts and figures convey little meaning at the time, but it is felt to be a duty to read them, the most imperative duty of its kind; and so the eyes are occasionally lifted to look at the places that are being dealt with, and down they fall again quickly to the book. With a little moan from the heart one more 'sight' is wearily done, and a week of sight-seeing in Rome is such a torture to a willing mind as is not easily to be Decidedly these guide-books are understood. the curse of Rome. Certainly one should know the essential facts; but he who visits the city should read his subject in the manner of a schoolboy a little while before, and in Rome he should have nothing but a guide-book with a list of things to see and the broad meaning of each of them told in twenty words. For the rest he should look and think and feel, and look again and feel the more, and wait for his temperament to find its own way through that piled-up mass of history and past glory, and then the picture would be filled in for him with the most marvellous details that imagination could present. There would be heard the crash of armies, the blowing of trumpets. Emperors in glittering golden pomp would come in great processions; on the holidays in Roman sunlight there would be magnificent colours; we should see the people lounge in splendid luxury at the baths of Caracalla, and Roman matrons would have grace and charm and look superb in the dignity of womanhood at its best. should hear orations in the Senate; we should have a vision of the time when things were being done, when Rome was being made continually greater and richer, her artists at work, craftsmen beating on their anvils, sculptors chiselling at their marble, and all others decorating and making beautiful. It is when the receptive spirit thus responds to Rome that we know at last why it is called the Eternal Would we not rather see a sprightly youngster caper through the Forum, get up on to a rostrum there, and fling up his arms in a mimicking way, that he might tell his friends some time later that he himself had stood where Antony had declared he came to bury Cæsar and not to praise him, than see a pedagogue stumbling through the Palace of the Vestal Virgins or along the Via Sacra with weary eyes always on a book? These books have ruined hundreds of thousands of pilgrimages to Rome, and they have turned what should have been a time of thrills and a feast of imagination into the dull, heavy boredom of a vain effort to learn and understand the contents of such a catalogue of goods as a busy auctioneer might prepare.

The worst of this failure is that Rome, without her like in the world to-day, even as before,

fails to be understood for the lessons she can teach. There may be no Cæsars now in Rome, but only Italians struggling toward the light of a new greatness which in their modern unity they believe they will achieve; and the religious atmosphere may be more subdued, though all the churches stand to tell of the wonder and majesty of papal greatness in the past. But something of the spirit of ancient Rome continually rises like a vapour from the ruins, and has permeated succeeding Romes through all the ages. This city is not like any other in the world. It is alive; it has a spirit, a soul, in the sense that no other has. Old and fine cities where great life has been lived, places from which the world has been shaped, are never things of wood and stone, with bits of iron for fastening and binding. That which has held so much throbbing life, which has seen the lives of men come and go for centuries upon its soil, cannot be without some life itself, though different from the blood-life of crawling things. It takes the life it gives, and it gathers life from the long succession of generations. It is a greater, grander life, dispassionate, invincible, unshakable, eternal. Only a little of that imagination of which I have written is needed to convince one who thinks of London and Paris and of Rome, that the idea that these cities are things of mere wood and stone and modern machinery is absurd. They have a living spirit, the peculiar quality of life that belongs to the great city where everything in it has lived deeply and intensely. If the old great cities enjoyed this peculiar essence of life, why then should not the new ones, which in some modern aspects are finer, make the same effect upon the spirit? But what is it that seems most lacking in New York or Chicago? The fact that these cities have no souls, that life has not been given to them by millions of millions of dead human ancestors, who in dying have given their spirit to the stones. I admire New York, and like it; but for all the speed of the life of the people in it, for all that the city rushes and whirls for every hour of the twentyfour, that the overhead railway cars rumble along their galleries through the night, that the hydraulic riveting of the iron frames of the new buildings is really ceaseless, the city has never yet had life. Boston has indeed germinated, and I have found no other city in the United States that has. But think how real and great and strong is the life of some of the cities of the Old World, even though their work and accomplishment now are not a hundredth part of that of the American cities. Why, Toledo still lives. What a tremendous existence there has been in those cobble-stones and in all those crumbling ruins in the heart of Spain! But of all the cities that have had life and still have it, none is comparable with Rome. It has lived the fullest; it has been the master-city; its heart has

beat and its spirit has soared through all the ages; and there is that about it that suggests eternity, the immense and the infinite that is beyond the control of man, and is a possession of the Creator. That is Rome. It is truly the caput mundi; and if in a certain sense it may be sleeping now, it will not sleep for ever. There are some men of a special vitality and spirit who in their careers are never entirely vincible, no matter what misfortunes they may suffer. Great men of finance and commerce, who have let imagination free in enormous enterprise, have fallen with a crash, have been nominally penniless, and, worse than that, have seemed utterly and completely done for; yet they have continued to live in great halls, to entertain as lavishly as before, to spend as freely. Their optimism and resource are unabated. And. lo! soon they are at the summit again. It is the same with cities. They have their different eras and peoples. One set of generations will try them, and go down; another set will try them later, and depart; all will get their greatness from the cities, and they will give their lives back to the stones, and the city is richer, greater for the succession, more bountiful for the next adventurers in life. How full, then, is Rome with life to-day, the essence of life of that astounding past! As we look and contemplate it seems as if her soil must burst with the life it holds. That is how some of us would look on Rome, and thus we see indeed the Eternal City, that which will never die. We see with an absolute faith and reality the supernatural in Rome, a veritable Jove of cities. Regarding Rome in this way, we feel a conviction, an instinct, that her time must come again, that once more she will become the great centre of the world, the living heart. The great subject for speculation is under what agency and through what influences she will do so. The Italians have seized upon the idea, and feel that their possession of Rome as the capital for their United Italy is a magnificent omen, and that they are destined to be one of the greatest nations of the world. To be the capital of Italy, however great, cannot be the ultimate triumph. In an age when ideas are so expansive the future destiny of Rome must be very magnificent. She may for a prelude be the capital of a big Italy with an empire; but in speculating upon her chances there inevitably rises in the mind that idea which is sure to materialise as time proceeds, which first wars and then the fears of wars will suggest, and next a saner Socialism than is preached now, and last an abandonment of frontiers and a combination of a continent, the United States of Europe; and Rome may be a super-capital then.

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And in the meantime how great is the majesty of this city; how magnificent it is; what lessons

there are in it, and among its old architectural works and its relics complete and incomplete, for the construction of other cities! At the present time, in Britain and elsewhere, much thought and study is being given to the subject of town planning, as it is called. When everywhere old slums are being destroyed and inconvenient thoroughfares reconstructed, and new towns are growing up in many places and need training in their growth, it is well that a science of town making and engineering should be properly recognised. The ancient cities grew largely of themselves; but in some ways they did not grow very well, and they took many hundreds of years to shape themselves to human convenience. Now we do better than that. Rome is a city that never could be spoiled, never would be, because the life in its stones is a continual force, and a dignity is preserved always. It might seem to be nearly impossible for the up-to-date conveniences, as we call them, to be attached in full measure to a place like Rome, and harmony be still preserved with the medieval city and the ancient one. Yet it has been done, and so even modern Rome is a pattern for all. It is the most compact city of importance that one can call to mind. Even New York, with its perfect parallels, rectangles, and geometrical figures, is no better in this respect. Rome is not a large city, as go the standards of the world; with its less than half a million people it is smaller in population even than Madrid, only half as big again as Edinburgh. But it is far bigger than that in its works, possessions, and necessary equipment, and for a city of its size it is marvellously convenient and easy to move in. There are no taxi-cabs in Rome, and they are not needed now any more than Julius Cæsar needed them; nor are there any underground railways. The perfect tramcar service and the cheap, if rickety, horse-carriages are sufficient for the requirements of most people, and the traveller finds that even by walking nearly all his needs are served. The newer streets, if modern in their style, have an excellent dignity. The Via Nazionale, for example, is one of the finest of its kind. It is for the most part straight, and along a slope, and one can just see from the top of it, on the Piazza delle Terme, the summit of the new and magnificent white marble monument to United Italy by the side of the Capitol down below. The shops are good; they are well fitted, and their frontages have something of Parisian neatness about them. In Rome I saw only one electric sky-sign, and that was away in a corner of the Piazza Venezia, where few people would notice it, and it was but a small and hardly offensive thing. They do not encourage these horrors of the night as in London, Paris, and New York. In Rome you will see few ugly hoardings of They also are not coloured advertisements.

encouraged. Discords are kept out of the scene, and what has been made in the ages for the beauty and adornment of this city has still its good effect.

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They are making a new capital of Australia, and in different parts of the world they are planning and reconstructing cities, with the object of making bold and pleasing effects such as shall give dignity to the place; always dignity, for a city without dignity is as poor as a man Were we lords of these new without pride. communities, should we not send our engineers and architects and designers to Rome for a long season, with no books and no orders for particular studies with plans and figures? They should be left to wonder and absorb, and then they should reproduce from their quickened spirits. Only in Rome has the ascending grandeur of stone steps been fully realised. There is nothing like these stone staircases of the city, their compelling, their quite thrilling effect. flight of shallow steps that leads up to the Capitol is fine; the series of one hundred and twenty-four marble steps erected near by in the fourteenth century, with the church of Santa Maria in Araceli at the top of them, is sublime. Rienzi formally inaugurated those steps; Rienzi's bleeding body was dragged down them from top to bottom, with his head smashed more at every step. Only in Rome have they known the full effect to be gained from fountains and falling water; it is worth a journey of a thousand miles only to see the fountains of Rome. The Roman Empire was reared and garnished by the splendid imagination of its founders, who saw power and possession far beyond the thoughts and ideas of other people. In the same way the beauties of Rome stand for an imagination applied sometimes to simple objects with magnificent results. If so much is to be said of the outward things of Rome, there is infinitely more of the delicate treasures of interior decoration that are still preserved. The artistic riches of this city are beyond realisation even by those who have seen. One who loves art and has lived with it and studied it from childhood to his ripest years can still in thought no more realise the art possessions of Rome than he can think precisely and with appreciation of the meaning of two millions of separate entities. And yet we hear again that some who take one of those roads to Rome are disappointed with what they see!

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XXIII.-THE INARTICULATE KNIGHT.

I.

PHILIP departed from Tite Street, Chelsea, without having invited Peggy to go with him. Getting married, except in the case of the very young, is not such a simple business as it appears. The difficulty lies in the fact that a man's conception of the proper method of wooing is diametrically opposed to that of a maid; and, since the maid has the final word in the matter, it stands to reason that the campaign must ultimately be conducted upon her lines and not her swain's. Hence Romeo usually finds himself compelled, at the very outset, to abandon a great many preconceived and cherished theories, and adapt himself to entirely unfamiliar conditions of warfare; and he usually suffers a good deal in the process.

On paper, the contest should be of the most one-sided description; for the defending force—as represented by the lady—is at liberty to choose its own ground and precipitate or ward off an assault as it pleases, while the invader has to manœuvre clumsily and self-consciously in the open. He marches and countermarches, feeling sometimes tender, sometimes fierce, not seldom ridiculous, but never, never, never sure of his ground. Truly it is a one-sided business—on paper. But woman has no regard for paper. Under the operation of a mysterious but merciful

law of nature, it is her habit, having placed herself in an absolutely impregnable position, to abandon her defences without warning or explanation—not infrequently at the moment when the dispirited lover at her gates is upon the point of striking camp and beating a melancholy retreat—and marching out, bag and baggage, into the arms of her dazed and incredulous opponent.

But Philip, being unversed in the feminine instinct of self-defence, did not know this. To him, from a distance, Love had appeared as a Palace Beautiful standing on the summit of a hill; a fairy fabric of gleaming minarets, slender lines, and soft curves; a haven greatly to be desired by a lonely pilgrim. Now that he had scaled the height and reached his destination, he found nothing but frowning battlements and blank walls. In other words, he had overlooked the difference between arrival and admission. To sum up the situation in the language which would undoubtedly have been employed by that master of terse phraseology, Mr Timothy Rendle, Philip was 'up against it.'

There is nothing quite so impregnable as the reserve of a nice-minded girl. The coquette and the sentimental miss are easy game; there is never any doubt as to what they expect of a man; and man, being man, sees to it that they

are not disappointed. But to make successful love to a girl who is neither of these things calls for some powers of intuition and a thick skin. It is the latter priceless qualification which usually pulls a man through. Philip possessed rather less than the average male equipment of intuition, and his skin was deplorably thin. Peggy meant so much to him that he shrank from putting everything to the touch at once. Like all persons who have put all their eggs in one basket, he feared his fate too much. So he temporised; he hung back, and waited. Peggy had ever given him an opening he would have set his teeth and plunged into it, blindly and ponderously; but she never did. She was always kind, always cheerful, always the best of companions; but she kept steadily to the surface of things, and appeared to be entirely oblivious to the existence of the suppressed volcano which sighed and rumbled beneath her feet.

Philip became acquainted, too, with the minor troubles of the love-lorn. If a letter lay on Peggy's plate at breakfast, he speculated gloomily as to the sex of the sender. He sat through conversations in the course of which his Lady appeared to make a point of addressing every one present but himself. He saw what Mr Kipling calls 'Christian kisses' wasted upon other girls and unresponsive babies. He would pass from the brief rapture of having his invitation to a drive in the Park accepted to the prolonged bitterness of having to take the drive in company with a third party, casually co-opted into the expedition by Peggy at the last moment. He purchased little gifts, and kept them for days, not venturing to offer them for fear of a rebuff. Once or twice he embarked upon carefully prepared conversational openings of an intimate character, only to have these same caught up, tossed about, and set aside with unfeeling frivolity by the lady to whom they were addressed. He sometimes wondered what had become of the Pegs he had once known—the wistful, dreamy, confiding little girl with whom he had discussed all things in heaven and earth under the wintry skies of Hampstead Heath. Mental myopia is a common characteristic of young men in Philip's condition.

So he departed from Tite Street without having delivered himself, and returned to his own place. And yet not even that. For the garret in Wigmore Street was no more. One day during his convalescence he had desired certain books and papers, so Peggy and Miss Leslie made an expedition to fetch them. They drove up to the door of the house, and, having ascended to the fourth floor, let themselves into Philip's retreat with his latch-key.

'It is terribly thrilling,' observed the romantic Miss Leslie, 'to find yourself alone in a man's

Peggy said nothing, but looked round the dusty sitting-room with wondering eyes. She

thought of her own private den at home, with its pretty curtains, soft cushions, fresh flowers, and the thousand useless but companionable knick-knacks that make a woman's room look cosy. This gaunt, pictureless, carpetless eyrie made her shiver. There was not even a grate in the fire-place—only a rusty gas-stove.

'Mercy on us!' exclaimed Miss Leslie. 'Can the man not afford a cover for the table! And

where does he sit if a visitor comes?'

She disappeared into Philip's bedroom, and returned dragging a portmanteau. 'The only chair in there has a leg missing,' she mentioned. 'Take the arm-chair, child.'

Peggy obeyed, and Miss Leslie, seating herself cautiously upon the portmanteau, inquired, 'How long has the creature been living here?'

'Two or three years, I think.'

- 'Has he no friends?' continued Miss Leslie scathingly.
 - 'I don't know, I am sure.'
 - 'No mother, of course?'

'No.'

Miss Leslie nodded. 'I have always maintained,' she observed, 'that there ought to be a law appointing women inspectors to go round and look after the rooms of young men that live alone in London. Their motives would be misunderstood, of course; but it would be worth while, all the same. Is there a servant-body of any kind in this place?'

'He says that a woman comes in every morn-

ing and tidies up.'

'I should like to meet her,' said Miss Leslie grimly. 'I expect she could a tale unfold. Where does he get his food, and how does he eat it? Off the floor?'

'I don't know,' said Peggy, who had sat very silent through this tirade. 'I—I had no idea it

was as bad as this.'

They invaded the tiny pantry. Here they found a teapot, together with a cup and saucer, two plates, a knife, a fork, and a spoon. There was also a small frying-pan and a tarnished cruetstand. A very dingy dishcloth hung upon a nail at the back of the door. There were receptacles which had evidently at one time contained tea, sugar, and salt, but they were empty. The lady who tidied up had seen to that. The place was dusty, and smelt of mice.

'And he told me only yesterday that he was very happy here!' remarked Miss Leslie. 'Poor,

poor body!'

They returned to the sitting-room, and having selected the necessary books from a heap upon the floor, turned to go. But Miss Leslie's attention was arrested by something upon the mantelpiece.

'Bless me,' she exclaimed, 'what's that?'
'That' was the Meldrum Carburettor—the
original model—the solitary ornament of the

apartment.

'He invented it, I think,' said Peggy. 'Didn't he tell you about it?'

'He did,' replied Miss Leslie—'several times. This place gives me Well, let us be stepping.

the creepies.'

She marched out of the room and began to descend the staircase. Peggy was following her, when suddenly her eye was caught by a gleam of colour at her feet. It was a pink carnation, one of a small bunch which Philip had given to her. He had bought them in the street during his first outing in a bath-chair, and after keeping them for three days had taken the flowers in one hand and his courage in the other and made the presentation. They were slightly faded, a fact upon which their recipient had not failed to comment. Indeed, she had accused the donor, to his great distress, of having bought them second-hand. Well, here was one of the bunch lying upon the dusty floor. Peggy had dislodged it from her belt. She picked it up, and gazed thoughtfully about the room. Then she tiptoed across to the mantelpiece, and proceeded to ornament the Meldrum Carburettor with a floral device. Next she ran guiltily downstairs after Miss Leslie.

'Philip,' inquired Miss Falconer of her patient that evening, 'how much money have you got?'

Philip ruminated. 'I don't quite know,' he said. 'How much do you want?

'I want enough to find decent rooms for you

to live in. Can you afford it?'

'I suppose so. I don't spend half my income at present. My father left me a good deal, and I have my salary as well. But what is the matter with my present abode?'

'It is poky and dirty and unfurnished, and quite impossible,' said Peggy with finality. 'You

must move into something better.'

'The rooms suited me well enough,' objected Philip. 'I got through a good lot of work there. Besides, they were handy for Oxford Street.'

'Nevertheless, you will leave them,' announced

Philip glowed comfortably. He liked being ordered about by his Lady. It showed that she took more than a passing interest in him, he

'If I do,' he said cunningly, 'will you come and see me there sometimes? Tea, or something? You could bring Miss Leslie, he added.

'Mayhap,' replied Peggy indulgently. listen. I have a plan. I think you and Tim Rendle ought to take rooms together. At present he is in a very stupid, expensive set of chambers in Park Place, wasting a lot of money and getting into bad habits. You could club together and take a lovely little flat, say in Knightsbridge, and have a proper servant and Will you? Philip, what are you decent meals. frowning about?'

Philip's little glow of happiness had died away as suddenly as it came. That Peggy should make plans for his future was gratifying enough. But to be urged by one's Best Beloved to set up a permanent bachelor establishment is not an unmixed delight. Such a recommendation points in the wrong direction. Philip would have been better pleased had Peggy advised him to take a real house somewhere.

Besides, the mention of Timothy had spoiled everything. Not that Philip was jealous, but Timothy's inclusion in the scheme had shorn the situation of its romance at a single blow. For one foolish moment Philip had imagined that Peggy's concern for his welfare and comfort had their roots in deep soil; but now the whole enterprise stood revealed for what it was-a mere feminine plot, a piece of maternal officious-Timothy and Philip were to be put into chambers together; Timothy to brighten up that dull dog Philip, and Philip to act as a check upon that irresponsible young idiot Timothy. Hence the ungracious frown. But his spoken objections took a different line.

'Knightsbridge is a long way from Oxford

Street,' he said.

'I know,' replied Peggy calmly. 'That is why I chose it.'

'Tim would rather interfere with my work,'

Philip continued.

'I know,' repeated Peggy. 'That is why I cose him / He will be a nice distraction.'
'He will,' growled Philip. chose him /

Suddenly Peggy flared up. 'Philip,' she asked hotly, 'why are you so cross? Don't you like Timothy?'

'Yes, of course I do; but'-

'And wouldn't it be pleasant to have his company?

'Yes, rather! But'-

But what?

Philip reddened. 'I don't know,' he said helplessly. But he knew well enough, and so did Peggy

'Then don't be a baby,' she said severely. 'It is not very nice of you, considering that I am only trying to make you comfortable and '-

But Philip was already doing penance. 'Peggy,' he burst out—he called her Peggy because she called him Philip; they had never returned to 'Pegs' and 'Phil,' although she sometimes addressed him as 'Theophilus'—'I am a brute! Forgive me!

Peggy relented, and smiled. 'No, you are not a brute,' she said; 'you are just a child. However, since you are an invalid, I forgive you. But you must not be sulky when people take trouble on your behalf. You are getting a big boy now, you know! Say "Thank you," nicely!

Thank you,' said Philip, obediently.

'That is much better,' remarked Peggy approv-'But tell me, why don't you want to settle down in nice, comfy rooms with Tim?'

Philip hesitated, and his throat went dry. Was this his opening—at last? 'I don't want to settle down-in that way,' he said hoarsely.

'Peggy, I'---

'Shall I tell you why?' interposed Peggy. 'Because you are far too much wrapped up in your work. You work too hard. You think of nothing but Oxford Street, and—and carburettors, and things. I want you—I mean, you ought to go about more, and see people, and enjoy yourself, and have a lot of friends.'

'I don't want'—— declared Philip rebelliously.
'Think how interesting and amusing you could be if you went about and met more people,' con-

tinued Peggy.

She got home that time.

Philip winced. 'I'm a dull dog, I know,' he said

'No, you are not,' said Peggy; 'so don't be foolish.' Then, softening again, for she had averted the danger, she continued gently, 'All I meant was that it would do you good to have a little more leisure and distraction. "All work and no play," you know! Now, will you look about for nice rooms when you get well—for yourself and Tim?'

'Yes, if you will help,' replied Philip with

great valour.

'Of course I will,' said Peggy heartily; 'but not if you are going to be cross with me.'

Philip assured her that she need never again have any fears upon that score. And he was as good as his word.

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HERRIN'-LASSIES.

By A. G. SHIELL.

F one were asked straight off, 'What about Yarmouth?' he would no doubt make answer, 'Why, it's the place the bloaters' (in broad Norfolk the 'blouters') 'come from, and the most democratic of all our seaside resorts.' On the other hand, were he suddenly set down upon its quay he might fancy himself at Amsterdam, while parts could be taken for bits of Delft or Schiedam. There is, however, a season of the year, the autumn, when Yarmouth is neither English nor Dutch, and fifteen thousand, more rather than less, of Scottish fisherfolk settle on the left bank of the Yare. Of that number, four to five thousand are women. From the isles and coasts of the mainland they come-the Outer Hebrides, Skye, (rounding Cape Wrath) the Orkneys and Shetlands, along the shores of the Moray Firth, past Buckie, down by Peterhead and Stonehaven, to 'the golden fringe of Fife.' Gaelic is the mother-tongue of about one-half of the women, though they are acquainted with English as well; but it would be incorrect to suppose that Gaelic in speech necessarily implies Gaelic in race, for to the Highlander the Outer Hebrides, where that language is exclusively used, are known as Innse Gall, 'the Islands of the Strangers,' from the Norsemen, by whom they were conquered. All the way from far Inverness the girls are taken to, and brought back from, Yarmouth in great 'specials.' For them the Scottish railway companies put on no worn-out rolling stock, but their very best corridor trains, so gala the lassies come, and gala they go back again.

I had the luck to arrive in Yarmouth during the week of the greatest herring-catch in all its piscatorial annals. Up to then the season had been comparatively a blank, when, all at once, 'the manna of the seas' was being landed literally in millions. On Monday the 13th of October no fewer than thirty-five millions of herrings were

put ashore at Yarmouth, where, in the streets, they were sold four for a penny; while on the same day at Lowestoft the catch amounted to forty millions. A single steam-drifter, The Girl Eva, of Yarmouth, had a 'shot' of three hundred thousand herrings, the harvest of one night, which sold for three hundred and fortyfive pounds; and several other boats came in nearly as well fished. No wonder, therefore, that the word 'herring' is cognate with the German word Heer ('a host' or 'army'), or that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Clupea harengus was named the gold-mine of Holland, enabling the Dutch both to raise their tribute to Spain and to build their protective The gold-mine is now being worked by Let us hope it will be long before it ourselves. is worked out.

Never before have I witnessed a scene of such animation and activity. All the way from Southtown Bridge to the mouth of the Yare, a distance of over two miles, the river was packed with craft to transport the 'pickles' to Continental ports. On the Gorlestone side they lay four-deep, broadside on; and on the Yarmouth side the drifters were ranged, nose to shore, as close together as herrings in their own holds. On the fish-wharf was a perpetual clangour of hand-bells, summoning to the various auctions. Herrings lay in heaps everywhere, herrings were being loaded into open railway trucks, the ground underfoot was like a salt-marsh, and all about were mounds, or rather little mountains, of new white casks to receive the silver tribute of the deep. No sooner was a drifter emptied than it backed out to make way for another, its hold filled to the brim, the contents being swung out by its own crane in single baskets called 'marns,' which in turn were emptied into 'swills,' large kidney-shaped wicker baskets with a cross handle in the middle. swill contains five hundred herrings, and two

swills go to a cran. Borough carts and lorries were in attendance, and hurried off with the full swills to the curing-sheds, large brick erections, roofed and open at the sides, against which are ranged, running their entire length, wooden troughs or 'farlings,' on a slant, from six to eight feet wide, with a ledge on the inside about a foot high. Behind stand the herrin'lassies or 'gutters' in files. The troughs are never empty, for they are continually replenished with the contents of fresh swills from the constantly arriving carts. Armed with a small-bladed knife with stiff haft, the 'gut-knife,' a girl seizes a herring with the left hand, the other holding the knife, and with incredible rapidity and seemingly with one movement deprives the herring of its gut and gills, tossing it, according to grade, without ever turning her head, into one or other of three baskets behind her, for matties or fat-herrings, mediums, or shotten or spent—that is, spawned.

The celerity and unerring precision are simply marvellous, the result of generations of transmitted aptitude. A Yarmouth man who had been all his life in the trade told me a Scotch girl was the equal of any two Yarmouth ones. The girls are divided into 'crews' of three, two gutters and one packer; packing being quite as skilful as gutting, though it is said to be more fatiguing. The herrings are put into the barrels by scoopfuls, swiftly arranged head to tail around the circumference, the centre being then filled in, and each layer receiving its appropriate baptism of salt. The members of the crews are paid from eight to ten shillings a week each 'sure,' and eightpence extra per barrel amongst them, the individual earnings sometimes amounting to as much as three pounds to three pounds ten shillings in a week.

At one o'clock they knock off for dinner, and it is a sight to see them trooping along by scores, linked together. What sturdy bare arms, what swinging gait, all with their heads uncovered, as caller as herrings and as jolly as sand-boys! Over short petticoats they wear oil-skirts with bib and cross-bands, and are shod in Baltic wellingtons. When, as I afterwards observed on a day of dismal downpour at Lowestoft, sou'westers are superimposed, the ensemble forms the most telling get-up it is possible to imagine. For the chief part the girls are comely, with the comeliness of youth and health; while a few might be considered even beautiful. One in especial I noticed, a mere slip of a thing, young and tall, with the démarche of a princess, and a wealth of glorious Norse hair, yellow as sands kissed by the wave and glinted on by the sun. Straight out of some Valhalla of the sea-gods might have stepped this Brunnhilde of the herring-troughs.

On the South Denes is a rest-house, a tidily kept little châlet, run on economic lines, where two devoted ladies, Miss Davidson and Mrs

Bannerman, minister to the comfort of the girls, having on occasions as many as three or four hundred in to dinner. They were having nice sustaining Scotch broth, and dainty slices of buttered bread, with jam, and warming cocoa.

Thence I proceeded to where that well-known delicacy, the 'blouter,' was being prepared, an operation—as demanding but little dexterity disdained of the Scotch girls. The herrings destined to be blouterised are first washed in a huge vat, then run through the gills on to a rod four or five feet long called a 'speet'—a form of the word 'spit,' no doubt—and hung up horizontally in high, dark lofts with smouldering 'billets' of oak upon the floor. Others are placed in the 'red-house,' and fumigated with powdered oak wood, a mixture resembling French coffee in appearance, and sometimes in taste; wherefrom, after treatment of from three to four weeks, they emerge in the shape of our old familiar friend who so frequently is drawn across the trail.

'Kippering' is a process slightly different, and there the Scotch girls again come to the fore. Facing a narrow shelf-table against the wall of the shed, they quickly, with knives razor-sharp, slit the herring down the back, and with one whisk of the blade jerk the milt or roe into separate baskets. After washing and salting, the herrings are attached by the gills to squared strips of wood four or five feet long with turned-up nails—'tenter balks'—and suspended in lofts with slow-burning little heaps of hard-wood (oak or beech) shavings, which give out a dense and acrid smoke.

From the washing-tubs a slimy, yellowy-white fat is skimmed, put into casks, and sent to the oil-refiners, just as the piles of herring-guts are employed for fertilisers, so that no part of the little fish is wasted, if that is any consolation to it.

Another class of girls are the 'beatsters,' so called—those who mend the fishing-nets. They come almost exclusively from 'the kingdom of Fife,' and carry on their work in dry, clean rooms, for which reason perhaps they did not present the same look of robust health which characterises their sisters engaged in the less delicate processes in the open air.

On Sunday, in the Mariners' Chapel, I attended two services for the Scottish fishers. The minister has to be bilingual, English and Gaelic. In the morning a mixed congregation of men and women sang hymns with heartiness and strong, clear voices; while men rose casually and offered up prayers. After the sermon, practical Christianity following on theoretical, there was a service of 'hand-dressing' in the vestry, where were the two ladies whom I have mentioned, with others. My compassion had been aroused by observing that every girl without exception had both hands bandaged, which I attributed to

cuts. I discovered, however, that the bandages are chiefly worn to enable the slimy and slippery herring to be more readily grasped, 'to mak' sikkar,' and as a protection against the brine, which in the case of delicate skins is apt to produce nasty festering sores; though, of course, cuts do occur.

In the afternoon the service was in Gaelic, and the lassies who attended it were all bareheaded, dressed in black, with shawls over their shoulders. Save the minister, I was the only man present. Curiously enough, the Gael will sing no hymns, nothing less inspired than the lays of the Psalmist. The minister, in high falsetto voice, gave out two lines at a time, which the women repeated in similar tones—a wild, weird wail, like the cry of the stormy petrel over Hebridean seas.

Wherever I went I found nothing but good words for the Scottish 'herrin'-lassies,' as laborious, well-conducted, civil-spoken, and happy of disposition.

But weel may the boatie row, And lucky be her part; And lightsome be the lassie's care That yields an honest heart.

The herring-fishing of last season at Yarmouth and Lowestoft established a record for each place. The total catch amounted to no fewer than one thousand three hundred and fifty-nine million seven hundred and twenty-six thousand herrings, to which the former place contributed eight hundred and twenty-three thousand six hundred and fifty-three crans, and the latter five hundred and thirty-six thousand and seventy-three crans, the gross value thereof being, at least, one million three hundred and fifty-nine thousand seven hundred and twenty-six pounds. Those awful figures—for indeed they are nothing less—raise misgivings whether this unlimited destruction of fish can go on indefinitely, and whether—unless protective or restrictive measures are adoptedthe silver fish that lays the golden eggs will not be slowly but surely exterminated.

TROOPER 13,846.

CHAPTER VI.

SIDI-BEL-ABBES at nightfall. From the rear came the lights of the city itself; in front the semi-darkness of the desert. The Legion swung out of the barracks into the crowded streets beyond. There was excitement on the face of every man. It might only be another forced march, but individually and collectively the Legion hoped for more. They felt that something of deeper import than wearying kilomètres of dry and dusty sand lay ahead of them. For days the Echo d'Oran had contained vague rumours of an Arab rising. The cry 'Aux armes /' had come suddenly. Sergeants and corporals had rushed through the barracks, the welcome cry upon their lips, 'Faites le sac / Faites le sac /' Like wildfire it had spread from the canteen to the Jardin Public. Légionnaires were rushing everywhere like schoolboys, collecting their scanty belongings. At last there was to be fighting.

All Sidi-bel-Abbès turned out to watch them depart. A crowd of Arabs thronged the roads. From the gardens of the bungalows the Europeans wished them 'God speed.' The men stepped out to the crashing music of their band playing a march like which there is none other.

Devereux marched in the front rank; he was a favourite with his colonel, since he could march. The lights of the city died away, and they tramped through semi-darkness. The music of the band had long since ceased to send the blood coursing through their veins. Now there was only the steady tramp, tramp of feet upon hard sand to break the silence.

A feeling of thankfulness surged through Devereux. He still had a few hours' more freedom, and in those hours many things might happen. The court-martial that was to follow upon his return, the years at the penal settlement, seemed miles away. So far they did not trouble him, since they appeared unreal.

He smiled suddenly. At the head of the regiment rode two men, side by side—Captain Marchand and Lieutenant Villevois.

The men in the ranks behind were laughing and talking. A feeling of good spirits had seized the Legion. They were going to fight; each man felt the certainty of it. Once Captain Marchand turned round in the saddle, and their eyes met.

The Legion had marched for seventy-two hours. Sidi-bel-Abbès lay nearly one hundred and fifty miles away. All around, on every side as far as eye could see, lay sand—golden unbroken sand—reflecting the sun's rays until it was painful. The less strong men dragged as they marched; the songs had died in their throats. A spirit of unrest, almost rebellion, seized upon them. When not too tired to speak, they grumbled.

Devereux tramped on with the dogged determination which had won his officers' respect. The two gaunt figures still rode at their head, silent, almost morose. The days had told upon Lieutenant Villevois; his eyes were bloodshot; his face looked haggard and wan. He stared fitfully from side to side as he rode; at other times his head drooped dejectedly.

'Halte / Campez /' suddenly came the command.

In a few moments the tents were pitched, for the *légionnaire* is quick in his work. In half-an-hour, dog-tired and weary, the camp was asleep, save those who stood guard.

Devereux was one of those on guard. He stood motionless, a solitary figure against the skyline. Resting on his rifle, he looked around. A full moon had risen. For miles the sand was bathed with a soft light. In the distance a cluster of rocks stood out black against the skyline. He was aroused suddenly. A figure had appeared at the entrance to one of the tents, gesticulating and talking rapidly to himself. 'No, no, nom de Dieu / no; I will not sell the Legion.' He paused for a moment. Devereux hurried forward to awaken him, when he was arrested by a second figure, only a few yards behind the lieutenant, watching his every movement.

Lieutenant Villevois was speaking again. 'Yes, yes, they are marching south. The orders were altered at the last moment. South on 15th September.'

The second figure strode forward and laid a hand on the lieutenant's shoulder. 'You had better go back to your tent,' he said. 'You will want all your strength to-morrow.'

The lieutenant awoke with a start. He looked around dazedly. 'Where am I?' he said. Then he remembered, and laughed sheepishly. 'It is an old habit,' he said.

'Ah, an old habit!' responded Captain Marchand. He watched him back to his tent, then came and joined Devereux.

'So it is Villevois who has been selling the Legion—Villevois whom you have been shielding! You're a funny fellow, Devereux.'

Devereux made no reply.

'So he told them we should be marching south! There will be trouble for the Legion this journey.'

Devereux's eyes were fixed upon the cluster of rocks. 'Aux armes!' he cried suddenly. 'Aux armes!'

In a moment the camp was awake. There was the sound of hurrying footsteps, of excited voices. Men sprang to their rifles. Too late! Like a black-and-white cloud there swept from the shelter of the rocks an army of Arab horsemen. Like a whirlwind they rushed upon the camp, their hoarse cry of battle rising on the wind: 'La Illaha 'llahu / La Illaha illa 'llahu /' It gathered in force and vehemence each second.

Captain Marchand had barely time to rally his men before the Arabs were upon them.

'La Illaha illa 'llahu!' The Legion are good fighters, but the onrush was irresistible, and they were taken completely by surprise. Lieutenant Villevois was killed in the first moment.

With a grim determination, the Legion rallied round their flag, taking what shelter they could behind their baggage-wagons and the bodies of their fallen comrades.

Volley after volley they poured into the white-robed figures, a wild fanatical crowd, splendid in their fearlessness of death. Devereux was kneeling behind a fallen horse. He had dragged Captain Marchand beside him. With about eighty légionnaires, they were separated from the main body. Captain Marchand was directing the firing. 'They are fine soldiers,' he said to Devereux with a smile. The next second he rolled over with a choking sigh, and fell at Devereux's feet.

Devereux picked him up and propped him against the animal at the side farthest from the fighting.

The next légionnaire to Devereux was little more than a recruit. It was his first fight, and the long march had destroyed his nerve. He staggered to his feet. 'Captain Marchand is dead!' he shrieked. Even as he shouted he fell back, a dozen bullets in his body. The Legion knew they were leaderless, and wavered. Another moment and they would have broken.

Devereux picked up Captain Marchand's sword from where it had fallen, and leaped to his feet. 'Charge, comrades!' he shouted. He rushed toward the main body. A hundred bullets sped past; an Arab tried to stop him, and was cut to the ground. Hatless, his hair blew in the wind. The light of battle was in his eyes. 'Charge!' he shouted again. To a man the Legion responded. A new leader had risen, some one they could follow. He rallied the men around him—five hundred desperate fellows. There was the gleam of bayonets as he led them forward. With a mad rush they flung themselves upon the Arabs; man met man; steel met steel.

Devereux himself bore a charmed life. He courted death, since it meant freedom from the punishment which lay before him when he reached Sidi-bel-Abbès again. But death passed him by. It chose others, those who stood along-side even, leaving him for another fate.

For a couple of hours the Legion fought with the wildness of despair, and each second their numbers became less. The moon shone upon a field of slain. Arab and white lay side by side upon the sands. The wounded muttered and cursed in half-a-dozen different tongues. It is so wherever the Legion fights.

It takes little to turn the tide of battle. A feeling of hopelessness, of waging war against some unnatural force, took possession of the Arabs. Seized by a sudden panic, one which was uncontrollable, they broke and fled. Vainly one of their number tried to rally them. Their flag had fallen, and lay trampled under foot. Their leader was shot. Even the impunity with which Devereux courted death had played its-

part. A wildly increasing terror defeated them when they might have won.

Devereux watched them gallop away; then he looked at the shambles around him, and shuddered. The men who had fought with him stood dazedly at their posts, some with dripping swords in their hands, others clutching their rifles, all oblivious of everything save that the enemy had gone, and that they were tired. Some stumbled and fell asleep, regardless that they had fallen across the body of a dead comrade.

A légionnaire touched Devereux on the arm. His eyes were heavy and leaden. 'The captain would like to speak to you,' he said.

Devereux followed him to where Captain

Marchand lay.

The captain's face was ashen. 'Well done, légionnaire /' he gasped. Then he gripped Devereux's hand with his dying strength. 'Tell me,' he said, 'why did you go to my house that night?'

'It was a mistake,' responded Devereux. 'A

horrible mistake on my part.'

'Thank God!' Captain Marchand's head fell back. But there was a smile on his face; and, seeing it, Devereux knew that there are some lies which are as sinless as the truth.

He walked back to the main body. A dozen of the *légionnaires*, older and tougher men, awaited him. They were mostly Germans. 'You have led us to victory. But for you we should be lying dead in the sand,' they said. 'You will lead us back to Sidi-bel-Abbès!'

Devereux saw them through a mist. For the first time he realised he was wounded. 'Yes,' he said, 'I will lead you back.' Then he

pitched forward.

Twenty-four hours later all that was left of the eleventh company of the Legion formed into fours and commenced their march home. Their dead lay roughly buried where they had fallen. A rude cross marked the spot. A hundred and fifty miles lay between them and Sidi-bel-Abbès, and they commenced their march, a ragged, torn remnant of the men who had started. Nearly half of them were wounded, grim determination and fear of death upon the desert alone keeping them on their feet.

Devereux took them by easy stages, husbanding what strength remained to them, lest they

should be attacked again.

It was on the eighth day that they sighted Sidi-bel-Abbès. Devereux saw it with a feeling of thankfulness.

It was evening when they entered the gates. Heavy-footed, they marched through the crowds which gathered in the streets. The *légionnaires*' song, sung by their comrades in welcome, even failed to rouse them.

Nearer the barracks a cluster of Europeans

had gathered to see their return. Words of pity sprang to their lips and tears gathered in the eyes of some of the women as they saw the pitiable condition of the men.

A hand clutched Devereux's arm. Turning, he saw Madge. Though tears were in her eyes, her whole face was glorious with thankfulness. 'Thank God you have come back alive, Dick!' she said. She walked beside him for a little way. 'Where is Leon?' she said.

'He is out there,' responded Devereux. 'I could not save him, but he never knew. I lied so that he might die happy.'

'And Lieutenant Villevois?'

'He is there too.' Devereux spoke dazedly. He looked at Madge with a wan smile. Then he stumbled and fell forward at her feet. He felt her arms about him, and looked up into her face. He heard her whisper his name; then there came darkness.

Next day all Sidi-bel-Abbès knew what had happened out in the desert—of the chance that had come to the English légionnaire, and how

he had taken it.

Madge heard it from the lips of a man who had been present. She crept up the stairs to the room in which Devereux lay sleeping. She smiled as she stood by the side of his bed. Softly she murmured his name.

Presently he opened his eyes. For a moment he looked around; then his eyes fell on her.

'Madge!' he said-'Madge!'

She fell on her knees by his side. 'Dick, I'm so proud of you! All Sidi-bel-Abbès is talking about you to-day—of what you did out in the desert.'

Devereux smiled. 'To-day I am a hero; to-morrow—a légionnaire with five centimes a day.'

'No,' said Madge. 'When the doctor was here to-day he said you would never be fit for service again. They will discharge you as unfit, if you so wish.'

What!'—Devereux's eyes gleamed—'I shall be free to go back to England and start afresh?'

'If you want to.'

Devereux seized her hand. 'Madge dear, will you come with me? You saved my life years ago, do you remember? Will you save what is left of it now?'

Madge bent and kissed him. 'Yes, dear,' she

said; 'I am yours if you want me.'

A figure stood in the doorway—the figure of a woman who had learned a bitter lesson. 'Dick,' said Madame Marchand, coming to the bedside, 'I want to thank you. Madge has told me you let my husband die believing in me.' For a moment her hand rested on Devereux's. Then she walked slowly out of the room again, and left them alone together.

THE END.

LITTLE MEMORIES OF PERSIA.

By G. W. THOMSON.

ON my way to the East in 1888 I spent an afternoon at Venice with Sir Austen Layard, the excavator of Nineveh, who gave me a melancholy account of Persian misrule. He mentioned that while he was residing in the province of Khuzistan, the Persian Government, when pressed for money, became so cruel that he had known annual taxes collected three times in the course of one year, and when the inhabitants were unable to pay, he had seen men and women stripped naked in the streets and severely beaten.

I found Persia an extraordinary country. From any prominent point as far as the eye could reach the greater part of the land appeared a wild waste, with here and there little cases of cultivation. There were no trees except in the northern provinces and round a few towns and villages. Ruined buildings, the remains of former greatness, were to be found thickly scattered in every direction.

The most wonderful sight I saw in Persia was the Shah's museum. The precious stones—diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires—the pearls, and the collections of ancient armour, gold dishes, and exquisite enamels are probably unrivalled. These things proved a dream of beauty and colour never to be forgotten. One large case contained different orders, all blazing with diamonds, bestowed by foreign potentates on the Shah. There was a golden globe, the various countries—except Persia, which was in diamonds—outlined in rubies, the sea represented by emeralds. Then there was the famous Peacock Throne, which had been brought from India, encrusted with jewels.

If titles can make a man great, the Shah Nasr-ed-Din had no excuse for not being in the front rank. He was called the Shah-in-Shah (King of Kings), the Zil Allah (Shadow of God), the Kibleh Alem (Centre of the Universe), the Sublime Sovereign whose Splendour is that of the Firmament, the Leader of Armies as numerous as the Stars, the Footpath of Heaven, the Source of Sanctity, the Well of Science, and by many other equally grandiloquent appellations. The water in which he washed was considered sacred, and was eagerly sought for as a cure for all complaints.

The Shah was proud of his army, without, so far as I could see, very much reason. The ranks were full of beardless boys and tottering, white-headed old men. I have seen a regiment marching through Teheran, not one man keeping step with his neighbour. Once I noticed a quarrel between an officer and a common soldier while on the march. The latter stepped out of the ranks and gave his superior a good beating.

The regiment was in rags; indeed it was rare to find a soldier in Persia who was owner of a complete uniform.

The command of regiments was sometimes conferred on children. I remember one little boy of ten years of age who was a Field-Marshal. But, young or old, on a battlefield a Persian officer could always be depended on to run away. This peculiarity was not confined to the officers. On one occasion a Hamadan regiment took to their heels at the sound of their own signal-gun!

I had the honour of two interviews with his Majesty. He struck me as being like Edmund Yates the novelist, who in those days was a well-known figure in London. The Shah was of middle height, and had a dark complexion, thick moustache, and black eyes and hair. On one occasion he was wearing spectacles with He spoke rapidly, and generally horn rims. rather impatiently. On both occasions he was simply dressed. He wore an ordinary high hat of Astrakhan lambskin without any ornament, close-fitting gray trousers, and a coat of sombre silk brocade. His chief characteristics were a childish passion for novelty, great enjoyment of jokes, and fondness for animals. He was presented with a collapsible rubber boat, and sent half-a-dozen of his highest officers for a row on the lake in the royal gardens. Meanwhile he had secretly ordered the valve to be opened, and the boat collapsed in the middle of the lake, leaving the courtiers floundering in the water, while his Majesty stood grinning on the shore. He was particularly fond of cats. One of his favourites fell asleep on the coat-tails of a nobleman, who cut off his skirt rather than disturb the slumbers of the cat. Another of these pets had-not through the efforts of Mr Lloyd George —an old-age pension of three hundred pounds a year settled on it. While I was in Teheran the Shah built a palace for one of his cats; that animal used to be driven about in a golden coach, attended by footmen in imposing uniforms. One day, tired of so much grandeur, it jumped from its carriage and disappeared. The Shah married one of his wives for the simple reason that she had been kind to his favourite cat. He didn't confine his affection to one class of animal. A lioness in the royal menagerie gave birth to cubs. The Shah was so anxious about the health of the mother that he had telegraph wires connected with a temporary office opposite the cage of the lioness, so as to obtain as quickly as possible the latest bulletin. He discharged an unsympathetic clerk who had telegraphed, 'The beast is doing well,' on the ground that the real beast was not the lioness, but the man who could call the noble creature by such an ignominious name. Knowing that she was fond of animals, the Shah offered two cubs to my wife. I am thankful she declined the gift. In a small house in London young lions would be inconvenient pets! One had to be very careful in speaking to his Majesty. 'May I be your sacrifice, Asylum of the Universe!' was the fashion in which he was addressed even by subjects of the highest rank. To an ordinary man the common salutation was, 'May your nose be fat!' The Shah had sixty wives. Their indoor costume

consisted of a chemise of tinselled silk gauze or gold-embroidered muslin under a short jacket; the skirts were also short, and very much puffed out. The fact is that the Shah, during one of his visits to Europe, was so delighted with the dress of the ballet-dancers at the Opera in Paris that he decreed that their somewhat light and breezy attire was to be the indoor dress of the ladies of the Court. As most of his wives were old and fat, the effect of this costume was not altogether pleasing.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN ELECTRIC HOT AND COLD AIR PRODUCER.

AN electric tool has been devised for the purpose of accelerating the process of drying. In appearance it somewhat resembles a revolver, and is about the same size. The heating element is inserted in the barrel when hot air is required, and the stock contains a very small but powerful electric motor which drives a rapidly revolving fan, the whole mechanism being so designed that oiling and attention are unnecessary. length of flexible wire extending from the handle to a plug is connected to an electric lamp socket or coupled up to an accumulator, and directly the switch is moved an intense current of hot or cold air is generated and projected in a continuous stream until the drying is effected. applications of the apparatus are practically unlimited, as it can be used whenever a current of hot or cold air is required. For medical purposes it is invaluable, especially for vibratory massage.

A MOVING-PICTURE TARGET.

Some months ago an interesting application of the kinematograph to rifle-practice was described in the 'Month;' but a new development has been introduced, in which the initial cost of the installation is reduced, and the system is very simple in operation. It is expressly intended, like all similar systems, for low-powered shooting, animated photography having technical limita-The screen is of steel, with a specially prepared surface in order to enable the projected pictures to stand out brilliantly and clearly. The bullets are of special manufacture, with an explosive head, so that when they strike the screen a bright flash is emitted. By this means both the rifleman and the marker are able to determine the value of the shot. The pictures are projected at the normal speed of sixteen per second; and, unlike another appliance, the movement of the projector is not arrested at the moment of discharge, neither is there an indicator at the firing-point. The impact flash, and that alone, affords indication of the value of the shot; consequently the representation is as close to actual conditions as can be contrived mechanically. If squad firing is practised—and this is quite possible—it is easy to ascertain individual values, because for such practice each man is given bullets with a differently coloured flash. Of course the scope of the kinematograph target is restricted very severely; but it cultivates that nimbleness in aiming and firing which is desired so much under present-day conditions. The one objection is that the range is limited, so that the target is not likely to supersede the ordinary long-range target. However, it offers a welcome variation in the shooting-gallery; instead of firing at bottles, dancing eggs, or mechanically moving animals, the marksman aims at a pictorial representation of an actual scene, which ensures realism and fascination. This latest form of target threatens the existence of the ordinary type of shooting-gallery, and there is no doubt that it will become popular at holiday-resorts.

AN ELECTRIC LOCK.

An electric lock has been invented which indicates when it is being tampered with. The mechanical details are so arranged that it is impossible to pick the lock without causing an alarm to be sounded. If anything except the proper key is used, the slightest pressure upon the central pin of the lock closes an electric circuit; and even with a key of non-insulating material the alarm is given. The alarm can also be set to give warning whether the lock is being opened from the outside or the inside, and the latch likewise can be made to give the alarm. The burglar may search for the wires, but this will be vain, because the circuit is completed by way of the hinges, so that there are no visible wires he can cut. This ingenious lock is the invention of a Frenchman, but it is also produced in this country.

GARDENING BY THE SQUARE YARD.

Considerable progress has been made with what the French call intensive cultivation, although the idea is by no means new, having been practised long since by south of England market-gardeners; but the amateur has hitherto been thwarted in realising his ambitions, as the cost of the cloches has been prohibitive. An appliance has now been introduced which meets the needs of the amateur. Although the use of this cloche is not intensive culture within the strict meaning of the term, it enables produce to be raised well in advance of the season, and that, after all, is the main idea of forced cultivation. This latest development comprises a A-shaped tent cloche of two panes of glass, disposed within a light and small wire frame, and is easy to handle. The continuous cloche, as it is called, possesses many advantages over the bell-shaped article. The seeds may be sown in the open ground in the usual manner, and then it is only necessary to cover them with the Λ -shaped glass tent from one end of the row to the other. It is a very simple arrangement; the effects of bad weather, the depredations of birds and slugs, as well as other enemies, being prevented. Thus the seed is sown within a miniature greenhouse, because every ray of sunshine is caught and induced to perform useful work in the propagation and growth of the seedling, which is also protected from late frosts. The seeds may be sown weeks ahead of the time usually recognised as suitable for open sowing, so that early vegetables can be obtained with the minimum of risk. The continuous cloche is made in lengths of fourteen inches and in three sizes. The smallest is two and three-quarter inches wide by two inches in height; the largest is eleven inches wide by seven inches high. The experiments carried out have aroused considerable interest. As the air circulates freely within the cloche, there is no risk of young seedlings rotting off because of the moisture due to condensation on the inner surface of the glass. In the south of England the cloche has been adopted extensively by the large as well as the small growers.

PEAT-COKE.

The Germans are indefatigable in their efforts to turn waste products to commercial advantage. The utilisation of the extensive peat-bogs in that country has been a difficult task, and has therefore been somewhat restricted. The general practice was to excavate the peat and expose it to the sun and air to drive off moisture. The turf was then used as fuel for the generation of electricity; but the freight to convenient centres was a serious handicap. Electric stations have now been erected in the vicinity of the sources of supply, and the current transmitted to distant points. At Elizabeth-Fehn, in the grand-duchy of Oldenburg, a new system has been adopted which converts the peat into coke, and a plant has been erected on the moor for that purpose. Thirty tons of peat yield nine tons of coke, with gas and tar as by-products. Ovens of special design have been erected, and also powerful machines for dredging the peat. The dredgers are operated by electricity generated from the gas given off by the peat, and the gas is also used to heat the ovens; consequently the plant may be described as self-supporting. Peat-coke is a valuable commodity, as it is adapted to metallurgical operations, and also for use as fuel for smiths' fires; it is, too, particularly useful as a substitute for charcoal in the production of high-grade iron and steel. The by-products are valuable, comprising creosote-oil, gas-oil, paraffin, pitch, sulphuric acid, and ammonia.

RLECTRIC CASSEROLES.

The vogue of casserole cooking—referred to here in 1913 in connection with Marion H. Neil's book entitled How to Cook in Casserole Dishes—has not been allowed to pass unnoticed by those interested in electric cooking. Recently a full range of casseroles adapted to electricity has been placed on the market, and these will doubtless make a wide appeal, especially as electric cooking is advancing in popularity. The electric attachment forms the lower part of the vessel; in fact, it is a unit in itself, but varying according to requirements. The utensils adapted to this form of cooking are more expensive than those used with gas and coal fires, but the enhanced cost is more than counterbalanced by the longer life of the dishes, so that in the longrun they are more economical. Further, the consumption of electricity is low.

FOG-SIGNALS FOR STEAMSHIPS.

While enveloped in a dense fog, the accurate determination of the direction whence a signal comes is one of the greatest difficulties of the navi-In order to mitigate the evil and enable the mariner to ascertain exactly the direction of sound, a Scottish inventor has devised a special localisable sound-signal and receiving apparatus. This device does not displace the ordinary siren, but is supplementary thereto, and is intended to be sounded immediately after the siren upon the approach of another vessel. The apparatus is of ingenious design, and the direction of a vessel sounding it can be located to a single degree. At the second or third blast the course of the vessel can at once be ascertained from the difference, if any, in the bearings; consequently it is possible to determine without any uncertainty the presence or absence of danger. The apparatus emits a loud and distinctive hissing sound, the producer—which somewhat resembles graduated cones slipped within one another, and mounted upon a common axis—being fitted to a branch from the steam-pipe which blows the ordinary siren, and operated by an ordinary stop-valve and lever. One striking advantage of this signal is that it is scarcely, if at all, returnable by an aerial echo, with the result that when heard it may be taken as proceeding direct from its source. The receiver comprises a concave reflector, to which ear-pieces are attached. This reflector is mounted upon a pedestal and indicator plate; though it is removable, so that it can be stowed away when not required. When a navigator

hears the signal he immediately adjusts the earpieces, and then by means of a suitable attachment swings the reflector through a few points of the compass covering the direction from which the signal is coming, and the peculiar hissing sound will be heard through a small arc. By means of the ear-pieces, which eliminate all sound except that which proceeds through the ear-tubes, and which consequently must be the hissing sound. the latter will not be heard at all unless the reflector is pointing in the direction whence the sound proceeds, and in a few moments the point of maximum intensity will be discovered. The signalling system works upon much the same lines as the submarine signal, where a telephone receiver enables the navigator to determine whence the sound is coming through the water. The mariner is thus enabled to decide with great accuracy the position and travelling direction of another vessel relative to his own course, and can act accordingly. A moderate rolling or pitching of the vessel does not interfere with the use of the instrument; and in small vessels this drawback may be overcome by detaching the reflector and holding it in the hand. However, seeing that as a rule a deadcalm prevails during dense fog, this is not often necessary.

BUILDING A MANUFACTURING CITY.

Much is said and written about the phenomenal birth and growth of cities in the New World; but how many realise the fact that here and there in the homeland similar wonders are taking place? We know that garden cities are springing up; but in the main these are purely for residential purposes, and are generally offshoots of prosperous suburbs. Probably the most romantic story in this connection is that of Trafford Park, which within a few years has developed into the industrial heart of the city of Manchester. In 1882 a stately Hall, surrounded by rolling lawns and wide, winding drives; to-day a bustling hive of activity, to which a hundred industries of all sorts and descriptions contribute. Trafford Park was born of the Manchester Ship Canal, that ambitious project whereby Manchester strove to become a With the subsequent expansion of commercialism, a rural retreat in close proximity to the city could no longer exist. Industry coveted the open expanse, and industry had The seat and grounds were purchased, to be run as a commercial enterprise. It was an astute move, inasmuch as the site is convenient for railway communication and water transport. The acquisition of the one thousand one hundred and eighty-three acres provided the teeming manufacturing areas of the district with more elbow-room. Its situation was attractive; it is in immediate touch with all the ports of the world, convenient to all corners of the kingdom by rail, and is contiguous to a population of

over nine millions. Manufacturing interests appreciated these advantages, with the result that about one-half of the total acreage has been occupied by factories for a variety of industries. The Park is gridironed with its own railway system connecting every factory with the docks and trunk lines of the country, and some idea of the activity of the bare two square miles may be gathered from the fact that during 1913 more than a million tons of freight were handled. In 1897 the rateable value was two thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine pounds; in 1912 it was one hundred thousand pounds. The land is disposed of on a novel system, and rates are very low. Railway transit in the Park is on the flat system—sixpence per ton any distance—which is just sufficient to defray the standing charges. Direct communication is offered by canal and railway to all the manufacturing points of the country, so that the raw materials may be brought from the mines direct to the factories. Wells give an abundance of water, and there is also a supplementary supply from the Manchester Corporation. Although the area is largely devoted to manufacturing, there are seven hundred dwellings on the estate available for those who desire to live close to their work, while fifty thousand employes are within tramway distance. Firms taking land on the estate are assisted in the erection of one-storied buildings, if desired; while the organisation has erected a series of onestoried fireproof structures, known as 'hives,' which are let in sections at inclusive rentals, and are suitable for small factories, distributing depots, &c. In fact, every inducement is offered for industrial settlement at Trafford Park.

LIQUORICE-JUICE.

Amongst the ordinary public there is an impression that liquorice comes from Spain; in fact, it is commonly called 'Spanish,' or 'Black Spanish.' Reference to the records at the Statistical Office, Custom House, London, shows how misleading this idea is. Here we find that for 1912 liquorice-juice imports into the United Kingdom from countries where liquorice is grown were as follows: Asia Minor, twenty-four thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight hundredweight; Italy, six thousand two hundred and fifty-three hundredweight; Spain, forty-six hundredweight. It will thus be seen that the imports from Spain are of quite a negligible quantity, whilst by far the largest quantities come from Asia Minor. The Anatolian liquorice-root of Asia Minor is wonderfully rich in Glycyrrhizine. This substance, with its somewhat difficult Greek name, is the essential constituent of liquorice, from which it derives its beneficial properties and peculiar flavour. It is only of late years that the general public has awakened to the excellent qualities of liquorice; and probably the late Dr George S. Keith, M.D., the well-known Edinburgh physician, has done more than any

other to bring its benefits forward. Writing in his little book, Fads of an Old Physician, he says: 'Liquorice, as a remedy, has hitherto been very little known. . . . For relieving the symptoms caused by acrid matters in the stomach I know nothing equal to it. . . . It certainly relieves, often in a remarkable way, the innumerable pains and discomforts, mental and bodily, which arise from irritation of the gastric nerves, as local pain of the stomach or bowels, headache, sleeplessness, lowness of spirits, or irritability and general misery.' The action of Glycyrrhizine in the stomach has not yet been scientifically explained. There is no doubt, however, it possesses some natural properties which counteract the acid residues, rendering them harmless. Hence the liquorice-juice containing the highest percentage of Glycyrrhizine would appear to be the most desirable.

THE NEWEST HOUSEKEEPING.

Mr Ebenezer Howard, founder of the Garden City Movement, has advocated 'The Newest Housekeeping' as an opportunity for women. His proposal is co-operative housekeeping so extended as to be available for people of all classes. In a paragraph printed at page 473 of our 1911 volume, on 'Co-operative Kitchens,' some of the limitations of the system were set down; in another paragraph on 'The Elimination of the Kitchen, at page 144 of our 1912 volume, the methods adopted at the Brent Garden Village, Finchley; Queen Anne's Mansions, London; and on Ruislip Manor Estate, near Harrowon-the-Hill, were indicated. Mr Howard suggests as the scene of his operations such a garden city as Letchworth. He proposes that fifty (or more) houses and a number of flats of various sizes should be built round a central space of about an acre. Each house would have its own small flower-garden, which would give immediate access to an allotment ground of about six or eight acres, to be let out in suitable portions to such tenants as evinced the inclination and the ability to make use of them. Here vegetables would be raised by an intensive system of culture; and poultry might profitably be reared. In the central square would be placed a common kitchen for the preparation of the principal meal of the day; each dwelling would also have its own pantry, fitted with gas-stove and sink, where light meals could be prepared. In addition to a crèche with sheltered playground, there would also be found in each central square a laundry and workrooms, fitted up with the most up-to-date appliances, and provided with motor-power. The rents of the dwellings of from two to six rooms would be about one shilling and eightpence per room per diem, including rates. Besides this, a weekly sum of half-a-crown would be charged per cottage to cover the expense of the co-operative kitchen; but Mr Howard considers that at least one-half of this sum will be saved to the tenant in rent and fuel. There are several instances of a similar scheme having been tried in Manchester in a roomy house with a separate wing, or suite of rooms, for each family, with a central diningroom and service-rooms for the use of all. larger scheme, embracing many families, has been started, where a four-storied rectangular building will have the ground around it occupied by tennis-courts protected by a glass roof. Round these courts will be a wide colonnade, from which will open the dining, reading, and recreation rooms, billiard-rooms, racket-court, swimming-bath, and various public-rooms. The first and second floors will contain the family suites; the servants' rooms will be on the top floor. The idea is to give heating, including hot water, and full domestic service to each occupant. A total of thirty-three servants will be at the service of the community.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-oard be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

A SUMMER GARDEN.

I know a dell where roses dwell,
And sunbeams kiss the trees;
Where gently sways the lily-bell,
Wooed by the tender breeze;
Where stately pine-trees whisper low
To silver birches fair,
And soft yet clear the skylark's song
Thrills through the fragrant air.

There columbine and eglantine
And sweet carnations grow,
And near the idly trailing vine
The passion-flowers aglow;
There wanton shadows madly dance
Upon the velvet grass,
And mock the dial as it marks
How swift the bright hours pass.

At eventide the fairies glide
Where silver moonbeams stray,
While tired blossoms meekly hide
Their eyes till break of day;
The magic of the night-wind's sigh
Sweeps through the dusky grove,
And joyously the nightingale
Sings to his gentle love.

NORA C. USHER.

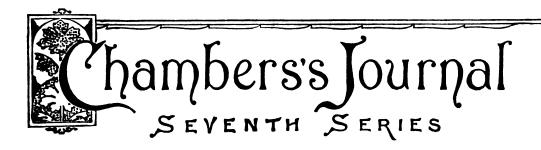
. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stam should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIFTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE SLEEPY PEON.

By G. TREVOR ROLLER.

PART I.

IT was a very lovely sunny morning in the plaza—nothing out of the ordinary for Mexico, but very pleasant. This was not the plaza where the bandstand and the flowers are (the one in front of the church), but the one close by where the poorer people, the peons, on a Sunday sold whatever they had to sell—anything from a bunch of bananas to an obsolete muzzle-loading scatter-gun. This particular day was a Sunday.

Ramon Garcia had a stall in a good position in the plaza, from which he sold fruit and vegetables, and his wife had a corner of it. Her wares consisted of wonderful plates made of wood, enamelled and hand-painted with roses and other flowers. They were really hand-painted, for the Mexican Indian uses his fingers and thumbs as brushes in painting these plates and dishes, the flowers always red on a blue background, cheerful and interesting. Also, she sold earthenware pots for cooking, cocoa-nut fibre saddlecloths, webbing girths, a variety of high-crowned hats, strips of lace (probably made in England), wooden spoons, and many other things.

The chief attraction, however, to their combined emporium was Juanita Garcia, their We do not mean that she was for sale like the rest of the goods. No; she was the decoy. The attraction lay in her beauty. Many peons, cowboys, and young rancheros came to the stall to buy; and they loitered, and found excuse for their loitering, in bargaining for a handful of aquacottes or a melon which they did not want. It is an old decoy; but Ramon ran it for all it was worth—many pesos—every Sunday. On this particular day of rest, and marketing, Juanita was leaning against a corner of the family stall. She had taken some pains in the leaning process, and we cannot blame her, for she looked most charming.

An Indian girl of sixteen is generally well worth a look. Juanita was sixteen, and a peer among her rivals. She was not very tall, but slender, and subtly built; her face oval, with a dimple here and there; her skin fresh and clear, and a most engaging brown, painted with a flush on her cheeks by Nature's paint-brush; her lips very red, but otherwise quite beyond description; eyes brown, round, and inquiring; black hair parted in the middle, and falling in great plaits over each

shoulder. Her dress was—well, it did not consist of much material, but sufficient—a little white shirt, very short-sleeved and low-necked, bordered with small embroidered flowers, and not tucked into her pleated blue stuff skirt, which was bound round her waist with a red sash. Below the skirt six bold inches of ankle, and then two very small, very brown, and very mobile bare feet. In her mouth she held the stalk of a rose, with the thorns plucked off. As men passed her and politely said, 'Buenas dias, señorita,' she would smile, showing two perfect rows of little teeth clenching the green stalk of the flower, her long black eyelashes would come down on her cheeks, and sometimes she would blush.

It was all very engaging and very alluring, and soon there was a regular buzz round Ramon's stall. A lot of joking went on; everybody chaffed everybody else; Juanita gave as good as she was given. Many asked her if she would ge to the bull-fight with them that afternoon. No; she would only go to a bull-fight with the jeft politico or the town commandant—no one beneath that. But everybody knew she would go selling dulce and refreshing sweet drinks for throats parched with shouting. She was offered cigarettes; they were accepted, and placed on the stall behind her for mañana ('to-morrow'); but long befor to-morrow Ramon would have smoked them.

So the fun and the marketing went on; everybody had a smart thing to say, and said it sometimes over and over again until rewarded by a laugh; but among the crowd of jolly wooing purchasers stood one man who neither said smart things nor laughed at them. This man was Domingo, a peon, clad in white shirt, narrowankled white trousers, sandals on his feet, broadbrimmed high-crowned hat, and the inevitable red blanket folded lengthways and slung over his left shoulder. He was not a sinister figure, but merely a sleepy one. His face was not so bad to look at-rather full, with large, dreamy eyes, and a drooping, contented, sleepy look. He stood, his hands behind his back, and gazed at Juanita, and loved her with all the power of his sleepy soul. He knew she would speak to him soon, not from any conceit on his part, but because she loved to tease him; he was the only man among the many men she knew who never

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got angry at her chaff. So he waited sleepily. Presently she smiled at him. He took a stolid step nearer, lifted his hat an inch or two, and said, 'Buenas dias, señorita,' and no more. After a pause, she asked him if he was not marketing for his mother.

'She buys for herself,' said Domingo.

'Then won't you buy something for your novio?'* asked Juanita. She was beginning to tease.

Domingo looked her straight in the face, and, without any emotion, said sleepily, 'My novio would not accept any present from my hands, as

well you know, señorita.'

Juanita wriggled her little toes in the sandthings were getting too personal—glanced up under her lashes, and harked back in the conversation. 'Your mother is old,' she said. 'Why do you let her go to market? Why do you not do what is to be done yourself? It is all cigarettes on the shady side of the street with you, Domingo. Yes, Domingo by name and Domingo by nature.'

This last piece of information may be better understood when we explain that Domingo is

the Spanish for Sunday.

Domingo sleepily lowered his eyes. 'I have not smoked a cigarette to-day, señorita, either on the shady or the sunny side of the street,' he said.

'And well I know why,' she flashed. 'You have no money to buy cigarettes. You have not worked this last week.'

'Truly,' said Domingo.

Juanita dropped the rose out of her mouth and deftly caught it in her hand. She was warming up. 'Yes,' she went on, 'last Sunday you told me you were off to the hot country to work in the mines. You did not go. On Monday a fool Americano gave you fifty centavos for holding his horse—I heard of it—so you lay about and slept, I suppose.'

'Or drank the fifty centavos away in Tecela,' cut in an amused bystander, for they all loved to join in the Sunday roast of poor honest Domingo,

who never lost his temper.

Domingo looked at the man and slowly shook 'No, señor,' he said, 'I am not a his head. drunkard. Why should I drink away fifty centavos?'

'Why, indeed,' caught up Juanita, 'when fifty centavos can buy cigarettes and food which will give you that comfortable feeling which promotes

This raised a general laugh, and Domingo slowly smiled. Then, as if with a great effort, he framed a compliment. 'The mines are a long way from the stall of my friend Don Ramon Garcia,' he said.

Juanita pouted the indescribable lips and twiddled her toes again.

'And next week?' she questioned.

'Mañana,' said Domingo gravely, 'I go to the packing-house beyond the town to inquire of the English señors who buy and look after the cattle whether they require my services to help them mind the cattle.'

This was greeted with a roar of laughter.

'That will suit you well,' remarked Juanita. 'You can sit on the kraal-fence and watch the cattle sleep.'

'Ah!' said Domingo in a sleepy voice, 'perhaps.'

Another roar went up, for many of these men worked at the big Anglo-American packing-house three miles out of the town, where beef and pork were manufactured from the raw material, and personally knew what running about in the hot sun and hard work fell to the lot of a cattledriver in the kraals. When the laughter died down, Juanita began to ill-treat the poor fellow still further.

'I hear that with those cattle one has to be very quick sometimes,' she mused-- very quick and brave. They have most wild cattle in those kraals.' Then, as if appealing to her audience, 'Can one imagine Don Domingo being very quick or much of a bravo?

Domingo shrugged his shoulders goodnaturedly. 'Who knows?' he said. He could not have said anything better, for it set Juanita thinking. Perhaps there was something, after all, in this sleepy, good-natured peon. Who knows! None of them knew much about him; he was quiet, never thrusting himself into public notice. Therefore they had come to look upon him as merely a butt for their chaff.

Juanita felt sorry for what she had said, and tried to make amends. 'I hope your work will be pleasing to you, Domingo.

Thank you, señorita.

'I hope you will be well recompensed, Domingo.

'Thank you for your felicitations, señorita.'

Whereupon an embarrassing silence fell upon the two; they were isolated now, the others being engrossed in an animated conversation about the bulls to be fought that afternoon. Domingo shuffled his sandals. Juanita twiddled her little toes. She dropped her eyes and put the rosestalk back in her mouth.

And Miguel,' said Domingo, 'where is he?'

Miguel was her little brother, whom she never let go far out of her sight. Now, Miguel loved Domingo, and every Sunday would ride round the stalls in the plaza on the placid peon's strong shoulders. It was nice of Domingo to ask for Miguel, and yet there was such a chance for him to say other things, exciting things; although if he had he would only have been snubbed. However, it was annoying of him.

So she said, meaning to frighten him, 'He is

very ill!'

An extraordinary change came over Domingo; a look of fear shadowed his face, and slowly gave

^{*} Sweetheart.

place to one of anger. 'Then why are you here. señorita?' he said almost fiercely. It was not the fierceness, but the rapidity with which he said it, that upset Juanita's balance.

'No, no,' she said hurriedly, 'not very illnothing. He hurt his foot last night while play-'Alone?' asked Domingo anxiously. It is a long way here, so he is at home.'

'My aunt is with him,'Juanita reassured him. 'Poor little one!' said Domingo. 'I shall go

to him. He would like to play perhaps. A dios, señorita!' And, without another word, he turned his back and slowly walked away through the crowded square.

Juanita watched him. An elderly female relative of hers, who had heard what had sent him away so abruptly, said, 'There goes a good man!'

Juanita bit her lip, watched the retreating back sauntering slowly along, and very reluctantly said, 'Yes.'

Next morning early Domingo appeared at the patio gate of the packing-house, and in his turn asked for work, and got it. All that day he worked in the krasls under the two English cattlemen. He made himself conspicuous neither by his dexterity in the art of cattle-driving nor by any lack of it.

There are times when a nimble peon can quickly come to the notice of his boss in the kraals by doing the right thing at the right moment: turning a wild steer with a crack over the nose, and running the risk of being horned; shutting a gate at the right moment; remembering which bunch has been weighed and which has not. It is a showy occupation, but Domingo never managed to get in any gallery-play. Yet, on the other hand, he made no glaring mistakes; and they are easy to make. Sometimes the wrong gate is opened and the cattle are mixed; sometimes a bunch is weighed twice over; then a gate may be accidentally left open, and the cattle escape all over the alleyways. All these things mean extra work and hard swearing. The bosses do the swearing, and the unfortunate peon is marked, and if he makes many blunders he finds that his services are not required the next week. However, Domingo was simply not noticed.

The next day, alas! proved unfortunate for He did nothing outrageous, but missed one or two opportunities of being useful at the right moment, merely because, in his lazy way, he was not keeping his eyes open. Then twice he got in the way of one of the cattlemen as he was running out of the weighing-shed. That was how Domingo achieved notoriety, for that night the younger Englishman said to the other, 'That sleepy beggar 's no use; he 's always getting in the way.

'I noticed,' said the boss. 'We will shift him to another department next week.'

'I think he tries,' said the younger man; 'but he's such a Weary Willy.'

That was how Domingo got the name of Weary Willy. An obliging half-caste explained to the other kraal peons what Weary Willy meant, and the name stuck for three days; and then the name was changed, and with it the whole of Domingo's life.

On the Thursday night about three hundred head of cattle arrived by rail from the north, wild, train-maddened beasts that had given much trouble through the night to the two cattlemen whose duty it was to look after the unloading. They had been weighed, and were waiting in the kraals, ready to go to the slaughter-house.

The Englishmen were sitting on a fence, smok-

ing and taking a well-earned rest.

Weary Willy,' said the younger of the two, 'will get killed if we have many more bunches like these coming in; he was within an ace of getting put down twice this morning.

'Oh, he won't be here long enough for that,' 'I don't want an inquest in smiled the boss.

this department.'

'Well,' said the other, 'when you turn out that lot in No. 1, I should ask him to take a seat -on the fence—if I were you.'

The boss turned and looked at the cattle in

kraal No. 1. 'Why?' he asked.

'There's a fair devil in there,' continued the younger man, 'a proper "bravo," and no error. Had the lot of us on the fence this morning when you were at the office.'

'He'll have cooled by now,' said the boss, knocking out the ashes of his pipe. He then called up some of the boys, and they went into No. 1 to drive the cattle out. They formed a ring round them at the opposite end from the gate, and started driving with extraordinary cries which in Mexico are supposed to soothe, frighten, or enrage the cattle according to the tone used. They began with the soothing variety, and drove the cattle slowly toward the gate; then, as they checked and started to mill back, the frightening tone was turned on.

The boss was in the middle of the drive, Domingo directly on his right, and his assistant on the left of the half-circle of yelling peons. The boss turned to pick up his stick, which he had dropped, and, as he turned, a big red steer shot out of the bunch, saw the bending form straight in front, and went at it. Somebody shouted, 'Look out!' in English. The boss turned, tripped, and fell. Then the unlooked-for happened. Domingo, the sleepy Weary Willy, who never seemed to think of doing a thing until it was too late, stepped slowly and lazily between the prostrate man and the steer. His red blanket fluttered in his hands right in the brute's face. The steer propped back on its hocks, then made a sort of side-plunge at the blanket. Domingo very gracefully, and without any apparent hurry, stepped to his right. The steer landed, with a grunt and a scatter of dust, beyond him. This had given the Englishman time to get up, and now was their cue to get to the fence; but Domingo never moved; he kept his sleepy eyes on the steer, his feet together, and smiled a sweet, contented smile.

Everybody yelled at once to the effect that he was to get to the fence. The two bosses were handling their thick sticks, expecting a tragedy. Now, not even a trained bull-fighter will tackle a steer with the cape, for a steer is not like a bull; it doesn't make a blind rush head down, but comes on active hoofs, horns up, turning and twisting after you like a dog. Domingo knew that; but this was his day, and he was going to have it.

The steer shook its head, then trotted straight at him. Several peons and the two Englishmen started to the rescue, shouting; but they stopped, for the steer jumped, Domingo side-stepped, and the steer tore the blanket with its horns; then, in stopping, slipped up on its side, regained its footing, and attacked again. Domingo now had his blanket in one hand, waved it in the mad brute's face, and stepped to its flank. The steer shot by and let drive with its hind-hoofs. Domingo bent his body away, without moving his feet, as neatly as any bull-fighter of Spain. The steer turned. Domingo lazily changed the blanket to his left hand, and turned the steer the other way. The onlookers stood aghast. This was as good as any cape-work they had ever seen in a ring, and it was Domingo-Domingo the useless Weary Willy-who gave the show.

But it was not to last much longer. Two or three more passes, and the steer had had enough of it, and crowded back into the bunch. Domingo slowly folded his blanket, and the onlookers cheered and laughed in relief. The boss came up to him and patted him on the back, saying something about there always being work open for him.

It was all very pleasing, but his cup was full when he happened to see perched up on the kraal-rails a little slim figure clapping her hands in a frenzy of joy. It was Juanita, who had come out to the packing-house to sell fruit during the men's dinner-hour. She was clapping him, for she had seen that, after all, he was brave and quick, not always sleepy. She must think something of him to clap like that. 'Good!' thought Domingo.

They drove the cattle up the alley and into the killing-beds, and the red steer ended its story there. When the dinner-hour came Domingo made his way to the aquacotte-tree, beneath which he knew he would find Juanita.

Directly she saw him she hailed him. 'Ola torrero' she called, and his name changed again for the second time in a week. Torrero means 'bull-fighter.'

Everybody seemed glad to see him. A peon near seized a mouth-organ from a child beside him and vamped out the tune that is always played when a bull-fighter makes a good kill.

Everybody chaffed and flattered him, and always Juanita's eyes were on him, and her smile ready when he turned her way.

For Domingo, that afternoon fled, but his

triumphs were not done with yet.

His boss sent for him after work. 'Domingo,' he said, 'I am going on a long journey to-morrow, and I have no mozo; the man who looks after my horses here cannot be trusted on the road. Could I trust you?'

'Si, señor.'

'Do you understand horses, Domingo?'

'Si, señor.'

'And the mountain roads?'

'Si, señor.'

'I start to-morrow. You would like to become my mozo, Domingo?'

'Si, señor,' said Domingo, his heart beating with pride.

So it was settled. He was given money to buy clothes befitting his new station in lifecloth trousers, boots, a charro hat, and, above all, spurs. He was to start next morning! What news to tell Juanita! He was no longer a common peon, but a mozo; the body-servant, groom, and guide to the English señor. He even hurried back to the town and made his purchases. It was characteristic of him that he did this before going to see Juanita; it was also characteristic of him that he did not wait to put on his finery before visiting her. He was in a hurry, and it never crossed his slow mind that he would create a sensation if he came rigged out in the clothes of his new calling. He left his bundle with his mother, and started for Juanita's mud-walled home. His quickest way lay through the coffee plantation that ran right up to the house; in fact, the mud wall of the Garcia patio or garden on one side was the boundary fence of the plantation. When Domingo reached the wall, and looked over, he saw a sight he did not like. There was Juanita, her back toward him, talking over the wall to a young ranchero sitting on his horse in the road. Juanita was laughing. Domingo had no wish to play spy. After all, there was nothing in Juanita's talking to whom she liked. He would get over the wall and show himself. He put his sandalled foot in a crevice and raised himself. At that moment the ranchero leant over to Juanita, his laughing lips athirst for kisses. Domingo gave a start, the sandal slipped, and he fell back into a coffee-bush. He never heard the stinging smack the too ardent youngster got for his pains; he only heard a gay laugh and the sound of a horse galloping down the dusty lane. He slowly got up; he meant to go; he thought he knew enough.

But Juanita had turned. She was rubbing one little hand against her leg. Catching a glimpse of his hat, she ran to the wall to see him slinking away.

'Domingo! Domingo!' she called, 'why are you going?' Her little heart was beating. He

should be coming toward her, not going away. She did not understand.

Domingo slowly stopped and turned. 'I am going, señorita, because I am not wanted herenot now,' he murmured.

'Oh, but you are, Domingo!' and she laughed

Then for a second time that day he surprised her. This even-tempered Domingo, who was so safe to chaff, showed her another side of his character. He came close to the wall and looked up at her, his sleepy eyes no longer sleepy, but blazing and bloodshot.

'Because,' he said between his teeth, 'the charo has gone; you have done with his kisses for to-night, and you can find time to play with Domingo!'

Quick to defend herself, Juanita cried, 'He never kissed me! I struck his face.'

'I slipped from the wall. I did not see that;'

and Domingo drew back, relenting.

But Juanita had a temper. She was innocent, and because of her innocence she would punish this man who thought she made her kisses cheap. 'So you were looking, eh, señor? You thought to spy on this Indian girl? And why? What have her kisses to do with you, eh? If she kissed every charo that came down the road, is it aught to do with you? I do not like a spy, Don Domingo. Because you played in the kraals to-day, you think to have possession of me.

Domingo tried to cut in, but she would not

listen. Her hot Southern temper was up, and she meant to hurt.

'But,' she ran on, 'for all your showing off in the kraals, I do not want you for a novio. You are a peon, Domingo; and for a lover I want something better than a peon.'

'But, señorita' began Domingo.

And again she cut him short. 'Go your way, Don Domingo,' she cried; 'you are a fool—a worthless fool; and I am a fool also for ever having smiled at you—you, who are only a worthless peon.'

Domingo turned, not slowly this time, but with a jerk, and walked away into the plantation.

She watched him go; then, as the leaves closed round him, and he never looked back, a lump came in Juanita's throat, and she called his name; but he was running, and he could not hear her. She called louder, but the only answer was the crashing of bushes as he broke through them. It was dark now, and in the distance dogs were barking at the man who ran through the bushes. Two tears trickled down Juanita's cheeks; they found the dimples, and fell out of them on to her little white shirt. She rubbed her hand on her leg; it still smarted. Then she smiled.

'Oh the poor one!' she said under her breath. 'Oh the poor one! I was so unkind! But to-morrow I shall smile you back again. Very cruel I was, but I can make up for it all, caro mio.'

(Continued on page 439.)

ROMANCE OF THE ORANGE INDUSTRY.

By JAMES H. YOUNG.

NO better criterion of the remarkable development of the orange industry is to be found than the extraordinary cheapness at which this most popular of fruits is everywhere sold to-We use the word extraordinary advisedly, for oranges were not always to be bought at two or three for a penny! In the days of Cromwell, for instance, the price was regarded as prohibitive even when the Protector himself hankered for the fruit. The story goes that Cromwell, eager for an orange with his roast-veal, asked for one. In vain. His consort scorned the thought of such extravagance. 'Oranges are oranges now,' exclaimed the Lady Elizabeth. 'Crab oranges cost a groat; and, for my part, I never intend to give it.

Authorities differ with regard to the original home of the orange. In the opinion of many, Hindustan has a good claim to this distinction, and there can be no doubt that from a very early period the orange has been cultivated there. From Hindustan it seems to have been carried into western Asia by the Arabs, probably before the ninth century, toward the close of which the bitter orange appears to have been popular among the people.

Through the agency of the same race it ultimately spread to Africa and Spain, and perhaps to Sicily, following everywhere the tide of the Mohammedan conquest and civilisation. Whether it is really indigenous to Hindustan or not is, however, a matter of opinion, for there are other authorities who regard the Burmese peninsula and southern China as the original habitat of the orange. The point, after all, is of no material importance at the present day, and a dissertation here on the original home of the orange is the very least of the present writer's intentions.

By the twelfth century it was extensively cultivated in all the Levant countries, and the returning soldiers of the Cross brought it from Palestine to Italy and Provence. A considerable time elapsed before it began to be grown in Europe, which appears to have been due to the enterprise of the Genoese merchants of the fifteenth century, who must have found it then growing abundantly in the Levant.

To trace the introduction of the orange into many countries where it has become naturalised is neither desirable nor necessary; suffice it to say that it is now cultivated in almost every part of the world where the climate is warm enough, the measure of success being greatest in the sunnier or subtropical climates.

In the south of England oranges can be grown in the open air, with a shelter of boards or matting in winter, and trained against a south wall. Not only so, but they attain to a large size, and are of very good quality. The enormous importation of the fruit, however, renders orange cultivation in Britain unnecessary; and, generally speaking, only small plants are to be seen in greenhouses or conservatories as mere objects of interest.

Britain receives its principal supplies from the Azores, Malta, Sicily, Spain, Portugal, Jamaica, the Syrian coast, the Bahamas, Florida, and last, but by no means least, Southern California. Orange cultivation has also been attempted successfully in several parts of Australia, especially in New South Wales, where the orange groves near Parramatta yield an abundant supply. Excellent oranges have been exported thence to Britain at remunerative rates. The orangeries of Queensland and South Australia likewise produce well—a remark which similarly applies to many of the Pacific islands, where the fruit has long been cultivated.

Of the various countries mentioned, probably Southern California has by far the most reason to congratulate itself on its progress in developing the orange industry. As a matter of fact, the growth of the industry in Southern California is one of the marvels of the country, and a romance of business which is really only in its infancy. In a recent season, for example, some thirty thousand carloads—that is, about eight million eight hundred and sixty thousand boxes of oranges-were picked, prepared for the market, packed, and despatched to all parts of the world between 1st February and 1st June. This prolific harvest is estimated to be worth to the growers, in round figures, not less than one million five hundred thousand pounds. More amazing still is it to learn that this flourishing industry has actually been built up within the last thirty years. In the early eighties of last century there was less than three thousand pounds of aggregate capital invested in orange groves in this thriving state, whereas to-day it amounts to not far short of twelve million pounds! This capital embraces money spent on land, trees, irrigation devices, agricultural implements, the fertilising of groves, packing-houses, and other paraphernalia essential to the complete success of such a vast business.

Harvesting the golden crop is an occupation of much interest; the gathering of the fruit, curing and other processes, packing, and despatching, all being done within the period already stated. It is a truly exhibitanting sight which one witnesses in this semi-tropical clime when the orange harvest begins. Every little valley along the foot of the sierras is agog with bustle and activity, and the great trains of fruit-cars that start daily on their long journey across the continent to market tell how the harvest is progressing.

The orange groves echo with the hum and harmony of happy workers, the rural roads are busy with horses and wagons conveying fruit to the packers all day long, an army of men and boys are hammering together thousands of pine boxes, and the big barn-like packing-houses about each railway station are veritable hives of human industry.

A gang of men under an overseer takes possession of a grove when picking operations are about to begin, two or three men being appointed to a tree. The difficulty of gathering the fruit from the high trees is overcome by the use of long step-ladders which enable the pickers to reach the topmost branches. With thick gloves covering their hands, the workers exercise great care when cutting the oranges from the tree, each one being deftly severed with a sharp knife; to pull the fruit instead of cutting it tends to break the skin, when decay will soon set in. Each picker has a convenient receptacle, in the shape of a big bag slung over his shoulders, into which the golden fruit is dropped. In some groves, it may be mentioned, the hand-knife has been superseded by different types of machines. Thus one patent is a knife on a long pole, which is connected with a canvas tube. Cut in this way, the orange drops into a chute, and by an arrangement of traps drops from one to another, and eventually into a box uninjured. Picking by hand is still, however, the more popular method.

The general impression is that, now that the orange is gathered, it is immediately packed and despatched to market. Well, there is certainly no time lost in getting it there; but matters do not move quite so swiftly as all that. An orange requires a deal of grooming before it reaches the hand of the consumer. First of all the great wagon-loads of boxes are carefully tallied to find whether any fruit from the pickers in the grove is missing. Then the dust-stained travellers are placed on one side in immense trays for curing, a process which occupies three days. Fresh from the tree, an orange is still very much alive, with the oil-cells expanded and the mystery of growth not yet suspended; but when it is cut off from the sap-supply a change takes place. The skin draws closer to the pulp and gives off moisture that would cause sweating if the fruit were packed at once.

The next stage is 'the order of the bath.' By the bushel the new oranges are dumped into a long, narrow tank of water, at one end of which is a big wheel with a tire of soft bristles. The wheel revolves in such a way that the lower edge works in connection with another set of brushes in a smaller tank, and the oranges, after bobbing about in the big tank, pass between the wet brushes and come out bright and clean.

Spread out on long slanting racks, the oranges are now allowed to dry in the sun—a sun-bath, as the devotees of that particular cult would term it. They look quite tempting now, but the standard of excellence is not yet. In single file they are next brushed by being passed over a belt that runs between revolving wheels. This improves them wonderfully, giving them a smooth

and glistening appearance.

From the belt they drop into an elevator that lifts them to the sorting-table, where they hustle and hurry each other in their haste to get past the keen eyes of the sorter. There is much method in the sorting. The sorting-table has a gentle pitch, and the divided stream pours single file upon two narrow tracks of moving ropes which gradually diverge. The smallest oranges fall through first, the next size farther on, and the next slip into bins below, graded in a dozen sizes, from those that run three hundred and sixty to the box to the great ones which only run eighty to the box.

Then comes the packing. A deftness of hand is essential for this, which may explain why the packers are almost wholly women and girls. The oranges having been classified according to quality and size, the packers now wrap each one in tissue-paper, and then pack them into boxes, the closing of which is the final touch prior to their despatch to the world's markets.

Californian oranges have long been regarded by the great fruit merchants of Covent Garden as among the best produced, and not without very good reason. Some of the varieties have attained a world-wide popularity. The Washing-

ton Navel, for instance, is a delicious fruit, and commands the top price. It is a large, juicy, seedless orange, with a peculiar mark, and came originally from Brazil. This variety was first produced in California at Riversdale, a place famous for its large orange groves, fully a quarter of a century ago. Then there is the Mediterranean, the Sweet St Michael, the Valencia, the Tangerine, the Malta, the Ruby—to mention only a few of the other varieties—all well known to buyers and sellers of the popular fruit.

Surprising as it may appear, there are over a hundred different kinds of oranges grown in Southern California, these all being produced in what is known as the 'fruit belt,' an immense tract of country embracing some seven counties. It is no exaggeration to say that in the area mentioned there are no fewer than thirty million

orange-trees bearing fruit.

A young tree is in its fourth year before it begins to bear fruit, and then only to the extent of a dozen or two. There is a steady annual increase until the tree is twenty years of age, by which time its productiveness may be anything from two thousand to two thousand five hundred oranges per annum. Some trees are even more fruitful, and a tree twenty feet high, and occupying little more than twelve feet in diameter, will yield a crop of from three to four thousand oranges yearly. California, indeed, boasts a tree that for a number of years in succession has produced a harvest of ten thousand oranges, and all good-sized oranges, too.

Orange-trees attain to an age of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years; and as few of the trees now in California are over thirty years old, there is certainly a long life before them, as well as a bright outlook for the increasingly prosperous industry of orange-growing.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

By Ian Hay, Author of *The Right Stuff, A Man's Man, Happy-go-Lucky*, &c. Chapter XXIV.—Mainly Commercial.

I.

As soon as Philip's bodily mechanism would permit, flat-hunting expeditions were organised, and eventually resulted in the leasing of an appartement near Albert Gate. The rooms stood high up, overlooking the Park, and were described by the agent and Timothy as 'a lovely little bachelor suite' and 'a self-contained monkey-house' respectively.

Furnishing followed. One fine morning a party, consisting of Peggy, Miss Leslie, Philip, and Timothy, set out to purchase household equipment of every kind. It was a disastrous expedition. All four were in a mood for enjoyment, and their high spirits—as very often happens when the young of the two sexes com-

bine to transact business jointly—took the form of helpless, speechless, and unseemly laughter. If a majestic shopwalker, addressing the party as a whole, inquired what he might have the pleasure of showing to them, every one waited for some one else to reply; then, after a pause, every one replied at once. An untimely explosion followed, and the party turned on its heel, and hurried, panic-stricken, into the street.

Timothy was at the bottom of the trouble. He began the day by marching into Harrods' and ordering a funeral; repudiating the contract, after ten minutes of ghoulish detail, upon the plea of having suddenly remembered that the deceased had expressed a desire to be buried at

sea, and asking instead to be directed to the

Canadian canoe department.

Later, he conducted his followers to the establishment of an extremely select and most expensive bootmaker in Bond Street. The whole party were ushered with much solemnity into an apartment upon the first floor-Timothy wearing a face of intense gravity, Philip in a gentle perspiration, and Peggy and Miss Leslie dumbly gripping one another's fingers. room was plainly but expensively furnished. Upon a pedestal in one corner stood a plaster cast of an Exalted foot.

Two serious gentlemen in frock-coats stood awaiting them. These, after providing chairs, and offering a few observations upon the weather and the parliamentary situation, asked Timothy's

pleasure.

'I want a Wellington boot,' said Timothy.

The stouter of the two serious gentlemen touched a bell; whereupon a third gentleman in a frock-coat appeared.

'A pair of hunting tops,' announced the stout

The new-comer brought a small stool, and, lowering himself upon the knee with knightly grace, began to grope under Timothy's chair for one of Timothy's feet.

'Not for myself,' explained Timothy. 'For a grand-uncle of mine—Lieutenant-Colonel Busby,

of the Indian Army.'

'If the Colonel,' suggested the senior frockcoat deferentially, 'would favour us with a call, we could measure him for a pair more satis'-

'Not a pair,' corrected Timothy. 'I said just My grand-uncle had the misfortune to lose a leg in Afghanistan in eighteen-sixty-seven, so naturally he does not require two boots. Besides, I doubt if he could call on you. He goes out very seldom now; he is almost bedridden, in fact. All he wants is a number nine Wellington boot. Have you got one?'

The frock-coats conferred in mysterious whispers, while the two ladies did not cease to cling

to one another.

'We should be happy to make the boot, sir,' was the final verdict. 'Is it for the right foot or left?'

Timothy's face expressed the utmost dismay. 'I have entirely forgotten,' he said. 'It is un-pardonably stupid of me.' He turned to the eowering Philip. 'Cousin Theophilus,' he said, 'can you recollect which leg it was that Uncle Hannibal lost?

'The right, I think,' said Philip hoarsely. "Not sure, though. Don't rely on me."

Tim turned to Peggy. 'Cousin Geraldine?'

he inquired.

'The left, I believe,' replied Peggy composedly. Timothy gave a perplexed smile, and turned to Miss Leslie. 'We must leave it with you to decide, Aunt Keziah,' he said. 'What have you to say?

'Honk! honk! honk!' replied Aunt Keziah

Timothy rose to his feet and smiled apologetically upon the gentlemen in frock-coats. fear,' he said, 'that there is nothing for it but to go home and look. Good-morning!'

After two hours of this sort of imbecility, the troupe found itself consuming ices in a bunshop, having become possessed so far of two bath-mats and a waste-paper basket.

'Now we must be serious,' announced Miss Leslie, wiping her eyes. She had learned to her cost this morning that no woman is ever too old to be immune from a fit of the giggles. 'Mr Rendle, will you kindly go home?'

Timothy's only reply was to dash out of the tea-shop and into an optician's on the other side of the street. Presently he returned, putting something into his pocket. 'Fall in and follow me!' he commanded.

'Where are we going?' inquired Peggy, as

the expedition meekly complied.

'International Furniture Company,' was the brisk reply.

Timothy's dupes regarded one another more hopefully.

That sounds like business,' said Philip. 'Come along!'

But Timothy's exuberance was not yet exhausted. On approaching the stately premises of the International Furniture Company he suddenly produced a pair of tinted spectacles from his pocket and put them on. assuming the piping voice and humped shoulders of doddering senility, he took the scandalised Miss Leslie by the arm, and, limping through the great doorway of the shop, demanded the immediate presence of the manager of the Antique Furniture Department.

On the appearance of that functionary Tim bade him a courtly good-morning, and said, 'I desire first of all to inspect your dining-room suites. We are setting this young couple'—indicating Philip, who flushed crimson, and Peggy, who exhibited no confusion whatever-'up in a flat.'

The manager, a short-sighted young man with a nervous manner, after a startled inspection of the decrepit figure before him, turned upon his heel and led the way to the dining-room suites. Timothy hobbled after, leaning heavily upon Miss Leslie's arm and coughing asthmatically.
'Tim, you young ass!' urged Philip, hot with

shame on Peggy's account, 'dry up!

The relentless humorist took not the slightest notice. Instead, he addressed the back of the 'The young folk!' he wheezedmanager. 'the young folk! The old story! The time comes when they must leave the nest. My little bird'—here he laid a palsied hand upon the shoulder of Peggy, who emitted a distressing yelp-'has flown away at last. It took her a long time to find her wings; at one time I thought she was never going to do it; but all's well that ends well, as Will Shakespeare puts it. My little bird has found a nest of her own, with honest John here; and, damme! her old grandad is going to furnish it for her! Are these your dining-room suites? They don't make furniture like they did in my young days, when Bob Chippendale and Nick Sheraton were alive. I remember'——

'I like this oak table very much,' said Miss Leslie to Philip, in a high tremolo. 'I wonder if there are chairs to match it?'

But before any business could be transacted the irrepressible octogenarian was off again.

'Dearest Pamela,' he said affectionately to Miss Leslie, 'how well I remember the day that we two bought our wedding furniture together! We made a handsome couple, you and I. You wore a crinoline, with a black bombazine tippet; and I was in nankeen overalls and a fob. I was a mad wag in those days. I remember I offered to fight the shopman to decide the price of a harpsichord—or was it a spinet?—that I considered he asked too much for. But times have changed.—I suppose you never fight your customers now to save chaffering, young man? If you do, all honour to you! I like to see ancient customs kept up.' He surveyed the flinching vendor of dining-room suites with puckered eyes. 'I am an old fellow now, and I fear I would hardly give you full measure. But if you have any inclination for a bout with the mufflers'—a relentless hand descended upon the fermenting Philip, and drew him forward-'my son-in-law here, honest John'-

But the manager, murmuring something inarticulate about a telephone-call, turned tail and fled, his place being taken by a man of more enduring fibre.

And so on.

They got home about six, having purchased an imitation walnut wardrobe which they did not want.

'We simply had to buy something after all that,' said Honest John.

11.

A week later the flat was sufficiently furnished to be habitable, and the new tenants moved in.

It was about this time that Philip began to realise the portent and significance of a mysterious female figure, resembling an elderly and intensely respectable spectre, which had been dogging his footsteps and standing meekly aside for him upon staircases ever since he entered into possession. With the arrival of the furniture the apparition materialised into a diminutive and sprightly dame in a black bonnet, who introduced herself as Mrs Grice, and asked that she and her husband might be employed as the personal attendants of Philip and Tim. The pair resided in some subterranean retreat in the

basement, and their services, it appeared, were at the disposal of such of the tenants of the building as possessed no domestic staff of their own. Mrs Grice could cook, darn, scrub, and dust; while Mr Grice (whose impeccability might be gauged from the fact that he suffered slightly from gout, and possessed a dress suit) could wait at table and act as valet to the gentlemen.

Philip was alone when the assault was delivered, and capitulated at once, a natural inclination to wait until he had consulted Peggy being overridden by constitutional inability to say 'No' to a lady. The bargain concluded, Mrs Grice advanced briskly to practical details.

Grice advanced briskly to practical details.

'Now, sir,' she said, 'I see you 'ave your furniture comin' in. And very nice furniture, too,' she added encouragingly. 'But if you'll allow me, I should like to consult you about the fixtures. I always likes to be business-like with my gentlemen. There's that curtain-pole over the window. That was given me by Sir Percy Peck, the gentleman what 'ad the flat last. 'E said to me, just as 'e was leavin'—'e was leavin' to be married to Lady Ader Evings, and they sent me a pink ticket for the weddin', but I couldn't go, what with my daughter losin' 'er 'usband about that time, and Grice gettin' one of 'is legs, so it was wasted, not bein' transferable—well, 'e says to me, says Sir Percy, "That curtain-pole is a present from me to you, Mrs Grice."

The recipient of the departed Sir Percy's bounty paused to inhale a large quantity of sorely needed breath. Philip, who had written out a cheque only two days previously for all the fixtures in the flat, waited meekly.

'Now, sir,' continued Mrs Grice briskly, 'what shall I do with that curtain-pole? Shall I 'ave it took down, or would it be any convenience to you to buy it from me?'

'I have an idea, Mrs Grice,' said Philip, plucking up courage, 'that I took over all the fixtures from the landlord.'

'Right, sir; quite right!' assented Mrs Grice promptly. 'But those were landlord's fixtures. I'm talkin' about tenant's fixtures. I dare say,' she added indulgently, 'that you didn't know about them. Perhaps you 'aven't taken a flat before. Well, Sir Percy, 'e says to me, "That curtain-pole is a present from me to you, Mrs Grice." Now, sir, will you 'ave that pole took down, or will you take it off me 'ands?'

'After all,' argued Philip to himself, 'I dare say the old lady needs the money more than I do; and in any case she appears to think the rotten thing is hers, which will mean my getting another; so'——

'Certainly I will take it, Mrs Grice,' he said.
'Er—how much do you want for it?'

At the mention of money Mrs Grice became greatly flustered. 'Really, sir, I would rather leave it to you,' she protested. 'A gentleman

knows more about such things than what I do. I am quite sure you will give me a fair price for it.'

Philip, feeling perfectly certain that he would not, again pressed Mrs Grice to name a figure.

Finally the old lady overcame her extreme delicacy of feeling sufficiently to suggest ten shillings. 'But we must be fair about it, sir,' she insisted. 'I don't want to overcharge you.' She paused, as if struck by a sudden thought. 'I'll tell you what, sir; we'll ask a third party!'

Next moment Mrs Grice was at the door.

'Grice!' she called shrilly.

'Comin', Emmer,' replied a husky voice, and Mr Grice sidled into the room with uncanny suddenness.

''Ow much, Grice,' inquired his helpmeet, pointing to the curtain-pole, 'would you think was a fair price for that pole? A fair price, mind!'

Mr Grice fixed his wandering and watery eyes upon the article under consideration, and ruminated. Finally, 'Ten shillin',' he said.

Mrs Grice turned to Philip with a smile of delighted surprise. 'Well, I declare!' she exclaimed. 'I was about right after all, sir.'

Philip, quite overwhelmed by this convincing coincidence of judgment, announced humbly that he would take the curtain-pole.

'I had better pay for it now,' he said.

'One moment, sir, if you please!' replied Mrs

Grice. Darting out on to the landing, she reappeared almost instantly, heralded by a sonorous clang, carrying a bedroom ewer and 'Now, these things, sir,' she announced, basin. 'belongs to Grice. They were Sir Percy's present to 'im. "Grice," 'e said, just as 'e was leavin' to marry Lady Ader Evings, "this jug and basin are yours now; they are my present from me to you."—Didn't 'e, Grice?'

Mr Grice was understood to mumble assent.

Mrs Grice took another breath.

It is hardly necessary to add that within the next thirty seconds Philip had become the reluctant owner of a chipped jug and basin, recently the property of a baronet.

Mrs Grice swept on. 'Now, sir,' she continued, with unabated vigour, 'these fire-

irons'-

But at this moment, to Philip's unspeakable relief, Timothy arrived, and took command of the situation at once. Philip put on his hat

and went for a walk in the Park.

'We had great fun,' reported Timothy on his 'The last thing she tried to sell me was return. the fireplace. I think it was Sir Percy's parting gift to the cat. I said that I had no money, and that she had better take it away. That spiked her guns. And now, my lad, you are going to put on your best duds and come poodlefaking with me!'

(Continued on page 435.)

SUMMER IN THE ARCTIC.

By AUBREY FULLERTON.

THE somewhat common impression that the Arctic coast of America is a region of perennial ice is quite incorrect. It is not a dead and unchanging wilderness, but has a life and beauty and wealth distinctively its own. Nor is it always snow-bound. Even on the top edge of the continent there is a summer, filled with a strange and winning brightness and gay with The Arctic, in fact, is a region of surprises.

By way of introduction to the coast-country proper is a great area of sub-Arctic prairie of more than a million square miles, over which the caribou range at will. This is sometimes known as the Barren Lands, but in no sense is it barren except that it is practically treeless. Vast plains covered richly with grasses and flowers stretch almost limitlessly. Instead of a sombre desert deadness over the face of the country, there is a riotous wealth of natural tints all through the summer: wild flowers in every nook and corner and in great rambling beds over the plains, patches of gorgeous scarlet and purple where the mosses and heathers have covered the rocks and hillsides, bushes of delectable berries here and there for miles around. Here, too, is the

breeding-ground of many birds and the native haunt of many wild-folk.

But above the rose-strewn prairies is the Arctic coast, which can be reached best in winter, when the colours have given way to a vast white, and the Barrens have been covered over with a blanket that men may walk upon. The winter trail across the northern prairies, a way travelled only by brave, bold men, leads to pretty nearly the middle of the long Arctic coast-line, where one may see the upper edge of the continent stretching beyond him on each side into regions of mystery. If one sets out from the Barrens or Hudson Bay in February, travelling by dogsled at from ten to twenty miles a day, he will reach the coast in time to see the opening of an Arctic summer. It is a short season, at its best. There is usually not more than a week of spring, but it comes with a rush at the end of May, and as hurriedly ushers in the full-blown summer. The next three months are intense, and always in haste. Winter closes in again, with but little warning, about the middle of September. By the last week of May the northern sun has grown strong enough to set the snow melting, and patches of bare ground and open pools of

water begin to show along the shore. In another week the sun is blazing hot at noonday, and things change swiftly. The birds appear againlarks, ducks, gulls, cranes, buntings, sandpipers; ground squirrels and hares are out; the grass begins to green. June is the perfect month on the Arctic coast, with a pleasant temperature; and the flies, which a little later are a veritable plague, not yet due. By its third week the face of the Barren Lands, from the shore away inland, is emerald green, several flowering plants are in bloom, and the long days are filled with bird music. Fifteen or more varieties of butterflies, in extraordinarily varied colourings, flit about.

The Arctic sea itself breaks up under the heat of an all-day sun. The ice loosens from the shore-line, cracks, and rots away, but not rapidly. Ordinarily it is possible to travel on the ice a bit out from the shore till the middle of August; but a fringe of open water borders the coast-line all along the way. Then at the end of the summer, the ice-sheet having by that time gradually broken away, the great northern sea is open sometimes far into the Polar distance, and dotted here and there with bergs. This vast cold sea of the far north is a sea worth better knowing. It has good fishing-shoals of salmon, codling, and trout, to say nothing of the seals and whales which men come around from the Pacific to A homelike and human aspect is given it by the driftwood brought down from the west that it casts up along the shore; and the current bringing the driftwood has the peculiar advantage of being so slightly salt that by the time it gets half-way across, its surface water can be used for drinking. There is a tide of about a foot, indicating the presence of some northern land area that has not yet been discovered.

A journey along this northern coast is one of repeated surprises, whether in early summer, when the ice still holds on the water, or in September, when the travelling is best. would hardly expect, for instance, to find trees and flowers growing on the shores of the Arctic, and the novelty of it never weers off. The trees, it is true, are few and far apart, and only stunted willows and birches at that; but they are trees, and they prove that this hopelessly frigid region has a growing-power. One has only to go some twenty miles inland, too, on the Coppermine River, to find the first signs of spruce.

As to flowers, their number is legion. view of the topmost country, as seen while coasting along the Arctic shore in July and August, is normally a view of long grassy slopes profusely abloom. A blue lupin, a miniature rhododendron in a mass of red blossom, and a little white heather, whose stalks make serviceable fuel, are typical of the Arctic flora. There are even blueberries seventy miles up the Coppermine. On Herschell Island, off the northernmost coast of the Yukon Territory, there is a floral pageantry every summer. It includes the wild rose, which grows nowhere else so far north. Blue and white daisies, forget-me-nots, bluebells, the dainty aconite, and marguerites, all of them small and wonderfully delicate, and banked in moss, spring abundantly from the otherwise barren soil. Their beauty is short-lived, but immensely cheering to the roughened sailors and whalers who come around from Behring Sea to Herschell every year.

To travel in the Arctic country with safety and a fair measure of comfort one must adapt himself to the country. Experienced explorers go light, carrying only the most necessary supplies, and relying upon the country itself to give them the bulk of their food. With a few Eskimos in their party as guides and handy-men, they themselves live as the Eskimos live; and even alone, a properly equipped traveller in the Arctic is in danger only when overtaken by accident or sickness. Ordinarily he will find abundance of food; for, from Hudson Bay to Behring Sea, and to the very edge of the Polar Ocean, the north land is filled with game. The caribou and musk-oxen of the Arctic plains are the great food-supply of natives and travellers alike; and the supply never fails. It is a land of many surprises, this topmost country along the American Arctic. There is much that is likeable about it, a keenness and a brightness always mixed with wonder, and a mysterious something that draws men back to it. Its summer, however short, is a season of unexpected richness, the secret of which is the long sunlight of the northern summer days. During June there are practically twenty-four hours of it, and from May to August there is hardly any night. A proof of what this northern sun can do is the fact that at Fort M'Pherson, within seventy miles of the Arctic Ocean, the hardier vegetables grow in open garden-plots, and surprisingly well.

RETURN OF HUMPHREY AYSCOUGH. THE

By FRANCIS VIPOND.

THE new bishop of the diocese of Northchester paused and looked at his host, Humphrey Ayscough, squire and churchwarden of the outof-the-way parish of Ellersands. He had come

following day, and his host was showing him the church and its surroundings. He had duly admired the lichgate and the fragments of a Runic cross in the churchyard, and was now to see the parish, and to hold a confirmation the gazing at the family burying place of the ancient family of Ayscough, a large, gloomy vault entered by a little door covered in with a huge stone slab, on which the names of long-departed Ayscoughs were more or less legibly inscribed. 'Funny little rhyme to scribble on a tombstone,' the bishop commented, putting on his eyeglasses to read it the better. It was a deeply cut doggerel rhyme that had caught his sharp eye, and he read it aloud:

When Ayscough lyes not in thys plaice Sore trubble falls on Ayscough's raice; When Ayscough returneth over Sandys Gode fortune smyles on Ayscough's landes. HUMPHREY AYSCOUGH of Ellersandys.

'It was my ancestor, Humphrey Ayscough, who wrote that,' said Ayscough. 'His spelling was a bit rocky, but he hit the nail on the head.

It is a rum yarn.'

The bishop glanced at his host's kindly, rather stolid face, and continued his study of the Ayscough monument. The last inscription again arrested his attention. 'Humphrey Ayscough. Died 1684; returned over sands 1903,' he read out. 'He took a long time returning,' Mr Ayscough.

'He did indeed,' replied the squire dryly.
'Come and sit on the churchyard wall, bishop, whilst we are waiting for Farmer Tyson, the other churchwarden, and the vicar, and I will tell you the story. I see you are interested.'

He led the way to a low wall which protected the churchyard from the inroads of the sea. Far away, over mile upon mile of golden-brown sands, glittered a silver line, the sea; and eight miles away, at the other side of a great bay, rose the dim lines of distant blue hills. Here and there the level stretch of sand was broken by the deeply cut channels of mountain streams running out to empty themselves into the sea.

'I thought the church stood in the middle of the parish,' said the bishop, as the two men sat

down on the sun-baked wall.

'So it used to,' returned Ayscough; 'but bit by bit the side of the parish has gone. Every twenty-five years or so comes a great gale and a very high tide, and the sea has swept away acres of land. There are farms and fields and woods under that smooth sand out there. Even the church and churchyard would have gone had it not been for this massive groined protecting wall. The last great storm and tide came in 1903, and I have very good cause to remember it. Since the Humphrey Ayscough who died in 1684 reigned here bad luck dogged the Ayscoughs. No man was succeeded by his son. The eldest son of this house is always a Humphrey; but till I, a distant cousin of old Ralph Ayscough, to my own great surprise, in 1903, found that I had dropped into his shoes, and a sadly encumbered property and the home of my race, there has not been a reigning Humphrey. They have all come to a violent end before succeeding.

'I had never seen the place or the district, and

I can tell you I was pretty excited the first time of my home-coming, when I was landed at the little wayside junction where the main line abandons the hapless traveller to the tender mercies of a local branch line. It is nearly opposite to us across the sands there, but thirty miles round by road or the local line.

"Ellersands is it you want to gae to?" said the porter. "Weel, ye'll jist have to bide till seven, because there is nae train. She's awa' fra' ye, the Lon'on train was that ahint her time." It was too true. I had five mortal hours to wait. The junction is nothing but a bleak, forlorn station and a few railwaymen's houses. I

groaned in vexation of spirit.

'Here a tall, thin-faced, dark man in rough, salt-stained blue clothes, who had been taking a polite interest in the conversation, came to my rescue. "I'se gaing over sands i' ma cart, if ye'd radder coom than bide siccan a gey while," he said in a sweet, gentle voice. "I'se been here wi' cockles for t' train."

'I closed thankfully with his offer; and leaving my traps with the porter to come on by train, I set forth with my Good Samaritan in a stout two-wheeled spring-cart drawn by a powerful black cob. The man's name, the porter was good enough to inform me, was Dixon Pharaoh, a cockler of Ellersands, "a rare good lad." With this sentiment I fully agreed.

'We drove steadily through the dreary hamlet,

'We drove steadily through the dreary hamlet, then down a rough and narrow track on to the waste of sands, smooth and hard as a rule; but I noticed that in places the cockler made detours to avoid what he told me were dangerous places. "Gin we ganged in yan o' they scoop holes we'd

never coom oot," he said grimly.

'It was a moist October day, with puffs of a vicious wind. Far out on the horizon, in a gray haze, boomed the sullen roar of the sea. "It'll be a dirty night," said Dixon; and I thought there was an uneasy note in his quiet voice. He touched the cob with his whip, and we descended into a deep channel to ford the first of the three rivers crossing the sands, which have to be crossed. Here is the greatest of the dangers of the sands, for they are always changing their channels, scooping out ever-shifting quicksands. Down and down we went, till high above our heads on each side rose an almost sheer wall of sand; then, with a rush and a scramble, up the other side, after splashing through a rushing stream up to the horse's knees. It was an eerie feeling, and I was glad to be out again on the smooth, hard sands. Suddenly across our faces came a whipping sting of salt mist. Billowing across the sands from the sea it came, blotting out everything, swirling like wet smoke, dense

'All sense of direction left me, but the cob plodded steadily on. The roar of the sea grew nearer, and the cob pricked his ears, as, mingled with the noise of the surf, came the rush of running water. We were near another of the fords. Suddenly the cob stopped dead. Right in his path stood, looming huge and ghostly in the curtain of dark sea-fog, the figure of a man on horseback, the horse reined in on its haunches, and a whip uplifted to bar our progress. The cockler seemed paralysed, and the cob was sweating and trembling.

'Dixon set his teeth and pulled himself together, then turned the cob's head to the right, leaving him to pick out his own course. He took us through the ford in safety, though some distance from where we had originally intended to cross when the man on horseback had barred our way. "Was that a guide?" I

asked Dixon.

"Yon were Humphrey t' deil," he said in a shaky voice.

'He told me that late in the seventeenth century there had been a mad, wild Humphrey Ayscough who had one day ridden forth on the sands, and was never seen or heard of again. With him went the luck of the family. Disaster after disaster came upon the Ayscoughs; the old prophecy on the tomb held good. Occasionally cocklers and travellers over sands declared they saw the figure of a man on horseback, and it occurred to me most disagreeably that I had seen my ancestor's ghost. Shivers ran down my spine, and I was more than glad when at last we reached Ellersands Hall, and an ancient house-keeper bade me welcome.

'There was a terrific storm that night. I could not sleep for the roar of the wind and the boom-

ing of the sea. Next morning, however, was bright and clear. Just as I finished my breakfast I was told that Dixon Pharaoh wanted to see me. "Yon second river's changed her way," he said; "coom ye oot over sands an' see."

said; "coom ye oot over sands an' see."

'I got into the cart and went. There, far out in mid-sands, a great cliff of sand had fallen in, and the river-channel had gone several hundred yards to the right of its previous course. At the bottom of the new slope, like a bas-relief, was the figure of a man on horseback, one arm raised aloft to whip on his steed. Dixon pointed at him. "Owd Humphrey is coom back, sir," he said in an awed voice.

'He had. He had gone down in a quicksand, which had held him fast, the salt of the sands preserving him for over two hundred years, till once again the river changed its course, and in the storm, as the tide ebbed, the cliff of sand fell in, bringing horse and man to light. We managed to get them out, and Humphrey was safely laid to rest in the family vault. Since then the family fortunes have looked up. We have found both coal and hæmatite iron ore on an outlying portion of the estate. Year by year the revenues are increasing. I have three sons, and the eldest is, of course, Humphrey. But I hate the sands! Since the day "Owd Humphrey's "body returned for burial in Dixon Pharaoh's cart I have never been out on the sands. They are so sinister and so greedy.'

The bishop gazed thoughtfully out over the golden-brown plain. 'Yes, I agree with you,' he said.

AIRCRAFT FOR WAR.

By BREECH-SCREW.

THE airships and aeroplanes that are built at present are built for war, those constructed for sporting or business purposes being so small in number as to be negligible. It is very unlikely that the large rigid airship will ever be used for sporting purposes by private persons, as its initial cost, upkeep, and housing are so expensive; but as a business concern a fleet of dirigibles would be, and even now is, a great success. In Germany the passenger-carrying Zeppelins the Viktoria Louise, the Hansa, and the Sachsen have made regular trips during the past year. An account of their tours in 1913, which was lately published, shows that these three vessels carried twelve thousand persons, and covered forty thousand miles. In addition to their passenger-carrying duties, these craft were extensively used on military tests, so that the actual distance they covered must have been considerably greater than that shown here. Persons who have seen the Bovril airship in London will know that small airships are sometimes used for advertising purposes.

In the case of the aeroplane, a certain number of these craft are kept at the various aerodromes for giving displays, trick-flying, &c.; but constructors at home and abroad mainly rely on the naval and military authorities for the sale of their machines. Compared with the dirigible, the aeroplane is very cheap, and it can be easily stored, now that it is made with folding wings. Its coming as an everyday vehicle is only a matter of time. The aeroplane constructor, like all of us, has to live by his work; and as he finds that the article he produces is only required at present for war, he has set his mind to making it efficient for war; otherwise he would have to shut down his factory.

The bomb-carrying Bristol is a good example of the constructor's work. This biplane was exhibited at the recent Paris Aircraft Show, and an account of its capabilities was lately given in the Aeroplane. Twelve bombs are carried in a 'revolver' frame under the seat of the observer, who can release them at will. Facing the pilot—for the machine carries two persons—is a set

of sights, the rear one of which is moved by the observer. The duty of the pilot is to keep the machine on the object whose direction is given to him by the sights.

Over the bomb-dropping arrangement there is another set of sights which point downward; these sights are used by the observer. When the machine is over the desired object, and the observer sees that it is in line with his sights, he then releases a bomb. A patent safety arrangement is fitted to the bomb, so that an accidental explosion cannot take place inside the aeroplane. This device consists of a small screw propeller attached to the bomb, which unscrews itself when a certain velocity is reached, and the bomb is then ready to explode on hitting the object.

A large number of aeroplanes are now being built of steel, and they also carry armour sufficiently thick to turn a rifle or shrapnel bullet. Generally speaking, only the vulnerable parts of the machine are protected, such as the engine and the seats of the pilot and the observer.

One of the requirements of the American Government for scout aeroplanes is that armour of chrome-steel one-tenth of an inch thick must be carried to safeguard the engine and aviators. This armour is tested for penetration by the American Ordnance Department before being placed on the machine.

Machine-guns have been carried on aeroplanes for some time, and almost every craft has now some means of protecting itself from the attacks of other vessels. Last November tests were carried out with a machine-gun, the invention of Colonel Lewis, late of the United States army. The chief attributes of this gun, so far as aeronautics is concerned, are its weight, which is only twenty-six pounds, and the fact that its barrel is air-cooled. The barrel of the ordinary machine-gun, such as the Maxim, is cooled by water, and water means weight. Colonel Lewis's gun seems to be well suited for use on aircraft, the one objection to it being that its magazine at present holds only forty-seven rounds, while the Maxim belt holds two hundred and fifty. The Lewis gun was tested from an aeroplane under very adverse conditions, and it obtained 50 per cent., or nearly so, of hits on a target five yards square.

But it is not only in armouring and guncarrying that the constructor is doing so much;

for the machines some makers have built are the equal of the airship in rate of climbing, and far superior to it in actual speed. The Sopwith Company lately turned out a small biplane whose high speed is ninety-two miles per hour, low speed thirty-five miles per hour, and climbing speed twelve hundred feet per minute. This machine is so efficient that it is very doubtful whether the rigid airship—with its guns, two in each car, and one on top of its envelope—would always control the situation in an aerial battle. In the case of the Zeppelin and the Sopwith history is repeating itself, and Goliath again meets David. It must be remembered, however, that the accuracy of fire from the rigid dirigible must be considerably greater than that from an aeroplane, owing to the steadier platform from which its guns are fought; and it is accuracy of fire alone that counts in action, whether that action is fought on land, on sea, or in the air.

The main point is that the constructor of heavier-than-air craft has now built a machine which can rise in the air as fast as the airship, and has an extraordinarily flexible speed.

But there is still one question that has not been given the attention it deserves, and that is the identification of aeroplanes in war. It is impossible, except in certain lights, to distinguish the colours of a machine when it is at so low an altitude as even fifteen hundred feet. During the Balkan war the Bulgarian machines were painted red, white, and green on the underside of their wings; but, in spite of colours so conspicuously displayed, Bulgarian aeroplanes were often struck by Bulgarian bullets. In the case of the Maurice Farman biplanes, these machines are built for the English, French, Italian, and other Governments; and there are other makers who supply the navies and armies of several Powers. How are we to know which of these machines is on our side and which is against us when a European war takes place? There is only one way out of the difficulty, and that is for each country to standardise one particular make of aeroplane with clearly defined features. The B.E. machine is to all intents and purposes the standard type of biplane used in the British army; its shape of wing, rudder, and elevator is a guide that cannot be well mistaken. It is time that some steps were taken to prevent what must otherwise be a cruel and needless waste of life in war.

THE BIG TROUT OF BLAGDON.

By R. W. Burgess.

MY first day was blank. Monster trout in plenty I knew were in the lake, for I had seen them all day rolling up like dolphins to the surface. I had tried all I knew—fished wet, fished dry, skimmed a small silver fly just below

the ripples, raked the depths with a silver doctor, dropped a tiny gnat on fairy gut in the centre of rings made by rising fish on the glassy surface of sheltered bays, but they would have none of it. The sedgy shallows where the streams flow in, the deep water by the great dam, the shelving banks where the water sparkles over what were meadows and corn-fields before the building of the dam—all places were alike unprofitable. From Blagdon church tower, high up in the hills that enfold the lake, came faint and clear the knell of the barren hours as they slowly passed. The mellow light of the still evening brought no better fortune. Big trout were rising in a slow and dignified manner at small green gnats that swarmed over the calm, clear The fish would pass my floating fly with a contemptuous glance, then rise and suck in a natural fly within six inches of it. The rise ceased as darkness came on, and with the hopeless feeling strong upon me that all anglers know so well on blank days, and that vanishes like smoke before a gale at the first rise, I climbed slowly up the hill to my farmhouse lodgings. A generous slice of juicy home-cured ham, followed by baked apples and clotted cream, and cheese that had never left the Cheddar country, soon dispelled the gloom. During a chat with my host over the evening pipe and glass I picked up many a tip concerning the habits of these fish.

The time has gone by when any day a man could fill his creel with heavy fish by dragging a salmon-fly through the water on thick gut. The trout have been educated in the bitter school of experience, which brings wisdom to fish and fools alike. I was certainly the wiser for my day's lesson.

Next day dawned bright and clear, with a light breeze, scarce enough to ripple the water. Far below, the lake lay gleaming, and the morning sun struck sparks of light from the cottage windows of the village on the hillside across the valley. Though perfect weather for most sports, it was not a day for Blagdon fishing. I had gathered that here the days of gloom and gale are the days of heavy bags. As for the nights—well, wait a bit.

However unpromising the conditions may be, is there any fisherman, with only another day to spare, who could resist the call of the water? It drew me irresistibly. My friend had given me a likely fly, a tiny 'Dusty Miller,' a brilliant little silver gem, smaller than anything of that class I had ever seen. By his advice I donned short waders, and, discarding my lake trout cast, substituted a fine one, tapered to 3x gut, wondering as I set it up what would happen if a Blagdon giant should grab my fly. As I waded along the margin of the lake, casting the fly as far as I could straight out from the shore, gathering the line up in my fingers as one sometimes does when spinning, one of the leviathans did make a dash for the fly, only to swerve aside at the critical moment. The water was too at the critical moment. clear, the sun too bright, and the gut came glittering along like a silver thread.

The morning was not entirely blank, however.

After I had crossed the dam, fishing my way toward the lodge where the Ranger holds his court, a lusty young 'rainbow' took hold and made the reel sing. In my ignorance of the strength of Blagdon fish, I put him down at two pounds at least. He proved to be only a small thing of a pound and a quarter. In accordance with the unwritten law of the place, I reluctantly returned him. Although it is permissible to keep fish of twelve inches, measured from eye to fork of tail, no one ever does.

The Ranger was in when I reached the hut, and gave me a warm and cordial welcome as a new recruit, also kind and fatherly advice. He agreed with my host that it was little use to fish that afternoon, but cheered me considerably with the news that if I turned out about the time I left off yesterday, and fished after dark with the right fly, I was sure to get a fish. There would be a spell of darkness available, and a calm, black night, with no moon, formed ideal conditions. I was evidently in for a new experience, and was eager for information.

He produced a box of flies that absolutely staggered me. The specimens selected for my maiden effort at the weird game resembled huge and hairy woolly-bear caterpillars. They were over two inches long, built up on two hooks in line, the body being covered with a mass of long ginger hackle. These gruesome insects were to be used on stout gut, and no longer line to be thrown than the rod would easily and cleanly pick up, as the fish come close inshore after dark.

On the way home to lunch I pondered deeply. I foresaw much trouble. How was I to disentangle the line if I hung up? Could I with a trout-rod cast any sort of line at all with these monstrosities walloping about on the end of it? How could I land a fish in the dark? How avoid the ditches and pitfalls of the bank in my game of blind-man's buff with the trout? I called the farmer into consultation as soon as I got in. He relieved my anxiety to some extent by lending me an electric bull's-eye lamp, to be hung round the neck on a string, with a switch to turn the light on when required, leaving both hands free. I rested until tea-time, and then set forth, laden down under such a weight of tackle as I had never before carried when troutfishing. I was dressed in thick, heavy tweeds against the damp and chill of night; legs encased in waders, and huge brogues on my feet; my tackle-bag over my shoulder, supplemented by an eighteen-inch rush-basket to hold the fish, with landing-net hung on the strap; the lamp, which weighed full two pounds, bumping against my chest, swinging from the loop of string which cut shrewdly into the back of my neck. Thus arrayed, climbing fences, of which there were several on the way, was a desperate tribulation. I had turned out while the daylight lingered, as I wished to get a little practice with my strange equipment before darkness fell. It was well I

did, as my team of flies was most unmanageable at first. There were two of the big heavy brutes on the cast, as the Ranger had advised a dropper about two yards above the tail-fly. Instead of flying out clean and taut to the spring of the rod as a fly-line should, it twisted into heavy, sodden loops and curves, and the flies flopped into the water with two sullen splashes warranted to scare any trout within a hundred yards.

However, before the light faded I had got some command over my line, and could control a short cast of ten to fifteen yards without fidgeting the line about with my left hand. As the sunset colours died out of the sky and water, giving place to a dull leaden gray, I took up my position on the weed-fringed shore of a deep bay, and started casting with mechanical regularity, about eight or ten casts a minute, drawing the line through the water by lifting the rod between each cast.

Darker and darker it grew until the opposite shore was lost, and the hills beyond showed only as a mass of deeper black against the night sky. Distant lights twinkled out here and there in the gloom from small villages and isolated cottages on the hills, and the occasional intermittent flash of a lamp across the water told of a fisherman on the opposite shore. A nebulous darkness drifted slowly past on the water, from which came a faint swishing sound as the boat fishermen's rods cut the air. An eerie feeling crept over me as time went on. I felt like a lost soul in Dante's Inferno, condemned to some endless, useless penance. That anything could result from this absurd labour seemed wildly impossible. I could see nothing whatever of my flies or line, and could only tell that they were in the water at all by the flip-flop as the two flies struck the The feel of the line as it went out was surface. the only indication as to whether it was clear or tangled up.

I was thinking of giving up in disgust, when whump / bang / came a terrific tug as I was lifting the rod, and the line went shricking off the reel out into the night. Strike! Good heavens! the fish had attended to that all right. It was all I could do to hold on. I had heard of the strength of Blagdon fish, but had not anticipated anything quite like this. was a light six-ounce cane, and I was quite powerless to stop the rush until full fifty yards of line had gone out. Then the rod suddenly straightened, and I heard a mighty splash far out in the lake. Reeling in like mad, to my relief I felt the fish again. What he was doing and where he was going I could not tell, but he was still on, anyway. I switched on the lamp and followed the course of my line with the beam of light, reeling in bit by bit as I had the chance, until the fish was nearly at my feet. He was not caught yet, however. As he came into the focus of the light, a great silver-gray shape dashing about in the water, he made another wild rush out. He was tiring now, and soon came in again floating on his side, and I got the net under and splashed him out on the bank. He lay like a bar of polished silver in the halo of light, a wide stripe of iridescent colour glittering along his side, a glorious three-pound 'rainbow.'

I made all haste to unhook him and to recommence my labour, moving on a bit, as the light would probably have disturbed the fish. Shoals of trout must just have come into the bay, chasing the sticklebacks on to the shallows (there are no minnows in this water), as I was into another one immediately. This was a smaller fish, a brown trout of two pounds, and his fight was short and feeble in comparison with the other.

It was about time to return home, so I started to walk slowly along the margin of the water, casting as I went. Things were getting exciting. A few minutes later the reel was singing again. The speed of this fish was not so great as that of the first one, but there was a feeling of irresistible power about the way he moved. The line stopped its mad career before it had gone far, and there was a steady jerking strain on it. The fish had found a bit of deep water, and was boring. He was probably in weeds. I started to pump him, moving the rod up and down steadily. This gets a sulky fish on the run very quickly, and he came to the surface with a mighty rush, right in the track of my light, and leaped a good three feet into the air. A dogged fighter was he, never running far, but leaping and splashing about on the surface all round me. I got him into the net at last, a thick, deepbodied brownie of four pounds weight.

My further homeward progress accounted for two more good fish, about three pounds each, before I found the steep field-path that led to

supper.

A noble sight my catch made when laid out on the cool stone slab in the dairy—five trout, weighing together fifteen pounds! Nothing large, as judged by Blagdon standards, where fish of six pounds and over are taken every season, and anything up to fifteen pounds is possible; but, anyway, it was my record catch, and still remains so.

Many a blank day have I had on this water since then, and never have I had such another evening; but still I go, and shall go again, in

faith and hope.

The charm of Blagdon Lake lies in its boundless possibilities. No one can say what monsters lurk in the depths, and the big fish are there for all to see, not sulking at the bottom among the weeds all the time, but rising and rolling about on the surface occasionally to gladden the eye. Possibly more fish are caught from the boats, but in boat-fishing there is to me always an intangible something missing from that mysterious, compelling attraction that draws the true fisherman to the waterside.



THE MENACE OF MEXICO.

By H. ROBERT BUCHAN.

WHEN will revolution cease in Mexico? Not until the iron hand of another Diaz utterly destroys the lawless instinct that lies deep-seated at the heart of the nation. That the Government of Mexico is unable, even in times of peace, to maintain law and order within the borders of the republic is a self-confessed fact; for in recent years it was possible for any responsible person, on application to the governor or resident magistrate of a state, to obtain an official permit authorising the bearer to carry arms for his self-protection.

A country where every outlaw and murderous bandit is regarded as a popular hero; where the spot of his death is commemorated with a cross, which becomes a shrine whereon the ignorant peons (peasants) burn candles and lay their offerings for the repose of his guilty soul; and where human corpses hanging from trees are a feature of the landscape to-day, is surely in a state of

anarchy.

The present-day Mexican is in the main a halfbreed, part Indian and part Spanish, descended from the ancient Aztecs and the soldiers of fortune who served under Hernando Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico in the earlier half of the sixteenth The combination is an evil one; for, century. added to the Indian's stoicism and indifference to suffering and death, we have the fiery passions of the Spaniard. The result is a race whose chief characteristics are its inherent cruelty and a total disregard of any authority not enforced by drastic means; a race whose women can look unmoved upon the spectacle of a blindfolded horse being forced by its rider, the picador, upon the horns of a bull, and whose citizens can be compelled to respect the law only by means of its ruthless administration at the hands of the rurales, a body of military police, by whom Mexico's notorious ley de fuga, or fugitive law, is enforced without compunction. This law empowers a policeofficer making an arrest to shoot any prisoner at the least attempt to escape, and is responsible for many a man being done to death on some lonely road to avoid the trouble of bringing him in for trial. The prisoner is purposely allowed an opportunity to escape; but when the poor man makes a run for it he unintentionally furnishes some sport for his escort in the form of a little target practice, and is bowled over like a shot

rabbit. A report is then made to the nearest local authorities: 'He attempted to escape, and was shot.' That is all, and no questions are asked.

An instance of these methods was once witnessed in camp by the writer, when a suspicious officer of rurales peremptorily halted a passing pedlar and ordered him to open his pack. The man was terrified, and hesitated for a moment; whereupon the officer, snatching a sword from one of his troopers, rushed at the defenceless man and belaboured him with the weapon until he sank, bleeding and senseless, to the ground. On another occasion one of these police attempted to arrest a noted bad character in camp; but the man drew an ugly-looking knife and defied the policeman to take him. The trooper waited until the man had left; then he summoned one of his comrades to his assistance, and they both followed him. As soon as they were out of sight a few shots were heard. The man's dead body was viewed by the local authorities next day! Another example of the ley de fuga!

In most cases, to ensure the presence of a witness at a trial, it is customary to confine him, as well as the prisoner, in jail until the day of the trial. The consequence is that evidence of any sort is difficult to procure, and no man will of his own accord render assistance toward the enforcement of the law. This was demonstrated in a remarkable manner on one occasion when a drunken mule-driver, who had been discharged by an American foreman, suddenly appeared out of the jungle alongside the track where the men were working, killed the foreman with two shots from a revolver, and as suddenly disappeared again. The rurales were soon on the scene; but, in spite of the fact that more than sixty men were working within a few yards of the spot, not a single man would acknowledge that he saw the act committed. It was manifestly impossible to arrest the whole gang, and the murderer was never captured.

It seems almost incredible that in this enlightened age there should be a country where the collection of taxes in outlying districts is sold to the highest bidder; but such is actually the case in Mexico, and a friend of the writer's was once a successful bidder for this privilege. For many years the Government had been unable to obtain any revenue from a certain district,

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the various collectors in turn appropriating the amounts to their own uses. Applying the old adage that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' it then hit upon the happy idea of inviting bids for the office of tax-collector, the highest bidder to retain the revenue for his personal profit, and to have the services of the police placed at his disposal for the enforcement of refractory payments.

The Church and the State are at enmity, and no marriage in Mexico is regarded as legal unless performed in the presence of a magistrate or state registrar; likewise the Church will recognise no marriage not solemnised by one of its own priests. Both ceremonies entail a considerable outlay in fees, and the consequence is that among the poorer classes the marriage ceremony is more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

The peon, or peasant, of Mexico is more or less the bond-slave all his life of his patron, or employer; he is never out of debt to him, and exists upon a handful of frijoles (black beans) and a few tortillas (thin cakes) daily; his home is a mere shelter of palm-leaves, and clothes are not of much consequence to him in that land of perpetual sunshine. His possessions consist of a red blanket and a woman; and the charms of a revolution offer him unlimited opportunities of loot and mescal, such as his heart desires, without the irksome necessity of work.

Here you have the ideal material for creating a revolutionist; one whose commissariat requirements are nil, and whom the zopilotes, or buzzards, will save you the trouble of burying when he is killed. A rifle and bandolier of cartridges are thrust into his hands, and at once a full-fledged revoltoso and bandit, whose depredations will commence from the day of his initiation, is turned loose upon the country. He has absolutely nothing to lose (except his worthless life), and everything to gain; and in the gaining of it is not troubled with scruples of any kind. and sandal-footed nondescript, who the previous day would have spoken to you with his sombrero in his hand-scratching one leg with the toe of the other foot—will now, with a couple of bandoliers across his chest, accost you as an inferior, and grandiloquently proclaim himself a patriot and saviour of his country. His slogan of 'Viva Mexico!' is an all-embracing one, and it matters not to him whom he is fighting for. He will fight for one general to-day, and as soon as his leader has seized the presidency he will be equally ready to espouse the cause of another

It is not the men in the cities, who wear clothes imported from Europe and American shoes, who do any of the fighting—they do the talking; it is the peons, vaqueros (cowboys), and adventurers of all nations who take the field, with some butcher's assistant or ex-cabdriver, self-promoted to the title of 'General,' as leader. Of this type is

General Villa, the rebel leader in the north. Before his espousal of the cause of the late President Madero he was a robber, a bandit, and an outlaw, with the blood of several murders on his hands and a price upon his head. To such men loot, murder, and pillage are a pastime; and when we consider that the soldiers of the Federal army opposed to them are recruited mainly from convicts serving a long-term sentence by enlistment in the army, we cannot wonder that the country is in a state of perpetual turmoil.

A friend relates that during the present revolution he was on one occasion walking with his assistant toward a refugee camp for non-combatants, when a Federal outpost opened fire on They were forced to take cover under a low embankment on the shores of the bay, and there they had to remain until evening, with the rising tide soaking them from below and the hot sun scorching them from above. It was unsafe to make a run for it, as they had two hundred yards to cross in the open, and every time they showed themselves, it was the signal for a hail of bullets from the soldiers. Undoubtedly the officer in charge had field-glasses, and could see that they were non-combatants; but a lucky shot meant the elimination of two more of the hated gringoes (foreigners), and the affair could easily have been explained as an 'unfortunate mistake. Whenever darkness set in the unfortunate men were, of course, able to escape.

The incident recently related of a rebet offering for sale the gold-mounted teeth of a fallen officer is corroborated by a similar episode in the writer's knowledge during the previous revolution. A Mexican soldier deliberately smashed in with the butt of his rifle the mouth of a brave Texan who had fallen in a rebel charge, tore out the gold mountings of his teeth, and offered them for sale in the city of Culiacan.

Porfirio Diaz, a pure-blooded Indian from the state of Oaxaca, ruled Mexico as Dictator for thirty years, and during his reign the republic made great strides in commercial prosperity; but when the people rose in arms against him he was an old man—some say over eighty years of age—and for the first time in his life he was unable to stem the tide of revolution, and had to flee the country. The reign of his successor, the late President Madero, was a short one; but Madero is dead, foully assassinated, so 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum!'

The nation may disclaim responsibility for the individual acts of rebel leaders; but the fault rests with the nation nevertheless, for at the root of the whole matter is the system—or rather the lack of it—which renders it possible for such men to attain to almost autocratic power. The time for conciliatory measures is past. The Mexican does not understand the use of the snaffle, and must be ridden on the curb, with a strong hand on the reins.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XXV .-- LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

I.

THE enterprise thus mysteriously designated turned out to be nothing worse than an afternoon reception, and was the first of many.

Philip, remembering why Peggy had sent him to live with Tim, began conscientiously to school himself to the rigours of a society life. He went everywhere and flinched at nothing. learned to converse with the modern ingénue without feeling like an infant of five; he learned to endure the cross-examination of dowagers without looking as if his one idea was to bolt. He went to balls and crushes. He was introduced to Ranelagh, and became acquainted with mixed foursomes. He did the thing thoroughly. It was all a means to an end, he felt. He was a dull dog; he had no parlour tricks. In Peggy's eyes, although in her kindness of heart she endeavoured to conceal the fact, he was only Most Excellent Theophilus, a worthy person. Ergo, he must overcome these defects in his character, and then try his luck again. So he attached himself to that admitted social luminary Tim Rendle as a humble disciple, acquiring merit by abandoning some of his favourite recreations, and going out at night when he would rather have been in bed.

It was an ingenuous and characteristic method of procedure, and it puzzled Peggy more than a little. 'You are becoming quite a butterfly, Theophilus,' she said to him one day. 'I thought you did not like gadding about.'

'Neither I do, very much,' confessed Philip.
'Excepting, of course, when—except at such times as—well, now, in fact!' he concluded bluntly.

They were walking along the Chelsea Embankment together on their way to the new flat—completely equipped at last—where Peggy and Miss Leslie were to be entertained at a great house-warming tea-party. It was the first time that they had been alone together for nearly a month.

'Thank you, kind sir,' replied Peggy, with a gracious inclination of her head. 'But why don't you like it? Isn't it pleasant to go out somewhere after a hard, dull day, and meet your friends, and talk about things that don't matter, and forget all about Oxford Street?'

'Yes,' agreed Philip, 'I suppose it is. I will confess this much: I know I should hate to go back to my old life at Wigmore Street now. I have widened out to that extent. But the worst of these social functions is that you have to put in a terrible lot of spadework before you get down to what you came out for.'

'You mean supper?' suggested Peggy, with intentional flippancy. She found it difficult

to control Philip's movements in conversation. He had no small talk. Introduce him to a topic, and in five minutes he had brushed aside the flimsy superficialities to which we are content to confine ourselves in our social encounters, and was digging heavily at the fundamental root of the matter.

'No, not supper,' replied Philip gravely. 'I mean this. A man usually regards these gatherings as a means to an end. He doesn't turn out after a hard day's work to stand wedged in a hot room for hours on end just because he likes it. He does not want to meet a chattering mob in the least. But he does want to meet one particular person very much indeed; and perhaps the only way in which he can achieve his object is by plunging into a crowded room and talking to fifty bores first. It seems a terrible waste of energy, like installing an entire electriclight plant to illuminate one globe; but sometimes it is the only way. And usually it is worth it!'

He paused, feeling a little surprised at himself. He could never have talked like this to Peggy a few months ago. Peggy said nothing.

'I often wonder,' continued Philip presently, 'when I find myself at one of these entertainments, how many of the men there have come because they like it, and how many have come simply in the hope of encountering one particular pair of bright eyes. Women, I suppose, go because they really do enjoy it—the dresses, and the gaiety, and the opportunity to sparkle, and because it is the right house to be seen at '——

'Not always,' said Peggy. 'But why do you go, Philip?'

She repented of the question the moment she asked it; but Philip, who had planned the lines of this conversation months beforehand, and was not nearly nimble enough to take advantage of unexpected short cuts, blundered straight on.

'I go,' he said frankly, 'to try to get polished up a bit. I think I confessed to you once before that I was a pretty dull dog. I'm trying to cure that. So I go out tea-fighting.'

'And all the time you would rather be at home with your feet on the mantelpiece?'

'Not necessarily. Supposing, as I sat with my feet on the mantelpiece, that some one—some one particular—came into the room and tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Now then, wake up! I have a new frock on, and I want you to take me out somewhere where I can show it off." Well, that would make all the difference in the world. I—I should be proud to go then!'

These words were spoken hurriedly and awkwardly, for Philip's heart was beating furiously. He was getting near the climax of this laboriously engineered conversation, and it seemed almost too much to hope that he would be permitted to deliver the grand attack without being headed off. But he certainly was not prepared for Peggy's next remark.

'I see. Well, Theophilus, there is nothing

else for it; we must find you a wife.'

This was said quite deliberately, and, needless to say, it entirely disorganised Philip's plan of campaign. With a sudden cold shock he realised that the conversation had taken another short cut, and that the crisis was upon him before he

was ready.

'You are the sort of man,' continued Peggy, in the same unruffled voice, 'who would get along better in the world with a wife than without one. There are two kinds of men who marry, you know. One likes to make a position and then ask a woman to come and share it, and the other cannot make any position at all unless he has got the woman first. You are the second kind. Now'-Peggy bent her brows judicially, like a panel doctor prescribing for an out-patient-'do I know of any one who would suit you?'

Philip made a desperate attempt to release his tongue, which was cleaving to the roof of his mouth; but before he could do so Peggy

had resumed her discourse.

'She must be the sort of girl,' she said, 'who likes being killed with kindness; because you

are that sort, Mr Philip.

'Don't all girls like being'—began Philip.
'No, not all. There are lots of women who rather despise kindness in a man. They prefer to be bullied by him, and regarded as tiresome, inferior creatures. For some mysterious reason it helps them to look up to him.'

'Do you mean to say,' exclaimed that simpleminded gentleman, Philip Meldrum, 'that a woman would like a man just because-not although, mind, but because—he was a brute

to her?

'Yes,' said Peggy, 'it is true enough of some omen. They don't want to be considered, or studied, or understood; they would rather be swamped by the man's personality and give up thinking about themselves altogether.'

'But not all women?' persisted Philip, whose conception of the sex was trembling on its base. 'Some of them like being considered and studied

and understood, Peggy, don't they?'

'Oh yes, most of us do,' admitted Peggy, 'Not that we ever are, poor things!' she added resignedly.

Philip saw an opportunity of getting back to prepared ground again. 'I say, Peggy,' he began, wouldn't you like to be'-

'To be understood? Yes, indeed! Do you want me to practise on, Philip?'

'Yes,' said Philip with sudden fire, 'I do. And I want to say this'-

Peggy laughed serenely. 'You may study me and consider me as much as you like, Mr Theophilus,' she said. 'I shall enjoy it. But you won't ever understand me.'

'I would have a thundering good try, all the same, replied Philip doggedly. 'I understood you once-when we were children together.

'Yes,' agreed Peggy more soberly, 'I believe you did. Life was a simpler business then. As we grow up we grow more complicated—at least, women do. But you seem to be very much the same as when I first met you, Philip.

'Is that a compliment?' asked Philip dubiously.

'It is the greatest compliment I have ever paid you,' said Peggy, flushing suddenly. 'What a sunset! Look!'

They paused, and leaned over the parapet. The October sun was dropping low, and the turbid flood of the Thames had turned to crimson.

Philip glanced at his Lady. The hue of the water seemed to be faintly reflected in her face. Suddenly something took hold of him—a power greater than himself. For once the gift of tongues was vouchsafed him. 'You are right, Peggy,' he broke out. 'I believe I am exactly the same as when I was a boy; in one thing anyhow, in my views on '-he boggled at the word love, and finally continued—'in my feelings about the biggest thing of all. Perhaps it is because I have always been shy and awkward, and have not sought out adventures that would correct my illusions. Anyhow, I am an idealist -a sentimentalist, if you like. I believe my father was too, and even the knowledge that his ideals were shipwrecked does not discourage me. In my Utopia the men work and fight, and take all the hard knocks and privations cheerfully, and run straight and live clean. They work because they like it, and not simply to make money. A man may work for fame too, if he likes, but not the sort of thing we call fame nowadays—titles, and newspaper paragraphs, and stuff of that kind. If one of my Knights achieves a big thing he is not excited about it; he just polishes up his armour and goes and does another big thing, without hanging about until a reporter turns up. I think the title of Knight is the grandest honour a man can win; and it makes me mad to-day to see how that title has been stolen from its proper place and bestowed on men who have subscribed to party funds, or happened to be mayor when Royalty opened a new waterworks. My Knight is a man who has done things, and done them for just one reason—for the joy of doing them; and who dedicates the glory and the praise, however great or small, to '—Philip's voice dropped suddenly—'to the honour of his Lady.'

'And what is his Lady like?' asked Peggy softly. She knew she ought not to do so. If a maid permits herself to embark with a young

man upon a romantic discussion, it is sometimes difficult to prevent the conversation from taking an uncomfortably personal turn. But for the moment Philip had carried her off her feet.

'The Lady?' Philip descended from the clouds abruptly, and replied, 'Well, I think you would make a very perfect Lady for a Knight,

The Rubicon at last! One foot at least was over. Dumbly he waited for Peggy's next word.

It came.

'Unfortunately,' said the girl lightly, 'I am not eligible for such a post. Knights are not for me. You see, Philip,' she continued hurriedly, avoiding his eyes, 'times have changed. Knights are too scarce and Ladies are too numerous. There are about a million women in this country alone who will have to get along without a Knight for the whole of their lives.

'But not you,' said Philip eagerly. 'Any

man would be proud'-

'Thank you,' said Peggy, 'for the compliment. But perhaps I prefer to be one of that million. There are so many things that a woman can do now which were impossible in the days of chivalry that she can live her own life quite happily and contentedly, Knight or no.

'It's all wrong! all wrong!' cried Philip passionately. 'It's all against every law of God

and man! I won't believe it!'

'Wrong or right,' pursued Peggy quietly, 'it is a fact that many a woman nowadays would find a Knight rather—what shall we say !—an encumbrance. For instance, I'

'Not you! not you!' said Philip. But Peggy continued relentlessly, 'If ever I do encounter a man who wants to be my cavalier, which is of course extremely unlikely '-She paused. 'You ought to say, "No, no!" or "Impossible!"' she pointed out severely.

Philip summoned up the ghost of a smile, and Peggy proceeded steadily, 'If ever I do meet a would-be Knight I shall tell him that I am greatly obliged, but that I have other things to occupy me, and that I prefer to remain independent. So it is no use, my romantic friend,' she concluded with a whimsical smile, 'for you to select me as a suitable helpmeet for one of your imaginary Knights. Now we really must get along; the other two will be wondering what has become of us.'

She turned from the parapet to resume her walk.

But Philip looked her straight in the face. 'Is that—final?' he asked.

For a moment they regarded one another unflinchingly, these two reserved and reticent people.

Then Peggy's eyes fell. 'Yes,' she said in a subdued voice, 'that is final. So don't go hunting up a Knight for me, Philip.'

When Peggy returned home after the teaparty she found her parent sitting in front of a dead fire, wearing his overcoat and a face of resigned suffering.

'Hallo, dad!' she remarked cheerfully. 'Why

have you let the fire go out?'

'It is of no consequence,' replied Montagu Falconer. 'I am fairly warm in this overcoat.' He coughed and shivered. 'Are we having any dinner to-night?

Peggy bit her lip, and kneeling down, began to coax the remnants of the fire into flame.

'Dinner will be at the usual hour,' she said. 'If you don't put coal on a fire it usually goes out, doesn't it?'

'At my time of life, and in my state of health,' replied her amiable parent, 'I think I have a right to expect a certain modicum of comfort and attention. This room, for instance, might be kept decently heated, without'-

'If you don't like putting on coal yourself,' Peggy pointed out, 'you can always ring for a

servant.

Suddenly the querulous Montagu blazed up. 'Servants! Exactly! I am left to the servants! I have a daughter, a grown-up daughter, who nominally directs my household. But I am left to the tender mercies of half-witted domestics, in order that my daughter may go out to tea—may trapeze from one scandal-exchange to another! Do you ever consider me at all?

'Yes, dad, sometimes,' said Peggy, bending low over the smouldering fire. At the same moment one of the hot cinders sizzled.

(Continued on page 454.)

A DAY IN A CANADIAN SWAMP.

IT is autumn that, to French Canada at least, brings the full glory of the Canadian year. The wandering Englishman sings of the joys of an English spring, 'Oh to be in England now that April's there!' forgetting, under the touch of home-sickness, that April may be very tedious and chilly and disheartening, and that the joys may have more poetry than reality about them.

But spring in eastern Canada scarcely exists. One leaps at a bound, as it were, from winter to full summer; and it is only afterwards one recollects that there were days full of 'the infinite expectation of the dawn,' when one watched the exquisite little waves of warm, light green breaking over the tree-tops, and welcomed the robins back to the garden, full of the business of life and love and mating; to see them later settling down to the responsibility of the worm-winner of the brood. Summer in Quebec is hot, and is given up to tourists who take infinite pains to 'do' a number of things that no native has ever heard of; but with the beginning of September one looks forward to eight weeks or more of fine, exhilarating weather, and the sport one loves best. Each day is like a golden gift, accepted with deeper intensity of gratitude because of the underlying, poignant sense of impermanence, and the knowledge that 'the shadow of the winter's on the year.' Mind and body are in tune after the holiday, and respond gloriously to the fine, incisive quality of the halfsummer, half-autumn air that makes all exercise a delight. The beauty of the splendid autumn fires burns on every hillside, and kindles every bush and roadside weed into scarlet and copper and gold. The primitive instinct to kill awakes, and the hunter goes off to the hill, or, taking his gun and his dog, spends long days tramping the

The swamp extends from Quebec to St Joschim, a distance of some twenty-six miles. It lies all the way between the railway track, from which it is separated by a natural hedge of amall bushes—alder, thorn, and young willow—and the river St Lawrence. Near Quebec the ground behind the swamp is almost level, but it gradually humps itself into steep and irregular hills the nearer one gets to St Joachim. These hills, being wooded with birch and maple to a great extent, have often begun to turn even by the last week of August, and to colour finely in true Canadian fashion. The prevailing tone varies in accordance with the season; if there has been a great deal of rain the leaves are sometimes almost wholly yellow, giving the effect of hills in perpetual strong sunlight. An early frost produces the brilliant and various reds, broken here and there by the dark or vivid greens of the conifers or deciduous trees that, for some reason or other, are unaffected by the causes that have touched the others. In these hills there are plenty of partridge—more properly ruffed grouse—and not many miles north of Château Richer and Ste Anne, caribou and a few red deer may be met with.

The swamp itself is a slightly raised ridge, averaging about one hundred and eighty yards in width, but varying greatly. It is crossed at intervals by little streams, which at high tide are filled with river water, when one has to walk up to the railway bridge to cross them. The swamp is only completely covered at the high tide once a month. It is thickly overgrown with rank grass, sea-hay, and a tangle of wild stuff; and as old seigniorial law gives the resident right to the hay, the swamp is cut by the farmers, who feed their cattle with this coarse fodder. The strips of cut-grass just the width of the land higher up owned by the farmer, alternating with frequent

pools and the generally wet and soft ground, add to the difficulty of walking. This is particularly the case toward the end of the season, when the west wind and rain have beaten down the tall grass, making the walking from east to west almost impossible for any but an ardent and youthful sportsman. Below the swamps are the Beauport Flats proper—wide, level stretches of mud, inlaid, as it were, with pools which are full of curious reflections of form and colour, and broken by sudden, angular ridges of slaty rock. It is here the plover feed. Beyond the flats are huge boulders on which numbers of great blue herons-very picturesque in spite of their poker-stiff necks and mechanical movementsand gulls of various species sit to feed at low tide. With the herons it is a case of distance lending enchantment, and it is perhaps as well that they are difficult of approach, for their ungainly legs and neck, and their loose, dull gray plumage infested with parasites, at close quarters detract somewhat from the effect gained by their remoteness.

The natural beauty of the swamp is very great. Behind, in the north, are the hills ablaze against the clear blue sky with the transforming fires of autumn; and parallel with the swamp from Montmorency to Ste Anne runs the Island of Orleans, separated from the mainland by a shallow channel three-quarters of a mile wide. In late October and the beginning of November great convoys of thousands of ducks of many species gather in the channel; and though the Quebec game-laws distinctly state that no wildfowl of any sort may be shot from a motor-boat, yet the duck are constantly being stalked by men in gasolene-launches, and this in broad daylight, under the eyes of every sportsman on either the Island or the Ste Anne swamp! The Island swamp closely resembles the Ste Anne side, except that, on account of the small size of the Island, there are no streams. At Ste Anne, Grande Rivière, which is of considerable size compared with the numerous little runnels that flow down the hillsides, and almost deserves its name, divides the swamp by its several channels. At high tide the delta is full of islands frequented sometimes by small 'bunches' -to use the local term-of golden-eye or mergansers. The general colour of the swamp is brownish-gray, yellowing in the distance. On a clear day, as one looks down towards the end of the Island, the water is of an intense ultramarine blue, and the bold promontory of Cap Tourment is backed by almost summer-like masses of white cumulus cloud. Strange and wonderfully beautiful mirage effects are seen near St Joachim, and through the crisp air one can hear the church bells of Château Richer and Ste Anne for miles. The shining spires of the great church, to which thousands of pilgrims make their way every year, are clearly visible lifting into the sky. The original shrine was

built by a few French sailors who had been saved from drowning, and expressed their gratitude and devotion in simple and patriarchal fashion by erecting an altar to their friend and patron, 'La bonne Ste Anne, Sauvegarde des Marins;' but splendour has long since swallowed up simplicity.

One leaves the town about six o'clock in the morning for a good long day in the marsh. takes a little less than an hour to get to Ste Anne by electric tram; but a favourite device is to shoot for an hour or two in one place, and then take the tram, which runs hourly, for three or four miles, and try the swamp again farther down. It is a clear, almost windless day in early September, with a slight haze hanging about marsh and river, that veils and softens all harsh outlines without obscuring the view. The swamp is full of birds; but so early in the season snipe are few, and those found are small, breeding birds, very generally distributed. Later on in October, when the duck are arriving in large flocks, the larger snipe come from the north in pairs or small groups of four or five. The migration of the jacksnipe or pectoral sandpiper is just commencing, and the yellowlegs, young turnstones, black-breasted and ring-necked plover are still to be found. Sandpipers and plover are on the beach early in the day, but about eight o'clock snipe seem to drop in from nowhere. They flush zigzag and curving, uttering a harsh 'Escape! escape!' as they do so; but at this season the snipe-shooting is nothing to what it will be in late October, when no other shorebirds, except perhaps the jacks and a few greater yellowlegs, remain. Even now the commonest shore-birds, the least and semi-palmated sandpiper, of which at the very beginning of the season one may see flocks of hundreds swinging up the river, wheeling, alighting, feeding, and upon being disturbed taking flight again, always up, are almost all gone, all but a few stragglers. Sora rails are very common, but the Virginia rail, the larger cousin of the sora, is rare; one seldom sees more than two or three in a season. Bittern are numerous, and put up with a frightened squawk. Sometimes they fly to the

hills, and are lost to view in the trees. habitants make them into a not unsavoury pie, and are very glad of a present of a couple, when at midday one finds one's way up to a cottage to get a cup of steaming coffee and a huge bowl of real habitant soup-almost a stew, and extraordinarily good. The French-Canadian farmers in this locality are extremely well-to-do, and live very comfortably. 'On mange comme il faut chez nous,' was the dignified reply of a farmer's wife to a young and hungry hunter who demanded rather magnificently what he could have to eat; and after partaking of their good fare he felt inclined to agree heartily in the vernacular 'Beau-dommage!' which is equivalent to 'Rather!

The least bittern, not inaptly described as resembling a bit of yellow tape, is uncommon. Young black duck in the early season sometimes flush from the snipe swamp, and there are plenty of other wild-fowl in the river—scaup, goldeneye, mergansers, and 'butterball.' Often small flocks of butterball are flushed from the crossing streams. They paddle violently along the water for a few yards to gain impetus, hurl themselves into the air, and fly like small cannon-balls far down the river, till they join a flock of their own species in mid-channel, or disappear completely.

The sun drops below the northern hills comparatively early, and the mist which has hung about the swamp and river all day becomes a translucent golden haze. The spires of Ste Anne reflect a crimson glow, and the little cottages on the Island seem to be on fire. The luminous colour gradually becomes more opaque, and through the thickening mist the lights of Quebec begin to appear one by one, till dusk falls completely, and the city lies like a handful of twinkling jewels on the hill.

Twelve hours is a long day, and one reaches the firm ground above the marsh to wait for a tram, well content to be on one's homeward way, and to have perhaps some dozen or fourteen snipe, twice as many plover, a couple of fat black duck, and possibly a bittern to be experimented on in a pie, after the excellent fashion of the habitant.

THE SLEEPY PEON.

PART II.

THE next morning Domingo rode out into the mountains behind his master, and many were the good wishes thrown after him. But poor Domingo's heart was heavy. When things hit him, they hit him hard; because of his sleepy, unimaginative nature he could only think of one thing at a time, and that one thing hurt. In the evening Juanita heard of Domingo's fortune in obtaining a post as mozo to the English cattlebuyer. She also heard that he had ridden out

that morning, and would not return for three months or more. Then she remembered he had tried to tell her something, and she had cut him short. But the most terrible part of the whole thing was that she now knew she loved him, caring not whether he was a peon or the richest ranchero in Mexico. He was Domingo, her poor one, that she had been unkind to, and she loved him.

This was the reason why, when she lay down

that night on her straw mat in the mud-floored house of her father, she made one end of the blanket that covered her wet with tears, and with her right hand she had to hold that part of her little brown body where she believed her heart to be, in case it might break.

Three months afterwards the English cattlebuyer came back, but he had a new *mozo* with him. Domingo's friends asked the cattle-buyer what had become of him. All the information they got was that Domingo had left him at Samora, saying he did not wish to return home, and that he had found other work.

'But why, señor, did he not wish to come home?' they asked.

'Who knows?' answered the Englishman in the idiom of their language which was the same as saying 'Keep guessing.' All this was reported to Juanita.

But the Englishman did know why Domingo had left him. He knew the whole story. One night, by their camp fire, Domingo had told him, from beginning to end, his trouble. He told him he could never come back. And the Englishman, being English, and matter-of-fact, lacking the smallest bit of romance, said, 'All right, Domingo, you may go; and I will help you, for I am sorry for you.' And help him he did. He gave him money and an excellent letter of recommendation.

What he should have done—had he been romantic—was to seize Domingo by the hair of his head and drag him back to face the music. But, summing up Juanita as an arrant little flirt, he helped Domingo to disappear. Perhaps the Englishman had 'had some' himself. Who knows? Anyway, he found out very soon that he had done the wrong thing, and then he was sorry. It happened that he was riding into town a few days after his return. He was passing the abode of Ramon Garcia, when a very nice apparition bobbed up over the wall, and the apparition said, very nervously, 'Señor, with your permission.'

The Englishman pulled up his pony, raised his hat, and said politely, 'With much pleasure, señorita.'

Then the apparition—which of course was Juanita—became very much embarrassed, and could say no more.

The Englishman, being at heart a very sympathetic man, and knowing Juanita quite well by sight, helped her out.

'It is, perhaps, about Domingo you wish to speak?' he said. 'I cannot tell you much, señorita; only that he left me in Samora because he did not wish to come back here. You may perhaps know why.'

Little Juanita's heart nearly burst. 'Will he be hungry, señor?' she asked.

And then the cattle-buyer's heart was touched. 'No, no!' he said. 'Domingo is no fool; he will find work. Do not worry. Besides, he had some

money. He is a very good boy, Domingo—a very good boy.'

Then the whole story came out. She told it all, and the tears rolled down her pretty cheeks. This Englishman was so kind that she had to tell him, even how much she had loved Domingo, which no one had been allowed to know before, not even Domingo, else this story would never have been written. It was all very embarrassing for the Englishman, holding a very, very pretty Indian girl's hand in an open highway; but he did his best to comfort her, and more or less succeeded. Also, he gave his word to try to trace Domingo. Then, having felt he would really not have half minded being in Domingo's shoes, he kicked up his pony and rode into town.

That afternoon Juanita spent questioning all the arieros (the pack-mule drivers) that passed through the town from Samora—quite casually of course—whether they had news of one Domingo, a sleepy fellow. Gleaning nothing, she consoled herself with the thought that he had probably gone north to Celayo, where she had heard there was much work for peons.

The Englishman spent time and money in sending telegrams to Samora for the late *mozo* or news of him; he even went so far as to offer a reward for information. However, the days went by, and never a word from, or of, Domingo came to him. The 'sleepy one' had effaced himself completely. The cattle-buyer told his junior the story.

The junior, having just received a letter enclosed in a large pink envelope from somebody in England, felt very sentimental.

'I say, old man,' he said, 'I'd give my soul to bring those two dear silly fools together again, to make them feel the joy of living, the joy of love.'

The elder man said, rather more practically, but less romantically, 'I'd give a hundred dollars reward for information of where the blighter has got to; and I mean to worry every commandant of every town he's likely to have struck till one of 'em digs him out. And if I'd only known the fools they'd made of themselves, I'd have knocked him silly before I'd have let him quit.'

Eighteen months went by, and no sight of Domingo. Faithfully every Sunday Juanita leant against her father's stall, and, looking alluring, decoyed successfully. Nevertheless, no amount of chaff and flattery could make her forget.

Then one Sunday the Ramon stall was empty; in fact, many a stall in the plaza was out of business. The reason was that the big town of Moralia, forty miles to the north, was holding a great fiesta, and all the local peons had flocked to it, some by train, some afoot. The chief attraction of this gala week was the bull-fight announced for the Sunday. It was to be a wonderful fight; they had some of the brightest

stars of the Mexican bull-ring performing. Six fine bulls would be killed, and the espadas, the big stars, two in number, were to kill three bulls each. Bombo, the chief espada, was the more famous; he had even been to Spain to fight. Some said he had killed a bull before the king in Madrid. The other espada was most interesting, being comparatively new at the work, but most proficient. He had worked for a short time with the Juvenales—the preparatory school for torreros in Mexico—and had done so well that he had earned for himself a place among the front rank. His name was Siempre Cierto (which means 'always certain'), and seemed without much trouble to live up to his cognomen.

Everybody was terribly excited about this bullfight. Juanita almost—but not quite—forgot Domingo in her anticipation of seeing the finest fight she had yet seen. The head cattle-buyer was-well, not exactly excited, but very interested in it. There was something about the personality of this Siempre Cierto that he wished to look into; for, as he said to his junior, 'If he isn't Domingo I'll eat my hat.' So he too took a day off, and went to see the bull-fight. the Sunday morning, prior to the fight, the Englishman was sitting sipping a long lemonsquash, and trying to keep cool, in the chief café of the town, when a slim, well-knit figure, clad in the becoming 'walking-out' dress of a bull-fighter, stood before him, hat in hand, and said, 'Buenas dias, señor.'

The Englishman laughed, and motioned him to a chair. 'I was pretty sure it was you, Domingo,' he said, 'from things I saw in the papers. Will you drink anything?'

'Thank you, señor, not now; after the fight, but not now, answered Domingo with a sleepy smile. Then, after a pause, he went on, 'Do you think, señor, that others suspect?'

The Englishman went straight to the point,

and said, 'She doesn't.'

'I am glad,' said Domingo. 'It will be a surprise for her when she is told. I am-if money has anything to say-better than a peon

Then the Englishman talked to him, a real fatherly heart-to-heart talk. He told him the truth about the business, and poor Domingo looked very troubled. 'You must come back, Domingo, and marry Juanita,' he finished.

'Yes, señor,' Domingo said. 'Yes, I shall give this business up, come back, and buy a little ranch, and we shall be happy.' He smiled; then his face grew troubled as he went on, 'But she might not want me now. Some girls admire bull-fighters, but would not marry them. So we must hide it from her.'

The Englishman knew this was only some foolish idea Domingo had got into his head. So he blurted out, 'Nonsense, Domingo! Besides, she can't help knowing; she will be there

this afternoon.

The moment he had said it he could have bitten out his tongue. Both of Domingo's hands were on the table toying with a match-box. They started shaking violently.

Domingo looked up at him. 'She will be there, on the sunny side of the ring, this afternoon?' he asked dully; then he rose and looked stupidly round him. He was trembling all over.

The Englishman jumped up, caught hold of his arm, and said, 'Domingo, pull yourself together. Remember'-

'Yes, señor, I remember,' he said; 'but it is better that I should have known now than later on in the ring;' and, without a word, he turned and went out.

The Englishman sat down again, and could have kicked himself. Here was this sleepy and apparently impressionless Domingo thrown into a state of nervous panic because he had heard that within a short time he would be face to face with the girl he loved. But the terrible thing was that at the same time that he came face to face with her he would also be face to face with death in the shape of an infuriated bull, and all

his nervous energy would be badly wanted.

The Englishman certainly could have kicked himself; he could have kicked Domingo; in fact, it was a most uncomfortable and over-anxious Englishman who took his seat that afternoon on the shady side of the ring. The sunny side was a mass of peons clad in bright colours, red and blue, orange and white. The shady side was crammed with the flower of Moralia. Blue sky above, and the golden sand ring below. The Englishman, with the aid of his glasses, picked out Juanita almost opposite him. She was talking and smiling to those around her. Then the band struck up, the big doors opened, and the torreros entered.

Domingo had one wing, Bombo the other; they marched across the ring and bowed to the president; then Domingo bowed to Bombo and effaced himself. For it was Bombo's bull, and therefore Domingo must only hover about and have as little to do as possible in the playing and killing of it. Bombo acquitted himself well. Then came Domingo's turn. His bull entered and despatched two horses, and Domingo played it for a while with his cape. Juanita was instantly struck with the indolent, slow, easy way that this Siempre Cierto went about things. The crowd cheered. How like he was to Domingo! If only he would come nearer! But how silly! As if it could be; and she laughed at herself.

Domingo very quietly and very certainly killed his bull. The Englishman breathed again. Nothing wrong with this man's nerves now.

Domingo dedicated his second bull to the president, and fought it brilliantly, working it to the sunny side. Then it was, just before he got it in position for the kill, that Juanita recognised him. She flew down the gangway to the very barrier just as the sword went home. Domingo looked up, and their eyes met. He smiled in his old jolly way, and went to make

his bow to the president.

Poor Juanita stood trembling. Her Domingo a torrero, and such a splendid one! She was delighted. She was also terribly frightened. Domingo must kill one more bull before she could get to him; that bull might kill Domingo. So she stood and trembled, and the soldier whose duty it was to keep the gangway clear forgot his duty. 'Look,' he said 'it is Cierto's turn again. Ah, and a bull well worthy of him -a red bull.'

Juanita's heart jumped. A red bull! Why, it was a red steer from the kraals that Domingo had vanquished so easily that day. And now it was a red bull. This was going to be the end; she was sure this red bull would end Domingo. Oh! it was wonderful to love a bull-fighter, but it was also very terrible. However, it did not appear to others that Domingo had met his fate, for he did just what he liked with the red bull in the cape-work. He positively shone. He knelt on one knee and passed the bull; he passed him from behind, sideways, every way. he took the sword and muleta, a very brilliant scarlet cloth, on a stick eighteen inches long, which the espada uses for the kill.

It was thought that he would dedicate this bull that he had played so well to some big person on the shady side of the ring. But not so. He walked lazily over into the sun and stopped before Juanita. 'I dedicate this bull.' he shouted, 'to Senorita Juanita Garcia.'

The peons roared with delight. Here was a

true bravo, if you like.

He lazily moved over toward the bull. Juanita's heart banged at a terrible rate; but she must be brave, so she bit her little lip till the blood came, and gripped tight hold of the barrier.

Domingo passed the bull to the right, then to the left, and the bull stood glaring at him, flanks heaving and tongue out.

Then Domingo showed off. He went out of his way to take chances. He took a handkerchief out from under his red sash, then very carefully, without taking his eyes from the bull, spread it on the ground, straightened up, and stood on it. Now only the most experienced espadas-and very few of them-would dare to do this, for it meant taking the bull at a headon rush, and killing it before it reached you.

The Englishman squirmed in his seat. Juanita let out a little cry; she could not help it. Domingo stood on his toes on the handkerchief, and gently waved the muleta. Then the bull suddenly came with a rush right at him. Up flew Domingo's sword, his eyes glancing down it. The bull came on, its horns touched the red *muleta*, and then—the sword shot down, down and in, true to a hair, to the bull's heart. Crash came the heavy body at Domingo's feet, and crash came the mad cheers from the crowd.

'Siempre Cierto!' said the soldier, turning to Juanita.

But this was not to end all the excitement. Domingo was a man of surprises to-day. He stepped off the handkerchief and drew the reeking sword from the bull's withers. He felt with his hand for the little three-inch pigtail that all bull-fighters wear as a badge of their calling; then the sword went up and cut it off. A cry went up from the crowd, an agonised cry, for it meant that they should see their hero no more. He had retired.

He carried the little wisp of hair to Juanita, and handed it to her. 'I have killed my last bull, Juanita,' he said.

She took the pledge in both her little hands, looked at it, and then kissed it.

'Caro mio,' she whispered.

And what with the band playing the triumphal march and the yelling crowd, the Englishman said he had never before heard such a row in his whole life. And all for a sleepy peon, too!

THE END.

THE MOST-QUOTED POEM IN THE WORLD.

By GEORGE A. WADE, B.A.

F you were to ask any average man—even one who can boast of a good education, and who is acquainted with most of our English literature by actual reading and study—which author had won the glory of having his chief poem most often quoted, and thus, generally speaking, of being best known to the wide public, the odds are probably quite a hundred to one that he would answer, 'Shakespeare.' But he would be wrong, and very far wrong, too. Others, recalling perhaps one or two special lines whose fame has become world-wide, would give you the names of other poets

they consider entitled to the honour. One might suggest Milton, another Longfellow, another Tennyson, and so forth. But again they would all be wrong, very far wrong. Were any of the folk thus consulted, however, to mention the less widely known name of Thomas Gray, and to suggest the 'Elegy' as the poem in question, they would be getting much nearer the truth, though they would not quite have hit it; for there cannot be a doubt that, next to the poem to which I am about to award the honour, the 'Elegy' does contain more lines that have become immortal as quotations known far and wide, constantly repeated, and always recognised, than any other of its many rivals, even from Shakespeare's works.

But the poem which is the most quoted, and which is therefore the most popular, according to that criterion, the one whose lines are most recognised by a vast circle of folk as familiar and old friends, is unquestionably 'The Deserted Village.' And the man who has, therefore, the right to be regarded as the most popular poet, from this same point of view, is Oliver Goldsmith.

It has been well said, many and many a time, that there are two long poems so polished, so complete, so clearly containing neither a word too much nor a word too little, so utterly excellent, as to stand quite by themselves in the realms of English literature. These two are 'The Deserted Village' and the 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.' The glorious rhyme and rhythm of each, the splendid thoughts therein given expression, the loftiness and grandeur of both subject and treatment, the popular 'touch' pertaining to each poem, these items have won for the poems not only an immense vogue, but an immortality which is assured. For both poems alike suit British folk of every age and every clime, in the way they appeal to the imagination, the feelings, the hearts and minds of men.

It is simply astounding what a wonderful hold 'The Deserted Village' has thus obtained on the public everywhere. You may not, perhaps, have looked at it, and considered it, from this standpoint of being the most widely quoted poem, the one whose lines are immediately recognised as familiar by man, woman, and even child here and there, in every part of our Empire and America. But just let us—you and myself—go a bit deeper into this, and I think you will acknowledge the truth of my assertion and contention.

The whole poem contains only about four hundred and thirty lines. Yet in those four hundred and thirty lines there are something like fourteen which have become what we may term absolutely 'household words,' lines every one knows and says time after time, even though he or she may not know whence the lines come or who wrote them. I say there are at least fourteen such, if not more, for I do not wish by any means to overstate the case. Indeed, were we to stretch a trifle the meaning of the word 'proverb,' we might well say that those fourteen had become English proverbs! Let us recall one or two of them; for you must know them word for word, so familiar are they:

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind. And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still.

And still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew.
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were
won.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, Where wealth accumulates, and men decay; Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—A breath can make them, as a breath has made; But a bold peasantry, their country's pride, When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

I have often regarded it as one of the greatest marvels in all English literature, in its way, that out of the first two hundred and twenty lines of this poem there should be no less than fourteen absolute gems, perfect treasures, quite common and familiar quotations, such as we see here. No other poem in the language, not even the immortal 'Elegy,' can approach to such a triumph.

And in castle and cottage, with queen and farm-labourer, these fourteen lines from Oliver Goldsmith's finest poem are 'household words' indeed. When the good and great Queen Victoria had that beautiful white marble statue made, after her beloved husband's death-that statue showing herself and him standing side by sideshe wanted an appropriate line to place under that beautiful figure which was pointing upward, for her to follow in his steps. It was she herself who supplied the line, which she caused to be carved in letters of gold on that noble statue, as it stood in the Grand Corridor at Windsor Castle. the line was Goldsmith's famous one: He 'allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.' Then, when I myself was tramping through an old Devonshire village a few years back, I saw three cottagers standing outside a garden gate, arguing about some local topic. One of them guffawed scornfully at the views of another; whereon the latter said slowly, 'I reckons nawt o' laughin', Zamuel! It be easy to laugh when us carn't argify, bean't it? Maybe as you knaw the zayin', "It's a loud laugh as shaws the vacant moind."

As to the rest of the excellent specimens here given of Goldsmith's glorious lines which have become favourites with everybody—well, is there any line in all the English tongue better known or more often quoted than 'Fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray'? Why, you could not repeat that line in an assembly of Britons anywhere in all the world but every man would recognise it immediately as a very old friend! And no wonder, for he has heard it from boyhood upward, he sees its perfect application time after time, he grasps its significance at once.

A famous writer of our own day has given it as his opinion that probably the six finest lines ever written by man on the eternal 'laud question' are those beginning with the well-known one: 'Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey;' and I have not the slightest hesitation in agreeing with him. Each word in those six lines ought to be carved in letters of gold on the

walls of our House of Commons, House of Lords, every public school, mart, and other place where thinking men meet, study, or legislate. For in these lines is contained the whole secret of a nation's greatness, whatever be the wishes, designs, or methods of parties and Governments. Think of their intensely deep meaning, their wonderful conciseness, their noble diction, their pregnant forcefulness. Repeat them, and try to grasp their full signification, their wondrous truth, as shown by the experience of all ages and nations in history. Look back at Greece, at Rome, at Egypt, at Carthage, at Spain, in the light of these six lines; and the more you do so, the more you'll marvel at Goldsmith's insight into the land question as shown in them!

During the past thirty years, amid the constant debates and questions about the land which have time after time agitated the people in our kingdom, those lines have become historic. They have been quoted from platform and pulpit; they have been heard in Parliament and village taproom; they are known to everybody, and recognised by all as a deep and marvellous expression of the truth. And they come from 'The Deserted Village' of Oliver Goldsmith, that wandering minstrel who was supposed to be careless, idle, trifling, as he passed from town to town, living indeed the simple life, and too often 'dining with Duke Humphrey.' But, oh, if English poets to-day could give us such lines!

As to the village parson, what can any poet ever sing of him which will excel that immortal quatrain, so often quoted, and quoted again?—

A man he was to all the country dear, And passing rich with forty pounds a year; Remote from towns he ran his godly race, Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place.

Of course the second line of these four is the most quoted of any of them; but we should not be wrong in saying that all the four lines are 'familiar in our mouths as household words.' Which fact is again a marvellous tribute to this poem and its author.

Other lines of Goldsmith about the parson, however, have become almost as historic and familiar. Have you forgotten how he was described as—

Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power, By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour?

Have you not felt how excellently this description suited more than one noble village clergyman you yourself knew, as the poem went on !—

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize, More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

And then come those supreme verses telling how in the Sunday services,

At church, with meek and unaffected grace, His looks adorn'd the venerable place; Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway, And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray. Why, every line is a quotation in itself; you have known it from boyhood; it comes to you like a dear old friend when you hear it or read it again nowadays! Talk about fourteen lines of first-class proverbial quotations in 'The Deserted Village'! Surely it would be nearer the mark if we said forty!

However, besides the fourteen lines thus mentioned of this comparatively short poem which has become such a classic of our language, there are at least thirty others which are more or less well known to all who are fond of reading, study, or quotations. Thirty more which the average intelligent man and woman recognise at once! Such famous lines as:

Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain, Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid, And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd. The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill. The young contending as the old surveyed. The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love. A youth of labour with an age of ease. His heaven commences ere the world be pass'd. Up yonder hill the village murmur rose. His pity gave ere charity began. The village master taught his little school. I knew him well, and every truant knew.

If severe in aught, The love he bore to learning was in fault. Where village statesmen talked with looks profound.

These are but specimens of thirty or more well-known lines which have hardly obtained the absolute pre-eminence and familiarity that the fourteen first spoken of in this account have obtained. But these thirty are good enough to go on with, in all conscience, when one is dealing with this subject, in order to prove the contention that 'The Deserted Village' is undoubtedly the most quoted, and hence the most popular and familiar, long poem in our literature.

In addition to those forty-four lines already included in my estimate of familiar quotations, I think we might very fairly put down another twenty, as lines that are far better known to a wide circle in every English county than many others which are supposed to be extremely popular. For several of these twenty would come only a little distance after the lines already dealt with, in point of popularity, polish, and beauty. Consider the following, amongst this score, and think how well known even they are:

This wealth is but a name That leaves our useful products still the same.

To pamper luxury, and thin mankind.

When idly first, ambitious of the town, She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possessed, Though very poor, may still be very bless'd!

Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee At all his jokes, for many a joke had he!

The very spot, Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Is there any need for me to say more in order to prove that this beautiful and wonderful classic of our literature has every right to be regarded as the world's chief poem for well-known quotations? I trow not. If you have the least doubt of it, just try, as I said at the beginning, to recall any other poem which may even be supposed to challenge its proud boast, apart from the noble and immortal 'Elegy,' and then you'll soon find how miserably even the best of such fall short of the glory and renown which Oliver Goldsmith's panegyric of 'Sweet Auburn,' his dear old native village in Ireland, has attained wherever the English language is spoken and read.

Moreover, as was pointed out previously, this surpassing poem's glory rests not merely in its familiarity, its popularity, its homely touches, which have all combined to give it pride of place in this respect. It stands for all time owing to its magnificent diction, its wonderful polish as a literary gem, its deep and surprising thought, its marvellous grasp of problems which lie at the very root of a nation's life, its noble sublimity which 'allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way.'

No wonder that Oliver Goldsmith, notwithstanding his many and serious faults, was so loved by every one who knew him. The secret was because the man was so human and so lovable himself! It needed a genius of this kind—for no other could do it—to produce such an immortal poem as 'The Deserted Village.' But this lovable Irishman did it. And, owing to this, Goldsmith's own fame and glory will be handed down with that of his grandest and finest poem to all ages, as long as literature shall last, as long as familiar quotations shall endure.

OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

By an IRISH CLERIC.

IT is more years than I care to remember since I was at an elementary school in M----, a small town in the county of Galway. I won't state the exact date of my birth, but will say as Colonel Luttrell is said to have replied to Lady Holland, who teased him jokingly more than once as to his age, 'Well, my lady, if I live till the end of this year I shall be-devilish old.' I am old, but not as old as the gallant soldier I have just mentioned. I am old, but I feel young; and there is a saying, 'A man is as old as he feels, a woman is as old as she looks. Man does not fear old age as much as does woman. It is La Rochefoucauld who utters the dictum, 'Old age is woman's Inferno.'

My youth was spent at a school where I learnt little and suffered much. In those days corporal punishment was thought to be an absolute adjunct of a sound education. In the elementary, middle class, and upper schools the rule was the same, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child'—a rule promptly defended, if a tender-hearted parent was found to object to it, by the high authority of Holy Scripture: 'He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.' Flogging was the vogue everywhere, and our schoolmaster was a great flogger. He was a portly, pompous, and pedantic dominie, lame in one leg; but this did not interfere with his vigorous use of the rod. Within the walls of the schoolroom, Dr Busby, who was his prototype, was not more autocratic than he. Every man, it is said, has his hobby. Flagellation was his. I may call it his besetting sin, for his brutal method constituted it in him a sin. When an unhappy wight came up before him

for castigation, his usual address, uttered in a loud, stentorian voice, so that the whole school might hear it and tremble, was, 'Peel, sir,' which meant the removal of the nether garments. The wretched delinquent was then hoisted on a strong boy's shoulders, and received a certain number of strokes, according to the gravity of the offence. I have sometimes seen the skin torn and the blood flow under the pedagogic cane. 'The fear of him and the dread of him' was continually over his scholars. I did not know my Dante then, or I might have imagined the line in the Inferno to be written above the schoolhouse door, 'Leave every hope behind who enter here.'

The transition from school to church is easy and natural, and so I will say a few words here about ecclesiastical matters. My earliest recollections of M—— Church are these. It was a plain, cruciform building, with a well-kept, pretty churchyard stretching away at the back for some distance, and thickly planted with trees and flowers of various kinds. Everything connected with it was tenderly cherished:

A quiet haven where the shattered bark Harbours secure till the rough storm is past.

The interior of the church was similar architecturally to most country churches of that day. There was what is called the three-decker arrangement, metrically expressed by an old parish clerk who was endowed with the gift of versification:

First came my desk, then the parson's, the pulpit top o' that; Like yer neck, and then yer face, and then over all yer hat.

It was fitted up with the old-fashioned pews, with

seats all round. Those nearest to the chancel were occupied by the gentry of the neighbourhood, and had an arrangement of brass rails on which were suspended scarlet curtains, so that the worshippers behind them could not be seen by the other members of the congregation. They were not unlike the pews humorously described by Dean Swift as common in his day:

A bedstead of the antique mode, Compact of timber many a load, Such as our ancestors did use, Was metamorphosed into pews, Which still their ancient nature keep By lodging folk disposed to sleep.

At the present day, when churches are lighted with gas, electricity, or oil-lamps, it is not easy to picture the gloomy appearance of our church on Sunday evenings in winter, when the only illumination available was a small tallow candle which was fixed in a tin sconce temporarily attached to every alternate pew. About midway in the service the sexton made the round of the church, and entered each pew for the purpose of 'snuffing' the candles. This regular perambulation, it is easy to understand, tended not a little to disturb the worship of the congregation. It was usual, also, for this same official to march up the aisle once at least during the service, with coal-scuttle and poker in hand, stir up the dying fire in the old Musgrave stove, and replenish it with coals, taking no pains whatever to deaden the noise necessarily caused by the operation.

The pulpit stood in front of the Communion table, over which, just beneath the east window, the Ten Commandments were displayed. were to be seen in nearly all English and Irish churches in the first half of the nineteenth century. There is a story told of a late Bishop of Exeter to the effect that, making a tour of his diocese, he was surprised to find that in one small church the commandments were not exhibited, as usage prescribed. He called the attention of the verger, who was showing him round, to the fact. 'My lord,' was the reply, 'we used to have 'em up right enough; but nobody paid any attention to 'em, so we took 'em down two year ago.' That congregation, I am afraid, was morally on all-fours with a Roman Catholic countryman of mine. He had received no benefit from a Lent mission which had been held in the parish, though he was very regular in his attendance at the various services. priest asked him how it was that the preaching of the holy fathers had done nothing to reform 'Ah, Father,' he replied, 'I can manage the faith right enough; but the morals bate me.' Some one said to a late Bishop of Manchester of a certain parish in his diocese, 'There's a great deal of religion, my lord, in this parish, but very little morality.

Our clergyman was typical of the old-school divine. Calvinistic in doctrine, humdrum in preaching, under his monotonous mumbling of

the greatest truths men dozed comfortably till he ended the reading of his sermon. In preaching he invariably wore the black gown and bands; it was the common pulpit dress of the period, and for long after. The music which accompanied the psalms and hymns was furnished chiefly by fiddles, flutes, flageolets, and bassoons. I remember what an imposing sight the west gallery of the church presented on Sunday, with its choir of male voices thundering forth Tate and Brady, and certain favourite hymns, to the accompaniment of these instruments. There was much noise, but the lack of harmony was excru-The keeping of time seemed to be ciating. beyond the artistic qualification of our choir, so that a visitor might appropriately say of them, as Bishop Wilberforce once said of a country choir, 'The singers go before, and the minstrels follow after.' The clerk usually gave out the psalm or hymn in these words, 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God,' adding the number of the psalm or hymn and the verses to be sung. This functionary was responsible for the music; and as he was, generally speaking, an illiterate man, we can imagine what the character of the services would be. His pronunciation was as faulty as his manner was autocratic. In my young days the clerk was as indispensable as the parson himself. The responses were left wholly In fact, if any one dared to join he to him. silenced him by a look! And sometimes he took extraordinary liberties with the service. Cowper has the lines:

There goes the parson! oh, illustrious spark! And there, scarce less illustrious, the clerk.

John Wesley tells us that he remembers how his father's parish clerk, as great an admirer of William, Prince of Orange, as the most red-hot Orangeman in Ulster to-day, once astonished the congregation by announcing from his desk in church, 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God a hymn of my own composture:

King William is come home—come home— King William home is come; Wherefore let us together sing The hymn that's called To D'um.'

Another worthy, on the occasion of an episcopal visit, thought he would do honour to his lordship in the following strain. He gave out, 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God a hymn of my own makkin':

> Ye little hills, why did ye hop? Was it to please my lord bishop? Ye little hills, why did ye skip? Was it to pleasure his lordship?'

The reader, I take it, will be satisfied with this specimen of the good man's poetic genius.

This was the day of irreverently conducted services, soiled surplices, tattered gowns, drawling in the pulpit, and listless demeanour in the pew. The influence of the Oxford Movement, which brought with it higher ideals, was not yet felt in

far-away Galway, or indeed in any part of Ireland. No attention was paid to rubrics, no respect to canons. Daily services were unknown. Even the chief fasts and festivals were in many places neglected. The church was locked up during the week, left to dust and cobwebs and bats; and to enter it on Sunday was not unlike going into a charnel-house.

In our neighbourhood there was an old clergyman who had been over sixty years rector of the parish of B., during the last ten of which he had been confined to his bed. The only part of his duty he could perform was baptising infants. The weak and ailing ones were brought to the Rectory, and many a parishioner used to boast, 'I was christened in the ould rector's bed.' Even in the days of his health and activity he had evidently lax notions and hazy views of rubrics, for when riding through the villages he would call out to young couples, 'Now, Peggy, if you get Andy in out of the field I'll do that little job for

you,' and marry them forthwith.

Let me here say a word about the parish priest of M. I was a very little boy at the time, but I remember his coming to dine at my father's house. He was of that class of priest more common in other days than now, who, having said Mass on Sunday morning, liked to spend the afternoon or evening of the holy day at a hurling-match or a game of football. Father Pat M. was a short, plump, silver-haired man, with bright, laughing eyes, and a mouth that showed the utmost good-nature. He was no scholar, but he became wise and shrewd 'by gathering notes out of the world's great Book.' His chief reading, apart from his daily office, consisted of Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints. When he was not pottering over his flowers and vegetables he was deep in one of the big volumes. And everything contained therein he swallowed with religious and affectionate scrupulosity, and suffered no indigestion! Father Pat was destitute of the critical faculty. Perhaps, for his own peace of mind, it were better so. He was never troubled with doubts. The fides carbonarii found its truest type and expression in him. He was as simple as a child, and believed, like a child, everything he read. If anything striking or uncommon met his eye in his peregrination through Butler's holy ground—as, for instance, the story of St Denis carrying his head under his arm after the persecutor had chopped it off—he would exclaim, 'Wonderful!' The ways of God are wonderful!' And so his simple, untroubled, serene life flowed on like a tranquil, sun-glinted stream through meadow-lands to the sea where all is still. He could tell a good story and relish a good song; and when the whisky-punch—which, according to the custom of the day, washed down the dinner—appeared, none could more thoroughly enjoy it than he. He used to say, 'A bad dinner requires a glass of punch, and a good one deserves it.' And he himself kept a most

hospitable table. Many a battle he had with his old housekeeper, whose stinginess was a byword in the parish, owing to his kindness and charity to the poor and needy. He did his duty zealously as a parish priest. His faith was simple, and he looked with the most tolerant feelings upon his neighbours who differed from him in belief. In those days religious partyspirit was unknown in the place. Priest and parson lived on the friendliest terms. parish priest of K. was dining one evening at the Rectory. On these occasions the clerics sometimes too freely indulged in the native. On the particular evening in question a Roman Catholic woman brought her ailing infant to the priest's house that he might baptise it. She was directed to the Rectory. Learning what she wanted, Father John said to the Rector, 'I say, Le B., you christen the child while I make the punch!'

The peasantry of the west of Ireland are, speaking generally, greatly under the influence of the supernatural. They have a vivid sense of the presence of beings other than humans, and they feel themselves continually liable to the effects of their anger or good-will. Every valley and mountain and rath and fort is the abode of uncanny creatures in whose hands the natives believe their fortunes and destinies are more or less involved. The usual story is told as to their origin. It is said they are fallen angels who are doomed to wander over the earth until the day of judgment. To propitiate them—for they are malicious if provoked—the hearths are swept up at night, and clean water is left out for them; and at poteen-making some persons place a jug of what is called the 'first shot' of the spirit for them. A cross of wood is, at certain times—St Bridget's Eve and Hallow Eve, for instance nailed to a rafter of the house specially to keep off fairies and avert other evils. The notion is held that a Mayo man cannot be harmed by them, or by ghosts of any kind, 'on account of St Patrick.' He is in a very special sense He is in a very special sense identified with that county. Wherever you go in Ireland evidences of supernatural existences meet you. Sixty years ago, as we can imagine, this belief had taken deeper and wider hold upon the people-ghosts, fairies, leprechauns, phocas, haunted houses, the evil eye, witches. belief in these things was rife and universal in my boyhood's days. To escape injury from the 'good people,' as fairies were commonly called, a man in going out at night carried a lighted turf-sod in his hand. This was supposed to be a charm against evil spirits. To sneeze in company, and the bystander not to exclaim, 'Dhilum!' 'God bless us!'), would involve the sneezer in illluck. If butter failed at the churning, it was traced to some occult influence of the 'good people.' A puny, delicate infant who showed no sign of growth was adjudged by the neighbours to be a fairy changeling, and was often exposed to die. The original child was carried off by the fairies, to be made a playmate to the young fairies, and a substitute resembling it was deposited in its place. A curious superstition!

The influence of the National schools and the general spread of science have done much to put an end to these foolish and fantastic fancies and beliefs among the young; but the older members of the community, especially in the Celtic districts, still cherish a lively faith in them. Only within the last few months a case was reported in the Daily Mail which shows the superstitious dread of fairies that still prevails among the Irish peasantry. A labourer threw up an acre of land which he had secured under the Labourers' Act, and upon which the district council proposed to build a cottage for him, solely because he was 'afraid of the fairies.' On the ground allotted, it appears, there is a fort where the fairies are said to gather, and this would have to be removed if a cottage were built, and on no account would the man 'interfere with the fairies' home,' because one would never have any luck after.

An institution common to the whole of Ireland now and for many generations back is the 'wake.' In that country, at least, waking has always been attended with drinking and drunken-When a death occurred the neighbours assembled in the house of the deceased, and smoked and drank, sang songs, told stories, and danced until the gray hours of the morning. Practices were carried on altogether inconsistent with the seemliness and solemnity which should characterise such an occasion. But the more tobacco that was smoked and the more whisky that was drunk, the greater respect and honour was shown to the relatives of the dead. In the death-chamber common accompaniments to the trappings of woe were a plate of salt which, on account of its preservative quality, typified immortality, and a pair of large wax candles fixed in huge china candlesticks. Snuff was also provided for those who used it. Within a few miles of my home there lived an old farmer whose wife was the 'boss' of the family. She ruled the house with a rod of iron, and the poor man had little comfort during his life. At length death released him from his domestic troubles. She gave him 'a dacent wake and a gran' funeral'always objects of satisfaction to the Irish mind. A neighbour remarked, 'Poor man! it's the only bit of dacency and comfort he ever had!' A story of a different kind, where the husband was the element of contention and unhappiness in the household, was related to me. In this case he too died before his wife. I cannot say what kind of 'wake' she gave him; but some time after his death she went to place a floral tribute of respect upon his grave, and was stung by nettles. Angrily drawing her hand away, she irreverently exclaimed, 'Bad scran to you, Pether; living or dead, there was always the sting in you!

Many amusing incidents have been related to me by old people in connection with the life of a well-known, half-witted individual who lived in our neighbourhood, and went by the sobriquet of Cunnaheena. Like Puck, he was largely imbued with the spirit of mischief, and, curiously enough, his mischief took the form of playing tricks on the parish priest. For example, after some offence, the priest imposed on him the penance (not uncommon at the time) of a pilgrimage to 'Patrick's Reek'—the famous mountain of Croagh Patrick, in the county of Mayo, on which there is a holy well, where 'stations' are held annually-and the recitation on his knees of a certain number of prayers. On the following morning, when the priest looked out of his window, what was his astonishment to see Cunnaheena kneeling on his turf-rick with hands crossed in devout attitude, and evidently doing his best to demolish it! Throwing up the window, Father Pat called out in angry inquiry, 'You rascal, what brings you there?' Cunnaheena, assuming the air of injured innocence, replied, 'Doin' my penance, yer reverence. Didn't you tell me to go to Patrick's Reek !-- and sure I couldn't see no rick in the parish as big as your own.' At another time this man displayed the humour that was in him to the confusion of the priest. It was the habit of Father Pat to catechise his flock on Sunday mornings before the celebration of the Mass, while waiting for two or three of his principal parishioners who were usually late in their attendance. On one of these occasions he called to Cunnaheena by name, and put the question, 'How many gods are there?' Promptly the reply came, 'Three in this parish.' 'What do you mean by that answer? angrily cried the priest. 'Well,' was the cool reply, 'there is Mr D. of C., and Mr B. of B., and Mr M. of L.; they are the gods of this parish; we must wait for Mass till they plaize to attind.' It is satisfactory to know that the hint was not lost upon the priest.

MOUNT FUJI.

UNENVIOUS peace doth thy calm brow impress, Madonna! who, while lesser mountains lour, With lovable dignity dost gently tower; Thine arms about the land as if to bless, Thou seem'st a spirit in a mountain's dress, Sharing with man and art the spiritual dower Of love, that warm communicating power Which is their proof and crown of perfectness.

For thou hast come out of great tribulation,*

And now thou wearest heaven's white robe of snow!

Oh, might the fires so rear us! years that move
To age and loss—all separating woe—
That we, in grief, might win men's admiration,
And, in prosperity and power, their love.

LILIAN RAWLINGS.

* It will be remembered that Mount Fuji, the beautiful, symmetrical sacred mountain of Japan, was once an active volcano.



DAVID PATRICK, LLD.

BORN AT LOCHWINNOCH, RENFREWSHIRE, 19TH APRIL 1849; DIED AT EDINBURGH, 22ND MARCH 1914.

Head of the Literary Staff, and one of the Directors of W. & R. Chambers (Ltd.), Editor of Chambers's (1) 'Encyclopædia,' (2) 'Cyclopædia of English Literature,' (3) 'Gazetteer,' and (4) 'Biographical Dictionary;' and Translator and Editor of 'Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ Statuta, 1225-1559' (Scottish History Society, vol. 54).

By the Hon. Lord GUTHRIE.

NOWADAYS eighteen is a common age to enter the Scottish Universities; but when David Patrick and I matriculated at Edinburgh, in November 1864, we were, each of us, only a few months over fifteen. It was natural that we two should forgather, for we were both sons of Free Church manses; we were educated under great rectors at Scotch Burgh Schools—he under Dr Macdonald at Ayr Academy, and I under Dr Schmitz at Edinburgh High School; we were in full sympathy with Scotland's traditions, civil, ecclesiastical, and literary; we attended the same classes in the Faculty of Arts, and we met in the same Debating Societies. The band of students to which we belonged were all of Scottish parentage, but we were scattered afterwards to every quarter of the British Empire, as well as to the United States and the continent of Europe. Among the few survivors are Sir Andrew Fraser, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; Dr William Cunningham, Archdeacon of Ely; and Dr Thomas Young, parish minister of Ellon.

Two years ago, meeting at Harrogate, Dr Patrick and I recalled many incidents of college days. The quaintest occurred in the Greek class-room, a place famous at that time for quaint occurrences. Professor John Stuart Blackie's freakish moods were not the outcome of affectation, as some supposed; they were as much a part of his nature as his genius, his devoutness, his shrewd sense, and his kindly heart. In one of these moods, he ordered a student to write an essay in English on 'Is suicide ever justifiable?' a theme preposterous in itself and with no relation to the work of the Greek class. The student resented the order, but wrote the essay, and it was duly read to us by the Professor. At its apparent close, the essayist stood up, his face white as a sheet, and said, in emphatic but quite respectful tones, 'The Professor has not read the last sentence of Will he please read it?' The Professor at first declined; but the demand from the crowded benches became at last too urgent.

'I have given a foolish answer to a foolish question,' was the missing sentence, plain and pungent! For a few moments, I remember, we were struck dumb at our comrade's audacity; and then roars of laughter and rounds of cheers acclaimed his legitimate triumph. The student was Thomas Kirkup, afterwards a distinguished writer on Socialism and kindred subjects, who contributed many important articles, at Dr Patrick's request, to Chambers's Encyclopædia.

After we graduated in Arts, in 1868, David Patrick went to the New College, Edinburgh, and to Tübingen, Leipzig, Berlin, and Göttingen, to study for the ministry of the Free Church. He never lost his interest in theological studies, although he turned from theology to literature as a profession. But, in theology, no more than in literature, history, or archæology, was he, at any period of his life, the man to accept any opinion merely because it was old, or because it had the adherence of great names, or because it was current coin at the time. Nor was he the man to sign a creed under qualifications which were not expressed, even although these qualifications might be generally (but not universally) understood to be implied.

There was another reason, which would have equally deterred him from a forensic, or a scholastic, or a political career. No more genial companion ever lived, none who more inspired a feeling of camaraderie among those with whom he was in sympathy. Yet he avoided membership of a social club; and week-end invitations he managed ingeniously to parry. He had, indeed, no relish for miscellaneous society, consisting largely of persons either indifferent to him or with tastes and aspirations antagonistic to his own. Still less did public life attract him, with its simulated interests and its friendships de convenance. Perhaps least of all could he have adjusted his fastidious insistence on the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to the halftruths, the special pleading, the inadequacies

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and exaggerations of statement, the parade of irrelevant learning, the euphemisms, which are inseparable from public speech. When he got from Sir Edward Grey the remarkable article which he induced him to write on 'John Morley' for Chambers's Encyclopædia, he must have enjoyed the sentence, curiously descriptive as it is of all the three men-Morley, Grey, and Patrick: 'He feels that only the best is worth an effort, but that this is worth all effort, while indifference and mediocrity of aspiration are the greatest curses of mankind.' Add to this, a physical nervousness which, if necessity or a sense of duty had forced him into public life, might well have hindered the most effective use of his great powers, and rendered his life a scarcely tolerable burden. But that he had effective public speech at command, when he chose to nerve himself, was shown by sundry felicitous little speeches at the dinners of an Ayrshire society, and by the admirable reply he made when a presentation was made to him on the completion of the Encyclopædia.

He liked to recall his days as a divinity student. He had his heroes, ancient and modern, of different nations and creeds; but he was not so dominated by any human personality as to be incapable of seeing the rare faults of those he most admired, as well as the rare or rarer virtues of those he least esteemed. He would speak about the two great personalities in the New College in his day—Dr Rainy, the Principal, and Dr A. B. Davidson, the Professor of Hebrew. The aloofness of these men from all popularity-hunting, and their reserved manner, with their intellectual and spiritual pre-eminence, made them, for him as well as for others, the dominant

forces in that theological college.

Here again he always had an eye for the Indicrous. More than once we laughed at his experience at Abercorn, a village not far from Edinburgh, where he had gone, when a divinity student, to preach what I understand was the only sermon he ever delivered. The minister, an eccentric bachelor, an old college friend of his father's, proposed an evening stroll on the Saturday afternoon. When they came near the church where Patrick was to hold forth next morning, his host, to his surprise, asked him, with manifest anxiety, what text he was going to preach from. On Patrick mentioning the text, the minister, without another word, disappeared hastily into the church. Presently he returned, with a triumphant air, shouting, 'It's all right! It's in it!' Then he explained to the puzzled divinity student how, owing to the dilapidation of the pulpit Bible, he had feared lest the page containing Patrick's text might be missing!

In after years, apart from other occasions, some of us met him as colleagues in the councils of the Scottish History Society, the Scottish Text Society, and the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, in all of which—in private consultations,

not on public platforms—his stores of knowledge, accurately remembered and instantly available, and his sagacious counsel, were drawn upon and valued.

It was for the Scottish History Society that he translated from Latin and edited, with Introduction and Notes, The Statutes of the Scottish Church (1225-1559). The Introduction of fully one hundred pages is his most important piece of independent work. Founded largely on the Statutes themselves, it is a valuable contribution to the history of the Church in Scotland, presenting fresh views, in many cases startlingly subversive of current opinion. Although written from the only standpoint which was possible for David Patrick-namely, that the Church is made for man, not man for the Church—it is judicial in tone, and it is notable for its combined insight into general principles and its grasp of details, as well as for the allowance constantly made for the different conditions and standards of pre-Reformation times and our own. The style is terse, flowing, lucid, and, when occasion calls, picturesque, humorous, and eloquent. It suggests what he might have accomplished as a historian, or as a biographer, say, of one of his heroines, like St Margaret, Malcolm Canmore's Queen, whom he calls 'The Morning Star of the Scottish Reformation of the Twelfth Century.

He characteristically shows himself much more moved by the disclosures of the loose lives of priests, monks, and nuns, of all orders and of all ranks, their crass ignorance of letters, and their shameful neglect of the interests of the poor and unlearned, than by any revelation of their theological unsoundness. He says: 'We must accept these records, so far as things go, with a confidence it would be unfair to extend to the Rabelaisian jests of Lyndsay against clerical incontinence, the Erasmian sneers of Buchanan at monkish ignorance and hypocrisy, or Knox's unkind allusions to the priests of Baal, which so many nowadays dismiss without more ado as grotesque and unchristian misrepresenta-

tions or exaggerations.'

'In literature proper the two Scottish clergymen who were really eminent were both peculiarly unclerical clergymen. Gavin Douglas, an intriguing and political bishop, was justly said to have studied Virgil much more fruitfully than the Bible or the Fathers; and Dunbar, an accomplished poet, was a type of the ribald priest whom churchmen and moralists and all good Christians detested, who entertained his royal patron with erotic obscenities and blasphemous parodies, yet was disappointed that he did not receive preferment in the Church of which Elphinstone was the chiefest ornament.'

'If our Scottish (Roman Catholic) churchmen were right, the Reformation was not, primarily so far as the mass of the nation was concerned, a rebellion against the Catholic Church, against Catholic doctrine, or Catholic rites, but a rising in defence of the holiest Catholic tradition against a crew of worthless ministers who dishonoured their office and the Catholic name. On their own showing, the Catholic bishops and priests had provoked an orthodox and Catholic nation into mutiny, open rebellion, and souldestroying heresy. Woe unto them through whom the occasion of stumbling comes!

In occasional literary ventures over uncharted seas, there were very many to whom, on questions of history, literature, or archæology, Dr Patrick was an infinitely patient and kindly pilot. Among Edinburgh's many learned men who have acted as literary advisers-in-general, alike to experts and to amateurs, Patrick was exceptional in this, that you always knew he would take no offence if you did not do what he advised. He would hail with gusto some improvement on his suggestion, which you had happened, very likely by a pure fluke, to light upon. It was generally, however, the other way. Once I asked him for a free translation of one of the ancient mottoes on the outside wall of Huntly House, in the Canongate of Edinburgh: 'Hodie mihi, cras tibi; cur igitur curas ?' He approved my translation of the first part, 'This house is mine to-day; you will be the tenant to-morrow;' but instead of my clumsy conclusion, 'Why therefore do you put yourself about?' he flashed out, 'Why worry?' Patrick was a mine, rather than a dungeon, of learning, in the which a wayfaring man, even although foolish enough, was welcome to dig gratis, and from which none ever went empty-headed away.

The quality of the help he gave to experts may be seen from Dr William Wallace's words in his Preface to the new edition of Robert Chambers's Life and Works of Robert Burns: 'My friend Dr David Patrick, Editor of Chambers's Encyclopædia, has read the proofs of the new edition from the beginning. To his great and various learning, and to his knowledge of Ayrshire, I am indebted for most valuable suggestions, more particularly in tracing to their often unfamiliar sources the numerous quotations which, better than anything else,

show the range of Burns's reading.'

Here is an illustration—one out of scores—of his amiability and patience in answering inquiries made to him even from the ends of the earth. An Englishman in China, having read a surgical article in the *Encyclopædia*, wrote the Editor to say he would be much obliged for information as to how best and cheapest to get a wooden leg for his son! Dr Patrick saw quite well the humorous inappropriateness of the request; but, nevertheless, he at once set about inquiries, with the result that, on skilled advice, he suggested delay till the boy should be full grown, promising that he would make further inquiries, if desired, when that time arrived. Several years passed, and

then came a letter reminding Dr Patrick of his former kindness, and asking his continued good offices, the condition now being fulfilled. These were cheerfully given. Dr Patrick arranged the whole matter, both surgical and financial, and the affair ended with a grateful letter from the heart of China that the new leg was the pride and comfort of the wearer, and the admiration of all beholders, British and Chinese!

What his work as an Editor covered for Dr Patrick may be realised from his own statement in his Preface to the *Encyclopædia*: 'An Editor's chief work is to edit; but, besides revising all the articles, the Editor has been one of his own most frequent contributors, mainly in the shorter articles, and such as fell within his special competency. Over and above corrections by authors and by printers' readers, every article has been read in proof by the Editor and at least two of his colleagues.'

As a writer, I have heard it said that his pen was not a fluent one. Of course, it was not; a style so terse, so devoid of an ounce of padding, and yet so smooth that, like an ancient helmet made by a skilled armourer, it shows no sign of the hammer, cannot be rapidly produced. In Hugh Miller's case, such a style sometimes involved an excursion by its author round his study, with a poker, to find the exact shade of

meaning!

I wrote two or three short articles in Chambers's Encyclopædia at Dr Patrick's request, and he used, both when I was at the Bar and since I have gone on the Bench, to come across the High Street from Chambers's office to the Parliament House to ask me about points on which he thought I might have special knowledge. Otherwise, I was only—in relation to the four great compilations published by the firm of W. & R. Chambers, of which he was the head of the literary staff, and one of the directors-one of a countless number who use these books for daily information and reminder, and who seldom find it necessary to consult more extended works of reference. It is when we remember that our own case must be multiplied by tens of thousands all over the English-speaking world, and consider the enormous benefits this man and his colleagues conferred on humanity, that we realise his place in the history of national and international development, and cease to regret that the calls of his daily work made it impossible for him to give to the world some great book, containing the results of a lifetime's thinking and research on some special subject, with which his name might have been permanently associated. If he sometimes felt the same regret, he was also sustained and stimulated by the same consolation. To have one's name identified with books to which gentle and simple, rich and poor, young and old, learned and unlearned, all over the world, are daily debtors-is that not as worthy an object of ambition as to

earn the gratitude of a limited number of experts in some corner of knowledge?

Re-reading some of Dr Patrick's writings, it is striking to notice the way in which they unconsciously reveal his ideals and his opinions; in many passages you can almost hear him speaking. I refer particularly to the great contribution to Scottish Church History already mentioned, also to his Prefaces to the first and last volumes of Chambers's Encyclopædia, his Preface to Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature, and the signed articles on Scottish Literature in the latter work. But I have also in view the countless anonymous articles in the two Cyclopædias, and in Chambers's Biographical Dictionary, many of which those familiar with his points of view and turns of phrase can easily identify as his, although his robust English was singularly devoid of mannerisms. In all his writings his information is up-to-date, and situations are put in a new and fresh setting; but you never find him boasting either that the facts are entirely new or that a new light is being cast for the first time on the problem in hand.

As examples of what I mean, I quote three passages, very characteristic ones, from his Preface to the Cyclopædia of English Literature:

'English literature is in the fullest sense of the term a great literature; the English pen has been mightier than the English sword or the English steam-engine. If it be said—as often it is said—that we are the most materialistic nation on the face of the earth, we have a cloud of witnesses to the contrary; our divines, our sages, our poets, our story-tellers, our men of science, our historians have uttered in our tongue words which the world will not willingly let die. It is no dream, indeed, that the other sheaves have made obeisance to our sheaf; Shakespeare is not the only Englishman who has won the willing homage of the world.'

'Neither Virginian colonists nor Pilgrim Fathers were keenly interested in literature as such. It was the English temper that led them into the wilderness; and it was the same spirit as had again and again moved their forefathers in the past of English history that led them finally to repudiate the English King and Government. But they had no thought of renouncing any essential of their English birthright; Puritan or Cavalier, they clung to the tradition, which, overseas as in the mother-land, in literature as in life, makes for freedom, fair-play, security, reserve, common-sense, steadiness, breadth, depth, strength, and individuality.'

The closing paragraph of this Preface to the Cyclopædia of English Literature is written straight from his heart: 'Mankind may not be growing much holier or happier, but the stream of tendency makes for greater kindliness and the breaking down of boundaries; kindliness which begins at home extends by degrees to all the outlying kin in their several places and relations;

and at the close of the nineteenth century, in the last years of Victoria's reign, the bands of kindness have been drawn sensibly closer between the island people and their colonies, between the United Kingdom and the United States. To the youth of the English kin this work is once more and in a new shape offered as a help in seeking out and laying to heart the wisdom and the wit of our famous men of old and the fathers that begat us, in the confidence that allegiance to the highest traditions of our literature will increasingly obliterate local and temporary jealousies; and in the hope that many a saying herein recorded may make generations to come proud to be of the English name, and stir in them the thrill that tightens even the grasp of blood brotherhood.'

Although during these fifty years, from 1864 to 1914, David Patrick continued to grow in everything that dignifies humanity, he did not change in any essential particular. In his appearance there was the same thin, alert figure, with eager step, the same rapid, nervous utterance, the head thrown back in animated speech, or bent forward when intently listening; for in him there was a rare union—he was a good a listener as a talker. How little his appearance changed is manifest from three photographic groups in which we both figure: the first, a band of students taken in 1867; the second, a sadly diminished company, thirty years later, in 1897; and the third, including Sir Andrew Fraser, and Dr Thomas Young, taken a year ago.

In manner of speech, his courtesy and his sympathy never varied, except that, while courteous, with an old-world courtesy, to all, there was that flavour of chivalry in his address to women, the existence or non-existence of which, however much the relations of the sexes may be de-artificialised, will always remain the touchstone for the name and character of gentleman. I never heard him speak with such severity, such sæva indignatio, on any subject as on Robert Burns's treatment of women, his social inferiors, and, in particular, his base treatment, from first to last, of Jean Armour. With a complete knowledge of the whole material, published, unpublished, and unpublishable, he had made a special study of this aspect of Burns. As an Ayrshire Scot, who considered admiration for Burns's verse a fair test of the genuineness of any man's professed love of poetry, his bias was in Burns's favour; and he was no censorious critic of other men's failings. Yet, if any man could have been found to print it, he had material for the production of a monograph, impotent denunciation of which would at least have lessened the staleness of Burns Dinners. But, if Professor Spencer Baynes, the editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica, refused to publish Robert Louis Stevenson's plain-spoken but guarded article on Burns prepared for that Encyclopædia, much more impossible, I am afraid,

would Dr Patrick have found it to put before the public his points, partly founded on material

unpublished because unpublishable.

His manner of speech in no way depended on the rank or wealth of the person addressed; to David Patrick such distinctions were not only unimportant, they were irrelevant. Dr George Neilson of Glasgow writes: 'He was so full of ideas and always so sympathetic that to chat with him for twenty minutes was a real inspiration. He brightened many a visit to Edinburgh for me with his swift, sharp, clear-cut talk, so full of knowledge, and absolutely void of the detraction and love of fault-finding, which, not without cause, are apt to characterise men who require to be as exact as he was in all his facts and inferences.'

As to the man himself, he had no conceit or side whatever; he knew what he could do, and he did it, late and early, day in and day out, with all his natural force, systematised by habits of industry and stiffened by a sense of duty. He showed that literary gifts of a very high order are consistent with punctilious business habits. His limitations he knew perfectly well; and he had a just estimate of other men's capacities. He often spoke of the splendid work done by his fellow-workers of all grades. His relations with them may be judged from the words attached to the wreath they laid on his grave: 'In affectionate remembrance of the best of colleagues and the dearest of friends.'

David Patrick's modesty was proverbial. He loathed the chief room at social assemblies and shunned the platform at public meetings; when not tactfully intercepted, he was most likely to be found in a back-seat under the gallery. Intimate friends, like Professor Hume Brown and the Lord Chancellor, Lord Haldane, did not fail to let him know how much his work was appreciated, and how extensively it was utilised. His standing in the literary world was shown by the band of distinguished collaborators he was able to secure for the issue of the Encyclopædia and the Cyclopædia of English Literature. Yet I remember being astonished at his gratitude for a somewhat elaborate acknowledgment I sent him of a vigorous and original paper he wrote in 1908 on what he took care to call 'the so-called Culdee Library of Lochleven.' He explained that I was one of the few to whom he had sent the paper who seemed to have read it.

His charities were many. Mr Chambers writes to me: 'One feature of his character, which was known only to a few, was his big heart and his open hand. As a rule his open hand was only known to those who benefited by his good deeds; but in a roundabout way it has, from time to time, come to my knowledge.'

Humorous and optimistic, he had yet that touch of melancholy and reserve which goes with humour and optimism. He knew the past too well not to love it, and too well not to prefer the age in which he lived. Scorn and contempt were reserved by him for hypocrisy and imposture, not for unavoidable ignorance or honest prejudice. I remember his emphatic approval when I once reminded him of Sir Walter Scott's golden phrase, 'I will never cut any man unless he is proved to me to be a blackguard.'

He combined love of the study, and its contents, with enthusiasm for the open air and with love of Nature, inside his garden and outside it, in all Nature's seasons and moods. He played no games, and he was not a sportsman nor a horse or dog fancier; but nobody would have dreamed of nicknaming him 'dry-as-dust,' or a bookworm; he was a 'fell' walker and cyclist, regardless of weather, and there are unsightly mineral-heaps in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, which will cease to be blots on the landscape when the saplings, which he carried in his pockets and planted with his own hands, have grown into trees. No 'recreations' were assigned to him in Who's Who. Had he been asked for a list, he would probably have named 'Walking, gardening, travel, music.' His love of travel in foreign lands, in his far too short annual holidays, did not lessen his attachment to his early home and his devotion to family ties. He delighted to spend week-ends with his brother in the old family house at Lochwinnoch, in which he was born, and he had a very tender affection for his only sister and her children, in one of whom he was proud to recognise a genuine literary gift. With all his admiration of foreign literature, and his interest in and knowledge of foreign peoples, there always went whole-hearted love of his native land, with a specially warm side to the part of it called Scotland, and a special jealousy for the fair fame, all over the world and down the ages, of Scotsmen and Scotswomen of all ranks.

Outside his own family circle, few knew Dr Patrick longer and none knew him better than Professor Hume Brown. He permits me to quote these words about his friend: 'Dr Patrick's gifts of mind and his personal traits gave him a unique place in the regard of all who knew him. "He was like no one else," was their common remark. His personal charm in his best hours it would be impossible to convey in any form of words. He had kept through life "the child's heart in the man's;" and, in his childlike simplicity, accompanied by no lack of virility or of maturity of character, in his spontaneity and vivacity, his friends found an attraction that made personal intercourse with him at once a stimulus and a solace. His unconventionalities only gave piquancy to a character incapable of affectation, and added another trait of interest to his elusive nature. He lived in an element of moral beauty; and in the memory of his friends he will abide as one who evoked their own best qualities—the highest debt that friend

can owe to friend.'

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XXVI.--CONFESSIONAL--MASCULINE AND FEMININE.

I.

WELL, I have one thing to be thankful for —there might have been another man in the background. Now we must get back to work. Labor omnia vincit, my son.' Thus Philip to himself.

Then he continued, less philosophically, 'I suppose I had better keep right away from her. I simply couldn't stick any half-a-loaf sort of friendship. All the same, I'll keep in the offing in case I am wanted.'

Then he went back to Oxford Street, and told himself that work was the salt of life.

But the spell was broken. Labor omnia vincit proved to be exactly what Julius Mablethorpe had said it was—only half a truth; and Dumps's conclusion that Love and Work are interdependent terms was borne out to the letter. Philip worked as hard as ever-harder, in fact; never had the business in Oxford Street been more efficiently conducted. But the zest of it all was gone. Without Peggy—or prospective Peggy—the day's work, which had been a series of absorbingly interesting enterprises, was now a monotonous round. The whir of machinery had been music; now it was merely an un-pleasant noise. To overcome difficulties and grapple with emergencies had been a sheer joy; to do so now was a weariness to the flesh. Philip could not but recall to mind, as he slogged on, Uncle Joseph's description of his beloved regiment after the episode of Vivien: 'The only difference was that, whereas the regiment had formerly been commanded by a Damascus blade, it was now commanded by a broomstick. Family history appeared to be repeating itself.

But he had no blame for Peggy. She had never encouraged him, never led him on, never deliberately appropriated his services. She had been infinitely kind to him, and that was all. If this hitherto unsuspected hardness in her nature were a permanent thing, if she were determined to live her own life and be independent, well, here was a unique opportunity for a Knight to prove his metal, to justify his boast that he could serve without ulterior motives or hope of reward. If his Lady had selected another Knight in preference to him matters would have been different; proper pride would have driven Philip away. But so long as Peggy walked alone and unprotected, his vocation in life was clear and unmistakable.

But it was an uphill business, until, by a fortunate chance, it occurred to those in authority at Coventry that Philip's abilities were being wasted upon the mechanical routine of the London office. Straightway he was transferred to headquarters, where he was put in charge of

the Design and Construction Department of the company, at liberty to invent and experiment to his heart's content.

Here he felt better. He was relieved of the constant fear of encountering Peggy, and of the exasperating effervescence of Tim. He also felt himself absolved from any further obligation to cultivate social graces. So he reverted whole-heartedly to the realm of Things, determined to eliminate people from his scheme of life for good and all. Machinery, as Mr Mablethorpe had said, might break your arms and legs, but it left your heart alone.

Still, it was a black winter. Extreme tragedy is the privilege of the very young. Those of riper years do not hug tragedy to their bosoms: they know too much about it; and in this respect Philip, for all his twenty-eight years, was youthful indeed. But no human experience is without ultimate profit. Most of us have to live some portion of our lives under circumstances which make it necessary to keep our eyes resolutely averted from the future; and once we have acquired the courage which this performance demands—and it demands a great deal we have acquired the most valuable asset that experience can give us. Any one can be happy who has no care about things to come; that is why children laugh and sing all day. But the man who can keep a stiff upper-lip when there is no confidence in his heart can fairly count himself one of those who have graduated with honours in the school of adversity. During those months Philip acquired the priceless art of taking life as it came, and, abandoning the pernicious habit of drawing upon the bank of the Future—his account was sadly overdrawn there already-of living within the income that the Present supplied to him. True, it was a mere pittance, but he learned to live on it. Upon such foundations is character built up.

Mr Mablethorpe summed up the whole situation in his own fashion when Philip, in the course of a week-end visit, had unburdened his soul over the last whisky-and-soda on Saturday night. 'Philip, my son, you are learning; your education is proceeding apace. But it hurts, and you are puzzled and indignant. But never mind! Hold on, and things will right themselves. Your sense of proportion will come to the rescue and pull you through. I know, old man—I know! I have been through it all. I wasn't always a dull British householder with an expanding waistcoat. I have been young, and now I am old—or perhaps middle-aged—and I know! Middle-age has its compensations. When we are young we alternate between periods

when we feel that there is nothing on earth that we cannot do, and periods when we feel that there is nothing on earth that we can. Advancing years bring us a comfortable knowledge of our own limitations. Though we may not have so many moments of sheer sublimity—moments when we touch the stars—as the young man, we have fewer hours of blackness. So, carry on, Philip. Steer by dead reckoning, if necessary; you will get your bearings in time. This experience will do you no harm, provided you face it between the eyes. I know nothing of your little lady friend, but she does not sound to me like a member of the third sex. On the contrary, she appears to be gratifyingly feminine. Her present attitude is probably a pose of the moment. They can't help being made as they are, you know. I fully expect to find my beloved Dumps suffering from the effects of some germ or other when she comes home from abroad next month. That reminds me. spring Dumps is to come out-not of jail, but the schoolroom, which at eighteen is very much the same thing-for ever. The festivities will include what she calls a Joy-Week in town. You had better come and stay with us during that period, and join me in contracting dyspepsia. In fact, I have a ukase from my daughter to that effect. Will you come?

Philip assented listlessly. Joy-Weeks were not for him.

п

Miss Jean Leslie lived in a roomy flat high up in a tall block of buildings that overlooked the Thames at Chelsea. The larger of the two rooms was her studio. Hither, fat, sweet-scented, and rebellious little boys and girls in expensive laces and ribbons were brought by mothers or nurses; and after they had been coaxed into smiles by the arts and blandishments of their hostess—and for all her spinsterhood she excelled in that accomplishment—Jean Leslie painted miniatures of them, for which their doting and opulent parents paid fancy prices.

'My dear, you must be very rich,' observed Peggy one afternoon, inspecting three portraits of cherubic innocents, recently completed and

awaiting despatch.

Jean Leslie poured out the tea complacently. 'Thank you,' she said; 'I scrape a living. Sit down and eat something. I have some of your favourite valencia buns.'

But Peggy seemed restless. She wandered round the little sitting-room, minutely examining photographs and pictures which she already knew by heart.

'Peggy Falconer,' inquired Miss Leslie at last, 'will you come and sit down in that chair, or will I take you by the shoulders and put you there?'

'Sorry, dear,' said Peggy; 'I have the fidgets.' She dropped rather listlessly into a chair, and then, for no apparent reason, got up and sat in another.

'Why is my best chair not good enough for you?' inquired Miss Leslie sternly. 'At your age you ought not to be manœuvring to get your back to the window.'

'It wasn't that, really,' protested Peggy.

'It just was,' replied Miss Leslie.

She rose from her seat, and, taking the girl by the elbows, turned her toward the light. Peggy submitted, smiling.

'And now,' resumed Jean Leslie, sitting down

again, 'what is the trouble?'

'You really are very Early Victorian, Jean!' said Peggy severely. 'You yearn for sentimental confidences and heart-to-heart talks. But it's simply not done now; hearts went out with chignons. Give me a large and heavy piece of that muffin, please, and I will pander to your tastes by talking about Prince Adolphus.'

Prince Adolphus was the exalted title of a purely hypothetical Fairy Personage who was one day to lead Miss Leslie to the altar. He had been invented by Miss Leslie herself, and formed a stock subject of humorous conversation

with her younger friends.

Miss Leslie said no more, but passed the muffins. 'How is that boy Timothy?' she inquired. The mention of Prince Adolphus had brought Timothy into her thoughts; Timothy had always expressed profound jealousy of his Royal Highness.

Peggy laughed. 'Very careworn,' she said. 'Since Philip was sent to Coventry he has been in sole charge at Oxford Street. By the way, he wants us to lunch with him on Sunday.

Can you manage it?'

'I don't know. I am half expecting a visit from a fellow-countrywoman of mine.'

'Do I know her?'

'I doubt it. Her husband is second engineer on a liner that plies between London and Melbourne. She has a good deal of leisure on her hands, poor soul!'

Peggy asked the question that a woman always

asks another in this connection.

'No,' replied Miss Leslie; 'neither chick nor child; so when her man has been away for a month or so, and drinking tea with the wives of other second engineers in Gravesend begins to pall, she likes to come round here and crack with me. I knew her in the old days: her father was head-forester to us. She would be disappointed if she found me from home. She never tells me when she is coming; she would regard such a proceeding as presumptuous. So'—Miss Leslie sighed resignedly—'I just have to stay in for her. Her husband sailed four weeks ago, and there has been a hurricane in the Indian Ocean this week, so I fancy she is about due.'

'Everybody seems to bring their troubles to you, Jean!' said Peggy.

Miss Leslie looked up. 'Troubles? Oh, no! I assure you, when Eliza Dishart and I drink tea together there is no talk of troubles. We are very grand. We talk about the Court, and turbines, and the possibility of union between the Established Kirk and the Free. But trouble —oh dear, no! Once only did we consent to be informal. That was one wild night in December two years ago. Half the chimney-pots in London were flying about in the air, and she knew that his ship was in the Channel, homeward bound. She came chapping at my door about ten o'clock, just as I was going to bed, and asked me if I would let her sit here for the night. Indeed I was very glad of her company. I remember I managed to pick out the tune of the Hymn for Those at Sea for her on my piano, and we sang it together. Very ridiculous we must have looked. We have never mentioned the occurrence since.'

During this narrative Peggy sat silent and preoccupied. Finally she said, 'It must be a great relief to be able to unload your worries on to some one else. A girl has just been unloading hers on to me.'

Jean regarded her friend's averted face curi-

ously. 'Indeed!' she replied.
'Yes. A man'—

Miss Leslie nodded. 'Quite so,' she remarked dryly. 'She has presumed too far, and he won't come back.'

Peggy looked up. 'Now you are getting romantic again,' she said reprovingly. 'No, it is nothing of the kind. My friend has had to be rather brutal to a man, and she feels sorry for him, and she is afraid he must think rather badly of her. That's all.

'Has she been playing with the poor creature?' demanded Jean Leslie, in a voice of thunder.

'No. She is not that sort of girl.'

'Then where does the brutality come in? There is no brutality in putting a man in his place, provided you do it in time. As soon as a woman sees that a man is preparing to fall in love with her—and she can usually tell about five minutes after she has made his acquaintance -and she doesn't feel like wanting him, she should get him at arm's length at once / Have -has your friend not been overlong in adopting that precaution?'

'She couldn't do it before,' explained Peggy rather eagerly. 'They were thrown together in a very unusual way. She saw it coming, but could not do anything to prevent it. And now the man has gone away; and I'm—she is sure

he thinks'-

Jean Leslie handed her guest a fresh cup of 'Are you certain,' she inquired, 'that this friend of yours wanted to keep the young man at arm's length?'

Peggy twisted her long fingers together. 'I rather fancy, from what she said, that she cared

for him a bit,' she admitted.

'Then why send him away?' demanded Miss

Peggy summoned up a troubled smile.

old Jean,' she said, 'you are so practical!'
'Practical! Ay!' replied Jean Leslie grimly, 'if women were a little more practical, and a little less finicky about what they are pleased to call their hearts, this world would be a more understandable place to live in. Listen! I had a girl friend once—as intimate a friend as yours, I dare say—and when the man she wanted asked her to marry him she said "No." She meant "Yes," of course; she merely wanted him to ask her another half-dozen times or so more; but the stupid man did not understand. He went away, and married some other body whom he did not love, just to be quit of thinking about Men are made that way. They will do any daft thing—take to drinking or marry another woman-to drown the pain of remembrance. But this friend of mine, being a woman, could not do that. She just stayed single, and in course of time became an old maid—and a practical one, I promise you! But let us get back to the other girl. Why did she send her lad away?'

'Because there was some one else whom she

could not leave.' 'A relative?'

'Yes.'

Jean Leslie nodded her head slowly and comprehendingly. 'I see,' she said at length. 'That is different. You mean that the relative would have been helpless without her?'

'Helpless and—friendless,' said Peggy gravely. 'Did she tell the young man that that was the reason?

'No.'

'Why?'

'Because—because I fancy he was the kind of man who, if he had known the real reason, would have persisted in staying single on her account.'

'And why not? Men like that are rare.'

'Well, he—she told me that he was the sort of man who had no idea of looking after himself, or making himself comfortable; the sort of man who really needed a wife. It would have been cruel not to let him go. She might have had to keep him waiting twenty years, and she couldn't bear to think of his living in discomfort and loneliness all that time; so'-

'So she gave him another reason?'

'Yes.'

'What reason?'

'Oh, the reason a girl usually gives nowadays: other interests, freedom to live one's own life, and so on. You know.'

'Yes, I know,' said Jean Leslie bitterly. 'You need not tell me. I should like to have just five minutes' talk in here with the man that invented the higher education of women! However, that is a digression. Your friend's case, as I have said, is different. Evidently she is not that sort of girl. I don't know what advice to give her, poor soul! She is in deep waters. But you can tell her from me'——

'Yes?' said Peggy eagerly.

'That she is doing the wrong thing'—Peggy caught her breath—'for the right reason. You can also tell her that she is a brave lass. Perhaps it may help her a little to be told that.'

'I know it will,' said Peggy, getting up. 'Good-bye, Jean dearest! I think I will go and

tell her now.'

Jean Leslie sat long over the teacups, deep in thought. Mechanically, she found and lit a cigarette, and smoked it to the end. Then she lit another. Darkness had fallen by this time, but still she sat on, gazing into the glowing fire.

At last she rose and turned up the electric lights. Having done this, she surveyed herself

intently in the mirror over the mantelpiece. For all her forty-three years she was a youthful woman. She possessed the white teeth and fair complexion that Scandinavian ancestry has bequeathed to the north-eastern Highlands of Scotland. Her hair was abundant, and with a little better dressing would have looked more abundant still.

She turned from the mirror with a quaint little move, and her eyes fell upon a framed photograph which stood upon her writing-table. It was a portrait of Peggy's mother. She picked it up, and regarded it long and thoughtfully.

'Thank God, death cannot always close the

account!' she said softly.

Then, with a resigned sigh and a downward glance at her comfortable but unfashionable attire, she seated herself abruptly at the bureau and wrote a letter to her dressmaker.

(Continued on page 468.)

COMPRESSED AIR FOR MAKING SHIPS UNSINKABLE.

By W. O. HORSNAILL.

WHEN water finds its way into a ship through a hole in the bottom, those on board naturally resort to the pumps with a view to pumping it out faster than it comes in. At the same time, attempts are made to cover the hole from the outside by passing collision-mats, or even sails, under the bows, and working them along byropes over the sides until they reach the cause of the trouble. These were the only known means of saving the earlier vessels from sinking.

Later on, what are known as collision bulkheads were introduced in the form of watertight partitions right across the ship a certain distance back from the bows, so that when a vessel ran into another ship, or damaged her forepart on the rocks, the water was confined to a small compartment. This precaution was followed by making a watertight inside skin over the bottom and up the sides, leaving a space between the inside and outside plating, which was divided by partitions, so that damage to the outside skin only meant the flooding of one or more spaces in the Many vessels were saved by double bottom. these means; but the principle has long since been carried much farther by building a number of watertight bulkheads or partitions across the ship, with generally another bulkhead right along the middle. These arrangements do not interfere with the passengers, as the bulkheads only come up to a little above the waterline, whereas the passenger accommodation in large liners is all on the upper decks. Of course the watertight compartments have to be used for storage and other purposes, but the doorways into them are fitted with watertight doors which can all be closed at the same time by electricity in cases of emergency.

In battleships, with their liability to punctures by projectiles and torpedoes, the number of compartments is much increased, and a Dreadnought has many hundreds of watertight partitions worked into her construction.

Now, instead of pumping water out of these compartments, it is quite possible to prevent its coming in by using compressed air; or, if the compartment has already filled, the water can be blown out again through the hole at which it entered. It is only necessary to close the watertight doors, and to pump in air until the pressure is high enough to eject the water. According to the *Engineer*, this is exactly what an American inventor, named Wotherspoon, proposes to do, and his system is being applied to three United States warships, but with the addition of varying pressures in the different compartments according to the depth below the water.

Thus, if a compartment right at the bottom of a ship, perhaps nearly thirty feet below the waterline, is broken into, it would take about fourteen pounds to the square inch of air-pressure* to blow the water out; but, to avoid straining the partitions by this high pressure, the adjoining compartments are pumped up to nine pounds pressure, so that there is only a difference of five pounds instead of fourteen pounds to the square inch tending to burst the sides and top. Again, the compartments surrounding those at nine pounds are pumped up to four pounds, thus limiting the bursting pressure throughout to within five pounds. If this were not done the lower partitions would have to be strong enough to stand

^{*}That is, fourteen pounds above the pressure of the atmosphere itself.

fourteen pounds to the square inch, involving heavier plating—a serious disadvantage in warships, where all weights are reduced as much as possible to allow of carrying the largest guns and

the thickest armour-plating.

The advantages of the compressed air system do not end with the keeping out of the water, although this is its main purpose. By means of what is known as an air-lock it is quite possible for workmen to enter a damaged compartment while the water is being kept out by compressed air, and in many cases a hole could be temporarily stopped up. An air-lock is in principle similar to a water-lock on a river or canal, the difference in water-level being represented by the difference in air-pressure. All that is needed are two airtight doors with space enough between them for one man. The man enters this space and the door is shut behind him; then the air-pressure is gradually let in, and finally the other door into the compartment under pressure is opened. This system is being constantly employed for building foundations in rivers, large cylinders under airpressure being sunk down as the work proceeds inside them, the pressures needed being often much higher than would suffice to empty the bottom compartments in our largest battleships and liners.

THE WEAK STRAIN.

By WILLIAM ARTHUR MEYRICK.

CHAPTER I

JOHN RINGTON came back from nothingness to this world with mighty effort and some pain. In his ears was the flutter of a screw; in his nostrils mingled odours of fish, hot oil, and bilge-water; and before his eyes was a dirty little cabin. His head pained him, and he raised a hand to find it bound in a dirty towel. Suddenly there bent over him the blackest of black faces, with the whitest teeth he had ever seen. To the grin on the black face he grinned responsively, and asked, 'Where am I?'

'Steam-trawler Capistrano, off to Moroccy

coast, out of Milford.'

'How did I get here?'

'Run down in lil' boat, and then picked up. Tought you dead, sure; but keep you to make sure. Now you not dead. You hungry, eh? Good! I give you to eat. Then you must see cap'n.'

Under the ministrations of the black cook, John came back rapidly to himself, and he did not know whether he was glad or sorry. His open-boat adventure ending in the collision was no accident, as was apparently assumed. had wilfully yielded himself to an open boat in the Channel from mere indecision. The heroic thing, he knew, was either to have faced his troubles manfully, or to have walked gently and without scandal out of them into the hereafter. He had favoured the latter alternative, but was undecided, as usual; he had left the matter to fate, luck, Providence, or whatever else ruled this world of ours. This was the result. Nothing settled—the weary round to go through again.

Under the bridge, in a little cabin, he interviewed the captain, a hairy little ruffian-looking man, who sat in solitary state over his whisky.

'Who the blazes are you?' was the greeting.
'John Rington, and I suppose I must thank

you for picking me up.'
'Right-o! What were you doing so far off land in an open boat? Blown off, I s'pose, like other Cockney sailors.'

'No, I wasn't.'

'Then the bigger fool you. Lucky for you,

you blundered into us.'

'I have not settled that in my own mind yet. I might have been better off if you'd left me there.

The captain bristled in surprise. 'What do you mean? You don't look one of those suicide grave's fools. Done anything wrong?

'Yes,' said John. 'Lost all my money, and made a fool of myself. That's the biggest crime a man can commit in England.'

'You had some money on you when I picked

you up.'

'Yes; there ought to be about twenty pounds. In addition to that, I don't suppose I have five hundred pounds to my name,' said John.

'Thundering Jupiter! hark at the fellow! ne s a plutocrat. I wish I'd five hundred pounds of my own.' Only five hundred pounds—only five—— Why,

'Five hundred pounds is nothing,' said the

puzzled John.

'Moses! hear the fool talk! Five hundred pounds nothing, indeed! Why, it's a small fortune for any man.'

John was still more puzzled and surprised. This was a world of another standard from his. in his world five hundred pounds was a trifle.

'What can you do?' asked the captain sharply, interrupting his thoughts.
'Do? Nothing. What is there to do?'

'I mean, have you learnt to do anything for yourself? Have you any trade?'

'Trade! Of course not. There has never

been any need.

'So much the worse for you. You've eaten the bread of idleness, my lad. We'll alter all that. Let me see your hands.' John found himself humbly putting forth his hands. 'Good hands, but soft as putty. Muscles fairly well developed; bit of an athlete in his way. Not up to much now' (all this in a soliloquy). 'You'll have to help the cook.—Cook, take him for'ard and set him to it.'

'Excuse me,' interrupted John, 'I had enough

money on me to pay for my passage.'

'No idlers on my ship,' interrupted the truculent captain. 'For'ard with you. At the end of the cruise you'll have your money back, and anything you've earned.'

John still essayed argument, but the scandalised cook caught him by the arm and rushed

him forth.

'Hush!' said his sable lord and master.
'Cap'n Royl a drefful man when he'm roused.
He'll knock h—l out o' us if he comes after us.'

CHAPTER IL

JOHN was sitting on an upturned bucket peeling potatoes under the direction of the cook. The last time he crossed the Bay it was in the fine yacht *Florida*, and he was an honoured guest. To-day, however, he was not unhappy. There was an art in peeling potatoes. Moderation—neither too thick nor too thin—that was the rule. He began to wonder if, after all, peeling potatoes was what he was best fitted for.

The crew interested him—three or four Englishmen; two Swedes, both called Dutchy, but distinguished as Big Dutchy and Little Dutchy; a Greek donkey-man for the cluttering, bucking donkey-engine on deck; a broken-down Scots engineer; and two or three stokers, one called Tiny, the finest specimen of a man he'd ever seen. It was Big Dutchy who was cock of the walk; and John wondered if, having surrendered to the superior authority of the tousled little captain, he would also have to knuckle down to the superior brutality of a lumpy Swede. John smiled at the idea; he might surprise them yet.

He was not popular on board. He had made a fool of himself in the fo'c'sle. He had 'come the toff,' and repelled all attempts at sympathy or friendship on the part of the others. Only

Cookie stood by him.

The veneer of his gentility was soon badly cracked. He had left a bucket of slops just outside the galley door, and into it had blundered Little Dutchy, the smaller Swede, to the detriment of his shins. The little man looked so grotesque, dancing with pain and squealing with rage, that John, who had come to the door, was caught smiling. The retort was instant and prompt. Picking up the bucket, Dutchy hurled the filthy contents over his tormentor, and in return was instantly floored by John with the empty bucket. On Dutchy's bald head there was a lump as big as a plum, and in John's hand a bundle of staves.

He was summoned aft, where the captain poured on him the vials of his wrath. John bent before the storm, but treasured up the captain's peroration. He was not going to have buckets spoiled by cook's mates in that way. John would have to make it good out of his wages. Meanwhile not a word of complaint about Dutchy's head. John returned to his galley, and pondered on the strange world he had come into, where buckets were more valuable than Dutchmen. His standard of values was upset again, and he felt there was much to learn in this new world of his. That evening he made an effort to be amiable to the crew. He promised Little Dutchy half-a-crown when he got ashore to buy a plaster, and altogether he came to the conclusion that his new world, if rough, was not a bad world after all.

Next morning he began to wonder if he would have to fight his way right through the crew. As cook's mate and ship's boy he found that he was supposed to be receiver-general of all the ill-usage going aboard. It never entered the minds of the simple sailormen that he could have any objections to fulfilling these onerous duties of his station. At breakfast he fell foul of one of the English sailors, who answered to the nickname of Squinty. Finding John in charge of the galley—Sambo being busy with the captain and engineer—he thought it a fitting opportunity for a little foraging.

'Gimme a cup of cawfee, m' lad,' said Squinty,

patronisingly.

'Are you supposed to have one now?' asked John, in surprise.

Squinty ought to have bluffed, but mistakenly he exposed his hand. 'Never you mind about serposed or not. Hand it over.'

You'll have to wait till cook comes back; and, if he is willing, you can have it,' said John with an air of finality.

'Wait your granny!' answered the valiant Squinty, pushing his way into the galley, whence two seconds later he emerged hurriedly, sat on the deck, and tenderly nursed his jaw. Then he pulled himself together, and retired to his mates, who received him with a sympathy that hurt more than his injured jaw.

John came out of the galley with a charred stick, and ostentatiously scrawled a big 'No. 2'

on the paint-work.

'Why for that?' asked his sable overlord anxiously. 'Why you make sums on the door, eh?'

'So as not to lose count. About eight more I make it,' answered John ambiguously. Whereat cook shook a curly head.

Nevertheless, John never went beyond No. 3, as it happened to be unnecessary. He was undoubtedly to blame for the next big disturbance, which was with Big Dutchy, the cock of the fo'c'sle. A cook's mate should know his business better than to permit himself to be tricked into allowing one man two dinners, while another man had to go without any. Big Dutchy was naturally annoyed, as he happened to be the missing man. John was not sufficiently apolo-

getic, so Dutchy emphasised his discontent by grabbing John by the throat and pushing him back into the galley, shaking him like a rat. In the confusion, Sambo managed to get himself pinned between the struggling pair and the hot stove, and when his hide began to scorch he wept aloud and told his sorrows to the world. A coffee-pot on the stove came in reach of his hand, and, picking it up, he managed to get most of the contents into Dutchy's face, who instantly raised the blockade and rushed forth full of threats of what would happen to John and Sambo, separately and collectively, when he caught them out of their burrow.

As a consequence, John found that he was engaged to do battle with the Swede that evening in the break near the forecastle-head, when the captain would be below. The men were Epicureans with regard to a fight, and wished it to take place at a time of fullest enjoyment for the greatest number. John was admittedly nervous of the result. He had experienced the grip of Dutchy, and had estimated his force. In skill he felt that he would hold his own; but there was not very much room for manœuvring, and in rough-and-ready in-fighting the Swede ought to be supreme. Tiny gave him good advice. The big stoker knew the ring well, and advised John to keep out of the grip

of Dutchy, and trust to speed.

It was whirlwind work. Dutchy rushed his man, but was checked with a cross hit on the jaw, and one in the wind that gave him pause. The next blow of his, however, nearly finished the bout. It knocked almost all the available breath out of John, and he was lucky to escape the knock-out. For some minutes John had to go warily, and recover his breath and strength. Then Dutchy tried to grip, and as he came John caught his wrist and with a swift jerk nearly dislocated his arm, twitching him forward on to his face. John was thankful for a slight knowledge of jiu-jitsu acquired from a smiling and deferential valet on the Florida, who had taught him just as much as he thought a mere Occidental ought to know. Another fall in quick succession rattled up his opponent still more, and a pretty bit of in-fighting ended in Dutchy getting it on the point of the jaw and going down like a sack. An iron deck-bracket completed the work, and he went aft, after his recovery, to get his head bound up with diachylum. He was closely cross-questioned by the captain, and lied heartily and heavily. In the end Captain Royl kicked him forth, and sent for John.

'Now then, my man, what is your little game?' was the greeting.

'My little game? I don't understand you,'

replied the innocent John.

'Oh, you don't, don't you? Well, I'll clear your understanding for you. You come on my ship, smash a bucket and a Dutchman one day,

and waste all the diachylum plaster in the ship the next.'

'He fell against an iron bracket, sir.'

'And you helped him. I'm not a fool, my lad, and I reckon to know what's what.'

'I assisted nature, it is true; but whatever I did was from motives of economy, sir.'

'Economy? What the thunder are you talking about? What the dickens do you mean with your economy?'

'Well, you see, it was this way. It looked as if I'd have to work right through the crew before I got peace, so I took on Dutchy to save the waste.'

The captain leaned back in his chair and glared like a puzzled chimpanzee. 'Thundering Jupiter!' he muttered; and then the old Adam revealed itself. 'Tell me all about it.'

John told his tale modestly, while the captain offered his excited comments.

'I wish I'd seen it,' he said regretfully when the tale was told. 'Where did you learn to scrap?'

'I'm fairly useful at most sorts of sport. I'd nothing else to do. I learnt a bit of wres-

tling from a Jap from Yedo.'

'It must have been all right'—this with a tone of regret. Then, rousing himself to a sense of his duty, the captain said, 'Say, here, though, my son, don't think because you've been lucky enough to knock out a lumpy Dutchman, who can't fight a cent's worth, that you can boss my ship. There are at least two of us left who can give you more than you want. Take my tip. Don't get crosswise with Tiny the stoker, and don't rile me.'

John looked at the little captain, and felt that he was no boaster. To the captain's visible discontent, John said nothing.

'I almost wish you had given me back-chat,' the captain said dolefully; 'but you are wise. Go for'ard. You needn't do cook's work any longer. Blow me if I don't make Dutchy cook's mate, and give you his job.'

'I'd rather you didn't, sir. Somehow or other, since I have fought Dutchy, I like him

better.'

'All right. Go for'ard and send me Dutchy

When nobody was looking that night, Dutchy shamefacedly offered a dirty hand to John, who took it, and felt warm right through when he shook it.

Incidentally, the trouble did John good. He had felt a coward every time he thought of his ridiculous adventure when he put himself adrift in an open boat from sheer cowardice and indecision, from inability to face his fate, and this adventure of his had rehabilitated him. He thought that he was no such coward after all. In reality, he had only proved his physical bravery; he was still to prove his moral bravery.

(Continued on page 474.)

THE WHITE JEWS OF COCHIN.

By ALFRED C. VINCENT.

HIDDEN away in the midst of a mixed population of Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians in the old town of Cochin, on the Malabar coast, may be found one of the most interesting races of polyglot India. Few people, indeed, know of the white Jews of Cochin, and of the centuries of struggle they have had to maintain their existence in the face of strenuous religious and racial opposition. Yet their story

is as interesting as any.

Their origin is obscure, but they have stories to the effect that the original settlers came to Malabar at the time of the escape of the Jews from Babylonian captivity. There is every reason why this should be true, and there is evidence that they were a power in the land soon after the birth of Jesus Christ. their possession at the present moment is an engraving on copper of a grant to one Joseph Rabban, made by one of the kings of Old Malabar. Its probable date is the third century A.D., and, as may be imagined, it is their most cherished possession.

These Jews do not appear to have escaped the persecutions by other races which seem to be inseparable from the history of Jewry in all parts of the globe. Successive massacres by Mohammedans and Christians have taken place amongst them, and they have repeatedly been driven from their habitations to take refuge in the distant jungles at the foot of the Malabar hills, only to return with the persistence of their race when their persecutors seem to have been satisted with their blood. During the Portuguese period of possession of Cochin, they were discovered to have helped the attacking Dutch in the year 1662, and the Portuguese consequently destroyed their synagogue, together with most of their valuable records and parchment Bibles. The Dutch, however, on defeating the Portuguese in the following year, helped the Jews to rebuild their synagogue; and there is at present in Jewtown an old Dutch clock which is still an object of great interest to the few visitors who find their way there. With reference to the rebuilding of the synagogue there is an interesting story. The floor of the building is tiled with the most beautiful willow pattern and rose pattern blue Canton tiles of great value, and these came into the Jews' possession in the following manner. It was the custom years ago for the Chinese to send trading-ships to Cochin, and on one occasion a ship arrived with a load of these beautiful tiles as a present from the Emperor of China to the Rajah of Cochin. The wily Israelite at once saw his chance of getting a cheap floor for his new synagogue, and so caused it to be spread about that the blood of cows had been used in the making of the tiles. Now it is well known that the Brahmins, of whom the Rajah of Cochin was one, could not on any account have in their houses such an abomination as the blood of the sacred cow, and so the Rajah, on hearing the story, was easily persuaded to hand over the tiles to the Jews, who were known to be eaters of cows' flesh, and so had no religious scruples in the matter. An application of a little palm-oil to the hand of the Prime Minister probably accelerated matters; and so at the present moment the floor of the synagogue at Cochin is worth a Rajah's ransom!

In appearance these Jews are much like all other members of their race. They have the same Semitic cast of countenance, but have chalky-white skins and red lips. Their language is Malayalam, which is that of the country they live in; but all their ritual is in Hebrew, and that language is taught to all their people. To a man with an imagination it is a sad spectacle to see them at their devotions crying out to God in a loud voice, and all wearing on the right hand the leather thong (the tephilin) to signify their bondage in a strange land. One thinks with sympathy of their great struggle for life in exile, and admires their constancy and devotion in preserving both race and religion in the face

of adversity.

Their numbers are much diminished, and amount to only about one hundred and fifty members, a large number of whom are patriarchal old men who still seem to bear traces in their faces of the fierce opposition to which they have been subjected during the history of their community.

DAY'S SPORT IN THE UNITED PROVINCES.

THE nearest railway station to the district in which we intended to commence operations is about a hundred miles from Jhansi, and it takes quite eight hours to get there. The journey can hardly be called de luxe. The dirty and uncomfortable coaches are probably among the oldest that remain on Indian railroads. train stops at every station, to be greeted by a

howling mob of excited and hysterical coolies, making it next to impossible to get a wink of However, peace comes at last when our coach is slipped into a siding somewhere about

At six A.M. the station restaurant provides us with a hurried breakfast; in addition we give a long list of our wants to the man in charge. These railway restaurants are stocked with every species of canned goods, from Nestlé's Swiss milk to Cambridge sausages, and they do a large business with people who, like ourselves, are going to picnic or rough it for a few days off the beaten track.

Having ordered a sufficient quantity of food and drink to last us for the greater part of our outing, we had it packed on an ecka (bullockcart) with our personal baggage, rifles, and a couple of tents. So we set out on our march of seven or eight miles to a dâk-bungalow, where we intended to spend at least two nights. Although we could have procured wretched little ponies to carry us on the journey, a walk appealed to us early in the morning—the cool of the day.

Our party consisted of two servants—one a fine-looking Sikh orderly, and the other a rascally but 'most obliging' Mussulman from Benares—and one or two coolies. The chief of police met us at the station, and gave us a lot of help as to the best and nearest way to get to our destination. Before we had gone two miles we left the bullockcart behind.

The walk in the early morning was most enjoyable after our close quarters. For the first two or three miles the country was quite open; but we noticed as we proceeded on our way that trees and shrubs became more and more frequent, and after a tramp of about four miles we called a short halt in the midst of comparatively thick jungle, though most of the trees were small and scrubby.

The heat was now rather uncomfortable, especially when an open plain was reached, whence we could see the bungalow, which seemed nearer than we had expected, and prettily situated among some shady trees. But, alas! distances are deceptive in India, and we found we had to make a long detour through a native village to avoid a deep nullah which was partially filled with water, and approach the bungalow from the rear.

Needless to say, I was glad to get to our destination. We were very hungry, thirsty, and hot, and unfortunately, owing to thoroughly bad management, we had left all our supplies and baggage with the bullock-cart, and actually had to wait two and a half hours before it arrived. Most of this time we spent sitting by the edge of the nullah in the shade, with our feet in the water. We did not dare to bathe, as the sun was too hot; and it was just as well, for I heard afterwards that this water is a very favourite resort of crocodiles.

Supplies did come at last, and then we enjoyed a siesta. By five o'clock we were thoroughly refreshed, and sallied forth, shot-gun in hand, with one or two beaters, in search of peacock and partridge. I was lucky, for I took the left of the line, with T. on the right. A partridge was the first bird to show itself, running very quickly, and finally getting up pretty far out.

However, I managed to down it. I also collected a couple of peacocks and other two partridges. These partridges are very similar to the bird we are so familiar with at home. All sportsmen know how the British bird can run; but I think its Indian cousin can give it twenty-five yards in a hundred, and beat it in a canter. Peacocks give little sport unless they can be driven high over you like a pheasant. They are most excellent eating, rather like a turkey, but better. They were a valuable addition to our food-supply during the week's stay in this district.

Our bungalow might almost be called luxurious, considering its remote situation. There were two beds, one actually a spring-bed, and the other an ordinary native charpoy. We drew lots for the spring-bed, and I won; but unluckily I fell through it in the night. In spite of this, I slept soundly, and was loath to get up at five-thirty next morning. But the prospect of sport is a wonderful incentive, and by six-fifteen, dressed and breakfasted, we were ready to make

a start for the jungle.

Stepping out on to the veranda, we found a large assemblage of coolies and carriers waiting for us, all very excited, each armed with a small axe, which the natives of this district use very skilfully to cut their way through thick bush. Our *shikari* was indeed a striking figure, very broad, with long shaggy beard, and fierce of eye; and he was particularly conspicuous, as he was the only one to sport a pair of European trousers, which he was very proud of, although both knees were gone. He had originally been a native policeman, and, like all the members of his order, he terrorised the coolies, and had them in complete control.

The morning was brilliantly fine, and at this time deliciously balmy and cool. Scores of green parrots were screeching overhead, and one hardly took a step without flushing a partridge, a peacock, or, in larger numbers, the small Indian dove, pretty little creatures, and good eating.

Our party consisted of seventy beaters, six carriers, the shikari, two ponies, T., and myself. We parted from the beaters soon after leaving the village, and after a long tramp got into our position for the first drive, which was over a thickly wooded hill, the beat starting quite close to the village, and driving right away from it. I was on the right with the shikari, my friend on the left, some distance lower down. There was a fairly deep ditch in front of me, and an open space on the right, which would give a splendid opportunity of a shot if anything were to come that way. I had with me a '475 double-barrelled rifle and a '360 express. I trusted more to the former than to the latter.

After a short wait there was a signal for absolute quiet, and in the distance, far up on the hillside, I could hear branches cracking, the noise becoming louder and louder, as of a large herd of sambur (the so-called Indian 'elk')

approaching. I don't think there is anything so exciting in all the world as the noise of big game on the move, and coming in the direction where you are waiting for them. You sit fairly quivering with anxiety, wondering if you are going to get your shot in, and if it will be a straight one.

The sambur—for such they were—galloped straight down the hill toward me; but when they were not more than seventy-five yards away they seemed to turn and make for T., lower down. But I think they must have seen him, for they took a turn to the left and came straight for me. Neither seeing nor winding me, they trotted into the open space, and I waited anxiously for the large head to appear which I thought must be there. But I was to be disappointed; for, although the herd numbered about thirty, there were only two small heads among them, so, naturally, I left them alone.

I had hopes that the beat was still to be productive of something better, and when I again heard branches smashing, and the beaters shouting away on my left, I thought my hopes were justified. The animals broke to their right before they got any distance, and must, I thought, have gone straight for T. But I heard no shot, and concluded they must have broken back

again.

The line of beaters was nearly up to us now, and when T. joined me he said three nilgai (a large and ungainly antelope) had passed quite close to him, but he had not fired in case of frightening away any sambur which might still be on the hill. So the first drive, though full of excitement and interest, was unproductive of a shot.

Now came a gruelling walk of about a mile and a half to the next beat, which was to be along the top of a fairly precipitous hill. We made fair way at first, and I think I might have bagged a nilgai if my small rifle, which I happened to be carrying at the time, had not misfired. We separated from our beaters at the bottom of the hill, and the climb commenced. It was getting on for midday, and the sun was almost at its hottest. I thought the top would never be reached; but we plodded on, and, coming to an open space about one hundred and fifty yards from the summit, I left T., who was to take up his position behind a big rock at the far end of the clearing. I rather envied his not having to climb to the top; but I got to my stance eventually. When I was able to look round me, I found I was on the edge of a huge slab of rock which jutted right out from the very top of the cliff, with a drop of about thirty feet. My position was truly a commanding one, for practically I could see to shoot on every side, though in most places the grass was very long, so my shot, if I got one, would be difficult, and I didn't quite fancy a tussle with a wounded panther or bear, for I should be completely

cornered, situated as I was on the edge of the rock.

I had plenty of time to admire the view before the beat started. It was perfectly wonderful. All around me as far as the eye could see was one enormous expanse of hilly jungle, with here and there a small sheet of water glittering in the sun. The many hills dotted over the country were all thickly wooded, and did not reach to any great height.

A touch from the shikari, who was pointing at my rifles, told me that I ought to be in readiness, for the beat was about to start. One never knows in this sort of shooting what to expect. An animal may break cover the instant the beating line begins to advance, or, again, it may lie close till the line is almost up to you, and then probably break back. I had hopes of seeing a panther, for I knew there were some about, and it was an ideal bit of country for them. But this was not to happen, for the panther is perhaps the most cunning of all animals; and, though the beaters swore they had seen one, it never came forward. The fact is, men beating on foot, and armed with only a small axe, even if they see a panther, will leave it to go its own way without making any effort to bring it forward; and one really can hardly blame them for thinking that discretion is the better part of

I had been sitting stock-still for about ten minutes, when I nearly jumped out of my skin, for about fifteen yards from me came a series of short barks and snarls, evidently from a small rock cave on the side of the hill. All-expectant and quivering with excitement, I cocked my big rifle in readiness, when the shikari, with a disdainful grunt, muttered, 'Girdar' (jackal), much to my disgust and humiliation. The beat had got about half-way, when I heard a lot of shouting near the top of the line. These shouts resolved themselves into 'Bhaloo' (bear). Now at last I was going to get a shot. I kept perfectly still, waiting and hardly daring to breathe, when suddenly, about seventy-five yards from me, a large bear broke to the left of the line of beaters and over the hill. I had time to get in one shot and no more before it disappeared. It was only a snap shot, for the ground was rocky and uneven; and when I went up to the place after the beat, I found the mark of my bullet on a stone about a yard nearer me than where the bear had passed, showing that I had fired too low, and the animal had escaped untouched. This beat was otherwise unproductive, for T. had seen nothing; so, descending the hill, we sat down rather disconsolately to lunch. So far our luck had been out.

The first beat in the afternoon, which was situated along the bottom of a high cliff amidst thick jungle and large stones, was also blank. I took up a stance within twenty-five yards of the cliff, with T. about one hundred and fifty yards

on my right. Two tigers, I knew, had been killed here the year before; and, although none had been seen this year, I still thought there might be the chance of a shot. If so, it would have to be a straight one, for there was no other protection than my two rifles, not even a friendly tree of sufficient size to swarm up if the worst came to the worst, and if there had been time, which would be highly unlikely. But no tiger came, and the only excitement of the drive was furnished by some sambur, which broke back through the line of beaters, and a small bear which passed somewhere among the rocks between myself and T.

Although we had a long distance to cover to the next beat, which was on low ground, it was an easy walk, being mostly downhill. We passed through some very pretty country, and when we reached a large nullah, which had quite a depth of water in it, unmistakable tracks of panther were in evidence; the spoor was sharp, and it could not have been more than one or two nights previous that the animal had been there to drink. There was a chance of seeing it in the next beat; but if it was there, it proved too

cunning to appear.

Just after we had crossed this bit of water, some chinkara were sighted about one hundred yards distant, feeding on rough and open ground. T., who was in front, got to within about seventy yards, and let blaze, dropping a buck with a really nice little head. It was a good shot through the neck. The chinkara is a small Indian gazelle, and at seventy-five yards makes a tiny target. The animals are very graceful, and can cover the ground rapidly. The horn measurement of a good average head is from ten to twelve inches.

Nothing more occurred till we took up our places for the next and last beat. I was on the right, T. on the left, both of us facing some fairly open ground at the bottom of a thickly wooded hill. Almost before I had settled down some pig passed to my right; and although I could not get a shot at them, I killed one on the walk home. There is no pig-sticking in this district. A few minutes later I heard some heavy animals moving on the hillside some distance away, between myself and the gun on my left. I hoped they were a herd of sambur, but they turned out to be nilgai. The brutes came forward splendidly, and, passing about forty yards below me, stood in the open and gave an easy shot. I killed the foremost one. There were three altogether, and they had very small heads even for nilgai. Better luck at last, for the beat had only commenced; and although nothing more came near me, I heard T. fire twice, and when the drive was over found he had secured a sambur stag, a large and heavy animal, but carrying only a moderate head.

I was well satisfied with the day, for up till the last drive I thought we were going to draw blank. It is a well-known fact that one may spend a week in this part of the country and never see a single animal worth shooting, though the country is generally infested with game. This is very often the case when wild dogs are about, and I had seen unmistakable signs of them. I shot one the next day.

It was nearly seven o'clock when we got back; and having paid the coolies, and told them to be ready for us about five-thirty next morning, for we had farther to go, we sat down to a plain but

ample supper, and then to bed.

Such is one out of many delightful and interesting days' shikar in the United Provinces, one of the most fascinating districts in India for sport. One has to be an enthusiast, work hard, rise early, and sometimes walk long distances. There are no elephants, and one must not expect large and sumptuous luncheon picnics in the jungle. There is a delightful uncertainty about it all, and quite enough danger to make it exciting. One never knows what sort of game may be met with; and on the rare occasions when dangerous game is encountered there must be accurate shooting, otherwise anything may happen.

THE LAST MILESTONE.

Another milestone marks the way; Sombre and stern its height uprears, It chills us with the shadowed gray Of fleeting time and vanished years.

So short a time ago—in June— With dancing steps we gaily went; Now mellow lights of afternoon Give warning that the day is spent.

Ah, when we parted, young and true,
How high we dreamed of conquests won!
Alas! how much we planned to do
Our feeble hands have left undone!

How many broken visions trail

Their fitful splendour o'er the skies;
How many heights we thought to scale

Life's mists have hidden from our eyes!

How many lovely dreams of sweet

Have drifted out of sight and mind;

How many hopes our hasting feet

Have left forgotten far behind!

Ah me! the milestones thronging fast
About us, on our shortening way,
Imperious date our far-off past,
And beckon back to yesterday.

Thus, while the sun sets, flaming strange
Wild beauty o'er the darkening night,
Thrills through us that great thought of Change
Should the last milestone be in sight.

MARY M. CURCHOD (MYRA).

Algiers.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

THE summer is the season for games, those of the outdoor kind. Some of them are played in the winter, chiefly golf and football, and in the case of the latter there is more watching of games during the part of the year that is poorest in weather than at any other time, and it is perhaps something that the sense of British hardihood is satisfied in this matter of winter sports, and that we never cease to take part in them just because it is wet and cold. Yet it is obvious that the summer and autumn are the periods for their most perfect enjoyment. shine and warmth are essential to absolute enjoyment of life in ways like this, and now we are at the height of the season for them. Many circumstances have combined to make questions of sports and games of far greater interest and importance at present than they have ever been before. In several directions the whole scheme of life and the world seems to be in process of reconstruction. What has satisfied for hundreds of years with little, if any, alteration is now condemned as poor and insufficient. In nearly every detail of the system of existence there is an upheaval, and since sports occupy such a considerable portion of the average person's lifetime, it was inevitable that they also should be made the subject of investigation from new points of view. It happens that there have now come forward certain questions in regard to this country and its games which are really of supreme importance, not merely to the people who play and watch these games, but to all the individuals of the State. It is very true that games do not end at the playing and the watching, or even at the talking about the play that ensues. They have been so much advertised, and rivalries-local and international—have been so artificially stimulated, that they have come to occupy a very high place in public attention. Many times since last winter far more space has been given to them in leading and the most serious newspapers than to the whole of the foreign news; it has inferentially been considered that readers are more concerned with what are, or should be, sparetime diversions than with all the other affairs of the outside world. And the first and chief of the questions is the increase and intensity of

what we may call internationalism in sport. There may be no such word in a comprehensive dictionary; but it is necessary to the circumstances of the present case, and at once suggests its meaning. Twenty years ago there was hardly any such thing. At that time Britain was so much the foremost in games as to be almost the only country that gave them more than casual attention. We were the first to look upon them as almost important matters of life. With us they did not then occupy one quarter as much public attention as they do to-day -witness the fact that so far back the number of spectators at a football match was five or ten thousand at most against the fifties of thousands that frequently watch a game nowadays—internationalism extended only to cricket matches between this country and Australia, some yacht-races in which Britain and the United States were concerned, and occasional contests spasmodically in other departments of sport. At that time America was very young in these matters. It had not cultivated its own baseball as it has done since; its college football had not developed to the point of engagements in which players are seriously injured and even killed, as sometimes happens now; its golf was only just beginning; in tennis and polo, at which it is now so prominent, it was as a child. France and Germany were not at that time concerned with games at all; they despised them, and ridiculed this country for the attention it gave to them. Whether, considered as for the good of humanity and the world, the case was better then than it is now or not, it is certainly the fact that there is a striking contrast between the circumstances of the periods, and the difference must have a meaning and a consequence. Games are becoming universal, Britain is said to be losing its supremacy, and this loss is being looked upon as a serious matter and an indication of racial decadence and physical inferiority. That is what internationalism has done.

* * *

See what the state of things is now. Games have become an even greater consideration in American life than they are in ours. The American people play them more, they watch them more, and they read about them more. Young in their zeal and violent in their en-

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thusiasm, and infusing into their games that aggressiveness towards others and ambition for supremacy which is a national characteristic, they have determined to take the lead in internationalism, and consider that they have already done so. It is part of their new principle that the practice of games makes for physical fitness and perfection, and that they are necessary to their life in view of the strain that is exerted upon them in the ordinary affairs of commercial and professional work. So they have organised them to such a degree as they have never been organised before. In other countries the same tendencies have been more slowly manifested in recent years, but hardly less firmly. The attention which our colonies are giving to their sporting affairs is fast increasing. In France a veritable fever for sport has set in. Ten years ago the French did little more than make themselves ridiculous when they tried to play football against our people; now the game is thoroughly well established in the country, great skill has been attained, and France can, and does, make a good match of it with parts of Britain. Golfcourses are being made all over the country; and quite recently two Cabinet Ministers were discovered playing this game for the first time, and were forthwith led to express their belief that such a diversion is necessary to France, and must be greatly encouraged. Germany ten years ago laughed at us for the interest we showed in outdoor pastimes, and professed to be content that we should continue in this way while the children of the Fatherland took our trade away, educated themselves beyond us, and prepared themselves in different ways to take the lead in the world. Now Germany also is giving herself to games; she too is adopting golf, and there is a German Golf Association which publishes a bulky year-book about its doings and arrangements. The Spaniards used to be regarded as much too lazy for anything except smoking, loafing, and making love. Their ideas of sport were limited to the bull-fight. they also have begun to play golf, and a new course has been established near Madrid on which a sum of money equal to about forty thousand pounds has been expended. Football clubs have been set going in all parts of the country, the Association game having been adopted on precisely the same lines as in Britain; while they have a national cup competition, to which King Alfonso has given a trophy, and the tournament excites general attention and draws large crowds of spectators. It is even being suggested that football will displace bull-fighting, and to that extent it would certainly be a very good thing for Spain. Italy likewise is starting with similar games, and it is the same in many other foreign countries. In such circumstances it is no doubt inevitable that a certain amount of international rivalry should be stimulated. As soon as a boy or a man begins to play a game of any sort he wishes to compare his skill with that of others, and he tries to improve it so that he may become better than they are, and, if possible, the best of all. Without competition, games have hardly any meaning. As a matter of high ethics, sport should be indulged in for the sake of sport only; the game should be played for the game and not for the winning of it, and the essential and admitted object is not conquest, but diversion, mental relief, and physical improvement. The winning and the losing, however, give a necessary stimulus to the pursuit, and it is almost inevitable that they should come to be paramount considerations, since human nature is what it is, and no man likes to be beaten at anything. As with the individual, so with the nation; and therefore, as the countries come to compete against each other, these games have become both national and international affairs, and there is the desire for conquest everywhere.

* * * Two years ago the series of Olympic Games that were held at Stockholm, in which most of the civilised countries of the world took part, created enormous general interest and placed internationalism in sport upon a new footing. Very soon another series of these games will be held at Berlin, and for a long time past there have been preparations for them by all the competing nations. It has been urged that the results of the last meeting of this kind showed that Britain was on the down-grade physically and athletically, and that the Americans and others had become our superiors. This was regarded as a most serious menace to our national future, and an attempt has been made to raise money for a new and vast organisation of our human sporting and athletic material. In a large measure this attempt has failed; and is its failure altogether a matter for regret? How much will it benefit a nation if, say, twenty thousand pounds is spent in the selection and training of a number of specialised athletes who will represent it at such games, and beat others on whom money has been spent in the same way by their own people? It may be that each country will take a keener interest in such games, will read about them more, and will watch them more; but it by no means follows that for all that expenditure on the selected representatives the physical quality and efficiency of the young people generally of the respective countries will be to the smallest extent improved. When it is suggested that they are thereby encouraged to try to emulate the successful in these matters, and to become their country's chosen champions, thus bettering their bodies and increasing their human efficiency, it often seems that the ambition on the one hand, so far as the first part of it is concerned, is not desirable, and on the other it is not practicable. So the nation's youth in general is content to watch and read, and the success of one nation at the

games is not at all indicative of the athletic and physical superiority of the nation as a whole; while there is the fair inference that the nation that devotes less attention to these affairs is expending its energies on some others which it regards as of greater importance. The love of British people for sport and games of all kinds, and their activity and enthusiasm in participation, stand in no need of vindication. Before this internationalism set in with its present vigour, the question had already arisen in a grave form as to whether we were not playing far too much, to the neglect of other and more important interests; now it is being urged that we are not sufficiently keen, that we are losing our place, and hence that we are degenerating. But the truth is that we are playing more, watching more, and generally give far more attention to the subject than ever we did; and if, with all this, we really do not maintain our place, and countries that have taken up sports like new toys show themselves better at them, for the time being, than we are, the answer of those who take the broader and farther view of life and work and national interest is simply, 'Let them.' During the long period that Germany has almost entirely neglected games has she suffered as a nation? It is in that period that she has made the most remarkable advance, has lifted herself to a topmost place in power and interest, and become the gravest menace to other nations.

But there is another aspect of this internationalism which is of deep consequence. It is commonly suggested that it improves friendliness and understanding between nations, encourages peace in the world, and promotes human advancement. How far is this so? When nations play against each other there must be winning and losing, just as there are when individuals are matched; and as no single man likes to be defeated in any competition with another, however much pleasure he may be supposed to derive from the game, still less does a nation like defeat. The nation as such does not play, and the pleasure of the game is nothing whatever to it. The mere playing and the pleasure of it are not a consideration; the winning and the losing are absolutely everything. Nothing that is fair must be left undone to achieve victory; there must be sacrifices of old and favourite systems; new, inconvenient, and often disagreeable departures must be made; and at the end, when, some one having won, some one has lost, a smarting sense of failure is experienced. Effort has been in vain, inferiority has apparently been proved, and where then is the satisfaction? There is exultation on the winning side, and depression amounting almost to shame on the other. Certainly in such circumstances the cause of friendliness is not improved. It can hardly be said of any of the great international contests of the past that they have been productive of international good; very often they have brought about grave misunderstanding and harm. There have been yacht-races between Britain and America that have aroused the most unhappy feelings, and even the cricket contests between the mother-country and the colonies have had unfortunate sequels. So far from such contests being good for countries, they are undoubtedly bad for them—bad in both their national and international effects. The controversies that ensued on the last Olympic Games were of the most unpleasant character.

The matter is considered in this way now because there is a movement in the making in a quiet but forceful way for the discouragement of this form of international sport. It is not the desire that it should be abolished altogether; but the object is to lessen the organisation of it, to lower the plane of importance that it has assumed, and so to mitigate its consequences. This movement is not originated by faddists or by men who are merely bookworms, scientific professors and students, and have no love for games and sports. It is supported by people who are themselves keen sportsmen, great lovers of games, and have the best interests of these games at heart. What they do not wish is that either the games themselves or the people who play them should be spoiled, and so they call for a lessening of this international activity and a slackening of the system of organisation. The circumstances of the present season are remarkable. The British and the American people are, and can be, the very best of friends. There are many reasons why they should be, and the blood reason and that of mutual interest—the two best conceivable—are paramount. But in the nature of the case intense rivalry between the countries in almost all departments of life and work is inevitable, and it is a matter of no small difficulty so to control and regulate these rivalries that perfect and continual peace and friendliness shall always be maintained. The fewer new and unnecessary elements that are introduced into this international competition the better. As it happens, this element of sport and games is the most dangerous of all, partly because of the American aggressiveness and our own susceptibilities; and partly because, without saying that they are better or worse, the American ideals and systems and temperament are by no means the same as ours. If our own tendency is to regard games less as media for physical pleasure and mental diversion than as things for winning and losing, the American disposition in the same direction is far in advance of ours. With them competitions are absolutely everything. We do not like to be beaten by the Americans; the Americans certainly are not pleased when we beat them, and they determine that, at any cost, the case must be reversed. No game or contest, whatever its results, ends with one particular victory or loss. There must be retaliation

and revenge. Nobody can ever be satisfied, and there must be continual comparison and controversy. Great preparations are now being made in America for the celebration of the centenary of peace between that country and ours. The American Peace Centenary Committee have determined upon the expenditure of more than two hundred thousand pounds in different ways for this celebration, and their efforts may be productive of very much good in the mitigation of the doubts and jealousies which still exist. The opportunity is magnificent, incomparable. At the same time, the international rivalry in sports and games has assumed a proportion far beyond anything it has attained in the past. There are to be more yacht-races, more polo contests, more lawn tennis matches, and the competition between the countries at golf has sprung up in the most surprising manner, so that even this game—which above

all others is one for the playing and the pleasure of playing, and not for the watching and the reckoning of wins and losses—has become one of general public interest in the international sense, and has had its old happy equilibrium completely disturbed. No doubt there is something, perhaps much, to be said on that side of the question. Golf is certainly a fine thing for the American people; it is just that kind of game they needed, and it is well for them that it should be extensively advertised in their own country. But there are some people who are a little doubtful as to what is the British gain in this matter, and whether the cause of international amity is likely to be much advanced. For myself, as one by no means without experience of the matter in both countries, I express no opinion now, but state the case as it is being stated by others. Its importance is manifest.

KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XXVII.-THE RIVALS.

T was five o'clock on a fine spring afternoon. The model had just resumed his ordinary raiment and departed, and Montagu Falconer was cleaning his palette. To him entered a timorous maid.

'If you please, sir, Miss Leslie has called.'

'That is quite possible,' replied Montagu calmly; 'but it does not interest me.'

'But she wants to see you, sir.'

'I fear I cannot oblige her. It is Miss Marguerite's duty to receive afternoon callers.'

'Miss Marguerite is out, and Miss Leslie specially asked for you, sir,' persisted the maid, trembling beneath her employer's cold blue eye.

Montagu Falconer ruminated for some few moments. Unfortunately he omitted to remove his eye from the maid, and that sensitive young person was on the verge of an hysterical yell when he turned upon his heel and said curtly, 'Ask her what the devil she wants.'

The maid humbly withdrew. Having closed the studio door behind her, she indulged in a few grimaces of a heartfelt and satisfying character, and after pausing to admire herself for a brief space in a Venetian mirror conveniently adjacent, returned to the drawing-room, where she took her stand before Miss Leslie with downcast eyes. 'Mr Falconer sends his compliments, miss,' she announced deferentially, 'and would be very much obliged if you could say whether you wanted him particular, because he is painting a picture.

Jean Leslie smiled. She was wondering what Montagu really had said. But to the maid she merely replied, 'Is the model there?'
'No, miss. Models go at five.'

'Then say to Mr Falconer that I should be greatly obliged if he could see me for a few

minutes, as I wish to consult him upon an important matter.'

When the maid had departed Miss Leslie rose and walked to the window, through which the afternoon sun was shining. Peggy's tastes rather leaned to rose-coloured curtains and silk blinds. Jean Leslie arranged these to her liking. Then, having adjusted her hat to the proper angle, she sat down with her back to the light, and waited.

'Well, Jean,' Presently Montagu entered. he said affably—he was flattered by his new rôle of consultant—'you are looking very smart to-day.

'This testimonial is most gratifying,' said Miss

Leslie. 'Do you like my furs?'

Montagu surveyed her critically. He had a real eye for form and colour, and he nodded 'Yes,' he said; 'they suit you perfectly. And that bunch of violets adds just the right touch of subdued colour.'

'Thank you,' said Miss Leslie meekly.

Montagu sat down on the other side of the 'However,' he said importantly, 'I believe I am correct in supposing that you did not come here to show me your clothes.' In this he was not so correct as he thought. 'I understand you wish to have my opinion on some matter.'

'Yes,' said Miss Leslie. 'It is a matter which I could confide to no one but a very old and

very trustworthy friend.'

Quite so, quite so,' said Montagu, much gratified, but a little staggered. For the last twenty years he had rarely encountered the lady before him for more than five minutes without becoming embroiled with her in a skirmish of some description, and pitched battles had been not infrequent.

'I want to ask what you think, Montagu,' continued Miss Leslie. 'You are one of the few people I know whom I would describe as a true man of the world.'

Montagu Falconer began to purr gently. 'Possibly!' he said; 'possibly! Well!'

'The fact is,' confessed Miss Leslie, after a momentary hesitation, 'I have received an offer of marriage.'

'Good God!' exclaimed Montagu. 'Who is the '—he was about to say 'idiot,' but corrected himself—'gentleman?'

'His name,' said Miss Leslie, casting down her eyes, 'is Adolphus Prince. I have known him for many years.'

'Extraordinary name! Is he old or young?'
Miss Leslie considered. 'He is about fifty,'
she said.

'Rather elderly,'commented Montagu Falconer, who was only forty-eight. 'How old are you, by the way?'

'Forty-two,' said Miss Leslie coyly.

'I am bound to say, Jean,' remarked Montagu handsomely, 'that you don't look it. Now, what of this fellow? Is he a gentleman?'

'I hope so,' said Miss Leslie humbly.

'But are you sure? You dear women, Jean, if I may say so, are too apt to be carried away by your feelings. What is his station—his position?'

'He is a retired colonel of militia,' replied Miss Leslie. This statement would have surprised Timothy, who would have it that his rival was a superannuated tea-taster. 'He has lived a great deal in India, and is now quite alone in the world.'

'I see. One leg and no liver, I presume!' said Montagu facetiously.

Miss Leslie laughed appreciatively. 'You are as caustic as ever, Montagu,' she said. 'You spare none of us. But what do you think I should do? I am a solitary woman. It is a dreich business living by one's self, is it not?'

'It is—it is,' agreed Montagu, lapsing straightway into self-pity. 'Too true! Believe me, Jean, I know what it means better than most.'

'Still, you are not entirely alone,' Miss Leslie reminded him. 'You have Peggy.'

'It is a fact,' admitted Falconer with an air of gloomy sarcasm, 'that I do possess a daughter; but for all practical purposes I might as well be Robinson Crusoe. I never see her by day, for I am busy in the studio, and naturally do not want to be pestered. In the afternoon, as often as not, she goes out or invites some people in. In either case I take my tea alone, for I cannot stand her associates. When she does go out, she frequently returns only just in time to give me my dinner.'

Miss Leslie nodded sympathetically. 'I am sorry,' she said. 'I had not realised things from your point of view. It all shows how little we really know of one another's inner lives.'

'And the only nights upon which she ever seems to stay at home,' concluded the neglected parent, 'are those on which I go out.'

Montagu was accustomed to go out about five nights a week, and his daughter perhaps twice a month; so this statement may have been approximately correct.

'I see I have often been thoughtless in my previous attitude toward you, Montagu,' said the contrite Miss Leslie. 'We women are apt to forget that a man—even a strong, self-reliant man—may sometimes unbend. He too may desire companionship—the right sort of companionship, of course—as much as the weakest woman. Forgive me!'

Montagu, highly appreciative of the very proper spirit displayed by Miss Leslie, forgave her freely, and then launched into a further catalogue of grievances, Adolphus Prince retiring for the time modestly into the background.

When he had finished, Miss Leslie said, 'Peggy is young, and perhaps thoughtless. When she marries'——

Montagu Falconer nearly bounded out of his chair. He was genuinely alarmed. 'Marry? That child marry? Good God, Jean, don't suggest such a thing! What would become of me, I should like to know? What does the girl want to marry for? Hasn't she got a comfortable home of her own? Hasn't she got me—her father—her only relation in the world—to take care of her? My dear Jean, do not be romantic at your time of life, I beg of you! You haven't been putting notions into her head, I hope?'

Miss Leslie hastened to still the tempest which she had created. 'How masterful you are, Montagu!' she said. 'I declare I am quite afraid of you.'

Again Montagu purred. In the course of a long and stormy acquaintance, extending over twenty or more years, this was the first indication that he had ever received that Jean Leslie regarded him with aught else than a blend of amusement and compassion. A less vain and self-centred man might have felt a little suspicious of such sudden and oppressive adulation, but he did not. Montagu was one of those persons who like flattery laid on with a trowel.

'I am sorry if I alarmed you,' he said graciously; but I feel very strongly upon the subject. I haven't forgotten the trouble I had in getting rid of that bargee, Whatsisname—that chauffeurfellow! Curse it! What was he called? I have it—Meldrum! I foresaw trouble, of course, from the day upon which my daughter persisted in dragging his mangled remains into my best bedroom, instead of sending them to the workhouse. During his convalescence I had to be perpetually on guard. The fellow followed her about like an infernal dog. Once, when I had occasion to reprove my daughter—my own daughter!—for some fault, he showed his teeth and nearly flew at my throat! Oh, I had to be

pretty firm, I can tell you! However, I got him out of the house at last, and I am glad to say that he has not shown his face here for some months.'

'I like a man to be master in his own house,' said Miss Leslie approvingly. 'I fear my friend Adolphus Prince has not your strength of character, Montagu. I wonder if I should be happy with him,' she added musingly.

'He sounds to me,' remarked the courteous Montagu, 'a confirmed and irreclaimable nin-compoop. Has he a weak chest?'
'Yes. I wonder how you knew.'

'Any money?'

'I believe not.'

'Then why marry him?'

'Well,' said Jean Leslie slowly, 'I think I might be able to help him a little. A lonely man is a very helpless creature. Not a man like you, Montagu, but an ordinary man. Such a man lives, we will say, in chambers or a flat. He may even have a comfortable house; but he lives alone, for all that. He is at the mercy of servants; when he is in doubt about anything he has no one to consult; when he has done a good piece of work he has no one to show it to; when he is out of heart he has no one to encourage him. If he wants company he has to go out and look for it, instead of finding it ready to hand by his own fireside. Altogether, if he has not your great spirit and resources, Montagu, he is a very miserable man.'

The worst of the artistic temperament is that it is intensely susceptible to the emotion of the moment. Describe joy, and it becomes hilarious; describe sorrow, and it becomes tearful; describe

fear, and it becomes panic-stricken.

Montagu Falconer positively shuddered. 'Yes,' he said quakingly, 'that is true - very true. And more than that. It is not the weak man who suffers, or suffers most. The strong have their moments of dejection too, Jean. would hardly believe it, but even I'-

Miss Leslie, like a naughty little girl who is determined to make her small brother's flesh creep before he retires to bed, continued remorselessly, 'And what has he to look forward to? Nothing! Nothing but old age, with its increasing feebleness, and helplessness, and friendlessness. That is all!' She looked across at the shaking figure in the arm-chair, and suddenly there was real pity and kindness in her eyes. 'I should like to be able to save a man from that, Montagu,' she remarked gently.

Montagu nodded his head. For once he had

nothing to say.

'That is why,' continued Jean Leslie in the same even tone, 'I am thinking of marrying Adolphus Prince. I am no longer a girl. I should understand his moods, which are many. I could manage his house, and I would not be likely'—she smiled modestly—'to go losing my heart to some younger man after a year or

two. And of course, when I saw that my husband wanted to be left to himself and not bothered-as all husbands have a right to expect -I should have my painting to occupy me.'

'I will say this for you, Jean,' said Montagu Falconer almost effusively, 'you always had an appreciation of Art. But come now! What of this fellow? Is he a philistine—a bourgeois—a chromolithographer?

'I am afraid poor Adolphus has little knowledge of Art—Art as you and I know it,' replied Miss Leslie regretfully. 'But he is a

good creature in other respects.

Montagu Falconer began to walk excitedly about the room. 'There you are!' he said. 'There you are! Isn't that a woman all over? Here are you, Jean, with your splendid talents and comparative youth, with a strongly developed sense of what is right and beautiful, prepared to throw yourself away upon a half-pay, knockkneed, blear-eyed militiaman, who probably wears Jaeger boots and furnishes his rooms with stuffed parrots and linoleum. The idea is unthinkable—impossible! You cannot do it!'

'Then you forbid me to marry him?' said

Miss Leslie timidly.

'Certainly I do,' replied Montagu, noting to himself with intense gratification that a man has only to be thoroughly firm with a woman to win her complete submission. 'You don't care for the creature, I suppose?'

'Not very deeply,' confessed Miss Leslie.
'He is just a friend—a very old friend.'

She sighed, rose from her seat, and held out her hand. 'Good-bye, Montagu,' she said, 'and thank you! I must be going now. It was good of you to have such a long talk.'

'I say, don't go yet,' said Montagu. 'I mean '-He hesitated. He hardly knew

what he did mean.

'I think I really must,' replied Miss Leslie.

Montagu accompanied her silently to the door. 'You are going to take my advice, I trust?' he remarked as they stood upon the steps.

Jean Leslie pondered. 'I suppose so,' she 'A man's logic and common-sense are so invincible. Still, I owe you a grudge, all the same, for having deprived me of my one romance. I am not likely to have another, you see! Good-bye, Montagu, and thank you!

She gave her counsellor a shy but grateful glance, and departed down the street-a welldressed, well-carried, and well-bred figure.

Next morning Montagu Falconer, after a disturbed and introspective night, came down to breakfast at ten o'clock, and dismally surveyed Tite Street through the dining-room window. There was a piercing east wind, which penetrated through every nook and cranny. Peggy had breakfasted an hour ago.

Montagu rang the bell for his coffee, and shivered. He was feeling stiff in the joints this

morning. Could it be rheumatism? He would like to consult some one about this. But of course there was no one to consult. His daughter, naturally, was not at her post; she was downstairs ordering dinner, or something of that kind. Besides, it could not be rheumatism; rheumatism was an old man's complaint. Old man! Old men suggested thoughts of Adolphus Prince. He had some one to consult about his troubles; he could take them to Jean. Montagu consigned Adolphus to perdition. Who was Adolphus Prince, to monopolise——

Next moment Montagu, seized with a sudden idea, was at the telephone.

'Number, please?' said a haughty voice.

'I want seven six seven one, Chelsea, and I'm in a devil of a hurry,' he replied frantically; 'so put me on as quick'——

Br-r-r-r-/ $C\bar{h}'k$ / 'Number engaged,' announced the instrument dispassionately.

Montagu hung up the receiver, and swore. He was quite panic-stricken by this time. So Adolphus Prince rang her up at ten o'clock in the morning, did he? He would show the old dotard who was the better man! Five minutes later he had secured his call, and was inviting Miss Leslie to lunch with him at the Ritz.

(Continued on page 487.)

A WANDERER'S NOTE-BOOK.

By A. F. WHYTE, M.P.

III.—GLIMPSES OF PARIS.

1

'GOOD Americans, when they die, go to Paris,' we are told; but I doubt whether the best of them ever really knows Paris, for the city which is haunted by these ghosts from overseas is the Paris of the Champs Elysées and the Rue de la Paix, of expensive shops and luxurious hotels, where prices rise at the approach of the Anglo-Saxon. Some treat it as a city of pleasure, some as a milliner's shop; few of them ever remember, if indeed any of them ever knew, that, outside the narrow circle of cosmopolitan luxury which constitutes Paris for them, there lies another Paris: the city of high finance, the Paris of the rive gauche, the Paris of Belleville, the Paris of that unexplored region for which I know no other name than Outre Montmartre. How many, I wonder, of the habitual clients of those costly establishments in the Rue de la Paix have ever asked themselves why their favourite street was so named; or in passing to its neighbour, the Rue du Quatre Septembre, ever stop to look back over the forty intervening years, and see the Paris of 1871? How many even know whence the street took its name? Could they, from the steps of the Madeleine, take you to the scene of the guillotine in the square once known as the Place de la Revolution; or in the Opera House interpret the jest, 'Dans le palais du son on fait de la farine.' Probably not; and yet to the lover of Paris, be he stranger or nativeborn, these are the very essence of its life.

But how, you may ask, can the uninitiated visitor discover this 'essential' Paris, especially if his sojourn be brief? There are as many roads to that discovery as there are travellers to take them; and I know but a meagre few. The beginning lies in your choice of hotel. The knowing stranger, on his arrival in Paris, escapes with all possible speed from the region of the grands hôtels—the Bristol, the Ritz, the Elysée Palace, and the like, with their polyglot flunkeys

and exorbitant prices—shuns the Englishman's beaten track which leads to the Lille et Albion or the St James and Albany, and crosses the Follow him and you may have your choice. If you wish to see the Seine, the Louvre, the Tuileries Gardens, and half-a-dozen bridges from your window, go to the Hôtel du Quai Voltaire, remembering that, like its companions of which I am about to treat, it is a French hotel manned by Frenchmen and catering for Frenchmen. Or, if you have a taste for the French clergy and the penniless nobility, you can satisfy it at the Hôtel des Saints Pères, in the street of that name; while, if the last word in cheapness is your watchword, go to the Ambassadeurs in the Rue de Lille, or the Etrangers in the Rue Racine, or (cheapest of all) The last the Saint Michel in the Rue Cujas. two are clean, well-kept hostels in the heart of the Latin Quarter. Your guide-book will probably call them 'unpretending;' it may even sneer at the paucity of their furniture, and it will certainly warn you that 'they are not much frequented by English visitors.' So much the better reason for choosing one of them!

Whatever choice you may make, you may rest assured that in the cheaper hotels on the left bank you will get a handsome return for a small outlay, especially if you have the good fortune to fall in with some old habitué with a communicative tongue. He may be a guest in the same hotel, or a concierge, or one of those fraternal old fellows who carry on a meagre trade in books on the quays, and can tell you more about Paris than you are likely to learn from Baedeker or Joanne. Find him if you can, and leave the rest to fortune and your own 'five wits.'

Till you have found your man, and by way of introduction to the spectacle of Paris, take an electric tram from the Quai du Louvre to the Point du Jour; then go down to the river-bank,

board a steamer—direction Austerlitz—and seize a place in the small semicircular gallery at the Then ten centimes will give you a little voyage of thirty to forty minutes up the Seine, during which you may enjoy the unrolling of an urban panorama of infinite and fascinating variety, broken and enhanced by a score or more of as fine stone bridges as you will see in a day's journey anywhere else. There are in all thirty-eight bridges spanning the Seine in Paris, and their names are symphonies of history: Jéna, Alma, Invalides, Alexandre III., Concorde (built of the stones of the Bastille), Solferino, Royal, Carrousel, Pont Neuf (the oldest of them all), Pont au Change, Notre Dame, Arcole, St Louis, and so on to Austerlitz. It is perhaps naturally reserved to London to name one of her bridges Waterloo!

Once you have arrived at the pontoon labelled 'Austerlitz,' I am prepared to wager that you will wish to do it all over again immediately; for you will probably discover, as I have many times, that these little penny steamers offer three mutually exclusive distractions. There are, first of all, the two banks of the river each demanding attention, though in all probability the right bank, with its more imposing architecture, will at first outbid the left. The third competitor is the ever-changing throng of people on the deck of your steamer; and the pleasure of watching them and mingling with them will in itself repay as many journeys as you choose to make. Indeed, such is the inexhaustible interest of these 'bateaux' Parisiens' that a stage or two by them, long or short as convenience dictates, may well form a daily interlude in the somewhat wearying routine of sight-seeing. Let us suppose that you have just left the Chamber of Deputies, and wish to make some purchases at the Louvre, or visit the Sainte Chapelle, or-if you take your pleasures pathologically—the Morgue (now mercifully closed to the merely idle tourist), or the Hôtel Dieu, you have only to take your steamer at the Pont de la Concorde, and in the most pleasant and cheapest fashion possible you are conveyed to your desired goal. The penny steamers are one of the greatest of Parisian assets, both for business and pleasure; and at all seasons, though not in all weathers, they are thronged with people.

To the open-eyed traveller a visit to Paris is essentially a visit to her people; and when an understanding of them has begun to grow in the mind, the eye finds everywhere a rich meaning in buildings, bridges, shops, and customs which otherwise might seem very like those of other foreign cities. The old bookmen on the quays, the Parisian crowd so easily collected and as easily dispersed, the knots of fishermen with their bamboo rods and inextinguishable hopes of a good bite, old 'Pol,' with his sparrows and pigeons and post-cards, in the Tuileries Gardens—un être pas extrèmement civilisé, as he was described to me by a Parisian friend who endeavoured to flatter him by reading to him a

eulogistic sketch of his occupation that appeared in a recent English book on Paris—one and all are funds of curious information not to be procured for love or money at any other source, and, taken by the right approach, are the true guides to Paris.

On one of the quays near the Institut de France there used to be found just such a travellers' friend, full of years and humour. In all weathers he was there; apparently a person of no occupation, his mind stored with vivid memories, possessing withal a ready turn of speech. Being asked one day by a foreign passer-by what 'one ought to see in Paris,' he grunted with contempt, 'Hein / vous autres Anglais, you go to see the Morgue, and the Moulin Rouge, and the sewers. Well, go and look at them if you like.'

'But I don't like,' said the traveller, wary enough to see that this large, gray-headed idler with heavy red cheeks could tell him many things worth knowing. 'I don't want to waste my few precious days with your vulgar show-pieces. I want to know the real Paris.'

'The real Paris! Qu'est-ce que ça veut dire? The real Paris! How long do you stay?'

'Fifteen days.'

The giant shook with laughter, heaved his vast bulk slowly down from the parapet of the quay, and stood before his questioner, a living mocking counterpart of the big man in Mr Chesterton's poem:

A mighty man was Eldred, A bulk for casks to fill; His face a dreaming furnace, His body a walking hill.

When the laughter had subsided the Parisian laid his finger to his nose with a quizzical air. 'Quinze jours / I have lived a thousand fortnights and more in Paris, and I don't know my city yet. You must live here, be born here, die here, here in Paris, and haunt her as a ghost of centuries before you know her-like Henri Quatre down there on the Pont Neuf. But tell me why it is called the Pont Neuf, when it is the oldest bridge in Paris. Yes, Henri Quatre knows something about Paris; he has been watching her for I don't know how many hundred thousand of your fortnights. You rememberno, you do not remember—that he bought Paris for a mass, because he didn't; but I always say he did, because I like to think that he did, and that he sits there at the end of the nose of the Île de la Cité watching his purchase. But, n'importe, why do I talk to you? It is perhaps because, unlike your stupid countrymen, you are ready to listen.

'They'd all be ready to listen if they knew where and when to open their ears. But you were saying'——

'I was saying that the man who thinks he can pierce the secret of Paris in a fortnight is an idiot; yes, nom de Dieu / an imbecile. But,

pardon, monsieur, you are not an idiot; vous n'en avez pas l'air. But, all the same, you want to do the impossible.'

'Pardon. No; I only want to know how to begin.'

And you come to me! Well, you have come to the right man, said he, beating his huge chest with his fist. 'I have seen Paris in all her moods, and I love her: no ennui, everything lively, variable; sensations, rumours, excitements follow one another fast. Paris is indeed true to her motto, "Fluctuat nec Mergitur;" and with her, "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose." She is tossed on many waves of fortune and never overwhelmed. And I hate when they call her "La Ville Lumière." That is no name for her; it is a tourists' label invented by the shopkeepers to conceal the dark places, places of vice and crime, from the ignorant foreign idler. Call her "La Ville Tempête," "La Ville Mystère," call her what you will, but shun the untruthfulness of "La Ville Lumière."

'But, as the intellectual metropolis of Europe, and compared with fog-bound London, Paris, in more senses than one, is a City of Light.'

'Nom de Dieu! Paris defies your comparisons and spurns your compliment. She may be La Ville Lumière in the Champs Elysées on a sweet evening in May; but where is your lumière in Belleville! Tell me that. And was she a City of Light to Marie Antoinette, to Napoleon the Third, to Dreyfus! And is she now a City of Light to all those poor devils in the factories of the eighteenth and nineteenth arrondissements, who toil and live on nothing!'

'You are right. La Ville Tempête is a good name, and'——

'But, yes, yes, yes! Of course I'm right. Think of 1870—the wild delight at the outbreak of war, the intoxication of the populace, and then—the sobering of them. I was through it all, and I can tell you that there has never lived the man who could tell that story as it ought to be told, for it was beyond belief or imagination. The fever of war ran through the city like a flame, devouring our wits as it went, making us dream of the sack of Berlin and filling our waking thoughts with fiery unreason. The newspapers fanned the blaze with their windy rhetoric, foretelling rapid French victories, ridiculing even the meagre preparations on the fortifications of Paris, assuring us that it would need a million and a half of men to besiege us, and that the accursed Prussians would be too hard pressed in their own defence to be able to send a single man across the Rhine. Bah! what Wissembourg, Woerth, Fræschwiller, Reischoffen gave them their answer. All Paris We refused to believe; but was stupefied. slowly the truth prevailed. Week after week nothing but bad news, till we accepted the invasion as a fact which might any day bring the Prussians to the gates of Paris. Sedan drove the truth home; and in our blind rage we overthrew the Empire and set up the Republic. Sunday, 4th September; that was the date. Our spirits revived; our lost confidence returned. The fortune of war would surely turn now. "They will not dare to come now that we have a Republic," was the word that went from mouth to mouth. Flamboyant placards were drawn up and pasted on the walls appealing to the Prussian soldiers, in the name of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, to cease firing; but the firing did not cease; it came nearer every day. And the rest you know."

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National contrasts are seen at their sharpest in great congregations of people, whether on business or pleasure bent; and I know no more illuminating occasion for such a contrast between ourselves and the French than a visit to the Chamber of Deputies. Adequately to describe its many aspects would demand more space in Chambers's Journal than even its generous editor is likely to give me; therefore I must leave the enterprising reader to make the complete observation for himself. In parliamentary forms, in the temper of public discussion, in the alignment of parties in the Chamber, in the very shape of the Chamber itself, are to be found subjects of rewarding study which, apart from their vast intrinsic interest, may shed much light on our own problems of political machinery and the like at home. And after the Chamber come the theatres and restaurants—as repositories of international contrast—particularly the latter, anywhere outside the opulent cosmopolitan area of the first, second, and eighth arrondissements. Of the smaller eating-houses which abound in the Latin Quarter-and they are the greatest contrasts of all-my favourite is 'Polidor,' in the Rue Monsieur le Prince, within one minute of the Odéon and five of the Sorbonne. Here a little company of students, lecturers, and others used to take their evening meal together in the winter of 1905-6. There was Renard, a burly young civil servant, attaché au cabinet du Ministre de l'Intérieur (at that time the redoubtable Clemenceau), overflowing with enthusiasm for his chief and enjoying his meals and his music with equal gusto; next Gaston and Membrun, Algerian Frenchmen and bosom friends in the study of medicine—Gaston, a short, black-bearded man with an explosive conversational manner, and Membrun, his caustic, taciturn complement; Raymond, an American known to us all as Raymond of Kansas, a quiet person with a faculty for missing appointments; then Russier, lively and red as a fox; and, to finish the table of seven, Liddell Geddie and myself, both Scotsmen, and both at that time Lecteurs Adjoints in English Literature at the Sorbonne. Sometimes only one or two would come, sometimes the party was swelled by passing guests, but always on Tuesday these seven dined together in full

strength before going to the Concert Rouge. Tuesday was 'classical' night; and we would be seated—four or five of us—at our table in 'Polidor,' with Monsieur Bouy, the proprietor, busily chopping the big stick of bread into short lengths, and Henri, the waiter, who is still there, taking his orders from three people at once, when Gaston would appear, late and breathless as usual, jerking out the items of the programme for that evening: '— au concert, — Siegfried Idylle, — Cinquième Symphonie Beethov—— Enterrement d'Ophélie,' &c.—'c'est magnifique—dépêchons-nous'—— And Membrun would grunt, for concerts were no place for him.

These concerts were first founded in 1889 by Benjamin Rouge, who leased a large ground-floor room in a building on the site of the present Gare du Luxembourg. His aim was to combine the nonchalant freedom of the café-concert with the highest appeal of orchestral music. succeeded, and inevitably the audiences which gathered round him subordinated the wine and tobacco to the spell of the great musicians; and when, after a few years in the Boulevard Saint Michel, the auditorium was transferred to its present home in the Rue de Tournon, near the Palais du Luxembourg, the Concert Rouge had made a hall-mark of its own in the perfect co-operation of musician and hearer. Laffite as conductor created the organisation and launched it on its happy career; but to the present generation it was François Touche who 'gave the increase.' Touche was a genius with the 'cello, and a greater genius with the bâton. Under his spell a great silence fell upon that square little hall near the Senate; pipes went out, and coffee grew cold; the music and the musicians held perfect sway. He has now taken a higher flight, and conducts greater concerts of his own in the Boulevard de Strasbourg; but the Concert Rouge still flourishes in the Rue de Tournon under Rabani, who conducts an augmented band.

In the matter of museums and historic buildings, the visitor is usually a victim of considerable perplexity; so I make bold to give a hint. If you are bent on seeing and knowing Paris as

she is, turn a deaf ear to Baedeker and all such priests of convention, and divide your time, if it be short, between the Parisian people, as seen in all kinds of public and private assembly, and the Musée Carnavalet. People of to-day are always more interesting than the bricks and mortar of yesterday, or even the most dazzling canvas in the Louvre. Why then, you may ask, add the Carnavalet Museum, since it too is but the stone and lime of the day before yesterday? I send you there—forgive the peremptory word—because there you will find the key of Paris. Museums, as a rule, are very heterogeneous things; but the Musée Carnavalet has a unity of its own. It is the story of Paris from Lutetia to the Third Republic. Within its walls you will find a pageant displaying the history of the most amazing city the world has ever seen. museum is indeed the only complete commentary extant on the motto of the city of Paris.

For the rest, the guide-books, with their stars and leaded type, are good enough; but Paris is a city with a genius of her own so marked that the consecrated method of sight-seeing is all but useless with her, and even the best guide-book is apt to be a Misinterpreter's House. 'There is no place in the world,' said the Times recently, 'where the noise and glare of pleasure make so silly a parody of happiness;' and thus the traveller, deafened and blinded, too often forgets that all the paraphernalia of Parisian 'gaiety are the mere overflow from her inexhaustible fertility. True it is that she applies a vast and skilful industry to her provision for strangers which has given her an easy supremacy as a city of pleasure; but that is neither the mainspring of her life nor the source of her perennial power. It is her discriminating hospitality to the philosophy of all nations, her appetite for, and easy assimilation of, great ideas, that gives her the hegemony of intellect. She is the clearing-house of European thought; and if it be true, as I said in quotation in my opening paragraph, that all good Americans go to Paris when they die, it is still truer that all ideas must go there also if they mean to live.

THE WEAK STRAIN.

CHAPTER III.

THE Capistrano was nearing her ground. The advent of the big steam-trawler has widened enormously the effective range of fishing operations. From the White Sea to the Morocco coast, wherever a warm current meets a cold, and the sea-floor is sandy, you will find our fishing-fleet. Now the Capistrano was drawing near.

John was almost happy; he had won his victory, and was wearing his laurels. Withal, he was a modest victor, and the crew liked him. He also discovered that he liked the crew. They

were a source of great wonder to him, for he was in a world, in intimate relations with a world, he had never dreamed of; a hard world, in some respects a brutal world, but a world radiated with the beam of manly virtues.

At dinner they discussed wealth, and John discovered that he was wealthy. His five hundred pounds was a huge fortune.

'Five hundert poundts!' said Dutchy reflectively. 'Mit dose I go to sea no more. I buy me a little farm on de Baltic, where de sea runs

into de landt. I marry me a little girl, and I stay at home and smoke my pipe.'

John thought of a little girl who had turned a very cold shoulder on him when he was left with only five hundred pounds, and thought, for the first time, that he was well quit of her. This little girl of the North would make a better mother of men.

Marco the donkeyman would go back to his beloved Ionian Sea, would marry a daughter of the isles, buy a little coasting-vessel, and be happy. A Devonshire man knew of a little inn overlooking a harbour where trawlers and drifters lay moored. It had roses over the porch, and five hundred pounds would set him up in it. Even poor Squinty, a regular wharfrat of a big port, knew of a little tobacco-shop which would keep him and his missus, and feed and clothe and shoe the kids.

So it went on, and John sat apart and recognised that he had been a coward. At the first onset of disaster he had vacated the field before a foe which these poor uneducated fellows faced bravely all their miserable lives. For the first time in his life he knew what the courage to live meant, and was humbled and ashamed—nearly, but not quite, for his desires were still of the world whence so lately he had been exiled.

Then they were on the fishing-grounds, and two days of incessant activity followed. The great trawl-beam swung outward, the great net with wide-open jaws lay straight and without kink on the smooth sand, and the old boat plunged ahead like a great horse drawing her load behind her. At the end of the sweep the donkey-engine clucked, the great bag rose slowly and was swung inboard, the strings were unloosed, and a shower of fish, weeds, gravel, and all the raffle of the sea-floor came down on the deck. Out went the net again, and the old Capistrano made a second sweep; while skilled hands sorted fish, and packed them away, and cleared overboard the raffle. Then inboard with the net again, and so on, hour after hour, the long days through. Back-breaking work, not very pleasant work, but man's work, and John rejoiced in it until his spell was over, and he lay down to sleep wherever he could, to awake stiff and tired, but ready for a new turn of work.

Nor was it safe work. A thumb jammed between rope and bulwark burst horribly. A rag was twisted around it, and that was all the surgery for the time. The man was not incapacitated, so he continued his work. John was told tales of hawsers breaking that kicked back and brained a man; of the devilish little winch that mangled men between its cogs. John lived in a state of astonishment the whole time, and recognised that he knew nothing of life.

John talked over matters with his old friend Sambo, who could not understand why any man could get tired of life. Pleasure was quick upon the heels of grief. Besides, as Sambo said, God hated a coward. So John learnt his lesson.

With her full load, the Capistrano was homeward bound, and John felt that he had to face the future. Every hour she spluttered out her solemn eight knots, and they were already near the Bay. Then in the night came disaster. Wreckage, berely awash, sucked under her counter, caught the propeller, stripped the blades, and cracked the shaft, then vanished into the darkness. The engines raced for a moment, and then stopped. The captain took a boat, rowed round to the stern, and came back wrathful and grief-stricken. His old ship was no better than a log, to drift wherever the currents might carry Daybreak showed an ocean clear from horizon to horizon. So she drifted all day, and the captain premised she would go ashore somewhere about St Vincent unless she were picked up and got a tow. At nightfall it looked threatening; the wind was rising, and the waves running sullenly high, in advance of the wind.

'They've been getting it to the north, and before morning we'll catch it hot,' said the captain; and he was right. Before morning she was tossing like a cork and rolling like a barrel. A heavy sea swept Marco overboard and smashed poor Squinty on the bulwarks. John just caught him, and Dutchy caught John, and all three were hauled back into comparative safety. They bound up Squinty's ribs as well as they could, and left him, for they could do no more. Later they managed to rouse up a tarpaulin for'ard, and she ran before the wind, wallowing and spluttering, strained and leaky, but still afloat.

John could not admire enough his mates' steady nerves. Death yawned for them, yet all—English, Dutch, and Dago—went their ways unafraid. They looked their fate full in the face, and bade it welcome. These were men!

The captain was a true hero. His courage was high; his nerve never faltered. He animated and transfused all with his courage. Yet this was the hairy little man that John had smiled at so contemptuously a few days before. Now his laughter was silenced: the farce was becoming tragedy. In his heart he prayed that he too might make a clean end with the rest, for cold fear was gnawing at his heart. He forced himself to laugh and talk with the others. Outwardly he was as fearless as any; inwardly yawned an abyss of shameful fear that threatened to engulf his whole moral being.

Daylight saw a high cape looming ahead which they could never weather, and they endeavoured to run ashore in the bay to the northward of it. As it happened, they took the ground some two hundred yards from it, and the sea made a clean sweep of their deck. Boat, deck-houses, and bulwarks were swept away, and the wreckage whirled landward.

This was the most trying time to John. He did not like this cold, wet death. A week ago he had played with the idea of it, but he kept

telling himself that was another man. The new John wanted to live. How could the crew accept their end so passively? Surely they could do something. He was in a rage to do something, for cold fear was nagging him to do foolish things. One of the men was chewing his tobacco as if all were well, and John hated the man, with his regularly working jaws. He must do something. Better instant death than this passive waiting. He would throw himself overboard, sink or swim; it was better than this passivity, for there was always that cold feeling making a coward of him. A larger sea than usual shipped broadways, flooded the hold, and buckled a part of the iron deck like cardboard. Little Dutchy was swept away on the resurge. The shock was brutal to John, and he raged against a power of destruction which made so light of life and of the works of man. It made him feel absolutely helpless in the grip of an overwhelming power. At any rate, he would look after himself. A current was sweeping away the wreckage toward the cape. It ran within sixty yards of the beach in one place, and on the shore stood a gang of fishermen, helpless though willing. He made up his mind, and turned toward the captain.

'I'm not going to stay here to drown like a rat in a trap!' he shrieked. 'I'm going ashore.'

'Steady, lad! Keep a grip on yourself,' came the cool reply. 'We would all go ashore if we could. We're not here for our health.'

'I'm going to try, at any rate,' said John.
'How! Fly!' asked the skipper halfcontemptuously.
'No. Swim.'

John flushed with shame.

'Good for you, if you can. There's stuff in you. If you can get ashore with a light line, there's more than half-a-chance for all of us.'

John winced as if he had been stung. His cowardice was to end in the heroic. His nerves all unstrung, he felt like peals of laughter. If the captain only knew that there was no idea of rescue, no heroic aim, just the mad desire to get away and fend for himself! However, he said nothing; he merely slung the rope about him, and lightened himself for the struggle. As he went overboard his mates gave him a parting cheer, and he smiled grimly at the idea.

Afloat on a wrecked fish-box he trusted himself to the sea. Every wave seemed to run at him, to rise above him as if to fall and beat the life out of him; but he clung to his raft. It kicked and bucked under him like a restive horse, but he clung to it like grim death. Once he was thrown off, and struggled wildly to get back to it. As he was despairing a sportive sea threw it back at him; and, breathless and broken, he clung to it again. For a moment he had almost forgotten he could swim. Nearer and nearer he drifted to the point where the current most nearly reached the shore, whence again it turned outward, seaward and toward the cape.

Here he would have to leave his ark and trust to himself. When he reached the point aimed at, one of his cursed fits of indecision seized him, and he feared to strike away, and lost some precious yards of distance. He knew it was a choice between a faint chance of life in a dash beachward or certain and horrible death beneath the granite crags of the headland. Yet he hesitated, and only after a nerve-racking struggle got himself away. He pushed diagonally across the boiling current, and nearly gave up when he saw how little progress across he made because of the intolerable distance he was carried down. A line of broken water stood before him where a ledge of rocks ran out, and he was within an ace of being smashed upon them as they boiled with half-covering seas. A lucky wave carried him across with no worse mishap than a scraped shin. Now he was in slacker water, behind a sort of breakwater. He held on to a spur, and recovered his breath, swept over now and then by the larger waves. After a time he saw a resurgent current from the cape sweeping along inshore, and he nerved himself for the struggle into this current, which would probably dash him ashore. Finally he kicked off, and dreaded the last struggle.

It came at last. He made for the beach, and saw the waves breaking on the sand; but strong hands seemed to push him away from the shore and to pull him seaward, and other hands to grasp his legs and pull him down. He could never do it; yet he struggled on, even as a blind puppy will impotently thresh the waters in its instinctive struggle for life. His foot touched something-wreckage, he thought. Again it touched something unyielding yet all moving. It was the shore! And he dropped his feet and blundered wildly forward. The resurgent wave rolled him back amidst the sand and gravel sucked seaward. The next wave sent him headlong to the beach, where he gained a precarious footing, and blundered forward a few yards. Again the ebb was carrying him out, and he was losing hope and consciousness, when a rope whipped across his face, and he clutched it wildly, to be hauled in against the rush of the ebbing wave, with great pain and dolour to himself. Then he sank away into oblivion, a blessed nothingness, free from all strife and pain.

The return to life was worse, infinitely more painful, than the loss of it. The struggle was too hard, and he flickered back again into oblivion. Then the life current flowed strong, and he wanted to shriek with the grief of it, and he fully awoke to life once more. His arm was smashed—he knew it by the bandaging; his ribs hurt him; his head was bound, and the skin felt too tight and all throbbing. How did it all happen? Then his gaze caught the captain, and he struggled on the verge of a full consciousness and remembrance, but fell asleep in the struggle, and slept peacefully for four hours.

The captain came in soon after he awoke, and John was conscious of everything.

'How many?' he asked the captain.
'All but one,' was the reply.

'Who's gone?'

'Squinty; he was swept out of the hands of Tiny and me when we were getting him ashore."

'Poor Squinty! He didn't want much in this world, and that was denied him. Life's a mix-up, captain, take it at its best.

'The way of the world, my lad.' The captain was fidgeting, and at last shamefacedly he got it out: 'You did a d-d plucky thing, Mr Rington. We owe you our lives, and I can't tell you how we all feel about it.

John squeezed the hand held out to him. 'Captain,' he asked, 'were you ever afraid?

Did you ever play the coward?'

The captain thought he was still wandering

in his wits, and looked amazed.

'I've got to tell you the truth. I'm a coward—a downright coward,' broke in John. 'When I started to swim ashore it was because I was afraid to stop aboard. I was a stark coward, and wanted to get away. I never even thought of trying to take a line ashore. That was your idea. He turned his head to the pillow to hide his face.

The captain put his hand on John's shoulder. 'None the less, you did carry the line, and you did think of the rest of us. Now listen to me. We are all cowards within. It's often only the thickness of cigarette-paper between what is called heroism and hopeless panic. The great thing is to get a grip on yourself. In any case, you redeemed all your fear in the end.'

The captain was silent; and John, too, silently He looked half-doubtfully at the

captain.

The captain smiled back at him. 'I have got your money here—the money you brought aboard with you. I have made up my mind not to charge you for the bucket you spoiled.'

John asked him to keep charge of it yet

awhile.

'What will you do when you get home?' the

captain asked after a short pause.

John looked straight before him for a few seconds, considering a new prospect. At last he turned toward the captain. 'I'm going to play the game. I'm going to stand on my own legs. I'll use no man as crutches. I'll work for my living, and enjoy the living I work for.'

The captain put out his hairy hand, gripped John's, coughed, and then went out.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

OIL AND ELECTRICITY FROM COAL

THE growing scarcity of light crude oils and the increased demand that has arisen for the naphtha products from petroleum have prompted the chemist to investigate the oilyielding properties of other substances. Coal has come within the scope of his researches, and the fact that an appreciable yield of crude oilfifty-eight gallons—has been obtained from one ton of Irish cannel coal has aroused considerable interest. But this achievement is by no means new. Half-a-century ago oil was extracted from coal merely because the commercial world was ignorant of the methods of winning oil from the earth. Very satisfactory results were obtained by this roundabout process, and possibly the distillation of oil from coal would have been prosecuted to this day had not the cheaper and more prolific supplies from mother-earth been tapped. In this latest development the main idea governing the investigations is the procuring of an additional source of motor spirit, and it is stated that by 'cracking' the hydrocarbons in the oil to the utmost a yield of twenty gallons per ton of coal is obtained. This is a low yield, and certainly in itself would be unremunerative. But the idea is to regard the naphtha spirit as a by-product, dependence being placed upon the other products—heavy fuel liquid, paraffin wax, pitch, sulphate of ammonia, and coke. All of these articles are in keen demand, and command fair market values, so that apparently it would prove remunerative to dispose of the light spirit at a low figure. Unfortunately precedent is rather disappointing. In early days of distillation the most volatile of the naphtha series—benzine or petrol—was a bête noire to the oil-refineries. given away, wasted, and even burned in the open in large quantities to effect its disposal. The coming of the high-speed internal-combustion motor altered the outlook completely. The light spirit, instead of being a nuisance, became a necessity, and its consumption advanced by leaps and bounds. Simultaneously chemical investigation ascertained that this commodity was an excellent substance in other industries, particularly as a substitute for turps, and was readily utilised by the paint and varnish manufacturing interests. Further fields of application are being discovered, so that the consumption of petrol is certain to increase; and as supply is diminishing rapidly, every available source of yield is bound to develop. The production of electric light direct from coal is a far more vital discovery; as Thomas A. Edison has stated, its commercialisation will be one of the greatest triumphs of human activity. This development is of German origin, and is based upon the well-known fact that when the junctions of different metals are kept at different temperatures electricity is generated. But the completion of the junction between the metals offered the greatest difficulty. In the new apparatus, however, the junction is ingeniously secured by electric deposition, which is proof against oxidation, will withstand high temperatures for long periods, and is of great strength. The electric generating units are disposed around a chamber where the gas from the coal undergoes combustion. The hot junctions are in contact with this combustion tube, and consequently are raised to a high temperature. Outside the tube casing currents of cold air are circulated in order to keep the cold junctions at a low temperature. With this apparatus, and using lignite as fuel, it is stated that electricity may be generated at a cost of two-thirds of a penny per unit. Arrangements have been completed for the exploitation of this process upon a practical scale, and should anticipations be fulfilled, some interesting developments may be expected. It certainly brings the idea of generating light, heat, and power at the pitmouth a step nearer realisation, and tends to prove that the chemists' dream is by no means so wild as appears at first sight.

AN IMPROVED BRUSH.

One of the objections to brushes used upon extremely hard surfaces is the liability of the hairs to become detached under the pressure and friction exerted. In order to overcome this defect a new method of securing the hair or fibre is adopted. An iron hook is used as The hair or fibre is doubled a foundation. through this hook, and the latter is then clamped so as to hold the material firmly in position. Wire is then bound round the brush in a spiral manner, and sealed by soldering. Thus the brush is virtually encased in a metallic covering. No cement of any description is utilised in the process, and it is stated that brushes made in this manner will withstand the hardest wear without giving any signs of premature 'moulting.' For cleaning engines and machinery they are to be commended, because there is no risk of the mechanism becoming clogged by detached hairs.

A SELF-LOCKING EGG-PACKING BOX.

A serious drawback to egg-raising in this country has been the failure to despatch the produce in cartons of one dozen capacity which, while they can be conveniently locked, are of a sufficiently presentable appearance for the shopman to display upon his counter. The latest box removes this disability very effectively. It is made of cardboards, and is fitted with the usual divisions for the reception of the eggs. The outer edge of the lid, however, is fitted with a bent piece or hinge which is provided with a number of notches along its edge. When the lid is closed

a slight movement causes these notches to engage with suitable locking-pieces upon the inside of the front wall of the box. In this manner the carton is fastened securely. The box may be opened and closed repeatedly without suffering any deterioration. The idea is ingenious and simple, and imparts that attractive appearance which impresses the purchaser.

A MOTOR-CAR BODY MATERIAL.

Hitherto automobile bodies have been made from wood and metal, in order to secure strength with the minimum of weight. Now a French firm has introduced a new method and material, which ensures the body being made as it were in one piece, and without any seams whatever. This substance is described as fibromonolithe, which is a plastic material. Its composition is kept a secret, but shredded wood, granulated cork, and other substances, together with suitable binding mediums, are associated. This substance is made into the form of a thick paste resembling cement, and is applied to the foundation by means of a trowel. This is composed of strong wire netting of small mesh, which is attached to the skeleton or framework. Wood is used for this, but it follows lighter lines than that generally adopted. The skeleton completed, very thin strips of bamboo are nailed to it, the idea being to prevent the netting from touching the frame. When this has been done, the fibromonolithe is applied in much the same manner as a plasterer dresses a wall surface. The wire netting, not being in contact with the frame, enables the plastic material to be worked well behind the metallic part, and to effect a firm hold upon the wood. The composition is applied to both sides of the netting, which acts as a reinforcement. After the coating has been given it is permitted to dry, which requires about twenty-four hours. Then the surface is planed and smoothed down in the usual way, as if it were solid wood. One notable feature is that the whole body, including doors, locker, and other fittings, is made in one operation. Thus, for instance, the door includes the wooden frame, and is hinged to permit free movement. The workman pays no attention to this fact, but covers up the whole surface. When the material has set and hardened, the space between the door-frame and the body is sawn through, so that it may swing freely. All necessary mouldings can be carried out easily by means of suitable strikes, while more graceful curves can be given. After being planed and surfaced, the material is about a fifth of an inch in thickness, and its weight about the same as that of a combined wood and metal body. Not only is the body fashioned in this manner of great strength, but repairs are not such a serious item. Should the body suffer damage it is only necessary to flatten out the netting or insert a new section, and to fill the space with fibromonolithe. The material gives an excellent surface for painting. As a rule, this operation may be simplified by combining the ground coat with the materials in the paste. The first applied coat fills all the pores, and presents a flat surface, which may be rubbed down to permit the following coats to be given. The material is noncombustible and homogeneous, and consequently does not disintegrate under vibration; it is unaffected by fluctuations in weather and climatic conditions, does not warp, and does not resound. Its successful use in connection with motor-car bodies, where the conditions to be fulfilled are admittedly exacting, should render it equally applicable for the manufacture of horse-drawn carriage bodies, railway cars, and other vehicles, since the thickness may be adjusted to meet any requirements.

UTILISING THE SUN'S ENERGY.

Complete success has attended the installation of the Shuman sun-power engine in Egypt, which has been carried out by a British company under the supervision of the inventor, assisted by several eminent engineers, who have suggested various improvements in the plant to adapt it to local conditions. The sun's rays play upon what is called an absorber, which is a trough-like arrangement of parabolic section, fitted with mirrors. The latter are thin, and are set in a light metal framework. The absorbers, disposed in rows running north and south, are made to rotate, so as to receive the solar radiation at the best angle. This movement is effected automatically by means of an ingenious electrical heliostat. In the centre of the trough is the boiler. The water occupies a narrow, elongated space, and as it is evaporated by the heat reflected from the mirrors, and turned into steam, it ascends into the upper cylindrical boiler connected to the water-space. This boiler is really a long length of pipe which extends to the engine. The first plant was set up in 1911; and although it accomplished the designed work, it revealed certain shortcomings. These were remedied, and last year an improved installation was erected. The total absorbing surface is fourteen thousand four hundred square feet, and the maximum output of steam has been so far one thousand four hundred and forty-two pounds per hour, at a pressure of 15.8 pounds per square inch. The engines employed are of the low-pressure type. The total cost of the plant was one thousand five hundred and sixty pounds, which is about twice the cost of a steamraising plant of equal capacity. At the same time, in such a country as Egypt the solar plant is cheaper to run than a steam-engine, owing to the high price of coal, which averages about sixty shillings per ton. The solar engine was tested in connection with irrigation pumping, and the trials were so satisfactory that the Egyptian Government ordered a further installation of one hundred horse-power. Plants of this kind, however, can only be used in tropical climes, where the sun shines the whole year through, and throughout the day; but as such countries as a rule are deficient in native fuel resources, the solar engine possesses wast possibilities. In fact, it is possible to generate electricity with the heat from the sun's rays, and to light tropical towns and cities thereby, although in this instance ample accumulator facilities would have to be provided to carry the station over the periods—hours of darkness—when the solar plant could not be worked. This subject was discussed here in 1913, in an article entitled 'Solar Heat for Human Use.'

A BY-PRODUCT OF THE RAISIN INDUSTRY.

The United States Department of Agriculture calls attention to the waste in the raisin industry when no use is made of the seeds, and describes the different products that can be got from that neglected source. The waste from the seedingmachines has been found to average 10 per cent. of the yearly crop. As they come from the machine the seeds are covered with a sticky mass of pulp that cold water easily dissolves. When it is concentrated, the pulp yields a syrup somewhat like strained honey. The syrup has a reddish colour, and is slightly tart, owing to the It is a useful addition to the grape acids. housekeeper's supplies, and it can be used in making mincemeat with less expense and less labour than when the raisins alone are used, besides having all the delicious flavour of the raisin. It is suitable for table use, and a manufacturer of syrups for soda fountains finds it excellent in carbonated drinks. The syrup, however, is not all, for the seeds still remain. When they have been screened, dried, and ground, it is possible to extract from them about one-seventh of their total weight in a pale, golden-yellow oil that has a delicious nut-like taste. This oil dries rapidly, and can be used in paints and varnishes. The oil also makes a compact soap, with a pleasant, From the residue tannin can aromatic odour. be extracted, and there will still remain a substance, known commercially as 'meal,' which makes good cattle food.

THE LATEST IDEA IN TEACHING SWIMMING.

Now that swimming is practically recognised as an item in the curriculum of British schools, the method which has been adopted in America to impart this knowledge and skill is well worth following, inasmuch as it simplifies the task very appreciably. Above the bath a circular or oval track formed of steel girders is suspended from the ceiling. Upon this run a number of wheeled trollies, from each of which depends a rope terminating in a belt. The pupil fastens this belt around his body and enters the water, and there follows the instructions of the master, executing the desired strokes. As the pupil cannot possibly sink, he learns to swim almost

unconsciously. The trolly itself is not driven around its track; it merely moves in accordance with the progress of the swimmer through the water. The advantage of the system is that a number of pupils can be taught simultaneously in the class manner, the tutor assuming a suitable position and issuing his instructions to one and all, besides being able to detect instantly whether a pupil is making a false stroke. number of pupils who may be taught in this manner depends solely upon the dimensions of the bath, since they follow one another closely in single file, swimming round and round. It is virtually class calisthenics applied to the water. The speed with which the pupil masters the natatory art, and the few lessons necessary to enable him to gain the requisite confidence and ability to swim without the suspended belt, have so impressed the educational authorities of America that the idea is being very rapidly extended.

AN EYE-PROTECTING CAP.

The intensity of the sun's glare and its injurious effects upon the eyesight are well known. During the summer months numberless people are compelled to wear coloured glasses when in the open air in order to rest the eyes. Recently a cap has been placed upon the market, the peak of which is fitted with a visor of a suitably tinted transparent medium. In fact, the peak of the cap is made in two pieces, the ordinary projection of material and the visor beneath. If the sunlight conditions do not demand recourse to protection the visor lies beneath the peak of material, being secured firmly thereto by clips. To bring the visor into use one simply releases the outer material peak, and folds it back, clipping it to the crown of the hat. The transparent peak is then bent down over the forehead to enable the eyes to look through it. The cap is useful not only to pedestrians, since it acts also as a dust-protector, but is especially so to motorists for wear both by day and night. The screen is made of transparent xonite, which is tinted so as to neutralise the highly dangerous ultra-violet blue rays present not only in dazzling sunlight, but also in the electric and acety-lene headlights of motor vehicles. Blinding by powerful lights suddenly brought before the eyes, such as, for instance, the headlights of a motorcar at night, is avoided. Directly the vehicle has passed, the eyes can see normally instead of suffering incapacity for several seconds. cap is preferable to spectacles, goggles, or adjustable glasses, as the anti-glare device can be brought into use much more readily and easily, while there is less danger of the protector being lost. The essential feature of such devices is the correct tinting of the transparent medium, because what is applicable to sunlight is not efficacious against electric light; but this problem appears to have been effectively solved.

CATTLE FOOD FROM TOMATO-SEEDS.

Canning tomatoes is a flourishing industry in Italy, but in connection therewith the packers have been confronted by a serious waste. The tomatoes are deprived of their seeds previous to canning, and hitherto this residue has been discarded as possessing no commercial value. As the seeds constitute an appreciable accumulation, chemists, convinced that they must possess some economic value, embarked upon a series of investigations to devise, if possible, a cheap process for turning them to account. The experiments have recently been crowned with success, since a valuable cattle food, rich in proteids and carbohydrates, has been prepared therefrom. The process is simple and straightforward. The seeds are first desiccated in dryingfurnaces, and then carefully sifted to eliminate the woody fibre which is useless. After this treatment the seeds are passed between heated millstones, which reduce them to a kind of pulp. The latter is then submitted to tremendous pressure in hydraulic-presses, which treatment not only drives out the oil which is present in large quantities, but consolidates the granulated mass into large slabs similar to cotton-seed and copra cakes. Careful tests with this residue have been carried out at the Portici Agricultural Station to determine the nutritious value of the food, and the stock has thriven thereon. The oil is a valuable byproduct, since vegetable oils are now in keen demand, especially for the preparation of foodstuffs of various descriptions, so that the canneries are presented with two additional sources of profit.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

BLIND.

IF 'twas God who made me blind, He is careless or unkind. Only a revengeful foe Could invent such grievous woe;

Could ordain a flower's delight, Just to dream of through the night; Could create a world so fair, And deny a child his share.

But He also made the kind With grief and pity for the blind; Surely then their hearts reveal All that God Himself must feel.

When they soothe my childish cries, Softly kiss my sightless eyes, God, who taught their tender touch, Lent the love that feels so much.

Man it was who broke the law,
With greedy hands for all he saw;
While within the vast unseen,
He left the good that might have been.
BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.



PETERSTON. FORTUNE ANDMR

By W. E. Cule.

CHAPTER I .-- AN AMBASSADOR AT FOREST GATE.

MR PETERSTON and Mr Butterworth frequently walked together from Liverpool Street down to the Bank. There they parted, the former making for Cannon Street, and the latter directing his steps to Cheapside, where he was managing clerk to a firm of solicitors. this particular day they paused for a few moments at the Bank, so that Mr Peterston might finish his story.

'And that was the end,' he said. 'A tenpound note by post, without a word. Not bad,

was it?'

'You had certainly saved his life,' said Mr Butterworth, wondering whether the incidents had not been a little exaggerated. Mr Peterston seemed an extremely unlikely person to perform such deeds of daring. 'So ten pounds was not All the same, it may have been a extravagant. good deal to him. Now, you see how your story could be improved and rounded off, as it were. Why, what a story it might make!' he proceeded, his eyes twinkling as the idea developed in his exuberant fancy. 'Suppose you had rescued a Somebody, instead of a ten-pound Nobody!some such man, for instance, as Rupert Beckstein, whose will we have just been reading in the papers! And suppose you were told now that, as a kind of supplement to the original gift of ten pounds, he had left you in this will a legacy of ten thousand! Wouldn't that come in useful? And wouldn't it round off the story neatly?'

Mr Butterworth chuckled. If he had had a hand free he would have prodded Mr Peterston in the ribs. He was a humorous managing clerk, and he liked best the flavour of his own jests.

Mr Peterston saw the jest, but only smiled faintly. He did many things in a timorous way. 'It doesn't happen,' he said.

'Well, not often, but sometimes—sometimes.

May it happen to you! Good-morning!

Then Mr Butterworth went his way, still smiling with keen enjoyment. A moment later Mr Peterston, looking back, saw that he had been joined by a man in a brown overcoat, to whom he was speaking with a face that positively beamed. He envied his friend that good-humoured way of looking at things, and was rather pleased that he had told him the story. Then the day's work

forced itself upon his attention, and he forgot the whole matter until the evening.

He left Liverpool Street for home by the 8.30 P.M. train, and it was nearly nine when he reached Forest Gate. At that hour the suburb was fairly quiet, and a light mist gave an aspect of chill dreariness to that great region of red brick and gray pavement. When he opened his door with his latchkey he found a faint light in the hall lamp. This was against his instructions, but it prepared him in some degree for what followed when he had put away his hat, coat, and umbrella, and made his way to the kitchen, which was always called, and quite justly, the breakfast-room. His wife was sewing, and his elder daughter, who was seventeen, and in training for a pupil-teacher, was busy with her school-work on the other side of the meagrely

furnished supper-table. Mrs Peterston had spent her married life in honourable contriving. She was a neat little woman, who had succeeded in preserving a certain youthfulness of style in spite of the lines upon

When her husband entered she looked up and smiled. 'Still the eight-thirty?' she said simply.

'Yes, worse luck!' replied Mr Peterston, but in a subdued way. For he remembered that there might some day be a sadder story to tell. Anything happened to-day?'

This was a conventional question, and usually a fruitless one, but he was thinking vaguely of the light in the hall. And his instinct was a

'No,' she said. 'Oh, I almost forgot! There is some one in the front room waiting to see you. I don't know him, but he seems quite respectable. I told him that I expected you by this train, and he said he would wait.

Mr Peterston asked no questions, but at once changed his boots for his slippers. His sense of curiosity was failing with advancing age, but the necessity for economy never failed in that household. There was no fire in the parlour, and if the visitor sat there long he would be cold. It would be true politeness—and economy to dismiss him as soon as possible.

When he entered the parlour his visitor rose JULY 4, 1914.

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to meet him with distinct relief. He was quite respectable, as Mrs Peterston had said—comfortably clad, clean-shaven, middle-aged, and substantial. His manner was brisk and pleasant, but a trifle important.

'Good-evening,' he said, quite cordially.
'Good-evening,' responded Mr Pete responded Mr Peterston. 'You wished to see me?'

They stood with the table between them, regarding each other. Mr Peterston was much the poorer in appearance. He felt, vaguely, that the stranger was not utterly a stranger. Where had he seen him before? Perhaps on the train.

'I believe,' said the visitor pleasantly-with, indeed, a quite paternal pleasantness—'I believe that I am speaking to Mr Frederick Peterston, formerly resident in the Highbury district?'

'We lived at Highbury once,' answered Mr Peterston.

And again the visitor smiled. 'My employers,' he said, wished to be positive, though we had no real difficulty in tracing you. So they asked me to come and see you—quite a simple matter, since I live at Manor Park myself. My firm is Lisle & Lisle, solicitors. According to our information, some seventeen years ago you rendered signal service to a City gentleman by going to his assistance when he was attacked by hooligans late one night near Farringdon Street Station.

Mr Peterston was more than mildly surprised. 'Why—yes,' he stammered. 'I—I remember

the matter quite well.'

'But,' said the visitor impressively, 'you did not know the name of the person to whom you rendered this service?'

'No-oh no. He sent me a ten-pound note; but there was no name.'

The visitor seemed to expand visibly. he said, 'that is just the point. Sometimes there's a good deal in a name! Will it surprise you to learn, Mr Peterston, that the unknown person whose life you saved was no other than Mr Rupert Beckstein, who died quite recently, and whose bequests to science and to charity are announced in the public press this morning?

Mr Peterston stood motionless, his gaze upon

the stranger's beaming face.

But the stranger did not wait for a remark. He gave the rest of his message at once, as if anxious to view the complete effect without loss of time. 'But it will probably surprise you more, Mr Peterston, to learn that, in recognition of your service to him that night, Mr Beckstein has included your name in his will. To use his own expression, the person who rescued him from the hooligans seventeen years ago, if still alive, receives a legacy of — The visitor paused portentously. No effect should be lost by indecent haste. And after a long, breathless moment, he completed the sentence, 'Ten Thousand Pounds /' Then he stood on the hearthrug and smiled.

Now, was not this an extraordinary, an amazing

situation—in view, of course, of the Butterworth-Peterston conversation in the morning! Or, rather, would it not have been an amazing situation if that conversation had never taken place? Mr Peterston listened with incredulous ears. For a time, indeed, he was absolutely helpless, as most people would have been in like circumstances. But, as it happened, he never had the chance of enjoying the situation to the full—never abandoned himself to the transports which the visitor had evidently looked for. It was not intuition that saved him, nor the tendency of his workaday mind to seek natural rather than extraordinary explanations. It was a simple fact that came to his rescue, put him instantly on his guard, and enabled him to handle the situation in the masterly manner now to be described—in a word, gave him the chance of scoring. In that instant of stupefaction he somehow thought of Butterworth as he had seen him last, speaking, with beaming face, to a man in a brown overcoat. Immediately he perceived that this man—the man on his hearthrug now, the man with the wonderful tidings—also wore a brown overcoat. It was an overcoat of exactly the same shade of brown; it was the same coat!

It was this discovery, this certainty, that saved Mr Peterston from an extravagant outburst, and enabled him to make a delightful wreck of one of the prettiest plots ever invented by any humorist. Great credit is due to him for his swift grasp of the position, for the ready way in which he took his stand with regard to it. Another man would have pricked the bubble at once with a roar of laughter, but not so Mr Peterston. With all his humble sedateness, he yet possessed a fund of humour. So he did not look astounded; he did not break out with a flood of exclamations; he did not rush to call his wife. He looked mildly pleased, and his reply was a peculiar one.

'Yes,' he said reflectively. 'It will surprise me more—much more! It is quite a bit of news. Of course I am still living, as you see, though I don't know how long it will last. am greatly pleased, too. Don't I look it?'

The visitor was considerably taken aback. He ceased to beam, and his manner became much more subdued. He gazed even a little anxiously into his host's amiable but unmoved face. 'I am delighted to be the bearer of the news,' he said. 'This, however, is only a preliminary. Would it be convenient for you to call to-morrow to have an interview with the firm !

'At'-- suggested Mr Peterston calmly.

'Say four o'clock.'

'That would do,' said Mr Peterston, 'as well as any other time.' And he smiled. 'Yes, quite as well as any other time. May I have the name and address?'

The visitor gave both, with increasing but

well-controlled surprise. He had no card, but Mr Peterston did not seem to expect one, and cheerfully wrote the particulars on his cuff. 'Lisle & Lisle,' he repeated slowly. 'Lis-le. Thank you. If I put it here, you see, I can't very well leave it behind in the morning, unless I happen to go without my-ahem! And it was hardly to be expected that you should get cards specially printed for this visit, of course. Eh?

'I beg your pardon!' exclaimed the ambassador.

'Don't trouble; it doesn't matter at all,' said Mr Peterston, still more airily. 'Now, let me see. Do I get the ten thousand when I call at this address? Will it be waiting for me? If so, I suppose I had better order a Carter-Paterson van. I have heard that ten thousand sovereigns make a very respectable bulk.'

'There will, I imagine, be certain formalities first,' stammered the visitor uncomfortably. 'Subsequently the amount will be paid to you

in any way you may prefer.'
'Good! Good! Very good!' said Mr Peterston. 'Your principals are going to deal with me handsomely; I can see that. Dear me, what a number of pleasant things a man may hear in one evening! Won't Butterworth be amazed when I tell him?'

A less observant eye than Mr Peterston's would easily have noted the fall in the visitor's features at that point. It was in vain that he tried to conceal the effects of the thrust.

'Butterworth?' he muttered. 'Butterworth?' 'Yes,' said Mr Peterston playfully. 'Don't you know him? He lives in the very next street.

'I know the name, sir, and I am a little acquainted with one person who bears the name. This person is managing clerk to Squires and

Stevens, Cheapside.

'The very man!' said Mr Peterston. 'The very man, jokes and all! Well, I was talking about Butterworth's amazement when he hears my news. He said only this morning that this was the very thing that ought to happen. I replied that it never did happen, and he protested "May it that it might happen—sometimes. happen to you," he said as he left me. Yes, those were his very last words. What a prophetic soul is Butterworth's! It seems almost incredible. Don't you think so?

The unfortunate visitor had almost ceased to think connectedly; he was too uncomfortable. Nor is there any doubt of the fact that he

wished himself away.

But Mr Peterston took a full revenge, rattling on with a most uncharacteristic abandon. It was his field-night; he had got Butterworth and the Brown Overcoat on the hip! 'And it is so beautifully complete,' he proceeded. 'Nothing is left out. Just at the time I want it most, that is the time it comes along. Evidently the Old Lady is in one of her best moodsa real, old-fashioned story-book mood. I hope she won't mind my calling her an Old Lady; it is a mark of affection, not want of respect.'

'The Old Lady!' exclaimed the visitor help-

'Yes, Dame Fortune,' explained Mr Peterston. 'She is certainly old, and to-night she is quite a lady. Yet we must not be too familiar, and tempt her to withdraw. It would be an awful thing to wake up in the morning and find it all a dream!

The visitor smiled, but only with difficulty. Then he looked at his watch, having apparently made up his mind to go. He made, however, one last effort to restore a conventional tone to the interview by taking Mr Peterston's City address with great care, in case it should be necessary to communicate with him during the day. Mr Peterston gave him what he asked with every willingness; a little sorry, perhaps, that he had gone so far. And the visitor tried to get off with colours flying.

'My principals, of course, will give you full particulars,' he said. 'They will expect you at four. And may I be permitted to offer you my

personal congratulations?

It was a gallant effort, most unkindly received. 'It is very good of you,' said Mr Peterston gratefully. 'Of course this is quite the best news I have ever had. I would not have missed it for anything. Ah, let me open the door. The mist, I am afraid, is thickening. I hope you haven't far to go.'

'Fortunately, no. Manor Park,' said the visitor, a little lamely; 'almost next door, one might say.' He walked down the tiled forecourt, and opened the little iron gate, which gave a

sharp crescendo of pain as it moved.

'I'll be able to afford a little oil now,' murmured Mr Peterston pleasantly. 'You'll catch the 9.35—if you run! Good-night, and my very best thanks!

The visitor only lingered for a moment or so. He looked once at Mr Peterston, once up the street, and once down, finding mist, perhaps, in every direction. Then he said, 'Good-night,' as pleasantly as he could, raised his hat-'A neat touch that,' thought Mr Peterston; 'it would never have occurred to me'-and turned away up the street. In five seconds he was entirely gone.

Mr Peterston closed the gate with care. Then he returned to the parlour to put out the light there, but before he did it he smiled at his own reflection in the glass. His amusement was never noisy, but on this occasion he was distinctly pleased with himself.

'Not a bad bit of work,' he thought. 'He carried it through very decently on the whole, but I fancy he didn't get much change out of me, poor fellow! But this is a distinct warning against talking too much in the train. I can't make out why I told that old story. Butterworth is full of ideas, but I was ready for him this time! We'll play it out to the end, and then see his face! Wasn't it luck that I

saw the man this morning!'

Having turned out the parlour light, he did the same with the one in the hall, and immediately ceased to enjoy the great joke. These minor but necessary economies reminded him of the shadow under which he lived and worked, and there was no humour in the situation. He took his seat at the supper-table, and looked round. His daughter was putting up her books, and the fire in the range was declining. He noticed the girl's boots in the corner by the fender, both pairs rather down at the heel. They would need attention next week. And his wife was still at her mending, only laying it down to serve his supper.

'What did he want?' she asked listlessly.

'Oh, nothing of importance,' he said. 'A little idea of Butterworth's, that's all. Butterworth is full of ideas, but they're not very valuable.'

At half-past ten he retired to rest, his candle—another little economy—throwing on the wall as he passed upstairs a grotesque shadow, whose outlines he observed with a feeble glimmer of humour. It was an unreal figure, and it reminded him of another thing that was unreal.

'No,' he said. 'It doesn't happen.'

As he went to bed he was rather more silent than usual, though silence had been growing upon him of late. The great joke was not the thing to communicate to his wife; she would see a lack of heart in it; but it was worth contemplating at a little distance. And his last thought on the subject came just as he fell asleep: 'I got through it very well, after all. But it was a bit too bad of Butterworth!'

(Continued on page 504.)

THE TIME OF THE WORLD.

By H. P. Hollis.

THIRTY years ago the nations conferred and combined on the subject of Time, the result being the Zone Standard Time System, which had its beginning in the United States and Canada in November 1883, and by the adherence last year of Brazil and some smaller Governments may be said to be now in use throughout the world. To-day the invention of wireless telegraphy has brought about another International Time Conference, which makes this an opportune moment to review the progress of the earlier scheme, and to take a glance at the one now being initiated.

It is scarcely necessary to give any explanation of the zone-system. Natural or local time is not the same in all parts of the world at the same instant. Noon at Melbourne is ten hours before the same event in Great Britain, a fact brought home to us when we read the news of the late day in Australia in the forenoon editions of the evening papers; and the occurrence of noon in London five hours earlier than in New York has its influence on the transactions in the Stock Exchanges and markets of both cities. Not only is local time different in places far distant from one another, as in the cases just specified, but the principle holds for short distances, and in the latitude of London eleven miles westward or eastward is equivalent to a difference of one minute in the true local time. In days gone by, when life was more leisurely, these things had little effect; and the time by the church clock, set right by the sundial in the rectory garden, was sufficient for local needs; but when railways and telegraphs began to be part of daily life, and communication between distant towns became more immediate, these differences of time in different parts of the country became important. The working of the railways, for instance, made it necessary to have one homogeneous time-system for all parts of a line, and for all the lines of a country; again, it is frequently important that there should be no ambiguity in the time of sending a telegram; and these things led eventually to the use of the time of the meridian of Greenwich for all parts of Great Britain, and to a legal enactment in 1881 which made that time the legal time of the country, or, as the Act definitely states, when the word 'time' occurs in any legal instrument the words Greenwich Mean Time shall be understood.

The suggestion was made fifty years ago that it would be expedient to have a universal time which should be used by all the world, and that the hands of the clocks should point to identical hours and minutes at any particular instant, whether the clock was in India, Russia, California, or elsewhere. Such a system has the disadvantage that the middle of the day, or daylight hours, is not marked by the same hour of the clock in all localities; but, on the other hand, an anomaly of the converse system, according to which each country keeps its own time, is well illustrated by the fact that five distinct time-reckonings, those of Switzerland, Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and Austria, were formerly in use around the shores of Lake Constance; and when the subject was seriously discussed at the Geodetic Congress at Rome in 1883, it was resolved to suggest the adoption of a universal hour side by side with the local or national hour,

which would continue to be employed in civil It was also resolved at this same conference to recommend the adoption of the meridian of Greenwich as a universal initial meridian, longitudes to be reckoned from Greenwich in the sole direction from east to west. Following on this, as the subject of time-reform was becoming a matter of much interest, a special conference was held at Washington in 1884, and attended by representatives of twenty-four nationalities, to fix on a meridian to be employed as a common zero of longitude and standard of time-reckoning throughout the globe. By almost unanimous vote it was resolved that this initial meridian should be the meridian of Greenwich, and that there should be a universal time-reckoning based on this prime meridian.

The resolutions at both these conferences were purely academic, for the representatives had no power to bind the nations they represented to take definite action, nor was a practical scheme This had, however, already been formulated. done by the managers of certain American railways, who, because the multiplicity of railway times had become a serious nuisance, had adopted, with considerable broad-mindedness, a system of standard times, each differing a whole number of hours from the time of the Greenwich meridianan ingenious plan, the credit for which has been ascribed to various persons. Reasons are not far to seek to show the impracticability of having one time for the whole of a continent as large as America; and by the efforts of Mr W. F. Allen, secretary of the General Railway Time Convention, at the meeting of 18th October 1883, it was decided by the managers to run all their roads by four standards, differing five, six, seven, and eight hours from Greenwich time, which were called respectively Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific times. A fifth zone was afterwards added, four hours slow on Greenwich, used in Newfoundland and eastern Canada, which has been called Maritime, or alternatively Atlantic, and Intercolonial time. This scheme, begun in America, illustrates the system of zone standard time, which has now passed its thirtieth anniversary, and has spread over the entire globe.

Though there was no definite international agreement, as the Governments of the world have one by one gradually found it expedient to legislate that the time of some particular meridian should be the legal standard time of the country, in most cases the meridian chosen has been such that the time is a whole number of hours fast or slow on Greenwich, and so conforms to the zone-system. France, which for many years stood aloof, now keeps Greenwich time, and a traveller journeying eastward, having set his watch for English or French time, finds himself an hour slow when he crosses the frontier into Germany, and two hours slow if he travels as far as Bulgaria. After the railways of the United States and Canada had

initiated the system, Japan was the first to follow, and the time nine hours fast on Greenwich was made the standard time of that country in 1886; Belgium and Holland adopted Greenwich time in 1893, though the latter country, for some reason, has since reverted to Amsterdam time. In 1893 and 1894 Germany, Italy, Denmark, and Switzerland each began to use mid-European time, which is the name given to time one hour fast on Greenwich; and east-European time, two hours fast on Greenwich, has been since adopted in Roumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey. The Australian states fell in with the plan in 1895. South Australia in that year adopted the time nine hours fast on Greenwich; but this has since been altered to nine and a half hours fast, because the inhabitants of the colony found that their eastern neighbours had an advantage by beginning their business day a whole hour earlier than they. and so compromised, though the reason is not apparent why they should not have overcome the difficulty by an alteration of office hours. introduction of standards differing by a number of hours and a half-hour from Greenwich is a little variation of the original scheme, but has been found advisable in other places; as, for instance, in New Zealand, where the clocks are eleven and a half hours fast on Greenwich, and in Burma, where the time is six and a half hours fast, whilst in India it is five and a half hours. The time of Cape Colony was formerly one and a half hours fast on Greenwich, but in 1903, after the war, the time two hours fast was made the legal standard for all the South African states.

Recent legislation by the Government of the republic of Brazil has bridged the Atlantic in the matter of time-reckoning, for it has completed the consecutive series of hourly zones from ten hours east of Greenwich to nine hours west. If India and Burma may be considered to occupy the six-hour zone, each of the zones from ten hours east to nine hours west has at least one occupant, as will be seen from the following table, which gives one or more, though not necessarily all, of the representatives of each of the zones:

EASTERN ZONES: CLOCK FAST ON GREENWICH.

10 hr. Eastern Austra-5 hr. Chagos Archipelago. lian States and 4 " Mauritius. 3 11 Tasmania. 3 " S. African Susant Egypt, Turkey.

1 " All the Countries of Mid Europe, and Portu-Aden. 91 " South Australia. Japan. 8 West Australia, East China. Straits Settleguese and German West Africa. ments. 61 " Burma Burma.

Greenwich time is in use as standard in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Algeria, and in certain Portuguese islands and territory in West Africa. The occupants of the western zones will be seen in the table similar to the above which follows:

WESTERN ZONES: CLOCK SLOW ON GREENWICH.

1 hr. Iceland, Madente, and Portuguese Canada, Jamaica, part of Brazil, Panama, Peru, and Guinea. 2 " Azores, Cape Verde Chili. 6 hr. A section of U.S.A. Islands. Part of Brazil. and Canada, Hon-4 " Newfoundland, cer-tain West India duras. 7 " A section of U.S.A. Islands, of and Canada. Brazil, and British A section of U.S.A. Guiana. and Canada. 5 " A section of U.S.A., 9 " Yukon, Sitka.

Brazil and its dependencies have been divided into regions in which the times two hours, three hours, four hours, and five hours slow on Greenwich are respectively the legal standard. The Eastern and Western Hemispheres may be said to overlap, since the Brazilian islands off the east coast and the Portuguese islands, the Azores and Cape Verde, all use the same meridian, thirty degrees or two hours west. In the division of this republic the separating line between the regions of three hours and four hours is formed mainly by rivers; and, similarly, in the continent of North America, which is divided into five sections or zones as above stated, the dividing lines are not necessarily straight lines or At first sight there may appear to meridians. be difficulty in having a sudden change of time at some arbitrarily defined lines of demarcation. Actually, the plan has been carried into effect in the United States by adopting points of separation which are convenient for the service of the railways, the change from one hourly zone to another taking place at some large town on each line, although it may not be exactly on the meridian midway between two consecutive hourly meridians. There is, for instance, a change on one railway line at Pittsburg in Pennsylvania whose longitude is eighty degrees (five hours twenty minutes west), and is therefore well within the accurate zone of Eastern time (four and a half hours to five and a half hours west), and would not be expected to be on a line of When the railways had chosen such separation. places for change of their time, the authorities of these cities took action and adopted one or the other standard for public use, the adoption being sometimes settled by public vote, as in the case of Detroit, where the local mean time is almost exactly five and a half hours slow on Greenwich, or midway between Eastern and Central time. Central time is in use, but an attempt was made to abandon this and use Eastern time. A vote of the people was taken on three propositions: should Central time, the local Mean time, or Eastern time be used in the city? The first received a large majority of votes.

Turning to the rest of the sphere, and the zones which fall on the Pacific Ocean, there is a gap in the four hourly zones between nine hours west, which is the legal time for Yukon and Sitka in North-West Canada, and the zone ten hours east

occupied by Australian states. The western and eastern series will be joined up by mainland when far Alaska and far Siberia are attached to the universal system; but meanwhile some half-hourly zones in this part of the world have been formed. In the Hawaiian Islands the time is ten and a half hours slow, in Samoa eleven and a half hours slow; and in New Zealand, as has been said, the clock is eleven and a half hours fast on Greenwich time. How the sailor adapts his time-reckoning to this violent change in passing from Samoa to New Zealand, or vice verså, is another story. He experiences a week in his lifetime which apparently has six or eight days in it in the respective cases.

At recent international conferences matters relating to time have been discussed altogether apart from the question of standard meridians. In January 1905 the United States navy department began sending out time-signals by wireless telegraphy at noon each day by which the officers of ships at sea might determine the rate of going of their chronometers; and from May 1910 signals have been sent out by Hertzian waves from the Eiffel Tower at Paris and from a wireless sending station at Norddeich, in north Germany, at certain definite instants of the day, the instants being defined by Greenwich time. In October of 1912 an International Time Commission was initiated, having its headquarters at Paris, to discuss questions relating to this time distribution, and at the first conference it was resolved to establish a chain of wireless time-signal stations round the world, so that any place on the globe will be able to receive two accurate time-signals, one by day and one by night, for the purpose of checking clocks. This scheme will doubtless be realised in the not distant future. From January 1915 the signals from the Eiffel Tower, which are sent automatically by the clock of the National Observatory, but so corrected from the nine minutes twenty-one seconds, which is the difference of longitude between the two meridians of Greenwich and Paris, that the time corresponds to that of the Greenwich clock, will be issued at ten o'clock A.M. and at midnight, and those from the German station at noon and ten o'clock P.M. These signals are received in the first place by ships at sea, who use the information conveyed for the purposes of navigation, which is the original object. They are received also by many private persons in England who have set up wireless receiving apparatus, and by observatories, where the time of their reception is carefully observed; and though the utmost care is taken to send out the signals from the Paris and German stations precisely at the chosen instants, small discrepancies of fractions of a second are found when their reception is accurately timed, which may be due to idiosyncrasies or peculiarities in the instruments or the method of time determination at the different observatories. Part of the scheme of the Time Commission is to make comparisons of the

time of the different observatories by these wireless signals, so that eventually a perfectly harmonious system may be derived, and signals may be issued precisely at each hour of Greenwich time by one

or other of the sending stations which will be established round the globe. The time may then be said truly to be universal, but still it will be reckoned from the meridian of Greenwich.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

By IAN HAY, Author of The Right Stuff, A Man's Man, Happy-go-Lucky, &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.-THE SECOND BEST.

'WHERE shall we go to-night?' inquired the insatiable Dumps.

'Bed,' replied her exhausted papa, before any

one else could speak.

The Joy-Week was nearly over. For five days and nights the newly emancipated Miss Sylvia Mablethorpe had been allowed a free hand. Each morning she had conducted her mother relentlessly to shops. Once or twice her devoted father had accompanied the expedition, but after being twice warned by an officious young policeman for loitering outside a modiste's in Dover Street, had excused himself from further attendance.

'They are a most amazing sex,' he observed to Philip. 'My precious pair actually spent an hour and a quarter in a hosiery establishment in Knightsbridge yesterday morning-into which my modesty prevented me from accompanying them—and when they came out neither of them could say for certain if she had bought anything or not. I wonder how they do it; if a mere man were to spend an hour and a quarter in a shop, he would by the end of that time either be lying dead on the floor or else equipped with several thousand pairs of everything. No; henceforth they shop alone! I decline to run any further risk of contracting flat-foot through standing about on a hard pavement, or mental prostration from thinking out topics of conversation suitable to retired heroes who open carriage To-morrow morning, Philip, I will give them one shilling each—they don't really need so much, for it costs nothing to have things dragged off high shelves and put back again; but they will probably require ices or some other poison about eleven—and you and I will get up an appetite for lunch by going for a ride.

At the present moment the party were taking

tea at the Carlton, after a matinée.

'I think it would be nice,' continued Sylvia, entirely ignoring her male parent's suggestion, 'if we went to a music-hall. I haven't been to one yet; and I am getting a bit tired of theatres.' Which was not altogether surprising, considering that Miss Sylvia and suite had visited seven in five days. 'Then you could smoke, daddy,' she continued artfully. 'You will come, won't you, Philip †'

'It may possibly have escaped your memory,' Mr Mablethorpe mentioned, 'that we are engaged

to dine to-night with Derek Rayner.'

'Oh, bother!' said the ungrateful Dumps; 'so we are. Has he invited you, Philip?'

'No,' said Philip; and Mr and Mrs Mable-

thorpe exchanged glances.

'Well, I'll tell you what,' announced Sylvia, who was not of an age to have any regard for the feelings of young men; 'we will dine with Derek, and you must join us afterwards, and we will all go to the Arena together. I hear it is the best place. Derek won't mind, will he?'

'I am sure the arrangement will meet with his entire approval,' remarked Mr Mablethorpe

solemnly.

'In that case,' continued Sylvia with great cheerfulness, having gained her point, 'we had better telephone to him that we shall want dinner earlier. What time do music-halls begin?'

'The performance,' said her father, 'is timed to commence at eight P.M.; but attendance during

the earlier turns is not compulsory.'

He spoke bravely, but without hope, for he

knew his daughter.

'I insist,' announced the voracious Dumps, 'upon being there when the curtain goes up. I shall tell Derek that we will dine at a quarter to seven. Do you think this hotel is on the telephone?'

'Possibly. If not, we can always light a beacon-fire at the top of the Haymarket, or get a carrier-pigeon from somewhere,' replied the caustic Mr Mablethorpe, still sore at the thought of yet another scrambled dinner.

His daughter ignored the pleasantry. 'Will you come and help me to find it, Philip?' she said.

Philip complied, and the pair went out to the hotel telephone exchange, leaving Mr and Mrs Mablethorpe to regard one another curiously.

'Poor Derek!' said Mrs Mablethorpe.

'Poor Dumps!' said Mr Mablethorpe to himself.

Meanwhile, at the telephone, Sylvia was saying to Philip, 'It would never do to leave you out, Philip, on the last evening, would it?'

For a moment their eyes met. Then Sylvia's dropped quickly.

11.

Philip dined in solitary state in his own flat. He still retained his holding therein, for his duties involved a good deal of travelling, and it was convenient to have a *pied à terre* in London.

Timothy was out, and he had the premises to himself, for which he was not altogether sorry. He had a good deal to occupy his mind just at

present, and he wanted to think.

But his thoughts had made no appreciable progress when he arrived at the Arena Palace of Varieties at five minutes to eight. He found the party already assembled in the foyer, under the radiant direction of Sylvia and the thunder-cloud escort of Mr Derek Rayner, who greeted Philip gloomily but politely. A mincing damsel in a lace tucker conducted them to their seats, which were situated in the fourth row of an unpeopled desert of stalls.

'It's lucky we got here in time,' mused Mr Mablethorpe, surveying the Sahara around them.

'We might have had to stand.'

'If people,' remarked Sylvia with asperity, 'think it grand not to come to a heavenly place like this till ten o'clock, so much the worse for them!' She sank down luxuriously in the armchair which called itself a stall, and commanded Philip and Rayner to dispose themselves upon either side of her, leaving her parents to shift for themselves. Rayner, with the air of a conjurer who is a little doubtful as to whether his audience are not getting slightly tired of this trick, produced a box of chocolates out of his hat, and the party settled down to enjoy the performance.

The ladies and gentlemen who figured in the earlier portion of the programme were obviously surprised and pleased to find the stalls inhabited. Accustomed to shout across an ocean of blue plush to an audience of pigmies encircling the distant horizon, their gratification at finding human beings within a few yards of them was extreme. More than one of the comedians worked an allusion to the fact into his 'patter.'

About a quarter to nine the ranks of the stall-holders were stiffened by the arrival of a magnificent gentleman in evening dress, with a gardenia in his button-hole. He took a seat in the front row.

'I told you there would be lots of people soon,' announced Sylvia.

But, alas! her triumph was premature. Shortly after the arrival of the gentleman with the gardenia the drop-curtain ascended upon Turn No. 5—Professor Bruno, the Man of Mystery, assisted by a stout lady in mauve tights. The Professor, speaking with a French accent which had plainly served an apprenticeship in New York, opened the proceedings by appealing to the audience to send up an impartial and unbiassed body of gentlemen upon the stage, to act—why, heaven knows—as 'committee.'

'You go, dad!' said Sylvia.

'I expect the Man of Mystery has made his own arrangements,' replied Mr Mablethorpe.

And sure enough, almost before he had spoken, the gentleman with the gardenia left his seat and scrambled up a pair of plush-covered steps

upon the stage. He must have repented bitterly of his public-spirited precipitancy; for, instead of being treated with the respect due to a committee-no one else had come forward-he was subjected by the Professor to a series of humiliating and embarrassing indignities. Showers of playing-cards were squeezed from his nose; flapping goldfish were extracted from his ears bullets were fired point-blank into his shirt-front and discovered (by the lady in tights) in his coat-tail pockets. His silk hat was turned into a coffee-urn. His very gardenia was snatched from him and shaken out into a Union-Jack. Still he maintained a heroic attitude throughout, smiling woodenly at each successive outrage, and loudly proclaiming his entire satisfaction with the genuineness of the performance before resuming his seat. However, it was plain that the strain had been too great for him; for presently he put on his hat, stole quietly away, and was

'Poor thing! I wonder where he has gone to,' said the sympathetic Sylvia.

Derek Rayner, who was at the age for which the drama has no secrets, explained that this gentleman was now probably travelling in the same cab with the Man of Mystery and the lady in tights to undergo further humiliations at another music-hall.

Presently the stalls began to fill up in real earnest, and turns came thick and fast. Some were sentimental, some were funny, a few were vulgar, and some were merely idiotic. Once or twice Mr Mablethorpe held his head and said his brain was going; but on the whole they enjoyed themselves greatly, especially that unspoiled child of nature, Miss Sylvia.

Sylvia was particularly pleased with Mr Arfur

Mow, Comedian.

When that gentleman's number went up there was a round of applause, and the orchestra dashed into a merry tune. There came a pause. Then the tune was played again. Then another pause. Slight uneasiness among the audience.

'He hasn't turned up,' remarked the worldlywise Rayner. 'These chaps do four halls a night. He's probably on the other side of

London, in a broken-down taxi.'

The band played its prelude once more, and then some one—presumably the manager—appeared upon the stage and offered an apology for Mr Mow's absence. 'He was here a moment ago, ladies and gentlemen,' he declared.

'Rats!' observed a disappointed lady in the

gamery.

The manager redoubled his assurances. They had searched high and low, he said, but could not find Mr Mow anywhere. Would the audience——

His speech was interrupted by the conductor of the orchestra. 'If Arfur Mow reelly 'asn't arrived,' he announced, rising to his feet, 'I'll give you a turn meself.' And bounding upon

the stage, the conductor turned and faced the audience with a flourish. He was none other than the missing Arfur Mow! Having chased his apologist into the wings amid shouts of delight, the great man proceeded to the serious work of the evening—a ditty entitled 'A Glorious Death; or, How I was Drowned in the Brewery.

'What is the next item?' inquired Mr Mablethorpe in a hollow voice, after the audience and Mr Mow had taken a reluctant farewell of one another. 'The thumbscrew, or boiling oil?'

"High Jinks in a Parisian Café," announced Sylvia with great satisfaction.

'Be prepared to Mr Mablethorpe coughed. read your programme sedulously until further notice,' he said to his wife and daughter.

But his fears were groundless. The only occupant of the café when the curtain rose was a waiter of melancholy aspect. To him entered a lady and gentleman in evening dress, arm-inarm—the gentleman carrying an umbrella and smoking an unlighted cigar—who intimated in pantomime that they required an abundant and satisfying meal. The waiter responded by stepping forward and bowing so low that he fell right over on to the back of his neck, coming up again to a standing position after one complete revolution. With a deeply injured expression he went down upon his hands and knees and began to search for the obstacle over which he had tripped. Presently he found it. It was so minute as to be quite invisible to the audience, but when thrown into the wings it fell with a reverberating crash.

Any further doubts as to the nature of the entertainment were now dissipated by the gentleman in evening dress, who, instead of hanging up his opera-hat in the orthodox fashion, gave his head a backward jerk which sent the hat flying backwards on to an adjacent gas-bracket. He next removed his evening coat, and having lighted his cigar from a candle upon the table, proceeded to give a juggling exhibition with the

candle, the cigar, and his umbrella.

At this his lady friend withdrew, possibly in arch of a less eccentric host. The waiter, search of a less eccentric host. instead of serving supper, remained a fascinated spectator of the gentleman's performance. Presently, fired with a spirit of emulation, he took a plate and a raw egg from the table-with the exception of a property chicken the egg was the only edible thing in the restaurant—and having thrown the egg into the air, endeavoured to catch it upon the plate. He succeeded. While he was wiping his face the lady made an unexpected reappearance. She had left her opera-cloak and evening gown in the cloak-room, and was now attired in what looked like a bathing-suit of tight pink silk. Evidently having abandoned all hope of supper, she had good-naturedly decided to come and lend a hand with the juggling exhibition. She incited her companion to further enterprises. At her instigation he took the table by one leg and balanced it upon his forehead-fortunately the chicken appeared to be clamped to the dish and the dish to the table -keeping three plates in the air with one hand and a fourth spinning horizontally upon the ferrule of his umbrella with the other. The waiter, discouraged and fatigued by his want of success with the egg, here opened an ingenious little door in his own stomach, revealing a small cupboard; and taking out a bottle and glass, proceeded to refresh himself in the usual manner. Then, catching the eye of the lady, who was regarding this somewhat unusual arrangement of nature with pardonable astonishment, he hastily returned the bottle and glass to their place and shut the little door. But feminine curiosity is not easily allayed. As soon as her companion had completed his performance with the table, the lady drew his attention to the phenomenon which she had just witnessed. The gentleman promptly stepped behind the shrinking waiter, and, holding him firmly by the elbows, invited the lady by a nod to investigate the mystery for herself. This she did. But the opening of the door only revealed a tiny venetian blind, drawn down and bearing the legend, 'BAR CLOSED.'

'I wonder how they think of such things!' said Sylvia rapturously.

'They do that to give the juggler a rest,'

explained the undeceived Mr Rayner.

After this the band played louder and faster, and the gentleman took all the furniture within reach and proceeded to hurl it into the air, keeping it there with incredible ease through the whole of a frenzied rendering of *Il Bacio*. lady friend, quite carried away by her enthusiasm, skipped about the stage clapping her hands and uttering shrill whoops. The waiter, roused to a final effort, rushed off into the wings, to reappear with a perfect mountain of plates. These he hurled hysterically heavenward. They descended in all directions, splintering into fragments amid appreciative yells from the audience. Having caught exactly one plate out of the avalanche, the waiter displayed it to the house with great pride, and then (evidently afraid of spoiling the ship for want of a ha'p'orth of tar) produced a small coal-hammer from his pocket and smashed it to atoms. The performances concluded with a general mêlée, in which the gentleman and lady combined to bombard the waiter with all the plates they could lay their hands on. But he caught them, every one of them, two at a time; and then, once more unlocking the door in his waistcoat, and pulling up the venetian blind, was seen generously offering liquid refreshment to his discomfited assailants as the curtain fell.

By this time the majority of Sylvia's party were enjoying themselves thoroughly. Sylvia herself was bubbling over; Julius Mablethorpe was shouting like a child; and his wife, weak with laughter, was wiping her eyes.

Mr Derek Rayner was in the seventh heaven, for his young hostess had devoted her entire attention to him, and had hardly given her other companion so much as a look. 'Perhaps the chap is just a family friend, after all,' he said to

himself optimistically.

Philip alone was preoccupied. That morning he had received a letter from his firm, offering him what was practically a year's holiday. Some time previously the representative of a great industrial corporation in the United States had visited England as the guest of the Britannia Company. He had been royally entertained; several excellent understandings had been reached, and an important commercial alliance cemented. Now Philip was invited to represent the company on a return visit. It was a signal honour and a tempting prospect. He would encounter fresh people and new ideas; he would be able to enlarge his technical knowledge, for he would go everywhere and be shown everything; andwell—he might be able to get a little farther away from his own thoughts. He was suffering at present from a satiety of thought, and the morning's letter had brought matters to a crisis. Numerous forces were at war within him.

Chivalry said, 'If you may not live with her, live for her. Go your own way as far as you must, but do not go too far; she may need you.'

Common sense said, 'Why sigh after a girl who does not care for you, and never did? You are nothing to her. Why offer her what you do not owe and what she cannot take?'

To-night a third voice had joined in the debate. It said, 'Love is not entirely a matter of twin souls and divine passion; it has a very material side. Life is short; we live but once. It is given to few to encounter their affinity in this world; it is foolish to waste one's youth waiting for a thing which may not exist. Why not be practical? Why not cut the Gordian knot? Marry some nice pretty girl, with no nonsense about her, and have done with it. Then you will have a comfortable home and a loyal mate, and be able to turn out some decent work.'

Thousands of men and tens of thousands of women have debated this problem in their time; but Philip did not know this. We are apt to think that our own human experiences are unique

Suddenly Sylvia turned to him. Her dark eyes were full of reproach. 'Philip, you are not listening a bit. This next song ought to be

lovely.

Philip, apologetically conning the programme, recognised therein the name of a great singer—the latest recruit to the variety stage—who, having achieved a European reputation as the leading operatic baritone of his day, had abandoned that strenuous calling in the zenith of his drawing powers in order to earn an ambassadorial income by singing selections from

his repertoire — which means the hackneyed ballads beloved of the British Public—for some fifteen minutes per diem.

Presently the great man appeared. He began with the Toreador's Song from *Carmen*, which set heads nodding and toes beating time. Then came 'O Star of Eve,' and last of all, 'I'll Sing

Thee Songs of Araby.'

Struck by an unwonted stillness at his side, Philip glanced at Sylvia. Her effervescence was gone. With a child's instant susceptibility to external influences her mood had changed; she was raptly drinking in the limpid notes that came floating to her through the smoke-laden atmosphere of the Arena Palace of Varieties. A humorous remark from Derek Rayner fell upon unheeding ears. Her eyes shone; her breath came quick; her flower-like face was alight with tender enthusiasm.

And all my song shall strive to wake Sweet wonder in thine eyes!

crooned the singer. Certainly he had achieved his purpose in one case, Philip thought.

To cheat thee of a sigh!
To charm thee to a tear!

The words died away to nothingness in the absolute stillness of the great audience. Then, after a brief interval, came the applause, in mighty gusts. But during that interval Philip had had time to hear the sound of a long, tremulous sigh close beside him.

'My reason has been saved at the eleventh hour,' said Mr Mablethorpe gratefully. 'Talking of the eleventh hour, shall we go home?' Nothing

but the kinematograph now!'

But Sylvia insisted upon seeing the programme out. Accordingly the party sat on, what time such of the audience as still remained were plunged into darkness, and a flickering travesty of life in the American backwoods was thrown upon the screen.

First came the announcement: "I love you," says the Sheriff to the pretty Station-Mistress."

There followed a picture of the Station-Mistress at home. The only visible furniture was a writing-table, but technical exigencies were satisfied by a lever standing up in the middle of the floor, evidently designed to control the railway traffic of the district. The only other notable feature of this interior was a strong breeze. Presently the Sheriff, a theatrical-looking young man in a slouch-hat and trousers like a pair of door-mats, sidled in at the door; and an interpolated line of explanatory matter inquired, 'Will you come riding with me?'

Apparently the lady was willing, for next moment she was discovered in a stable-yard blowing a whistle. Instantly a horse appeared, saddled and bridled, and after performing several tricks with obvious reluctance, consented to allow itself to be mounted, and departed at full gallop.

apparently to join the Sheriff.

'I guarantee that we shall meet that animal

again,' prophesied Mr Mablethorpe.

Meanwhile the plot began to obtrude. direct result of the Station-Mistress's culpable negligence in leaving the railway traffic to direct itself, the way was now open for an attempt to hold up the 'bullion express.' This enterprise was engineered by a gentleman called Mexican Steve, assisted by a gang of six. Being apparently familiar with the unbusiness-like habits of the Station-Mistress, Mexican Steve very sensibly selected the station office as a suitable place wherein to confer with his associates. The conference took place forthwith, the members thereof huddling close together in order to keep within the picture.
'The express does not stop here; we must flag

her,' said the next line of print.

What does that mean? inquired Sylvia.

'I fancy it means that they are going to put the signal at danger, and so stop the train,' said

Philip.

This, as it turned out, was a correct surmise; but much had to happen first. As the audience had fully expected, the symposium in the stationhouse was now interrupted by the intrusion of the Station-Mistress herself, whose horror and astonishment at finding her home in the possession of Mexican Steve and party was a little unreasonable, considering that she had been absent some hours, and had left the door unlocked. The ensuing mêlée was not depicted, the scene being suddenly changed to a railway-track, with a train approaching in the distance. There was a signal-post at the side of the line. The signal suddenly rose to danger; after which the scene was switched back to the station office, where Mexican Steve had just finished pulling over the lever. The Station-Mistress, it is regrettable to have to add, was sitting bound hand and foot to her own table. The rest of the gang had disappeared, doubtless to hold up the train. Before joining them, Mexican Steve addressed his victim. 'Now, Maimie Matterson, escape if you can!'

'And she will!' remarked Mr Mablethorpe

with conviction.

'Hush!' said Sylvia under her breath. She was on tenterhooks; it was all real to her.

Any doubts as to Miss Matterson's ability to escape from her present predicament were at once set at rest. With a few convulsive wriggles she succeeded in getting her lips to the horsewhistle which hung round her neck.

'Thank heaven we can't hear her!' said Mr Mablethorpe to his wife, as the lady's cheeks distended themselves in a resounding blast.

Next moment the door was kicked down, and Maimie's performing horse entered the room and pawed the floor politely. Sylvia clapped her

'I knew it!' remarked Mr Mablethorpe resignedly.

In obedience to a frenzied signal from his

mistress, the sagacious animal first proceeded to operate the lever in the middle of the floor, pulling it back (presumably) to safety. This feat accomplished, he set to work, amid thunders of applause, to unpick with his teeth the knots which kept Maimie Matterson bound to the table. He was rewarded for his gallantry by being promptly mounted and ridden at full gallop across a heart-breaking line of country, apparently at a speed of about forty miles an hour.

Then for the last time the scene changed to the railway-track. The train, which had covered quite two hundred yards in the last quarter of an hour, was now close to the post, and Mexican Steve and his friends were crouching by the line armed with six-shooters. Above their heads the signal-arm still stood at danger. Suddenly it dropped.

'Who did that?' inquired an indignant line

of print.

'That was the dear horse!' proclaimed Sylvia

triumphantly.

The train, which had been exhibiting signs of indecision, suddenly quickened its pace and shot past, to the discomfiture of the desperadoes, who childishly fired a volley at the wheels. moment an armed band, headed by the Sheriff and Miss Maimie Matterson-they must have covered twenty miles in something like fifteen seconds—dashed out of an adjacent wood. After a perfunctory struggle, the incompetent criminals were duly taken into custody and marched off The Sheriff, having got rid of by their captors. his posse, seized the opportunity to indulge in an exchange of tender endearments with Miss

'We will find the preacher-man, right now!' he declared.

Miss Matterson's reply was not recorded in print, but to judge from the last few yards of the film it was of an encouraging nature.

As the Sheriff's arms closed round the unresisting form of his athletic bride, Philip was conscious of a gentle movement beside him. Then a small, warm, gloved hand was slipped into his own in the darkness. He made no sign; he merely allowed the hand to rest where it lay. Presently it was withdrawn as softly as it came. It was a brief, almost momentary episode, but it settled the course of Philip's life for him.

The lights went up; a blurred and bearded figure was thrown upon the screen; and the band, rising to its feet, offered a hurried tribute of loyalty.

'Supper?' suggested Mr Mablethorpe to the

company in general.

'You must all be my guests to-night,' said Philip. 'I may not have another opportunity.'

At supper he told them that he was going to America for a year at least.

v.

'I presume,' said Mr Mablethorpe, as they sat alone together after Sylvia and her mother had gone to bed, 'that when you do return from your travels we must not expect to see—quite so much of you as hitherto?'

'No, I think not,' replied Philip. Then he added awkwardly, 'You understand the situa-

tion?'

Julius Mablethorpe nodded. 'Yes,' he said,

'I do; and I know you are right. There is a power of difference between giving one's best and one's second best. You can't compromise over the really big things of life; with them it must be everything or nothing. You are doing the right thing. But we shall miss you, my son Philip—all of us!'

VI.

So our Knight rode away, exceeding sorrowful. His departure was mourned by many, notably one; but not by Mr Derek Rayner.

(Continued on page 499.)

HUMAN LEOPARDS AND ALLIGATORS.

By ROBERT MACHRAY.

T is from the depths of the Dark Continent that the strangest true stories come. are no stories quite like them, probably because nowhere else are there quite the same conditions of life. Rarely concerned with the mysterious or the occult, they usually centre in the elemental, the primitive, the abysmally savage. In them we seem to get back to the beginning of things, the primeval. So much is this the case that some of these African stories might dispose us to imagine that the vast curtain of the past had been rolled up in order to present to this late age weird or terrible pictures of the thoughts and deeds of the men who lived in the troubled morning of the world, in the terror-haunted childhood of the human race.

One of these strange true stories came recently from the Protectorate of Sierra Leone, but the theatre of its action extends to an unknown distance beyond that comparatively small territory. From the same dim regions also came another story, but fundamentally so similar that it may be regarded as a variant of the other. Part of the latter was told in a White Paper laid before Parliament shortly before the close of the session last August; but Parliament is not a particularly good place for the telling of such a tale when there is no party capital to be got out of it, and this one passed practically unnoticed by both Houses. Portions of the story are to be found in the letters and other writings of missionaries and travellers. Much illuminating colour can be derived from an article by Mr Fitzgerald Marriott which was published in the proceedings of the famous Quatuor Coronati lodge of Freemasons. The story is not yet absolutely complete, and most likely never will be, for it is impossible for a white man to understand fully the psychology of a black any more than for a black to comprehend thoroughly that of a white; they are separated not so much by pigmentation of skin as by the unnumbered centuries that have made the white what he is, and left the black what he However, there is more than enough detail, of a singularly interesting character, to furnish forth the story with scenery, incidents, emotions, and 'the red blood of men.'

Sierra Leone became a British colony-of sorts, it must be premised—more than a hundred years ago. Its area was small and insignificant. and its capital, Freetown, commemorated the fact that it was mainly a settlement of slaves of different tribes who had been recovered from their captors at various times, and set free. For a period Sierra Leone consisted of nothing more than a short, narrow strip of coast; but traders penetrated into its hinterland, with the ultimate result, to put the matter briefly, that the latter was proclaimed a British protectorate in 1896, the whole area thus brought under the Colonial Office being about twenty-five thousand square miles. So much has been done since to improve the country that Mr T. J. Alldridge, whose acquaintance with it in his capacity of magistrate extends over many years, described it as A Transformed Colony, when writing a book about it in 1910. The most notable change is in the south, through which a Government railway has been built for a length of some two hundred miles. Not many whites have lived or live in the district, which used to be known as the 'White Man's Grave,' but is now in somewhat better repute. In the colony the negro population is very mixed. In the protectorate there are several semi-independent tribes, each with its own customs, manners, and language, and each having its own chiefs and headmen, but under the paternal control of the central Government, which administers both colony and protectorate.

Perhaps the most striking feature is the prevalence of native secret societies in the protectorate, differing in their aims and objects, but alike in exercising extraordinary power and influence in the special spheres of their activity. Some of these secret societies are not only innocuous, but beneficial and praiseworthy; others are of a totally opposite description. To the

former belong the Purrhu and Bundhu societies, the one for men only, the other exclusively for women. The paternal Government does not seek to interfere with organisations of this sort, which may be said to bear a eugenic character; but it is trying to stamp out those in the other

category.

The White Paper laid before Parliament is entitled, Despatch from the Governor of Sierra Leone, reporting on the Measures adopted to deal with Unlawful Societies in the Protectorate, the unlawful societies in question being known respectively as the Human Leopard Society and the Human Alligator Society. These curious names will suggest that the title given to this article is not entirely fanciful. The members of these secret organisations, more especially some of them, are designated Leopards and Alligators. A kind of parallel as regards nomenclature may be seen in the American Ancient Order of Buffaloes; but these African societies put the prefix 'Human' before the symbolical appella-It is around and about the Human Leopards and the Human Alligators that the strange true story is—or perhaps I had better say can be-woven, for I do not purpose to construct a detailed and finished narrative out of the material at command; nor, in fact, is there any need of literary artifice in presenting that

The date of the origin of these societies is unknown, but most likely should be referred to a remote past. Mr Alldridge, in the book mentioned above, writes as if the Human Leopard Society came into existence in 1890; but the Governor of Sierra Leone is far more probably correct when he states in his despatch that it has held sway for many years, possibly for centuries, over the large tract in which it works; and it is equally probable that the Human Alligator Society is also very ancient. For innumerable ages the real leopard and the real alligator struck terror into the native heart; their ruthlessness, strength, and cunning, as well as numbers, invested them with something akin to the sanctity of the dreaded unknown gods who had to be propitiated; their very names, as those of the lords of life and death, were associated with a trembling fear. It, therefore, can readily be understood how secret societies, desirous of power, should select such names for themselves, and how old they may very well be as organisations, for they smack of the primitive, the elemental order of the world, when 'darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people.

So dark and terrible are the objects of these societies that they are sometimes described as murder societies—that is, societies existing for the purpose of committing murders—and compared with the Assassins of the Middle Ages, the Thugs of India, and similar associations; but it is certain that they do not commit

murders for the mere sake of murder, though their existence is bound up with the taking of human life, with what white men must call murder, and cannot permit to continue in any land over which they exercise control; yet to the black the killing of a human being for certain purposes seems no murder. These societies have also been called cannibal societies -that is, societies that practise cannibalism; but a good deal more than cannibalism enters into the matter, for religion and therapeutics play a prominent part. As has been pointed out by Mr Marriott, these societies are not bands of conspirators, but the outgrowth of tribal developments. Their roots lie deep in the past—the past of Africa, which no man knows. In his despatch, Sir E. M. Merewether, the Governor of Sierra Leone, states: 'For a number of years past the Northern Sherbro District has been the principal field for the operations of an organisation which goes under the name of the Human Leopard Society. It has not yet been decided whether the object of the society is merely to satisfy the craving which some savages have for human flesh, or whether the eating of human flesh is only part of some ceremony which is believed to have the effect of increasing the mental and physical powers of the members of the society.' Mr Alldridge's account of this society is that 'when the Imperri country (Sherbro) was under the control of chiefs, a numerous but select body of natives associated themselves under the name of the Human Leopard Society for the purpose of keeping alive a most drastic, solid medicine called borfimor, which required to be anointed with human fat in order to be perfectly efficacious. To obtain such a fat the killing of human beings was necessary.' He adds that persons who joined the society paid the life of a human victim as entrance fee.

It was not till 1912 that anything like an adequate idea of the extent of the operations of this society became known. In that year the commissioner of the district received information that from twenty to thirty human beings had been killed since 1907 by the society in Imperri and in the neighbourhood of Pujehun for its dreadful purposes. These deaths were all brought about in a way peculiar to the Human Leopards, no other method apparently being permissible according to their rules, a circumstance which attests the ritual character of these murders—this way of killing being termed 'leopard palaver,' just as the manner in which the Human Alligators slay their victims is called 'alligator palaver.' To all appearance those killed by the Human Leopards had been killed by actual leopards. Before the truth was discovered by, or, more correctly, to, the Government-for the facts came later from native sources—there was an impression that specially trained tiger-cats did the killing; but this was not the case. The victims met their fate at the hands of particular members of the society dressed in leopard-skins, and they were done to death by means of a 'leopard knife,' an iron instrument usually with three blades arranged like Prince of Wales' feathers, which left on the body marks closely resembling those made by the claws of a real leopard. To carry the similarity still farther, the persons killed were struck with this knife first on the skull, which was crushed in, then on the neck (the vertebræ being severed), and next twice deeply in the back, the series of wounds being very much the same as those which would be made by the animal when

it springs on a man from behind. Substituting the alligator for the leopard, the method employed by the Human Alligators is analogous to that of the Human Leopards. Here again the killing must be done by special members of the society; but the executioner is either dressed in alligator-skins or is concealed in a species of vessel called a koonkoo-be, to which the semblance of the saurian has been given. In the former guise much ingenuity is shown in lying in wait for the doomed man. With one nostril plugged up with clay, and the other having in it a long hollow reed with its upper end raised above the surface of the water, the executioner, dressed in alligator-skins, lies in the stream or pool to which the victim is known to be in the habit of going to bathe or drink. When the opportunity comes the Human Alligator falls on his unsuspecting prey, and kills him with an 'alligator knife,' mauling the body as the real alligator would maul it. In the latter form the koonkoo-be is used. This is a vessel, twelve feet long by three feet wide, consisting of two canoes, one turned over on top of the other, and made watertight, the bow being shaped in the exact figure of an alligator's head. Beneath the upper canoe are holes just large enough to admit the handles of the paddles which propel this weird craft. Near the bow are two larger openings, and from these protrude the hands of the executioner, who with sharp iron claws resembling those of the real alligator drags the victim into the water and kills him. The Human Alligators might be described as a water society, and the Human Leopards as a

land society.

When a man or woman, boy or girl, disappeared, otherwise unaccountably, from the life of the tribe, and it was rumoured that he or she had been devoured by the leopard or the alligator, the rest was silence, such was the immense intimidating power of these societies; yet some knowledge of their frightful proceedings penetrated in time to the Government, which took action to put a stop to them. Ordinances were passed by the authorities of Sierra Leone in 1896, 1901, and 1909 making the societies illegal, forbidding their operations under the severest penalties, and proscribing certain specific

characteristic articles-namely, 'a leopard-skin shaped or made so as to make a man wearing the same resemble a leopard, or dressed differently from the ordinary dressing of leopard-skins for wear, or an alligator-skin similarly treated; an alligator-canoe, or koonkoo-be, a canoe shaped to resemble an alligator; a knife having two or more prongs, commonly known as a leopardknife or an alligator-knife;' and the so-called medicine borfima, the borfimor of Mr Alldridge. Any person having any one of these proscribed articles was liable to fourteen years' imprisonment. Chiefs abetting the societies or failing to report their doings were to be imprisoned or heavily fined. Death, deportation, and other penalties were decreed against the principal offenders.

But the killings still continued, and the Government took further proceedings, on a large scale, in the autumn of 1912. A company and a half of the West African Frontier Force were sent to Northern Sherbro, and no fewer than three hundred and thirty-six persons were arrested, including several paramount chiefs and leading men from the different chiefdoms. Three of those arrested turned king's evidence; they admitted being members of the Human Leopard Society, and described what took place at the various murders in which they had taken part. This was the only direct evidence, and in most cases it was not corroborated. All attempts to obtain full corroboration failed, as a very impressive oath of secrecy had evidently been imposed on all the people; even the relatives of the victims were afraid to give information. The Government officials had relied on being able to prove a special mark indicating membership of the society, but this test broke down. The result of a preliminary inquiry was to liberate two hundred and ninety-one of those accused; but later sixty-six other persons were arrested, all of whom were committed for trial on various charges connected with this society. A special court was constituted, under the presidency of Sir W. B. Griffith, formerly Chief-Justice of the Gold Coast, in December 1912, and sat for several months. The prisoners were represented by counsel, and their trials were conducted with the utmost care and patience. The hearing of the first case occupied eleven days, of the second thirty-six, and of the third twenty-eight; the rest of the cases were disposed of more rapidly, particularly as the majority of them had to be abandoned owing to the failure of the test of the identification mark of the society, a mark said to be burned into the flesh in the initiation ceremony. In the upshot, nine persons were convicted of murder, and ten of lesser offences; seven of the nine were executed, and capital sentence on the other two was commuted to imprisonment for life. Those convicted of lesser offences than murder were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, to be undergone in Nigeria. Several of those acquitted, but of whose guilt there was no moral doubt, were expelled

from the country.

Notwithstanding the drastic and comprehensive action of the authorities, which is recorded in the despatch of Sir E. M. Merewether to the Colonial Office, it is certain that neither the Human Leopards nor the Human Alligators have been completely crushed. The task of stamping them out will be one of great difficulty, for both organisations still have, as they have long had, an extraordinary hold on the native mind. The despatch concludes, indeed, on a pessimistic note. 'While it is permissible,' it says, 'to believe that the action taken by the Government has had the effect of checking the activities of the Human Leopard Society, at all

events for the time being, it would be by no means prudent to assert that this criminal organisation has been broken up. Many persons of whose connection with the society there is little or no doubt are still at large, and probably there are not a few others who have hitherto not come under the notice of the authorities. The blind belief of the natives in the efficacy of the medicine concocted by the society (especially that known as borfima), the power and authority enjoyed by the possessors of these medicines, the fact that periodical human sacrifices are considered to be necessary to renew the efficacy of the medicines, and the tendency on the part of some natives to cannibalism pure and simple all these causes will contribute to the survival of this baneful organisation.'

PONNAS.

By IAN SPEARMAN.

MANDALAY, the capital of Upper Burma, is still the home of what remains of the one-time Burmese régime. There are to be found some of the old Ministers in retirement, though most have joined the majority. The Upper Burman, though he has lost his king and all that royalty carries in its train, yet has the palace, the royal monasteries, the relics, as well as the relatives, of the once all-powerful to help to keep alive hopes which are destined never again to be fulfilled.

A sine qual non at an Eastern Court is the soothsayer; and the Court of Thibais, the late king of Burma, was no exception. These soothsayers were not only a necessity, but also wielded great influence, in those bygone days. There are three classes of them to be found in Mandalay, but I propose to deal only with the astronomers or soothsayers and the mendicants. The word ponna is generic, while bedinsaya, or soothsayer, applies particularly to those who busy themselves with the irremediable past or the uncertain future.

The ponnas still have a quarter to themselves in dear old dusty and decaying Mandalay. They are an exclusive class, whose birthright is either idle and innocuous prattling to a nation of credulous and gullible children, or else a life of idle luxury. The ponnas wear a dress peculiar to their class. They wear the long hair, the gaungbaune or head-dress, and white cotton jacket of the Burman; but, instead of the Burman putsoe or longyi for a nether garb, they wear the Indian dhoti. They have a language of their own, but are nevertheless well versed in Pali, Burmese, and Hindustani.

The more learned of the Brahmin ponnas remain in Mandalay to make out the Burmese calendar. In these calendars the probable happenings of the year are foretold. The Burmese

year commences early in March. The male portion of the ponna community have no regular work, but their womenfolk are bazaar-sellers. The ponnas are half Hindu, and as a body of men they are far better-looking than the Burmans. The same applies to their womenfolk, who are handsomer and prettier than the ordinary Burmese woman. Unlike the men, the women have no distinctive dress. Ponna women rarely, if ever, marry outside their own community.

The bedinsaya is a Brahmin, but the mendicant is not. Every year, about the beginning of February, ponnas, both bedinsayas and mendicants, are to be found in almost every large town and village of Lower Burma. They wander through Lower Burma at a period when they are certain of making money. In February money, which has been so scarce till then, is plentiful. Paddy has been sold, and the happy-go-lucky Burman, like the spendthrift he is, doles out rice to the mendicant, and silver to the bedinsaya to foretell what is in store for him in the near future.

The majority of the ponnas who wander through Lower Burma are mendicants pure and simple. They carry across the shoulder a fair-sized white cotton sack, into which they invite you to put a little rice to add to the quantity already there. These mendicants beg rice not because they are poor and unable to purchase it, but because they hope to obtain sufficient to retail at a profit. That these men are never in want is evidenced by their spotless dress as well as by their fat and sleek appearance.

Deserving beggars we have in plenty in Burma; but these self-centred, supercilious, and haughty mendicant ponnas are a positive nuisance, standing, as they do, at one's front-door mumbling a string of sentences wishing you and yours health, wealth, and prosperity. These, to them,

meaningless benedictions are repeated in the hope of inducing you, if they persist long enough, to give them a little rice. The Burman, who is perfectly well aware that these mendicants are a scourge that needs checking, instead of resolutely refusing to feed them, encourages them by gifts of rice and money to continue in a life of luxurious idleness.

All ponnas are Hindus, and therefore unable to accept cooked food or water from you. Many a time have I watched them, under pongyi kyaungs (monasteries), cooking their food in the weird cooking utensils common to all natives Often do these mendicants visit of India. me, though I persistently refuse to give them a condensed-milk tin-a common measure of rice in Lower Burma-full of rice. They stand unmoved on my doorstep repeating, parrotlike, their stereotyped form of blessing in the hope of inducing me to bribe them to go. Angry and sadly disappointed, they leave me, devoutly hoping to meet with one more charitably disposed.

In his heart of hearts the Burman has no love for this class of ponna, but he has his national weakness which shows itself in his every walk of life. The Burman is given to thanarde (to have pity). It is like charity; it covers a multitude of sins. The Burman looks upon the mendicant ponna as a necessary evil. Whether he is a useful member of society or not is outside the question of practical politics. He exists; therefore he must be provided for.

In this annual migration of ponnas there is a fair sprinkling of Brahmin soothsayers (bedinsayas). Their dress is the same as that of their mendicant brothers; but, instead of the white cotton sack of the mendicants, the soothsayers carry a bundle of books, their stock in trade, tied up neatly in a white cloth. The mendicant visits each and every house in search of rice to eat and sell, whereas the bedinsaya is forbidden to enter a house uninvited. After partaking of food in the early morning, he is to be seen wandering the streets casting a furtive glance here and there in the hope of being asked to tell the past and expose the future.

Once in a house, the bedinsaya is treated with almost as much respect as is shown to a pongyi (monk). The best thenbyn (a finely woven mat used in all Burmese houses for guests to sit upon) is unfolded for the soothsayer to sit In front of him is the cross-legged upon. ubiquitous betel-box and a plate full of cheroots. A slate, a slate-pencil, and a horoscope keep this worthy man busily engaged for almost five minutes. Let us notice what he does. In one corner of the slate he draws two parallel lines, crossed by two vertical ones. The device is similar to that used in the game of O's and All the spaces are filled up with various figures. Rapid mathematical calculations follow, which are rubbed out with the help of the

forefinger and a little spittle as soon as made. These calculations range from addition and subtraction to multiplication and division. The slate is now gradually covered with figures, when, after much scowling and violent tapping of the slate with the point of the pencil, the bedinsaya asks His answers to your you to question him. questions are naturally such as you desire. You were born on the tenth labyiegyan of Tabodwai, 1230 B.E. (about 1st March 1868 A.D.), and on With these meagre details, he tells a Sunday. your past history—accurate in so far as it refers to an attack of smallpox. This he sees from your face. He then gives you an account of what is in store for you. The bedinsaya, being above all else a most observant person, is able to make a fair guess at what you would like him to say, and he accordingly says it.

A Burman's horoscope is not usually written up till a person is of age. The details necessary are said to have been recorded on a slip of paper at birth. It is usually advisable to take the accuracy or genuineness of a horoscope or parabeik (palm-leaf document) 'cum grano salis.' I have come across so many faked palm-leaf documents that I am inclined to place little or no trust in them. The Burman is just as expert in making a brand-new horoscope look old as a Chinaman is in making new china coffee-cups look old and coffee-stained.

A soothsayer never allows himself to be caught. If an answer is impossible he does not admit defeat, but states that a definite reply is impossible owing to the indistinctness of the indication. Future occurrences or happenings are fixed at a reasonably distant date to prevent awkward questions.

A Burman attaches great importance to the hour and day of birth. He is told to believe, and he does implicitly believe, that it makes all the difference to him whether he was born on a Sunday or a Wednesday. To be born on Sunday is to be bad-tempered; on Wednesday, short-tempered; on Thursday, good-tempered. The whole existence of a Burman from the day of his birth to his death, and even subsequent to his death, is fraught with superstition. It is, therefore, not surprising to find the Burman calling in the aid of a bedinsaya to enlighten him as to his future.

That the occupation—if one may use the word—of a bedinsaya, as also the life of the mendicant ponna, is profitable cannot be denied. I have been at some pains to discover whether these ponnas really make the large sums they are reputed to do, and I have come to the sorry conclusion that the Burman does allow these men to return to their homes in Mandalay the wealthier by fifteen to twenty pounds sterling.

It is extraordinary what little effect, if any, Western thought and education have had on this fascinating race of children at school.



FLIGHTS BY WILD FALCONS IN KINTYRE.

By DUGALD MACINTYRE.

THOUGH not so plentiful as formerly, falcons are by no means rare near the Mull of Kintyre, where lofty sea-swept cliffs afford suitable nesting and roosting places to this, the real king of birds. The peregrine builds no nest; a slight depression in a grassy niche high up on the cliff is utilised to hold the eggs, orwhen such a site is available—they are laid in the old nest of a raven. The male falcon, known as the tiercel, assists in the labour of incubation; but should his mate be shot in the earlier stages, he finds another in a day or two, and the newly mated couple seek a fresh site for the next attempt to rear a family. I have known a tiercel find four females in one season to replace those shot; which is explainable only on the assumption that the increase of the peregrine is regulated naturally in a manner not yet understood. Probably there is a non-breeding reserve, with a preponderance of females, attached to each hereditary eyrie, on which reserve the male draws when necessary. Should the female bird, known in falconry as the falcon, be shot after the young have hatched out, the tiercel rears them; the only domestic duty he fails to perform being the sanitary one of carrying to a distance the heads and wings of the birds fed to the young, which the hen-bird always does. One tiercel under observation, whose mate was shot when the eggs in the eyrie were within three days of hatching, succeeded in hatching out; and another male found time in the intervals of attending to his own brood to feed an orphaned falcon on a cliff at a distance of quite two miles.

The prey of falcons at the eyrie varies with its situation. At one nest jackdaws may form the staple food, at another puffins; while on inland cliffs grouse, golden-plover, and curlew are most commonly seen. Should a pair of falcons, as is not uncommon, nest on an island cliff, the sight and sound of these fine birds returning from the mainland with quarry in their talons are, once seen and heard, always remembered.

There is little truth in the old legend of the enmity existing between the falcon and the raven, the latter bird being quite able to defend itself from the falcon's attack, which it does by turning on its back in mid-air, presenting beak and claws to its adversary, and croaking in a hurried and angry manner. Young ravens some-

times get rough treatment from the peregrine before they have been taught the 'lesson of the wild;' and I have seen a young raven fall from an immense height, as if shot, when stooped at by a falcon which seemed to the human eye to have passed without touching its prey.

Young peregrines in the eyrie, when almost full-feathered, show a most astonishing variety of colour; indeed, it would be quite possible to mistake some young birds of large size in a particular hereditary nesting-place for young Iceland or Gyr falcons; and the feet of these exceptionally large falcons are often slate-coloured when they are young, which suggests an evolutionary relationship between the species, the feet of the Gyr-falcon being of that colour.

Falconers find that hawks from particular eyries differ much in courage and other qualities which render them valuable, and I have seen a young eyess from a rock famous for the quality of its falcons pursue and capture a young pigeon which two much older eyesses had abandoned, evidently from lack of pluck.

A flat, boggy stretch of heather known as the Moss separates the Moil or Mull of Kintyre from the northern portion, and is a favourite hunting-ground of falcons, which find there a variety of game and wildfowl to suit their taste. Just beyond the Moss, to the northward, a range of hills affords good poising-ground to the hawks, which sail along the ridge at a height which gives them the benefit of the wind deflected upward by the crest of the hills. I quite lately saw there six peregrines in the air at once, stooping at, and playing with, each other, and at times uttering their mating cry, a sound difficult to describe, but sufficiently wild and peculiar to attract attention.

The steady, plodding progress of a falcon which has lately fed differs from one in hunting mood, which is direct and regular for a few beats of the powerful pinions, then a pause or glide, during which the round head is turned from side to side in a searching scrutiny for prey. If the quarry is espied even a mile distant, the hawk's flight is gradually increased as it nears its objective, culminating in that grand first stoop which so often proves fatal to the object of pursuit.

Should the weather during the short winter days suddenly clear, the falcons from the Mull

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reach the Moss in a few minutes in full hunting humour after an enforced fast; and at all hours some very sporting flights are seen, the hunted bird, if a grouse or partridge, almost invariably seeking shelter in the heather. It is not at game, whose short wings and round bodies serve them ill when the falcon is close up, that the most interesting flights are seen. Golden and green plover are remarkably clever in evading the falcon's stoop, as are rockpigeons and curlew; and a flight at a strong bird of any of these species sometimes extends for miles. On one occasion a large flock of golden-plover, collected for migration, and flying at a great height, failed to notice the approach of a falcon, which, ascending quietly, seized one and carried it off piping in her clutches, though mobbed for some distance by the others. Again, on a very still day a single golden-plover, pursued by a haggard tiercel, evaded each stoop by turning sharply and flying in a directly contrary course. In the hawk's effort to turn quickly, by braking strongly with one wing, the sound of the wind passing through the feathers emitted a longdrawn note audible at a distance of quite half a mile. The plover continued to evade its pursuer while in view; but a few days later, in the direction the chase had led when last seen, I found its close-picked skeleton. The pewit is a frequent prey of wild falcons, though falconers with their trained hawks find its pursuit hopeless. There is little to wonder at in this, as I have often seen a wild peregrine in full chase of a pewit disappear later in the distance without having attained its object. On a very windy day I saw the finish of one of these long chases, the falcon rising-or, in falconer's phrase, 'throwing up'-to an immense height after each stoop, when, coming down with ever-increasing momentum, it was nimbly evaded at the critical moment of the stoop by a side-flirt on the part of the quarry, which kept straight on its course down-wind between the stoops, being unable to make headway against the storm. At last the falcon, an old haggard, changed her method of attack. After each downward stoop, which was executed as usual, she hung on the wind to leeward of the quarry awaiting its approach; then, rushing upward, she tried to grab it, and, failing, winged upward for the next downward stoop. At one upward grab the pewit just failed to shift in time, and was caught by one wing, carried for some distance, and let go, only to be caught again at the next downward stoop. This occurred high in air over some houses and trees, and the falcon continued leisurely stooping and clutching till these were passed, when a last stoop resulted in a permanent 'bind,' and a gradual descent of the falcon and her prey to the ground, both with wings spread to their full extent. Another falcon, which succeeded in attaining a position right over a flock of pewits feeding in a turnipfield, made a false stoop or two at a bird on the ground until flushed, when she made a real one, failing on four occasions at different birds; then, coming back to the flock, she put up still another, and this time the pewit proved unequal to the situation. A tiercel in red plumage, attacking a party of green plover high in air, missed his first stoop; but, seeing another of the flock on a lower plane than his first quarry, he made a second lightning stoop, and scored by binding to it.

Falcons sometimes kill for sport. One, stooping at some teal, killed a cock-bird stone-dead, and neither paused in its flight nor looked back to see the result of its blow. Another, catching a grouse by direct pursuit, let it go after carrying it some distance to pursue some passing wild-At a grouse-drive one morning a large falcon bound to a mallard at its first attempt, but let it go to pursue the first pack of grouse flushed by the beaters. Flocks of birds which progress in close order are practically safe from a hawk so long as they keep together. A large flock of wood-pigeons closely attended by an overhead falcon moved in close order in progressive circles down a strong gale toward the shelter of a small plantation. The falcon made false stoops first at one end of the flock and then at the other, which had no effect except to make the pigeons bunch more and turn in shorter circles. At one particularly acute turn caused by the close proximity of the hawk to leeward, a pigeon was thrown out from the flock, on which the falcon stooped with closed wings, failing to strike it, however, as it shifted with celerity into the middle of the flock. On reaching the plantation the pigeons fell at first to leeward; then, bracing up, the leading portion of the flock dashed into the trees, the others passing round to leeward again. The falcon tried time after time for outlying birds; but after many turns round the wood the last few birds found sanctuary, to the discomfiture of the falcon.

In the spring months a pair of mated falcons sometimes hunt together, and the bird must be a strong one to escape the stoops of both falcon and tiercel. A rock-pigeon, pursued in my sight by a pair of haggards, was scratched only by one of them, so that it lost some feathers; then dashing against the window of a cottage, it broke the pane of glass and fell dead inside. Some teal flushed another day attracted the same couple, which had their nest at no great distance from the Moss. Both hawks poised for a time at a great height above the teal, which, aware of their danger, moved in ever-shortening circles above the sheet of water. The tiercel now dropped to a much lower plane than his mate (about sixty yards above the teal), then turning over, he came down comparatively slowly in a slanting direction, and apparently passed the bird he had singled out without touching it; but the teal struck the water as if propelled from a catapult, so that the movement of the hawk in striking was evidently too quick for the human eye to follow—a fact I had previously noted. Both hawks circled above the dead teal for some time, the female eventually snatching it; while her mate, that had done the work, went off at great speed in a fresh quest for his own dinner.

The largest birds I have seen killed by the peregrine have been herring-gulls and blackcock. A flight at a herring-gull by a hungry falcon of unusual size ended in the quarry being 'putdown' in an open field, where the falcon continued stooping at it for some time, eventually binding to it on the ground, and after a struggle killing it. Four white-fronted geese were one day treated to a stoop or two by a falcon, which, coming from the Mull hills on the assumption, possibly, that these small specks she saw in the distance were mallard, did not like to retire without having a cut at them. The geese displayed comical perturbation at the unwonted attack, evading the hawk's half-hearted stoops with somewhat clumsy efforts and loud cackling.

Perhaps the most curious flight seen in my experience on the moors was that by a haggard tiercel, the quarry being a kestrel. A feature of

this flight was the immense height to which the falcon threw up after each stoop, and the extent of country covered before another took effect, owing to the good use to which the smaller hawk put its wings while the larger one was mounting. After each stoop, which took, or, rather, nearly took, effect some sixty yards in the air, the tiercel, aided by the great momentum of his downward flight, still with wings motionless, except for their occasionally altered curve, continued to follow each turn and twist of the kestrel, which only escaped, when the tiercel's acquired pace was expended, by a rapid side-shift and complete reversal. This flight passed out of sight; but as the kestrel was screaming after each narrow escape the result seemed a little doubtful.

The Iceland falcon has been shot at least once in Kintyre, the specimen obtained being an immature female, much larger than a pergrine, more loosely built, and curlew-coloured, with slate-coloured feet instead of yellow. Its movements seemed much slower than those of its British relation; and, while it was observed, its prey was chiefly sea-gulls, though it was in pursuit of a covey of partridges when shot.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XXIX. - DIPLOMACY UPON THE HIGH SEAS.

I.

THE liner Bosphorus, after a comfortable nap of some eight days in the Mersey, was making a reluctant effort to tear herself from the land of her birth and face an unfriendly ocean upon her seventy-eighth voyage to New York. Motive-power for the time being was supplied by four fussy tugboats, three of which were endeavouring to speed the parting guest by valiant pushings in the neighbourhood of her rudder, while the fourth initiated a turning movement at her starboard bow. An occasional rumble from the engine-room announced that the tugs would soon have no excuse for further officiousness.

The cabin passengers were leaning over the rails of the upper deck, surveying the busy landing-stage. They were chiefly males—their wives were down below, engaged in the unprofitable task of endeavouring to intimidate stewardesses—and were for the most part Americans. Philip stood apart, watching the variegated farewells of the crowd.

The etiquette of valediction at the sailing of a great ship varies with the three classes of passenger. The friends of cabin passengers accept a final drink, say good-bye, leave the ship, and are no more seen. The friends and relations of the second class—and they are all there—line up along the landing-stage and maintain a running fire of chaff and endearments until the ship

has been warped out into the stream and the engines begin to run. The steerage and their friends, being mainly aliens, and knowing no better, weep and howl.

Philip knew that the second-class passengers were on the deck below him; but since he could not see them—though he could hear them—his attention wandered to the throng which was engaging them in conversation. They were of many types. There were people who shouted cheerfully, 'Well, send us a line when you get there!' and then, after a laborious attempt to discover another topic, cried despairingly, 'Well, don't forget to write!' And so on. 'Give my love to Milly when you get to Boston,' commanded a stout matron in bugles, 'and say I hope her cold is better.'

Farther along, a girl with tears raining down her cheeks was more than holding her own in an exchange of biting personalities with a grimy gentleman at a porthole—apparently her fiancé—whom she had come to see off. A comic man, mistaking a blast upon the siren for a definite indication that the moment of departure had arrived, took out a dirty pocket-handkerchief and wept loudly, periodically squeezing the handkerchief dry and beginning again. But it was a false alarm; the ship did not move; and his performance, which was to have been the crowning effort of a strenuously humorous morn-

ing, continued perforce to halt lamely along for another ten minutes. Finally, in response to an urgent appeal from a matter-of-fact lady friend to refrain from acting the goat, the unfortunate gentleman, submitting to the fate of all those whose enterprises are born out of due time, put his handkerchief into his pocket sheepishly, and took no further part in the proceedings.

At last the *Bosphorus* swung clear. There was a jingle of bells deep down in the engineroom, followed by a responsive throb of life throughout the hitherto inert mass of the great

vessel. The voyage had begun.

The crowd on the landing-stage broke into a cheer, which was answered from all parts of the ship. As the sound died away a girl stepped forward and waved her handkerchief for the last time. She was a short girl, with a pleasant face, and wore glasses.

'Good-bye, Lil dear!' she cried.

There was an answering flutter from directly below where Philip stood, and a clear voice

replied, 'Good-bye, May darling!'

Philip scrutinised the girl on the landing-stage. 'Who on earth is that?' he said to himself. Then he remembered. It was Miss May Jennings, sister of Miss Lil Jennings, typist at the office in Oxford Street.

II.

Having taken part, with distinction, in the free fight round the person of the second steward, which our great steamship companies regard as the only possible device by which seats at table can be booked for a voyage, and having further secured a position for his chair and rug from the deck-steward, Philip took stock of his surroundings. Transatlantic ship's company is never very interesting. The trip is too short to make it possible for the pleasant people to get to know one another; only the bores and thrusters have time to make their presence felt. On this occasion the saloon appeared to be divided fairly evenly between music-hall artistes and commercial travellers of Semitic origin; so Philip, wrapped up in a rug, addressed himself to the task of overtaking some of the arrears of sleep due to him after the recently completed Joy-Week.

Next morning, experiencing a desire for society, Philip descended a deck upon a visit to the second class, feeling tolerably certain that here,

at least, he would find a friend.

He was right. Miss Jennings was sitting by herself under the lee of the boiler casing, perusing a novel.

'Yes,' she said, after an exchange of greetings, 'I dare say you are a bit surprised to see me. I'm a trifle that way myself. I only settled to do it a week ago.'

'I did not even know you had left the Britannia Company,' said Philip, sitting down.

'Tell me about it.'

'Well,' explained Miss Jennings, 'there isn't

much to tell. I got tired of Oxford Street. It didn't seem to be leading to much, and I wasn't getting any younger; and just about six months ago I had had a letter from a girl friend of mine who had settled in New York, saying that a good stenographer could do twice as well there as in London. So I decided to go, if only for a bit of a change.'

'What about your mother and sister?' asked

Philip.

'Oh, you haven't heard? Poor mother died over a year ago, when you were away at Coventry. I'm just out of black for her now. May is married. I have been living with her and Tom for some time back. I didn't like it much. Makes you feel inferior-like, living in a house belonging to a married sister that's plainer than yourself. That's all about me. I hope you are very well, Mr Meldrum. You are out on the company's business, I suppose?'

'Yes,' said Philip. He explained the nature

of his trip.

'They were saying at Oxford Street,' pursued Miss Jennings, with the air of one who is anxious to avoid all appearance of asking for information, 'that you were going to be made a partner.'

'It was talked about,' said Philip, 'but nothing came of it. They wanted me to risk rather more capital in the business than I happen to

possess.

'Don't you worry about capital, Mr Meldrum,' said Miss Jennings. 'It's your brains they're after. Bob Br—a gentleman I know—told me that he had heard from some one behind the scenes that they don't mean to let you go at any price. They can't afford to have your inventions taken up by other people. It was just a try-on telling you you must put a lot of money into the business. Next time they mention the matter, you name your terms, and stick to them!'

Philip thanked her.

'Of course I've no call,' admitted Miss Jennings, 'to be giving you advice. But I wasn't born with my mouth sewn up, and you never were one to put yourself forward, were you?'

Philip admitted that possibly this was true, and the conversation passed to the inevitable

topic of old times and old friends.

'How is Brand, by the way?' asked Philip.

'He was an admirer of yours, I believe?'

'Brand?' said Miss Jennings carelessly. 'Oh, the mechanic? I believe he is getting on very well. First foreman, then manager of the garage; and now that you are gone he and Mr Rendle pretty well own the earth between them, so I gather. Brand is quite the gentleman now. I hear he has given up making a spectacle of himself in the Park of a Sunday. Mr Rendle is the same as ever. He misses you at the flat, though.'

'You seem to know all about our domestic

arrangements,' said Philip, much amused.

'Nobody that wasn't born deaf and dumb,' said Miss Jennings with decision, 'could see Mr Rendle six hours a day for six days a week without knowing every blessed thing about him, and a jolly sight more, from his own lips—his young ladies, and everything! He brought one to Oxford Street the other day. He told me afterwards'——

'What was she like?' asked Philip instantly.

'I didn't notice her particularly. She was in the showroom looking at motors most of the time, and only stepped into the office for a minute. She was quite simply dressed, it being the morning, but her clothes were good all through. I picked up two or three ideas for myself straight off. Shoes, for one thing. Hers were the neatest I ever saw—brown suède with silver buckles. No cheap American ready-mades, or anything of that kind. As for her coat and skirt, you could see they'd been cut by a tailor; and her hat was one of those simple little things that fit close to the head and look as if they could be put together for half-nothing; but I know better. It came out of'——

'What was she like?' repeated a patient

voice

'I'm trying to tell you,' replied Miss Jennings, a little offended.

'Yes, but her appearance? Not her clothes.'
Miss Jennings pondered. 'I didn't really
have time to notice her appearance,' she said
at length; 'but she was what I should call a
middling blonde. She was wearing one of those
new blouses, with a V-shaped'——

'I think it must have been Miss Falconer,' said Philip, with an air of great detachment.

'Yes, that was the name,' replied Miss Jennings. 'Mr Rendle told me he was very sorry for her. He said thousands of gentlemen were in love with her. You know the silly way he talks'——

'Yes,' said Philip with a gulp. 'Well?'

'But she could never marry any of them.'

'Why, I wonder?'

'Because of her father,' explained the everready Miss Jennings. 'She won't ever leave him, him being a widower, and very peculiar in his manner, and unable to look after himself. A bit silly-like, from all accounts. Seems to me to be asking a good lot of a girl to stay at home to look after an old image like that. That's only supposing, of course, that she wants to marry one of these thousands of hers. She's welcome to the lot, so far as I'm concerned.'

'Yes, rather!' agreed Philip absently.

So that was the reason! And he had never guessed. Well, it made his own chances no brighter, but it took a load from his mind. Peggy was back on a higher pedestal than ever, and her silent Knight could now worship her without reservation. She was acquitted for all time of the charge of being hard, or callous, or unfeminine.

III.

The Bosphorus was rolling heavily when Philip rose next morning, but his sea-legs were good, and he proceeded to his toilet with no particular pangs save those of hunger. After shaving he put on a dressing-gown and staggered along an alleyway in search of a bath. Presently an illuminated sign informed him that he had reached his destination. He turned into the first empty bathroom, where a man in a white jacket was tidying up after the last occupant.

'Bath, please,' said Philip. 'Chill just off.'

The man turned his back and set going a spouting cataract, and the bath was half-full of salt water in less than a minute. There are no corporation restrictions or half-inch pipes in oceanic bathrooms; you simply open a sluice and let in as much of the Atlantic as you require. The man next lowered a long hinged pipe into the bottom of the bath, and gave a twist to a little valve-wheel upon the wall. Straightway a violent subaqueous crackling announced that live steam from the boilers was performing its allotted task of taking the chill off.

'That will do, thank you,' said Philip presently.

The bath-steward turned off the valve, and the crackling ceased. Philip sat down upon the edge of the bath.

'Well, Brand,' he said, 'how does the Bosphorus

compare with Oxford Street?'

He held out his hand, and Mr Brand, having overcome his surprise, shook it resentfully.

'I suppose you are surprised to come across

me here?' he remarked defiantly.

'Not altogether,' replied Philip, thinking of the second class; 'but I did not expect to find

you swabbing bathrooms.'

'I wasn't going to waste good money travelling as a passenger,' said Brand sullenly. 'I tried to get taken on in the engine-room, but they wouldn't look at me without marine engineering experience; so I had to be content with this. It's only for a week.'

'You aren't coming back, then ?'

'It depends,' said Brand shortly. 'Not at present.'

'Have you given up the Britannia Company?'

'Yes; handed in my resignation Friday afternoon.'

'What on earth for? You were climbing to the top of the tree there.'

'I preferred to be on the ground,' said Brand oracularly.

Philip decided not to press for information. 'Still, I'm sorry,' he said.

'Why? I wasn't fired, if that's what you mean,' said Brand swiftly.

At this moment another passenger came tacking down the alleyway, and Brand departed in the further execution of his official duties.

There are no facilities upon ocean liners for promoting social intercourse between bath-

stewards and cabin passengers, so Philip did not see Brand again until the same hour the following morning.

'By the way, Brand,' he said, as he waited for the proper adjustment of the bath's temperature, 'there is a mutual friend of ours on board, travelling second class. Did you know?' 'Yes,' said Brand thickly, 'I did.'

He swung the steam-pipe savagely back into its clip, flung two hot towels down upon a seat, and departed, banging the door behind him. That was the beginning and end of the second day's conversation.

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ARGENTINE FRAGMENTS.

By W. WHYTOCK.

AY de mi / el gaucho, he will soon be a thing of the past, the only memento of him to be found in poems like those of Don José Fernandez, who relates the adventures of one Martin Fierro. The gaucho class has produced some remarkable men—for example, Rosas, one-time President of the Argentine Republic, a man with little or no education in the ordinary sense of the word, but, like Porfirio Diaz of Mexico or Artigas of Uruguay, with a natural instinct for the management of men and means at critical times.

In 1852 Rosas, after defeat by Urquiza, fled to England, and lived as a farmer near Southampton for many years, where the famous gaucho leader was esteemed by all who knew him. The late Colonel George Earl Church, in his very interesting book entitled Aborigines of South America, mentions that in 1832–33 Rosas marched southward from Buenos Ayres, crossed the Colorado, and reached the Rio Negro, massacring the Indians by hundreds along his route, and inflicting on them a blow which they long remembered, but from which they slowly recovered, and repaid with their customary savage ferocity. Colonel Church gives an excellent description of one of these raids at which he was present in 1859:

'Suddenly an alarm-gun from the fort awakened the drowsy denizens of the town, and the troops rushed in disorder to the *plaza* and the streets, armed with old Tower muskets and sabres. The Indians were almost naked, but a few had shirts on. They were mounted barebacked on superb horses bridled by a thong tied round the lower jaw. Their arms were long lances and *bolas*.

'Thus far they had done their work with stealthy quietness, so as to give as much start as possible to the captured herds; but when the alarm-gun sounded their tactics changed, and they let loose the spirit of revenge "for wrongs unpunished and for debts unpaid." With shout and whoop and infernal yells, and quivering lance and swinging bolas, the wild warriors charged down the streets toward the plaza, where I soon found myself taking part in what resembled, from its irregularity, a vast tiger-fight. It seemed as if all the fiends from hell had broken loose; and, to add to the terrors of the night, the savages had fired the town, and the lurid flames and smoke, mingled with the moonlight, threw uncanny lights and shades over the scene. It was a hand-to-hand fight, where quarter was neither asked nor given nor expected. How splendidly the Indians rode and fought! Several times I stopped to admire their courage and horsemanship, which almost irresistibly impelled me to take sides with them. The battle lasted till daybreak, when they retired to the base of an amphitheatre of hills within sight of the western outskirts of the town. There they halted to rest. They had left sixty-two of their number dead in the streets and plaza, but had taken all of their wounded with them.

'They were supposed to be under the leadership of the renowned chief Calficura. certainly handled his forces with skill and forethought, and the fact that he remained resting for several hours within easy reach of the town, as if challenging a fight in the open, shows the contempt in which he held his foe. We saw his warriors take their midday meal-about twelve hundred of them, as nearly as I could judgetheir horses feeding near them. They evidently delayed their departure to give as long a start as possible to the detachment which was driving their booty inland. About mid-afternoon all of them mounted their horses, and in open order faced the town in a long single line. We thought that it meant another assault; but no, they gave us the best circus performance I have ever witnessed. The two wings faced inward to the centre, and at a given signal each wing rode past the other at a tearing gallop. Then they reversed the movement, and returned to their original line. This manœuvre they repeated several times with bolas whirling and lances waving as if preliminary to a charge. Sometimes the riders were erect on their horses, and at others only the head of the Indian could be seen under the horse's neck, his body being completely concealed. After this display of fine horsemanship the whole line broke to the rear in twos from the centre and rode over the hills to the west. Slowly the mysterious desert seemed to absorb its wild children and put its protecting arms round them; and as the last one disappeared across the threshold of his home, a far-off memory told me that, as I had become civilised, I had left behind me not a few savage virtues and many grand sensations.'

The favourite weapon for war or the chase was

the bola. Colonel Church mentions it in the scientific expedition he made in 1858:

'I took many lessons from the gauchos in the use of this weapon, and realised how formidable it might be in expert hands. It was at the time of the conquest used by all of the tribes which occupied the open areas of the Plata country, from its northern frontier to the Strait of Magellan. Later it was adopted by the Argentine cowboy, the gaucho, as a most efficacious arm for capturing

any quadruped.

'The bolas were also extensively used by the Indian tribes of Uruguay and the southern part of Rio Grande do Sul in Brazil; and in these districts the grooved bola is occasionally found. It is a sphere or spheroid with a groove cut round it, and it is often met with on the plains of central Patagonia, where, when it is found, the Indians treasure it as a weapon used by their ancestors. There were many forms and sizes of bolas, but in general they may be reduced to three, and consisted of three thongs made of hide, or ostrich or guanaco sinews, plaited in four plaits, and about seven or eight feet in length. At one of the ends of each thong a globular stone, about the size of a billiard-ball, was suspended in a hide bag, and the other ends were united. This set of bolas was used principally for hunting the guanaco, deer, puma, and any large game. By holding one bola in the hand, the others were swung round the head with great velocity while the gaucho was running or on horseback, and from a short distance launched at the animal it was sought to capture. I have seen a powerful gaucho bring down a horse at a distance of fifty yards or more. The weapon when it leaves the hand revolves in a circle, each thong one hundred and twenty degrees distant from the others, the circle thus covering a diameter of from fourteen to sixteen feet. Whenever one of the balls is arrested by an obstacle the whole three wind so tightly round it that it is frequently quite difficult to disentangle them. A wild bull or a horse having his legs thus entangled drops helpless to the ground. For hunting the American ostrich a single thong with a bola at each end is used. It is no uncommon feat for an Indian to bring down an ostrich at a distance of more than seventy yards. A third form was the bola perdita (the lost bola), because it was generally used but once. It is a sharp-pointed stone covered with hide, except the point, and attached to a thong about three feet long, with a knot at the end, so that it might not slip from the hand. It is a deadly missile in the hands of a skilful savage, and principally used in warfare.'

The horse was first introduced into the pampas of Buenos Ayres by the great expedition of Pedro de Mendoza (1535–36). Five mares and six stallions were turned loose, and, together with others which were lost or strayed, multiplied very rapidly, and before the end of the sixteenth century vast herds of them roamed over the plains. Padre Falkner comments

on the marvellous increase in their number: 'The wild horses have no owners, but wander in great troops about those vast plains. They go from place to place against the current of the winds; and in an inland expedition which I made in 1744 they were in such vast numbers that during a fortnight they continually surrounded me. Sometimes they passed by me in thick troops at full speed for two or three hours together, during which time it was with great difficulty that I and the four Indians with me preserved ourselves from being run over and trampled to pieces by them.' In these times a horse could be bought for about a shilling and a mare for threepence.

For a description of these horses one cannot do better than turn to Mr Cunninghame Graham: 'That which specially attracts the attention of all those who see them for the first time is the great difference to be observed betwixt them when in motion and at rest. Saddled with the recado, the American adaptation of the Moorish enjalma -the heavy bed on horseback, with its semi-Moorish trappings—standing patiently before the door of some gaucho's house from morn till sunset, they appear the most indolent of the equine race. But let the owner of the house approach, with his waving poncho, his ringing spurs, his heavy hide and silver-mounted whip, and his long, flying black hair; let him by that mysterious process, seemingly an action of the will, and known only to the gaucho, transfer himself to their backs without apparent physical exertion, and all is changed. The dull, blinking animal wakes into life, and in a few minutes his slow gallop, regular as clockwork, has made him and his half-savage rider a mere speck upon the horizon.

'In a country where a good horse costs a Spanish onza (£3, 15s.—a rise in price since 1744), it is not wonderful that all can ride, and all ride well. In a country where, if you see a man upon a plain, you are certain that he will be on horse-back; in a country where the great stock-owners count their caballadas by the thousand—Urquiza, the tyrant of Entre Rios, had about one hundred and eighty thousand horses—a horse on the pampas is as essential as a boat on the water; you would as soon expect to meet a man swimming in mid-ocean as walking on the pampas.'

The pampas—pampa signifies space—those huge plains, are indeed the kingdom of silence, and their very vastness seems to render the inhabitants, human and animal, sad, taciturn, joyless; the birds never sing; and what more sad than the whistle of a young ostrich? But the 'call of the wild' is in the blood of us all. Dwellers on the pampa or the veldt know this; and although at times it is a hard life, and ofttimes monotonous, we say, with the American poet, Whitman:

I want free life, I want fresh air, And I sigh for the canter after cattle; The green beneath, and the blue above, And dash and danger, and life and love.

FORTUNE AND MR PETERSTON.

CHAPTER II .- MR PETERSTON AT A SECRET SHRINE.

MR PETERSTON did not meet Mr Butterworth on the following morning. He had intended to do so, and to rally him upon the failure of the great joke; but though he had handled the emissary with signal success, he knew that in an exchange of banter he was no match for the chief jester. He decided, therefore, to wait a day or two, until the matter had lost its freshness. As I have said, Mr Peterston did many things timorously.

There is no difficulty in avoiding an acquaintance in the great concourse that streams citywards every morning from Forest Gate, and he reached Cannon Street unmolested. There he plodded through the routine of the morning with his usual diligence, only pausing in the march of his work when half-past twelve had struck. Then he laid aside his pen, changed his office coat, and went down to Ludgate Hill for

his modest and solitary lunch.

This took only twenty minutes to-day, for Mr Peterston had other purposes to carry out within the hour. Crossing the Hill, he turned into Pilgrim Street, threaded the groups in New Bridge Street, and so passed down to the Embankment. His was always a sufficiently modest little figure in its shabby black, and with the well-worn silk hat that obstinately refused the perpendicular; but on this occasion there was also something furtive in his air and carriage. He was engaged upon a secret errand of which he felt himself slightly ashamed.

Yet there seemed to be nothing sinister in his course of action. When he reached the riverside near Blackfriars Bridge, he continued his way until he found himself just opposite the City of London School. There he halted, and, leaning against the wall, stood for some five minutes gazing steadily westward, toward Waterloo Bridge and Westminster.

'Ah,' he said at last, under his breath, 'it is

still there!

As he spoke he glanced over his shoulder, as if alarmed at the expression of his own thought; but there was no one near him, and in any case his voice would have been lost in the screaming of the gulls which were being fed by the dinner-hour loungers a little farther down. So Mr Peterston, reassured, turned again to his long gaze westward, concentrating his attention upon the hazy outlines of Whitehall Court.

From where he stood, the airy pinnacles of this building seemed to rise from the centre of the river, shrouded in the mists of the winter day. The whole appearance was curiously unsubstantial but distinctly beautiful, as though some castle from Fairyland had been mysteriously projected into the vista of London river and

warehouse. It is to be doubted, indeed, whether such an effect is to be seen anywhere else in London. The view of St Paul's dome from the windings of Fleet Street is more imposing and majestic, and Mr Peterston had often admired it; but this river scene was of a different character, and had had a special and intimate value in his life. It touched a phase in his disposition which had never been revealed even to his closest friend. And the way of it was this.

Thirty years ago, during the strenuous days of his first settlement in London, he had wandered down to the Embankment one afternoon, and had unexpectedly come upon this river scene, with the fantastic palace showing in the mist beyond the bridge. Strangely attracted at the time, he had never lost the impression of that first discovery. He could not have explained it, but there was no doubt that this scene appealed to some curious vein of the romantic in his make-up. His work was a monotonous routine; but here he saw a suggestion, as it were, that sometimes marvellous things might happen, that there was a realm of the beautiful-fantastic that occasionally did impinge upon the world of matter of fact, just as that thing of fairy pinnacles was found in a vista of muddy water and grimy warehouse. So sometimes in the darkest and dreariest days of Cannon Street he had strolled down to the Embankment to see this thing once more, going away often with a new and most unreasonable sense of pleasure.

Of late years, however, his visits had been less frequent, for various reasons. His work had tested him more severely than of old, and fantastic possibilities had faded into a farther distance. To-day the old spirit, touched by Butterworth's jest, had been aroused once more, and he had resolved to revisit the scene. His conviction was that its glamour had been magnified by the imagination of youth, and that the reality would prove totally unlike his recollection. His surprise was considerable to find that there was actually no difference. Even the winter mists helped the picture, and on this gray day the effect was more beautiful than ever. Hence his remark, followed in a while by the pertinent reflection, 'It looks the same, certainly; but naturally it doesn't move one in the same way now. One grows too hard and too old to weave fancies around facts. It was glamour, my boy—glamour; and that doesn't last till you're fifty-two. You've dropped it somewhere in Cannon Street, and you won't pick it up again.'

He remained some moments longer, lost in reflection that was entirely free from bitterness, even if it was far from cheerful; then he became aware of the flight of time, the chill of the turgid river, the harsh screaming of the gulls. He turned his back upon the magic picture and

made his way eastward again.

'And now,' he said, with a sigh—'now to forestall friend Butterworth! They shall be nicely sold if they come round to that address at four, expecting to see me about there. I believe the fellow smelt a rat at the last, but still they may come. Let me see; the number was 95, wasn't it?'

He glanced at his shirt-cuff, and found that this was correct. By this time he was in Queen Victoria Street, and he passed up its broad avenue till he found the number he had mentioned.

'Here it is,' he said to himself. 'Why, I have passed the door a thousand times. If such a name as Lisle had been there I should have noticed it.'

Most definitely and distinctly, the name of Lisle & Lisle was not there. There were two suites of offices upstairs; but one was occupied by a civil engineer, and the other by an estate agent and surveyor. Quite satisfied and almost pleased, but resolved to make sure, Mr Peterston made a thorough survey of the locality, reexamined his shirt-cuff, verified the number, and then entered the office of the civil engineer.

A young man who came to meet him was obliging but business-like. 'No,' he said, 'I don't know Lisle & Lisle. There's no such firm in this block.'

'Are you quite sure?' asked Mr Peterston.

'Rather!' said the young man.

'And you have heard nothing of that name?'

'Nothing!'

Mr Peterston nodded. 'Ah,' he said, unwarily, 'it is just as I thought! I knew they wouldn't be here.'

Whereat the business-like young man betrayed signs of agitation. There was nothing in Mr Peterston to command his respect. 'Then why on earth do you bother me?' he asked vigorously. 'Do I look as if I enjoyed answering questions—eh?'

'You'll never be a civil engineer, anyway,' said Mr Peterston pleasantly; and with that and a mild 'Good-day,' he left the building. But as he went out he observed that the estate agent and surveyor on the second floor bore the suggestive name of Trapp, and he smiled again. Butterworth was a clever fellow!

Nevertheless, it was with a sense of depression that he passed up under the shadow of St Paul's into Cannon Street, for he had been unable to check entirely the play of fancy. He had seen, for instance, some of the things that would have happened if this impossible story had been true. He had seen the face of his wife, full of a glad wonder that had transformed it. Then the girls' faces—those two healthy girls with the insufficient boots—he had seen their faces also turned to him and to his amazing story in speechless

delight. And now—yes, he was certainly depressed. He remembered again that he was fifty-two, and that he had never been able to save. He still had to take extreme care of his clothes, and his wife still had to 'contrive.'

At half-past one he was back at his mahogany desk, with his best air of diligence and attention. No man guessed that he was in reality a cherisher of fantastic fancies, and that he had that day paid a stealthy visit to the shrine of his earlier years, with a timid attempt to recall its almost vanished worship; but doubtless the marblehearted City knew, and Mr Peterston's doom was already pronounced. The cashier, his nearest neighbour, younger by fifteen years, glanced at him now and again with unusual interest, but generally when Mr Peterston's attention was He noticed the droop of his senior's elsewhere. shoulders, the grayness of his head through the glass screen, and once or twice he shook his own head solemnly. He wondered if Mr Peterston had saved much.

But on Friday evening the cashier had little time to spare even for his next neighbour. From half-past-four to five a long queue of men and women, boys and girls, passed before the desk at which he stood, each to receive a small square envelope, light or heavy according to circumstances, and bearing not a name but a number. Thus the City coldly gave them the price she placed upon their time, and sent them shuffling down the floor with the means to maintain their labour for another week. And through all the noise Mr Peterston toiled on at his invoices, trying to forget his depression in work.

Soon after five the procession had passed, and the room was comparatively quiet again; always remembering, of course, that it vibrated all day with the thunder of wheels and the echo of carters' voices in the street below. It was then that a bell rang with a sudden and imperative note. It came from a room with a glass door, at the end of the double line of mahogany desks.

Every one stirred at the sound, and one lanky boy seemed to be jerked into life. All in one breath, he slipped from his stool, tapped at the glass door, opened it, and introduced his head. Then he came over to 'Invoices.'

'It's you,' he said briefly.

Mr Peterston took a moment to comprehend. Then, with quite remarkable celerity, he laid down his pen and ruler, and slipped from his high seat. With one hand he adjusted his tie; with the other he brushed his vest. Another quick movement shook from his wrists two paper cuff-protectors, and then he moved quickly toward the glass door.

On ordinary occasions this little programme would have been watched by half the room with interest and amusement. There would have been a little good-humoured chaff, perhaps the exhortation to Mr Peterston to 'look pleasant,' or to part his hair in the middle. But to-night there

was no sign of amusement. From the cashier downward, every one seemed gravely occupied, and not a smile passed. And after Mr Peterston had disappeared the silence seemed to become deeper than before.

But the face of the cashier seemed to express something. It was hard and set, with a look which the lanky office youth had learned to fear. There are hard realities in the City—things that really do happen. But it is not pleasant to find them at your very elbow.

CHAPTER III .- THE OLD LADY IN THE CITY.

MR PETERSTON returned to his desk and resumed his work. He had still certain invoices to prepare for post, and for a few minutes, by a great effort of will, he proceeded with them. Were the others looking at him? No; but they were all watching him! He remembered the curious hush which had fallen when his call had come. At the time he had not realised it, but now he knew its meaning. Perhaps he had been the only person in the room ignorant of what was to take place. He felt sick and dazed with shame.

The general manager had been kind, as kind as a man may be when he must first be firm and uncompromising. 'Occasionally,' he had said in his thoughtful way, 'a step becomes unavoidable which on many grounds is to be regretted. Retrenchment is necessary in these days of keen competition and declining profits.' Mr Peterston had been with the firm a number of yearsyes, almost twenty-seven-and when he sought another position his old employers would be able to speak without reserve as to his character and his service. They would not suggest to him that he might retain his post at a reduced salary; that suggestion had been made at a meeting of the Board, but in fairness to his experience and qualifications it was not one they could adopt. They were anxious to consult his interests as far as possible, and he could yet retain his desk for six months; but if he preferred to be free at once to seek other employment, he would receive a half-year's salary as a token of the esteem in which he was held.

And Mr Peterston had been so impressed that he had left the room with a faintly uttered 'Thank you!' But now he grew hot as he thought of that 'Thank you!' and a storm began to rise within him. He was not a man of storms, and it would take a very great deal to sweep him out of that mild, good-humoured, and inoffensive attitude of mind which all his friends knew so well. It had happened at least once, when he had seen a man struck down in the dark, and three unspeakable brutes battering him with their boots. Then the storm had made a hero of Mr Peterston, and his daring had amazed even the police. But now? Oh

no, not now! The fires had gone too low. Seventeen years had passed, and much had been ground out of him in that time. In a few moments the storm was gone, though the shame remained.

Six months—and after that? He saw the pavements of brass trodden without hope by hundreds of the City's cast-off slaves, month in, month out. He was fifty-two, and the House would save at least a hundred a year when he was gone. The City would not inquire where he had gone. Now that the thing had happened, he saw how natural it was. Indeed, it had suggested itself to him in a vague way more than once, but not as an immediate possibility; it had been a cloud on the horizon, which he had regarded cynically rather than seriously—only a sort of a shadow.

He persevered with his writing for a space, it it soon became too difficult. Then he sat but it soon became too difficult. staring at the white paper, and waiting for the time to pass. To-night he would go home at six. He saw, with new clarity of vision, that the cashier was very careful not to glance in his direction. Of course he knew; but he was a good sort. With this new clarity of vision Mr Peterston saw, too, his own insignificance. At times he had felt a certain pride in his place in the City; but how vain and childish it had been! In Forest Gate he was but a street-number to the tradespeople, and to the Great Eastern Railway he was just a Season Ticket. In the City he had been 'Invoices,' and now he was cast aside even from that. What was that curious phrase in the Bible about dust in the balances?

Then his self-contempt took another direction. In a vague way he had indulged the idea that 'something might happen' some day—something that would fulfil the symbol of the turgid river and the misty pinnacles above it. How ridiculous! How fortunate that he had never told any one, that no one knew him as a secret votary of fantastic Fortune! It was proved to him now beyond dispute that there was a rigid Order of Things, and that there was no break in it. The Order was work, work, work, till you are worn out, and then give up your place to a cheaper man. The City was too strong, too relentless, to have its Order flouted. This was the thing that must happen—this was the reality.

Then he thought of his wife. What a finish to her years of loyal contriving! He could not tell her this; but what should he tell her? He must work out his six months so that the blow might be postponed; and perhaps, before the term had expired, something would hap'——

He gave a short laugh that was almost a groan. Here was that same old fancy again, popping up its head persistently even in this hour of doom. Something might happen? Why, something had happened; everything had happened!

Impatient with himself, he dipped his pen in the ink as if to resume his work. But he had lost the power to concentrate upon an invoice. His head and heart throbbed fiercely, and his hand was nerveless. The shock had been too much for him.

Then came a diversion. It began with a conversation at another desk, which he heard only because his name was spoken: 'Mr Peterston here?'

'Third desk from the end-invoices.'

'It would not be invoices long,' he reflected absurdly, forgetting that the designation would cling to him here as long as they remembered him at all. Then came a brisk footstep, and a face that looked at him, or seemed to look at him, over the glass screen.

'Good-evening, Mr Peterston!'

Mr Peterston tried to remember the speaker, but failed to recall any details connected with him. And the owner of the voice went on, a trifle nervously in spite of his tone of easy assurance, 'You did not keep your appointment this afternoon,' he said. 'Perhaps—undoubtedly—you were prevented. Mr Lisle fully expected you; in fact, he is still expecting you. When you failed to come we tried to reach you on the telephone, but the line was engaged. So he asked me to come over, and, if possible, bring you back with me. He will wait for us, for it is important that he should see you to-night. He has to report to the trustees in the morning.'

Mr Peterston gazed at the speaker with furrowed brows. He was trying to place him, to decide what part he played in this confused skein of recollection and impression. The visitor, who was perfectly human and genuine, showed signs of increased nervousness. He did not like that glassy stare; it was too unkind a reminder of last evening. Then Mr Peterston saw the collar of the man's top-coat, and perceived that it was brown. So his impressions began to arrange themselves, and he made a husky, broken protest. 'Look here,' he said, 'don't you think this affair has gone far enough? Aren't you driving it to death?'

'I beg your pardon?' said the visitor, in

apparent surprise.

"It is too much,' continued Mr Peterston, with agitation. 'I—I object most strongly to being annoyed in this way! Nor would you do it if you knew all—I'm sure you wouldn't. There ought to be a limit even to a joke. Leave me now, and tell Butterworth, if he is outside, that he carries things too far. Anyway, it's exploded now, and you are wasting your time. Instead of going at four I went at one, just to nip the thing in the bud.'

The cashier and several others turned to see what Mr Peterston was growing so excited about. There was so much strain in his voice. As for the visitor, his face was expressive of the most

complete bewilderment.

'Went at one instead of four!' he repeated.
'To nip the thing in the bud! My dear sir'-

'Yes,' said Mr Peterston, 'I was there at one.' Then he glanced angrily at his shirt-cuff. 'No. 95 Queen Victoria Street. As you see, I forestalled you.'

A light seemed to break in upon the visitor's mind, and his amazement was mingled with a dawning comprehension. One word had done

much to help him.

'Queen Victoria Street?' he cried. 'No, no, my dear sir, not Queen Victoria Street, but the other—Victoria Street, Westminster. What a simple mistake! Still, you could easily have found us in the Directory, under Solicitors, or in the Law Lists, or—or in half-a-dozen other places!'

For a long pause the two men stared at one another—the one striving to understand; the other a little amused, but greatly relieved. Yesterday Mr Peterston's conduct had given him the impression that he had had to deal with a lunatic, and it was a relief to find him simply stupid. The mistake was such a childish one! Then the significance of the situation came home to the weaker of the two, and overwhelmed him. He clutched the edge of his desk with his nerveless fingers.

The watchful cashier ran to support him, and a hush fell upon the room. It was followed by

a murmur, 'Peterston's fainted!'

When he recovered, it was the cashier who helped him into his shabby top-coat, while another man handed him his well-worn hat. Though still dazed and breathless, he was otherwise none the worse, for it is one of the favourite maxims of the Old Lady that joy never kills. 'He will be better when he gets into the air,' said the ambassador from Victoria Street, S.W. 'Is there anything he need wait for now?'

'If your story is true,' said the cashier dryly, 'there is nothing that should keep him here!'

So they led him toward the door; but he was not to go so lightly, after all. By this time the whole house knew the story, and it had an amazing effect. Men and women crowded up the stairs to see; all order was broken; those in the same room crowded after to shake hands with Mr Peterston, to slap him upon the back, to wish him good-luck and good-bye, even to touch him, as though there might be magic in the touch. In that wonderful hour convention was utterly forgotten. Had there been room on the stairs they would have carried him down, and for a time the pressure was so great that no one could get down at all. Then they blocked the pavement, and slammed the door of the taxi-cab so many times that the driver was obliged to make emphatic protest. And they finished all with a rousing shout, 'Good old Peterston—God bless you!'

The cab turned westward, but the City streets were thronged with evening traffic and with hastening home-goers. So in a few minutes the driver turned down New Bridge Street, and on to the Embankment. Then the way was clear, and they swept on past the Temple Gardens, toward the fantastic pinnacles that stand beyond the Bridge. And as they raced on Mr Peterston saw vaguely that the old Order was gone for the time, and that a new Order had come in. The silent river was lined with golden lights, and even the turgid waters laughed with a thousand stars upon their bosom. Every bridge was a rope of ruddy gold, and every building was a palace illuminated for high festival. But as he sped through that realm of the fantastic and the beautiful, he found himself thinking of that day thirty years ago, when he had first seen the symbol through the mist; and he said under his breath a hundred times, 'It has happened! It has happened! It has happened!

Returning to his mahogany desk, the cashier tried to recover his poise, to return to the order of things. But it was extremely difficult, and at last he laid aside his pen. There was a spirit of unrest everywhere, and not one of the slaves of the pen could settle down. Nay, they would never again settle down into the rut of yesterday.

For suddenly, in her imperial way, unexpected and unheralded, the Old Lady had entered the very citadel of this hard City, scouting its laws, outraging its conventions, laughing in the face of the Order of Things. A humorist greater than Butterworth, she had taken a hand in Mr Peterston's affairs, and, undeterred by his repulse of her ambassador, had brought them to her own fantastic issue. From afar she had seen that simple soul go often to her secret shrine, and with a whimsical warm-heartedness, with mingled laughter and compassion, had vowed to vindicate his faith. She had waited till that faith was little more than a memory, for it is her way to play even with her favourites. She had seen him brought to the City's judgment-seat and condemned; but in that moment, making good her ancient claim to go where she willed, she had snatched him from the bar, had torn his sentence into shreds, and had proclaimed her age-long authority to be and to do. And her passing had left a stir and a murmur, not for an hour, but for all the hours to come; for no man in that house would ever think of Peterston again without hearing the rustle of her skirts.

Then she had swept on her course, a course unmeasured and uncalculated even by the most daring of our Butterworths. When she pauses again, may it be on your threshold—or mine!

THE END.

THE IDEAL COUNTRY HOUSE.

RURAL residence is believed to be associated with many shortcomings as compared with living in town, especially in connection with such conveniences as lighting and heating. But a telling example of what can be done in this direction has been completed recently. S House, County Dublin, has undergone reconstruction and considerable extension, when the opportunity was taken to install one of the most comprehensive electric systems that has ever been contemplated in connection with country houses. A complete electric generating plant, together with a storage battery, is placed in an outbuilding, and the current thereby obtained is turned to a thousand and one purposes. Electric lighting is used throughout the mansion, farm, and stable buildings, while current is utilised also for auxiliary heating and power purposes. There is a stationary vacuum plant, driven by an electric motor, for cleaning carpets, floors, and furnishings. installation is accommodated in a basement apartment, whence piping of two inches in diameter is led to nozzles fixed to the wall skirting-boards on the several floors. Flexible hose, with suitable vacuum cleaning tools, are connected to these nozzles, while means of access for cleaning adjoining rooms by this method are provided. Electric

bells and telephones are distributed throughout the house, communicating with servants' quarters both in the basement and on top floors; while separate telephone systems are provided between the housemaids' rooms on each floor-landing, farm, stables, and outside servants' dwellings.

The water-supply is derived from a spring well about four hundred and twenty yards from the house, a petrol-engine-driven pump being requisitioned to lift the water to an elevated tank of twelve thousand gallons capacity, which is erected at a point adjoining the house, and which supplies the latter by gravitation. This source of watersupply is available also for fire-extinguishing purposes, the pressure being augmented by an electric pump connected to fire-mains around the house, and fitted at intervals with hydrant valves for hose attachment. The fire equipment is employed also for cleaning windows and watering the grounds, such use affording a complete guarantee that the system will be found in perfect order when required for an emergency. An electric automatic pump, operated by floatswitches on tanks in spaces on the roof, supplies rain-water from a storage-tank of fifty thousand gallons. Electric energy is used for a variety of other purposes, such as driving a sawmill, horseclipping, hay-cutting, oat-bruising, and winnowing machines.

The heating and hot-water supply is likewise of a very complete character. The heatingchamber in the basement contains a sectional type of boiler with accessories for the supply of low-pressure hot water to the distributing pipe system and radiators distributed throughout the mansion, and is designed to maintain a temperature of fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit in the public-rooms, and fifty degrees in other apartments, when the outside temperature is thirty degrees Fahrenheit, and the air changes do not exceed two per hour. Special arrangements are incorporated for heating drying-cupboards. The whole system is divided into four sections, each independent of the others, so that certain portions of the house may be heated A siphon automatic separately as desired. damper-regulator is fitted to the boiler, and further regulation of the temperature is secured

by a regitherm placed in the hall, and set to maintain a constant temperature. Two separate systems of hot-water supply are installed to serve (1) the kitchen and servants' premises, and (2) the remainder of the house, the latter being out of service when the house is not occupied by the owner. Each system consists of a separately fired domestic boiler and storage cylinder, connected by flow-and-return pipes to main circulating pipes led from the cylinder, with branches to the various draw-off taps.

This is one of the most up-to-date and interesting systems of its character which have been installed in country houses, and it serves to illustrate how convenient a rural residence may be made—quite as perfect as a town house—and also indicates the diverse uses of electricity in such applications. The whole of this installation was designed by an eminent firm of Glasgow engineers, who have made a speciality of country-house lighting and heating by electricity.

A BOER'S TWO TERRORS.

By Douglas Blackburn.

THE plot of this true story can hardly fail to appear improbable to the average reader, because it is difficult to imagine any human being passionately refusing to avail himself of a legitimate and simple opportunity to become rich. There are thousands of true stories of men who have committed or attempted murder in the effort to attain wealth, but probably this is the solitary true instance of an otherwise sane man deliberately risking his own life, certainly his liberty, in an attempt to kill the man who wanted to enrich him. Therefore this paradoxical, even Gilbertian, situation needs explanation.

Strange though it may appear to those who judge all human nature by their own standard, it is nevertheless a fact that in the early days of the gold discoveries on the Rand many of the elderly Boers had a deep-rooted objection to the existence of gold on their farms being proved. It is now a fact of history that one of the chief grievances of the Uitlanders against the Kruger Government was that it placed difficulties in the way of those who would exploit the gold. also now well known that the existence of payable gold on many farms was carefully concealed or denied up to the very last. No clause in the Transvaal Gold Law was passed with more difficulty than that giving the Government power to proclaim a goldfield without the consent of the owners of the land; and only the year before the war a lawsuit was instituted for the purpose of testing it.

The objection of the Boers to admit the goldseeker was not so unreasonable as it may seem to us. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the old-time Boer was not a money-grubber. His sole idea of wealth was cattle and land to rear them on. He was attached to the land, and the idea of parting with it at any price was as repugnant to him as it is to the owner of an historic estate in Britain; it was even more so, because it was no longer easy to acquire a new home where he might wish to settle; therefore the price he might get for his land was of very little consequence to him. Then there was a fear that the gold-seeker would rob him, and unfortunately the suspicion was sometimes well grounded. Some of the most infamous frauds in history have been resorted to in order to trick ignorant Boers out of their property, and the memory of these wrongs is evergreen. An appreciation of the Boer attitude in the matter will render this story intelligible.

It was in 1897, when I was editing the well-known Transvaal Sentinel. My numerous conflicts with the Government and the mining magnates had thrust upon me a certain notoriety, and by many Boers I was credited with an authority on matters appertaining to the Gold Law that I was not strictly entitled to; but whenever my assistance was asked I gave of the best I had, which now and then proved satisfactory to both advised and adviser.

Among the applicants for my assistance was a young Cape Boer, the nephew of one De Vries (pronounced De Frees), who owned a six thousand acre farm on the East Rand. He showed me a fairly good sample of gold quartz that had been found on his uncle's farm, and his object in coming to me was first to help him to locate

the reef, then to persuade his uncle to consent to the discovery being turned to account. His faith in my ability to influence the uncle was based on the circumstance that the old man had taken an interest in one of my fights with a mining company, and had formed a favourable opinion of me. Consequently he would be more likely to listen to me than to any other rooinek.

We arranged terms, and, under pretence of a little shooting, visited the farm. As the sequel will show, the fact that Nephew De Vries picked me up en route at the Johannesburg smallpox lazaretto, where I had been week-ending as the guest of the medical officer, proved an important circumstance in this adventure.

The old Boer received us with characteristic nonchalance, and after the usual hour wasted over coffee and gossip, with long pauses, we got away in quest of our treasure under the pretext of looking for guinea-fowl, that the old Boer assured us it was useless to expect until near sundown.

Our plan of campaign was this. We had first to find the reef whence the sample had been taken. The finder of the specimen was a herd 'boy' employed on the farm. He knew gold quartz at sight, having worked for a prospector; but when, delighted at the prospect of reward, he had shown the sample to his master, he was threatened with all sorts of fearsome penalties if he spoke a word of the discovery to a soul. Consequently he was dumb, and we were thrown upon our own resources. Having found the reef, we should have to take away sufficient samples to ensure a reliable assay. This would necessitate working secretly at night with the aid of Kafirs, for the nephew was emphatic in his assurance that his uncle would not permit any investigation, as he was one of the most violent of the anti-gold Boers. I don't think that the nephew knew the extent and possibility of his uncle's violence, anxious though he was to impress me with its terrific intensity. Our scheme was, if the assay proved good, and my efforts to persuade the old man failed, to go to one of the many syndicates who at that time were buying gold claims more wildly than at any period in the history of the great goldgamble, and get them to put the law in motion, and have the ground proclaimed, in spite of the owner's wish.

Looking back on the affair with the eyes of experience, I fully recognise the outrageous injustice of the thing. But, by way of an excuse, I cite the fact that one of the crimes alleged against the Boers, and often quoted as a proof of their unfitness to be masters in their own country, was that they retarded the gold industry by refusing to sell their land to the gold magnates.

We located the reef within an hour. It was the ordinary quartz outcrop common at that end of the Rand; the only question for us to solve was the extent and direction of the reef. The value of it was for the assayer to determine.

Most evil schemes come to grief through some stupid oversight. Our calamity was the result of the nephew bringing the gun but leaving the cartridges when we came out to shoot guineafowl that were not due for many hours.

The suspicious old Boer read the signs aright, called for his horse, and rode after us. At the moment of his unobserved arrival I was busy taking measurements of the outcrop, which the nephew was entering from my dictation into a surveyor's note-book. It did not need the gift of second-sight to show that, whatever our quest, it was not guinea-fowl. De Vries did not waste time in asking what we were doing. He simply jumped to conclusions, and took no chances. He began with his nephew, and within a minute I had been provided with oral evidence that the nephew was the basest and most infamous villain on earth, or that Mynheer De Vries was a slanderer without compeer. When my turn came to have my character read, I wondered how I had escaped hanging, or at least penal servitude, years before.

Further disguise being useless, like the foiled villain in the play we became frankly bold and nonchalant. I admitted that we were seeking a gold reef; and, encouraged by the sudden calming down of the old man, I used my most persuasive Biblical phraseology to impress upon him the wrongfulness of hasty judgment, the letting of the sun go down upon his wrath, and one or two more or less appropriate Bible quotations, which had the intended effect, or would have had if I had not made a hideous blunder. He had listened without protest while I had shown with scriptural authority that it was the duty of a godly man to acquire wealth legitimately, in order that he might help the Church and his fellows. I drew a picture of him as rich as Paul Kruger, and a generous supporter of the Dutch Reformed Church. I did not know that De Vries was a stern Dopper. The nature of my blunder can best be realised by imagining the effect of complimenting a very zealous High Churchman on being a Calvinistic Methodist.

De Vries changed his manner in a moment. He resumed his abuse, and ordered us off his farm.

It was then I perpetrated my second and worst blunder. I bluntly told him he was a fool not to take the chance of becoming a rich man by selling right out to a syndicate, and I added what was true, but foolish to have said, 'If the farm is proclaimed a goldfield, you will only get a fraction of what you would if you were sensible and sold to a syndicate. Anyhow, you will have to sell, whether you like it or not.'

The effect was instantaneous. He glared at me savagely, gasped something unintelligible, and rode off rapidly in the direction of the house. Before his nephew and I had decided

on our programme, De Vries was back, carrying his Lee-Metford rifle. He withdrew the magazine, calling on us to note that it was fully loaded, replaced it, and ordered us to go to the house and sit on the *stoep* (veranda); adding impressively that if we tried to leave the farm he would shoot.

As nothing was likely to come of resisting, we quietly walked the mile or so to the house, De Vries riding behind in silence. On reaching the house I called to the stable-boy to harness our horses. De Vries interposed with an emphatic assurance that neither of us would leave the farm for seven days.

Why seven days? It was not until all was over that we understood. De Vries had somehow got the erroneous idea that if a gold discovery were not announced within three months of the extraction of the first piece of gold the ground could not be declared a public goldfield. It wanted seven days to complete the period since this reef was found, so if he could keep us from Johannesburg for a week he would have nothing to fear in the future.

I was inclined to make a fuss, but on the whispered advice of the nephew I agreed to wait till supper and prayers had put the old man into a more Christian frame of mind. It may appear somewhat pusillanimous on the part of two ablebodied men to submit passively to the bullying of an elderly Boer, but a knowledge of the peculiar conditions will explain much. At that period the Transvaal Boer was on the top wave of his domination. Not only was Andries de Vries an influential Burgher, but a notoriously courageous and truculent representative of the Anti-Englander party. We both knew well that if he, in his anger, shot one of us, the chances were all in favour of his escaping any penalty. It would have to be a very strong case to induce a jury of his fellow-countrymen to convict an influential and 'oprecht Burgher' like Andries, and we knew that he also knew it. Then the knowledge that one's murderer will be hanged is, after all, very small inducement to provoke him, just to see if he has the courage of his boastings. During the war Andries fully lived up to his character for courage of the mad, impulsive type. He was shot in a reckless single-handed attempt to rescue a party of captured Boers.

So, recognising the folly of irritating an irritable man who had just cause for imagining himself aggrieved, we lounged on the stoep, smoking and reading an old paper, and waiting for that something to turn up which is the solace of the adventurer. Meanwhile our captor dozed in his arm-chair in the sitting-room, having us in full view through the open door, his rifle on the table at his elbow. We noticed that a Kafir servant lay down in the veld fifty yards in front of the house, and remained there till we were called in to supper.

We found, as the nephew had prophesied, Oom much cooler, if not exactly amiable; and as reference to gold was purposely avoided, the meal passed off quietly—in fact, too quietly. The old man expressed himself mainly in grunts, and his wife and family of seven big boys and girls were too fearful of their grim, dour father to respond to my attempts to enliven the gloom by a few mild jokes. It was a dreary ordeal, and the prospect of having seven days of it would have stirred me to action even if I had not had a hopeful view of the future.

I had unfolded my plan in drowsy tones to my fellow-prisoner during the hours we spent on the stoep. It was to play upon the terror Oom and every other Boer has of the smallpox. A very severe epidemic of the disease was passing through Johannesburg, and I had been visiting the lazaretto in a journalistic capacity, collecting data for an inquiry that was held later.

The nephew and I had arranged that when the question of sleeping accommodation arose, as it must, he was to inform his aunt in confidence of the danger incurred by having in the house a man fresh from the fountain-head of infection. The nephew was certain that I should not be permitted to stay, but he was a little bit apprehensive as to whether his violent uncle might not assist my departure with a bullet. The same fear was felt by his aunt when, after prayers, he took her aside and imparted the awful news. She was at first for saying nothing, lest in his wrath her lord should 'do something wicked with his gun;' but her concern for me was only temporary, so she decided to consider her family first, and give her husband the information. 'If he shoots,' she said, 'I shall be sorry; but it will serve the Englander right for bringing the pest here.

The nephew at this stage exhibited a readier wit than I gave him credit for. He assured his aunt that it would be more dangerous to shoot me than to leave me alive, because dead bodies gave off the plague more than living ones. I don't know whether she used this argument on Oom; but it seems that I had read her husband's character correctly, for when she broke the news to him in the bedroom he showed more terror than fight. The nephew and I were in the sitting-room, only a thin partition dividing us from the bedroom. We could hear plainly all that was spoken loudly, and I have never heard such abject terror as this ferocious Boer expressed. He began to yell for the boys and girls to go into the kitchen and stay there, shouted for the stable Kafir to find our horses, which had been driven far into the veld to prevent our escape, and amid torrents of abuse ordered me to leave the farm before I was We heard the sound of scuffling, which in the after-time we learnt was produced by Oom dragging his wife from the door to get

her farther from infection. She, thinking he was trying to get at me, very considerately resisted until overcome by superior force, by which time we were out of the house, trying to induce three drunken Kafirs to find our Our Kafir groom had smuggled in two bottles of the deadly rum sold by the illicit liquor dealers to the mine Kafirs, and the lot of them were helplessly drunk in the hut of the

The nephew and I had to wander into the veld in the darkness, and spent two hours in the search. It was past ten before we drove off without the formality of saying 'good-bye.' We left our groom to get sober and return the best

way he could.

The night was moonless and cloudy, therefore This and the not unnatural exciteverv dark. ment attendant on our departure probably accounted for our finding ourselves brought up by a wire fence about the time we ought to have been at the gate. This farm, like most of those in the High Veld, was a vast expanse of level veld, with nothing to distinguish the road except that it was less grass-grown. I got out and followed up the fence for a long distance The nephew tried the opposite without result. direction, and eventually found a road, which we led the spider into, after some rough struggles with the numerous ant-hills that corrugated the veld. We had driven about five hundred yards, when the nephew suddenly pulled up with an exclamation, 'We are coming back! Look at exclamation, 'We are coming back! Look at that boulder!' We knew that we had returned to within a quarter of a mile of the house.

Nothing is so deceptive as the veld at night. However familiar one may believe one's self with a locality, it is only needed to turn and twist a little off the track to lose one's bearings.

I suggested that we should make certain before turning again, and my companion got out to examine the track more closely. In the faint light of the stars I saw him stoop over the stone, and at that moment the sharp report of two rifle-shots came in quick succession. distinctly heard the bullets strike the stone.

'He is shooting at us! I thought he would,' the nephew observed with mild surprise. 'Better

lie down for a little.'

Before I could get out of the spider two more shots sounded, accompanied by a piercing feminine scream.

We lay in the grass, waiting for something else to happen, but it came not

'Aunt has taken the rifle from him. get on now,' my companion suggested; and we

We were six hours on the return journey. We had plenty of time to make plans, and we made them.

A week later the nephew called on his uncle for an explanation and the Boer equivalent of an apology. As no member of the family had

succumbed to smallpox, and no Government hint of proclamation had been heard, Oom was fright-He did not deny the shooting, which he justified by the belief that we had returned to get samples from the reef. He could not see us, he said; but his keen ears told him we were near the boulder, where the ground was hard. He had fired at random, and was as proud of having hit the boulder as if he had taken first prize at a rifle contest. That was all the explanation and apology we got.

After Oom's death his son offered the farm to The result of the prospect a mining company. and assay was a report that the reef was only payable in small parts, and the offer was declined. So, like most worries, that of Oom De Vries

proved to be a waste of good energy.

IN THE VALE OF YARROW.

OH fair is the world at morning prime, When the skies are blue with a sweet breeze blowing;

There's a way to wend, there are hills to climb, Where Yarrow clear is flowing. And this is the song the river sings,

And this is the song the river sings,
As I walk by it to-day:
'My voice is the voice of healing springs,
When the heart is young and gay.
My voice is one with the loved and lost,
When the head is bowed and gray;
But what is the odds? And what life's cost? There is love at the end of the way.'

Oh fair is the world at hushed noontide, When in all the fields there are rustics reaping, When on all the hills, in their purple pride, Shadow and shine are sleeping. And this is the song the Yarrow sings,

As I walk by it to-day 'Oh human souls, with faltering wings, I have yet my ancient sway!

My voice is the voice of a deathless grief,
I tell of a dreary load;

Yet I whisper of joy beyond belief:
There is love at the end of the road.'

Oh fair is the world at sunset-time When Yarrow is bathed in a golden glory, With a mystic light that seems to climb From the very heart of a fairy-story. And this is the song sweet Yarrow sings, As I walk by her to-day:

'From the years of eld my glamour wings
To the heart that is young and gay. My woods are lovely, my flowers and ferns
Are peopled with elf and fay;
And most of all for the hearts that yearn For love at the end of the way.

Oh the world is fair at even-time, When caller winds on the hills are blowing; In every valley are bells that chime, And flocks that are homeward going.

And this is the song that Yarrow sings, As I follow her winding way,

And ever its lilt in my memory rings,
Whilst an amethyst sky turns gray:
'Remember, child, the joy that springs
From a bravely carried load;

"Managher icht shell awallow my beautif

Though night shall swallow my beautiful things,
There is home at the end of the road.'

A VIS.



SAFETY OF LIFE AT SEA.

LEGISLATIVE RESULTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION.

By STOPFORD H. RYLETT.

THERE is a melancholy coincidence in the fact that almost at the same moment as the world's humanity was staggered by the news of the terrible disaster which had overtaken the Canadian Pacific Railway's great liner, the Empress of Ireland, there was published the text of the Merchant Shipping (Convention) Bill. The object of the Bill is to make such amendments of the law relating to merchant shipping 'as are necessary or expedient to give effect to an International Convention for the Safety of Life at Sea,' signed last January in London. As all the world knows, the convention resulted from the Titanic catastrophe.

The Governments of Britain and Greater Britain, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Spain, America, France, Italy, Norway, the Netherlands, Russia, and Sweden, in the words of the first preamble in the first schedule of the Bill, 'having recognised the desirability of determining by common agreement certain uniform rules with respect to safety of life at sea,' decided to conclude a convention to that end. Each country appointed as its plenipotentiaries—there were fifty-six in all—men of well-tried ability and pre-eminently fitted for the task. Needless to say, the results of their labours, especially in the light of the recent appalling tragedy, are intensely interesting.

The provisions of the convention apply practically to all 'the merchant ships of any of the States of the high contracting parties which are mechanically propelled, which carry more than twelve passengers, and which proceed from a port of one of the said States to a port situated outside that State, or conversely.' It is my object in this article to give as simply and briefly as possible these provisions, so far as they are covered by, and embodied in, the Board of Trade's Merchant Shipping (Convention) Bill.

The Bill is divided into six parts, and contains five schedules. The first part deals with ice and derelicts, navigation of the North Atlantic, and response to, and use of, distress signals. In the Mersey report on the loss of the *Titanic* there was a certain extract from one of the publications known as Sailing Direc-

tions, which are compiled by the Hydrographic Office at the Admiralty. It referred to the ocean passages of the large transatlantic mail and passenger steamers, and ran: 'To these vessels, one of the chief dangers in crossing the Atlantic lies in the probability of encountering masses of ice, both in the form of bergs and of extensive fields of solid, compact ice, released at the breaking up of winter in the Arctic regions, and drifted down by the Labrador current across their direct route. . . . These icebergs are sometimes over two hundred feet in height and of considerable extent. have been seen as far south as latitude thirtynine degrees north; to obtain which position they must have crossed the Gulf Stream, impelled by the cold Arctic current underrunning the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. That this should happen is not to be wondered at when it is considered that the specific gravity of fresh-water ice, of which these bergs are composed, is about seven-eighths that of seawater; so that, however vast the berg may appear to the eye of the observer, he can in reality see one-eighth of its bulk, the remaining seven-eighths being submerged and subject to the deep-water currents of the ocean. . It is, in fact, impossible to give, within the outer limits named, any distinct idea of where ice may be expected, and no rule can be laid down to ensure safe navigation, as its position and the quantity met with differ so greatly in different seasons. Everything must depend upon the vigilance, caution, and skill with which a vessel is navigated when crossing the dangerous ice-bearing regions of the Atlantic

Ocean.'

The convention has come to grips with this aspect of the North Atlantic navigation problem. In Articles 6 and 7 of the convention, the high contracting parties 'undertake to take all steps to ensure the destruction of derelicts in the northern part of the Atlantic Ocean east of a line drawn from Cape Sable to a point situated in latitude thirty-four degrees north and longitude seventy degrees west. Further, they will establish in the North Atlantic with the least possible delay a service for the study and the observation

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of ice conditions and a service of ice patrol. For this purpose, two vessels shall be charged with these three services. During the whole of the ice season they shall be employed on ice patrol. During the rest of the year the two vessels shall be employed in the study and observation of ice conditions and in the destruction of derelicts; nevertheless, the study and observation of ice conditions shall be effectively maintained, in particular from the beginning of February to the opening of the ice season.' While the two vessels are employed in ice patrol the high contracting parties, to the extent of their ability and so far as the exigencies of the naval service will permit, will send warships or other vessels to destroy any dangerous derelicts if this destruction is considered necessary at that

The Government of the United States is invited to undertake the management of these three services, and Austria, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Russia, Sweden, and the United States each undertake to contribute a certain proportion of the expenses.

Further, vessels meeting with, or being informed of, any dangerous ice or dangerous derelict, or any other imminent and serious danger to navigation on or near their course, are to be made bound to report the fact as soon as possible to other ships in their vicinity and to the shore. For omitting to do this the master of a British ship is made liable in respect of each offence to a fine not exceeding fifty pounds. What is still more important, when ice is reported on or near his course, the master of every ship is bound to proceed at night at a moderate speed, or to alter his course so as to go well clear of the danger zone. The penalty for not complying with this regulation is a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds.

As everybody knows, the gravest feature of the *Titanic* disaster was the fact that, in spite of repeated warnings from other vessels informing him of the presence of ice in and about the course of his ship, Captain Smith never reduced her speed in the slightest degree even at night. Had he moderated the vessel's rate—she was tearing through the water at a speed of twenty-two knots when she struck the iceberg—there is every reason to suppose that the *Titanic* could have been saved from destruction.

In the light of these new regulations, Lord Mersey's remarks in the *Titanic* report on the question as to what the master, Captain Smith, ought to have done under the circumstances are particularly interesting. 'I am advised,' he says, 'that, with the knowledge of the proximity of ice which the master had, there were two courses open to him. The one was to stand well to the southward instead of turning up to a westerly course; the other was to reduce speed materially as night approached. He did neither.

. . Why then did the master persevere in his course and maintain his speed? The answer is to be found in the evidence. It was shown that for many years past-indeed, for a quarter of a century or more—the practice of liners using this track when in the vicinity of ice at night had been in clear weather to keep the course, to maintain the speed, and to trust to a sharp lookout to enable them to avoid the danger. This practice, it was said, had been justified by experience, no casualties having resulted from it. I accept the evidence as to the practice and as to the immunity from casualties which is said to have accompanied it. But the event has proved the practice to be bad. Its root is probably to be found in competition and in the desire of the public for quick passages rather than in the judgment of navigators.' Whether a fine of one hundred pounds is a penalty which will deter masters from following this bad practice is a doubtful question.

Needless to say, it is made obligatory on all masters, on receiving a wireless distress call, to proceed as quickly as possible to the vessel in trouble. In view of the fact that the horrible disaster to the Empress of Ireland may have arisen from the navigators of the Storstad not clearly understanding the whistle signals given by Captain Kendall, the convention's regulations for an international code of Morse signals is especially important. These signals may be made at night or in thick weather, either by long and short flashes of light or by long and short sound signals (whistles, foghorns, &c.), or during the day by hand-flags. The question whether those in command of the Canadian or those in command of the Norwegian vessel did not understand the true meanings of the exchanged signals has not been answered at the time of the writing of this article, but it may be the key to the reason of the awful calamity.

Incidentally it is interesting to note that, in the suggested international code for wireless calls, the wireless distress call is still S.O.S. repeated at short intervals; whilst the danger call is TTT, repeated at short intervals ten times at full power, the call to be followed after an interval of one minute by the message repeated three times at intervals of ten minutes.

Part 2 of the Bill deals with the manning, construction, and equipment of passenger steamers, and greatly strengthens and improves the existing regulations with regard to these matters. For instance, at the present time the number of lifeboats which an ocean liner must carry is calculated according to the tonnage of the vessel. How inadequate this basis of calculation is can be gauged from the fact that the *Titanic*, with a total complement of over two thousand passengers and crew, was only compelled to have boat accommodation for about a thousand people. As a matter of fact, she carried boat accommodation

for over eleven hundred. In the course of his report on the ill-fated vessel Lord Mersey said: 'The gross tonnage of a vessel is not, in my opinion, a satisfactory basis on which to calculate the provision of boat accommodation. Hitherto, I believe, it has been accepted as the best basis by all nations. But there seems much more to be said in favour of making the number of lives carried the basis, and for providing boat or raft accommodation for all on board.' The Board of Trade have adopted this view, and in the new Bill it is laid down that 'the accommodation provided on a passenger steamer which is registered in the United Kingdom, by lifeboats and -to the extent to which they are allowed in substitution for lifeboats in pursuance of rules made under this section—by pontoon life-rafts, shall be at least sufficient for every person on board the ship.

One of the sad features of the Titanic disaster was the fact that there had been no proper boat drill or muster either on the ship or before she set out on her first and only voyage. The result was that when the vessel struck neither the officers nor crew were familiar with their lifeboat stations or duties. The consequence was confusion in the launching of the boats. In his report Lord Mersey stated that 'there had been no proper boat-drill nor a boat-muster. It was explained that great difficulty frequently existed in getting firemen to take part in a boat-drill. They regard it as no part of their work. There seems to be no statutory requirements as to boat drills or musters, although there is a provision (Section 9 of the Merchant Shipping Act of 1906) that when a boat-drill does take place the master of the vessel is, under a penalty, to record that fact in his log.' The new Bill drastically deals with this evil. Under its regulations, there must be for each boat or raft required a minimum number of certificated lifeboatmen. In order to obtain the special lifeboatman's certificate provided for by the convention the applicant must prove that he has been trained in all operations connected with launching lifeboats and the use of oars; that he is acquainted with the practical handling of the boats; and, further, that he is capable of understanding and answering the orders relative to lifeboat service. 'An officer, petty officer, or seaman shall be placed in charge of each boat or pontoon raft; he shall have a list of its crew, and shall see that the men placed under his orders are acquainted with their several duties and stations. . . . Musters of the crew at their boat and fire drills respectively shall be held at least once a fortnight, either in port or at sea. An entry shall be made in the official log-book of these drills or of the reasons why they could not be held.'

The Bill also widens the scope of the State's interference with the construction of British ships by giving the Board of Trade power 'to

make such rules as appear to them necessary or expedient to carry into effect' the comprehensive provisions of the convention with respect to this matter.

Before leaving this part of the Bill I should like to express my own regret—a regret which, I know, will be felt by many people of experience in the shipping world — that no compulsory regulation has been formulated for the provision of searchlights, on great liners at least. Among the questions put to the Titanic court of inquiry were the following: 'Had the Titanic the means of throwing searchlights around her? If so, did she make use of them to discover ice? Should searchlights have been provided and used?' The answers to these questions were in the negative; but, at the same time, the court expressed the opinion that 'searchlights may at times be of service.' To my mind, searchlights can be of inestimable service in preventing disasters at sea. For instance, who can doubt that if either the Empress of Ireland or the Storstad had had searchlights, and had used them to find the other's position when they realised their proximity, the recent horrible accident could have been avoided? Who can question the fact that in rescuing at night people who have been wrecked, a ship would be greatly assisted in the work if she possessed a searchlight with which she could illuminate the scene of the disaster?

Whilst touching on this matter it is well to point out that most probably the Empress of Ireland disaster, with all its attendant loss of life, might have been avoided had the great liner been able to let off flashlights intermittingly from the moment she was aware of the approach of the Storstad. A considerable time elapsed between the moment when the two ships exchanged signals and the time that the accident happened. Flashlights would have revealed to the Norwegian vessel the exact position and whereabouts of the Empress of Ireland. Surely, under these circumstances, the heart-rending calamity could have been avoided.

Part 3 of the Bill deals with wireless telegraphy, one of the greatest blessings the worldespecially the seafaring world-enjoys. Subject to the rules and exceptions laid down in the regulations of the convention, ships carrying fifty or more persons are compelled to be equipped with a wireless telegraphy installation. merchant ships belonging to any of the contracting States, whether they are propelled by machinery or by sails, and whether they carry passengers or not, shall . . . be fitted with a radiotelegraph installation if they have on board fifty or more persons in all.' However, the Government of each of the contracting States, if it considers that the route and the conditions of the voyage are such as to render such an installation unreasonable or unnecessary, may exempt from the above requirements the following ships: '(1) ships which in the course of their voyage do

not go more than a hundred and fifty sea-miles from the nearest coast; (2) ships on which the number of persons on board is exceptionally or temporarily increased up to or beyond fifty by the carriage of cargo-hands for part of the voyage, provided that the said ships are not going from one continent to another, and that during that part of their voyage they remain within the limits of latitude thirty degrees north and thirty degrees south; (3) sailing vessels of primitive build . . . if it is practically impossible to install a radiotelegraph apparatus.'

Part 4 of the Bill sets up a system of 'safety certificates,' the effect and scope of which can be best gathered from the following article of the convention: 'A certificate, called a "safety certificate," shall be issued, after inspection and survey, to every ship which complies in an efficient manner with the requirements of the The inspection and survey of ships, so far as regards the enforcements of the provisions of this convention and annexed

regulations, shall be carried out by officers of the State to which a ship belongs; provided always that the Government of each State may entrust the inspection and survey of ships of its own country either to surveyors nominated by it for this purpose or to organisations recognised by it. In every case the Government concerned fully guarantees the completeness and efficiency of the inspection and survey. The safety certificate shall be issued either by the officers of the State to which the ship belongs, or by any other person duly authorised by that State.'

The two remaining parts of the Bill treat of general matters, such as the application of the Bill to foreign ships, exceptions for ships compelled to take refuge by stress of weather, and

It is to be hoped that the splendid fruits of the International Convention will be supplemented by certain navigators exercising greater care and sanity in the management of their ships in the future than they have done in the past.

KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XXIX.—continued.

PHILIP saw nothing of Miss Jennings during the next few days, for the weather continued to be boisterous, and that lady—unlike other and less considerate members of the ship's companypreferred to endure the pangs of mal-de-mer in the seclusion of her own cabin. It was not until the fourth day out that he saw her again. She was reclining languidly in a chair, convalescent, but obviously disinclined for conversation. Philip passed her by.

The fifth day broke bright and sunny, and the Bosphorus, clear of the Newfoundland Banks with their accompanying fogs and ground-swell, became a centre of social activity. Vigorous couples tramped up and down, snuffing the breeze. pleasant children ran shrieking round the deck, galloping over the same sets of toes at regular intervals. Elderly gentlemen played interminable games of deck-quoits and bull-board. In the smoking-room enthusiastic alcoholists gathered, to splice the mainbrace and bid in the auction sweepstake upon the day's run. New York was only twenty-four hours away.

Philip, descending to his cabin for a book, passed Citizen Brand polishing cabin door-handles

with fierce energy. He paused.

'Brand,' he said, 'I want to have a palaver with you. Can you come and see me in my cabin this evening?'

Brand considered. 'I shall get a telling-off from the second-steward if I do,' he said. 'Regular cossack, he is. This ship's full of rotten rules and red-tape. Still, after all, he can only sack me, which will save me the trouble of deserting. All right, I'll come.' He appeared in Philip's cabin at ten o'clock that night, and consented to drink whisky-and-water out of a

'Well,' inquired Philip, lighting his pipe, 'what are your prospects in the States? a berth ?

'Not yet,' said Brand.

'I am going on a visit to some of the big establishments out there. If I come across anything that would suit you, shall I put it in your way ?'

Brand thanked him gruffly, and said, 'I don't know. I don't know what to say. fact is, I don't know where I shall have to live

yet.'

'Have to live?'

'Yes, have to live. I can't settle anything. I-oh, damn it, I don't know! Leave me alone! He sat staring savagely at the floor, with his head in his hands.

'Brand, my friend,' remarked Philip, puffing at his pipe, 'you and I have been acquainted for a considerable time now, haven't we?' Brand nodded, and Philip continued: 'I'm going to assume the privilege of an old friend, and inquire into your private affairs.'

'Fat lot of information you'll get,' was the

gracious reply.

'Very well, then,' said Philip cheerfully, 'I won't inquire; I'll assume. Having assumed that everything I meant to ask about is as I

think it is, I'll tell you something. It's this: you are a pretty good chap.'

Brand's gloomy eyes turned upon Philip suspiciously. 'What do you mean?' he snarled.

'I mean this. You have done a pretty fine thing. If the information interests you, I may tell you that you have taught me a lesson; but that's beside the point. Last Friday you were in a comfortable berth, doing well, and rising rapidly. To-day you are a bath-steward, without any status or prospects. Why?'

'Because I'm a blasted fool,' replied Brand.

'No, I don't think so,' continued Philip. 'I prefer to look at it differently. You have sacrificed everything, and staked your whole future—on what? On an Idea—a single Idea. I call that a pretty fine thing.'

'What Idea?' snapped Brand.

'A very pretty little Idea,' said Philip. 'She is now sleeping peacefully two decks below this.'

Brand sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing. 'And why not?' he demanded. 'Do you deny my right to follow her, and look after her, and see she comes to no harm, whatever she may think of me or do to me? I love her! Do you understand what that means? I love her! Gentlemen like you and Rendle, you don't know the meaning of the word. With you it's just: "Fine girl—what? Come and have supper at the Savoy to-night!" That's what you call love!' Brand's arms were waving; he was rapidly lapsing into his old Hyde Park manner. 'When you've finished with one girl, or the girl is finished with you, what do you do? Kiss your hand and get another! Bah!'

'And what do you do, Brand,' inquired Philip imperturbably, 'when a lady gives you up?'

'I give up my job—I give up everything, so as to be free; and I follow her. That's what I do. She's a child; she's not able to look after herself.'

'Now, my impression of Miss Jennings' character,' said Philip, 'is exactly the opposite. I have rarely met a woman who seemed to me so

well-balanced and self-possessed.'

'Up to a point, and in a manner of speaking,' agreed Brand, conversing more rationally now, 'you are right. But that's a woman all over. She may keep her head for months at a time, and snap her fingers at man after man; and then one fine day a fellow comes along that's no better than fifty others she's turned down, and what does she do? She goes potty! She crumples up! She crawls round him and eats out of his hand! Why is it? In God's name, sir, why is it?' His head dropped into his hands again.

'When did this happen?' asked Philip gently. He felt strangely awed in the presence of this

elemental soul.

'I'll tell you,' said Brand. 'It'll do me good.

She and I had been getting on pretty well of late. We weren't exactly engaged, but she allowed no other man near her but me. I gave up a lot to please her. I gave up speaking in the Park because she said it wasn't gentlemanly. I joined the Church of England—me that's been a Freethinker ever since I could think! I gave up being a Socialist, because she said it was low. I cut my wings, and clamped myself down, and dressed myself up like a Guy Fawkes, all to please her. I let her order me about, and I liked it! I liked it! That's pretty degrading, ain't it! I felt degraded and in love at the same time, if you know what I mean. That's a rotten state to be in, I don't think!'

Philip was listening intently. Somewhere in the back of his mind he felt that he had heard this story before. Then he remembered Uncle Joseph, and realised that all human experience appears to run upon much the same lines.

'Well, we were happy enough,' continued Brand, 'for a matter of two years or so. The only trouble was that when I suggested marriage she said she was very comfortable as she was, and did not want to lose her independence. They 're all for independence nowadays. I don't know what causes it—Board Schools perhaps. In her company I was too pleased with life ever to argue about anything, so I didn't press it. But there was one big risk that I overlooked, and that was the risk of another man butting in. And that's just what happened. A feller came along. He had everything that I hadn't-fine manners, and plenty of silly talk, and nasty little love-making ways. He put the come-hither on Lil; as I told you, in a fortnight she was eating out of his hand. I'm not the man to take that sort of thing lying down. I asked her straight what she meant by it. She flared up, and asked when I had been appointed her keeper. I said we was engaged. She said we was no such thing. I said if we wasn't, it was about time, considering all things, that we was. She asked what I meant by that. I said if she had any sort of notion of fair-play she would know. After that she told me she never wanted to see me again. I said she was only anticipating my own wishes, and we parted. We ain't spoken since. That was six weeks ago.'

'What became of the other man?' asked Philip.

Brand smiled grimly. 'Him' I went to him next day, and told him if ever he spoke to Lil again I'd push his face in.'

'What did he say to that?'

'He was most gentlemanly about it. Oh, most gentlemanly!' Brand assumed the mincing accent which he reserved for his impersonations of the aristocracy. 'Told me he had no desire to come between a man and his future wife. Said he was not permanently interested in the lady! He got no further than that, because that was where I did push his face in.

He was a nasty sight when I'd finished with him. He never went near Lil again, though—the rabbit! Since then not a word has passed between her and me, except when business required. Then, last Friday, I saw her going round the office and garage saying good-bye to everybody—except me, of course—and telling them she was going to America. I waited till the dinner-hour; then wrote to headquarters, resigned my job, and went straight to Liverpool, where I managed to get signed on aboard this boat. That's all.'

'What are you going to do when you get to New York?' asked Philip.

'I don't know. It depends on what Lil does,' replied single-minded Citizen Brand.

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'Well, how do you like the prospect of New York to-morrow, Miss Jennings?' asked Philip.

They were leaning over the taffrail in the warm darkness, watching the phosphorescent wake of the great propellers.

'At the present moment,' confessed Miss Jennings frankly, 'I don't like it at all. It's a way things have when you get right up against them. They don't look so nice as they did at a distance.'

'You are not in your usual spirits to-night.'

'No,' said the girl, 'and that's a fact. I'm not. Worst of being a woman is that you can't trust yourself to be sensible all the time. You do a thing, and you know you're doing right, and you go on knowing it was right for weeks on end; and then, just when you want to feel that you were right most especially, you go and feel that you've been wrong all the time. Silly, I call it! Sometimes I want to shake myself.'

'You feel you wish you had not left London?

Is that the trouble?'

'Ye-es,' said Miss Jennings reluctantly.

'I'm surprised,' said Philip, cautiously opening fire, 'that you were ever allowed to forsake your native land.'

'Who by?' inquired Miss Jennings swiftly.

'Well, there are a good many thousand young men there, you know. It doesn't show much enterprise on their part'——

'Mr Meldrum,' remarked Miss Jennings frankly, 'if you start making pretty speeches the end of the world must be coming. A good many thousand young men, indeed!'

'Well,' persisted the abashed but pertinacious Philip, 'let us say one young man. Surely there

was just one?'

Miss Jennings was silent for a moment. Then she replied, 'Yes, there was one.'

'More than one?'

'No. At least, there was only one that I really fancied. It was a queer thing that I should have cared for him at all. It's all

over now, so there's no harm in my telling you about it. We were always having words one way and another. We had nothing in common really. Very stuck on his opinions he was, and always laying down the law. His ideas weren't very gentlemanly either. He was a Socialist, and didn't belong to the Church; but I cured him of that. I must say I improved him wonderfully.'

'Was he grateful?' asked Philip.

'He was, and he wasn't. He would do anything I asked him; but if it went against the grain with him to do it he would say so before he did it—sometimes all the time he was doing it; and that rather spoils your pleasure, doesn't it?'

'I should have thought it would increase it,' said Philip. 'It would show your great power over him that you should be able to compel him

to do things against his will.'

Miss Jennings deliberated. 'Perhaps you are right,' she said at last. 'I hadn't thought of it that way. Still, his back-chat used to worry me to death. And his temper! It was so fierce, I was frightened of him. He would carry on something dreadful at times.'

'In what way?'

'Well, supposing I made an appointment with him, and changed my mind and didn't go'----

'Did you do that often?'

'Oh yes, sometimes. It's a good thing to do,' explained the experienced Miss Jennings. 'If you don't act like that sometimes—promise to meet him somewhere, and then forget—a man begins to think he's engaged to you. If a girl doesn't respect herself, who else will? That's what I say. Then his jealousy—my word!'

For a moment Miss Jennings' cheerful little Cockney voice grew quite shrill. Then came an expressive silence, which Philip construed as an aposiopesic allusion to the young gentleman whose face had been pushed in.

'Still,' he persisted gently, 'you were fond of him?'

Miss Jennings did not answer immediately. 'I suppose I was,' she admitted at last. 'But I think I was more sorry for him, if you know what I mean. He didn't know how to look after himself; he was like a child, he wanted a nurse. But if ever I did try to do anything for him he took it up wrong. He thought I was getting soft on him, and before you could turn round he was trying to lord it over me. No, this affair never came to anything. It never could; we were made too different, both of us. Forget it!'

Miss Jennings ceased, and surveyed the long moonlit streak of foam astern rather wistfully. To-night the land she knew and the man she had been sorry for seemed to have receded to infinity; over the bow of the ship the unknown was creeping, hand over hand, inexorably. She sighed, and then shivered. She was realising the truth of her own dictum on the subject of a woman's inability to be sensible all the time.

Then the voice of Philip broke the silence, expounding the simple philosophy of his simple 'Do you know,' he said, 'I think that all things are possible to two people who are prepared to make allowances for one another? You and the man you speak of both possess strong natures. You both wanted to be master. You both hated conceding anything. He regarded the acts of worship that a woman expects of the man who loves her as a form of humiliation; his idea was to make good by more material homage—presents, theatres, and so on. So he, when he made actual love to you, did so reluctantly and half-heartedly, didn't he?'

'I should think he did!' affirmed the epicurean

Miss Jennings.

'While you, afraid of being put under an obligation, could never accept his gifts and his arrangements for your entertainment without just a little-what shall we say !-- a dash of vinegar.'

The girl nodded. 'That's it,' she said.

'Now,' proceeded Philip, too much immersed in his subject to be surprised at his own fluency, 'when two people who love one another reach that stage they must get over it at once, or there will be friction, and finally disaster. Each must learn at once to consider things from the other's point of view-make allowances, in fact. Brand ought to'

Who?' inquired a sharp voice at his side.

'Brand. It was Brand, wasn't it?'
Miss Jennings nodded. 'Yes,' she said simply, 'it was Brand. Go on.'

Brand,' continued Philip, 'ought to have remembered that you were a woman, with all a woman's reserve and instinct of self-defence; and that you could not be expected to wear your heart upon your sleeve.'

'Yes, he ought to have remembered that,' agreed Miss Jennings. 'But what about me? What should I have remembered?' She appeared

almost anxious to be scolded.

'This,' said Philip, 'that Brand was a proud, passionate man, of very humble birth, terrified of showing you his heart and being laughed at for his pains

The girl nodded again. 'Yes,' she said, 'you are right. I ought to have remembered that. forgot his feelings sometimes. Poor Bob!' she

added pensively.

'So you see,' concluded Philip, thankful to feel that his homily was almost delivered, 'if only you two could get accustomed to regarding one another in that light, the barrier would be down for ever. A barrier can never stand for a moment when it is attacked from both sides. Make allowances, Miss Jennings! Make allowances! Get to know one another; study one another; appreciate one another! Then Brand

can pour out for you all that shy worship of his without fear of indifference or ridicule, and you can surrender with all the honour of war. Will you try?'

'Will I try?' echoed Miss Jennings wonder-

'Isn't it a little late in the day?'

'Well, would you try?'

'Would I?' Miss Jennings' voice suddenly 'What's the use of my trying?' she demanded chokingly. 'Bob's on the other side of the world now, taken up with another girl as likely as not. What's the good of asking me what I would do when I can't do it?'

She was crying in earnest now.

'Supposing — just supposing' —

Philip.

'Oh, stop your supposing!' the girl blazed out passionately. 'Don't you see I can't bear it? I want him! I'm frightened of everything, and I want Bob! And it's too late!'

'Stay exactly where you are for about five minutes,' commanded Philip; and he disappeared

in the darkness.

A few minutes later Bath-Steward Brand was incurring the risk of ignominious expulsion from the service of the merchant marine by trespassing upon a portion of the deck strictly reserved for passengers.

Philip went to bed.

Philip, leaning over the forward rail of the boat-deck and surveying the silhouette of New York, rising like a row of irregular teeth upon the distant horizon, talked to himself to keep

his spirits up.

'Theophilus, my lad'—he liked to call himself by that name, because Peggy had sometimes used it-'so far, your scheme of fresh fields and pastures new has turned out a fizzle. You took this trip in order to see new faces and make new friends, and generally put the past behind you. The net result is that you have not made a single new acquaintance. Instead, you have devoted your entire energies to interfering in the affairs of a second-class lady passenger and a bathsteward, neither of whom can be described under any circumstances as a new friend. You must make a real effort when you land.'

But fate was against him. He descended to the saloon, and having there satisfied an immigration official, sitting behind a pile of papers, that he was neither a pauper, a lunatic, nor an anarchist; could read and write; and was not suffering from any disease of the eyeball, purchased one of the newspapers which the pilot had brought on board in the early morning, and retired to a sunny corner to occupy himself, after a week's abstention, in getting abreast of the news of the day. He unfolded the crackling sheet.

It was his first introduction to that stupendous

organ of private opinion, the American newspaper. When he had recovered his breath, and the shouting scare lines had focussed themselves into some sort of proportion, he worked methodically through the entire journal, discovering ultimately, to his relief, that nothing very dreadful had happened after all. He had almost finished, when his eye fell upon a small paragraph at the foot of a column, with its headlines set in comparatively modest type:

'CUPID GETS BUSY IN THE STUDIO.

WELL-KNOWN BRITISH PAINTERS WED.

LOVE COMES LATE IN LIFE

TO MONTAGU FALCONER,

ASSOCIATE OF BRITISH ACADEMY,

AND JEAN LESLIE, FAMOUS WOMAN MINIATURIST.

'We cull the following from the London Times:
"FALCONER—LESLIE.—At St Peter's, Eaton
Square, on the 4th inst., Montagu Falconer,
A.R.A., to Jean Leslie, only daughter of the
late General Sir Ian Leslie, V.C., of Inverdurie,
Inverness-shire."

A quarter of a column followed, expatiating upon the fact that the wedding took place very quietly at ten o'clock in the morning, and that reporters had met with a discouraging reception

from the bridegroom. Then came a list of Montagu's best-known pictures. But Philip did not read it. He threw the paper down on deck, and started to his feet.

The Bosphorus had come to a standstill at the opening of her berth, waiting for the tugs to turn her in. Protruding from the next opening was the forepart of a monster liner, from whose four funnels smoke was spouting.

Philip inquired of a passing quartermaster,

'What ship is that, please?'

'The Caspian, sir. Our record-breaker!' said the man, with proper pride. 'She sails for Liverpool at noon.'

Half-an-hour later Philip found himself and his belongings dumped upon the continent of America.

A minion of the rapacious but efficient ring of buccaneers which controls the entire transport system of the United States confronted him. 'Where shall I express your baggage?' he inquired.

inquired.
'You can put it on board the Caspian,' replied

Philip.

'Gee!' remarked the express-man admiringly.
'You are some hustler, ain't you?'

'I am,' said Philip—'this trip! Get busy!'

(Continued on page 532.)

THE MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS OF SOUTH WALES.

By A. G. BRADLEY, Author of Highways and Byways in North Wales, Highways and Byways in South Wales, The March and Borderland of Wales, &c.

THE average Briton has usually a more or less clear impression that, for physical beauty and distinction, North Wales and the Lake District stand, so far as England and Wales are concerned, in a class by themselves. Unlike many other impressions, this one is of course absolutely justified by fact. Sometimes, however, an aberration seizes him. He forgets all about these outstanding regions, and writes to the halfpenny press as a correspondent or essayist to assure the world that the county in which his more or less suburban home is situated-Surrey, Kent, Herts, Sussex, or what not—is the most beautiful in England! You may be tolerably sure that this type of 'positivist' spends most of his holidays abroad, and only his week-ends in exploring his native land. But between the pleasant, low-pitched, over-built, over-populous, and rather waterless home counties and the sublimity of the two districts above named there is a prodigious gap. Within this gap lie hundreds of square miles of various regions that the Londoner and the 'Greater Londoner' who between them do so large a share of the writing and talking in modern England know next to nothing about. I allude chiefly to that class of country which approximates in varying degrees to the two first-named famous districts; which belongs,

in short, to the type that finds in them its highest expression. Devon and Cornwall, though of the type, are exceptions to this blankness of mind. They have been prodigiously 'written up,' and the enterprising railroads which lead thither have supported the fertile pens of their patriotic illuminators with all their might. Among those Londoners and south-countrymen who do not go abroad as a matter of course for their holidays, and who belong to any grade of the writing profession, Devon and Cornwall have indeed become something of a cult. For continuity of noble seacoast they stand beyond doubt unrivalled. But inland Devon, about half of which is beautiful—and I know the whole county—with a much higher standard of beauty than any other southern, midland, or eastern county, is nevertheless the subject of a good deal of immoderate and illconsidered gush by journalists and novelists other than those admirable native writers of fiction in which the west has been so prolific, and to whom the patriotic note is natural.

But how many of these south-countryfolk who make such professions of knowing and of loving their own land have any familiarity with, say, the Yorkshire dales, the Cheviots, and the Border country; with Central and South Wales, or the lovely bordering regions of South

Shropshire, Hereford, and Monmouth? The three last named are beautiful not merely in portions, like Devon, but all over. Their wild, heather-clad moorlands rise higher and bolder than Exmoor or Dartmoor. The hilltops of their enclosed lower districts, averaging the altitude of those of the West of England, are not always bare and criss-crossed rectangularly with bank fences, as those of the west nearly always are, but are usually draped to the summit with rich deciduous That peculiar brilliancy of colouring due to a soft, moist climate, which the man of southeast England is not used to, and does not miss as the westerner does instantly upon going east, is common, of course, to the whole of West Britain. The rivers of Devon are charming. But the Dart, their acknowledged queen, which I have known all my life from its source to its mouth, is not comparable to the Wye nor equal to the Usk, though Breconshire claims the best of the lastnamed. How should it be? Where on its lower portions is the like of Symons-Yat or the Wyndcliff? Holne Chase, too, is beautiful. But for over fifty long miles, from its birth in old Plinlimmon, the Upper Wye surges through a blend of wild moorland, woody vale, and craggy mountain whose uninterrupted glories never for a moment fail. Where, again, is a river in the West of England that an impartial soul who knows both districts (that is the trouble!) could honestly class with those twenty odd miles between Brecon and Abergavenny, where the Usk in its wide rocky bed foams through luxuriant woods and parklands overhung upon both sides by mountains of from two to nearly three thousand feet in altitude? Yet few outsiders, save a certain number of scurrying motorists who get a mere glimpse of them, know anything of the Wye and the Usk and their many lusty and lovely tributaries.

Having thus brought the reader to the Wye and the Usk, we have arrived at the immediate subject of this paper, which, for want of any concrete designation, I have labelled 'The Mountain Wilderness of South Wales.' Perhaps Central Wales would be a more strictly accurate definition; but the counties of Radnor, Brecon. Cardigan, and Carmarthen are South Welsh by habit, temperament, traditions, and speech (where the old tongue exists), and are all south of the line which, with nowadays no particular significance, divides the Principality in half. Portions of Montgomery—which county roughly covers the old Kingdom of Powys, but is generally ranked nowadays as North Wales—lie, to be sure, within the area above indicated; but such precision is of trifling import to our purpose here.

Now railroads, prosaic though the method be, can be best utilised for delimiting this wild upland country for the simple reason that they have never achieved a passage through it, and so skirt its edges. In brief, then, the North-Western line, after crossing the broad, impetuous

Wye at Builth Junction, and ascending the exquisite valley of the Yrfon to the high pass of the Sugar Loaf, to run down thence to the lower Vale of Towy and Carmarthen, forms its southern boundary. The Cambrian, which has come up from Brecon and the Black Mountains, following the Wye through the wonderful gorges of Abereddw and Erwood, here at Builth Road station takes up the eastern delimitation of our Wilderness, and traces it accurately through about thirty-five miles of most lovely scenery. till at Moat Lane it strikes at right angles the main line of its system, which English tourists bound for Aberystwith, Barmouth, and the west coast watering-places know so well. The northern boundary of the parallelogram which the Wilderness roughly forms is now taken up and run by this familiar rail-route, down the Dovey valley to Machynlleth and the sea. All to the north or right of this line is the North Wales of popular knowledge; all to the south of it, save a few trifling fringes and one mountain, is a terra incognita to the English tourist, and indeed to most Welshmen. From a point on this line, say Machynlleth, to a point on the North-Western line, say the small spas of Llanwrtyd and Llangammarch, at the southern extremity of the Wilderness, is about forty miles as the crow flies. But even a stout walker who knew the interior would think twice before undertaking to cover the distance in two days, so rough, steep, and severe is the walking, so numerous and farspreading are the bogs, so tangled the wiry moorland grasses over vast areas where the sheep's tooth rarely bites, so lacking in paths or trails but those faintly traced by the shepherd or the turf-cart. It used to be said quite lately that you could travel from the Dovey valley to that of the Usk ten miles south of our southern boundary, in all about fifty miles, across the grain of the hills without encountering a fence or even a wire. I think you might almost do so still.

Only one road worthy of the name goes through these mountains from the English side to the long, crescent-shaped county of Cardigan and the seacoast. This road alone has faced the forty miles of barrier which has as yet defied railroads, and made of Cardiganshire for all time a sort of 'back of beyond' country, intensely Welsh, but Welsh of a type of its own, and no bad one either. Any Welshman can tell a 'Cardy' almost at sight. This single bisecting road crosses 'the mountains of Elenydd'-as Giraldus Cambrensis, seven centuries ago, called our Wilderness, which has now no concrete name-nearer its northern boundary. It runs up the westward-bending Upper Wye to its sources, and then, climbing at one thousand three hundred feet the toe of old Plinlimmon, drops down towards Aberystwith and that lovely north corner of Cardiganshire which a great wateringplace has long ago made its own, and cut off

from the placid, unvisited isolation of the rest of the long shire. In coaching times this was a famous, well-graded, though narrow road. A dozen years back it was in parts grass-grown, and chiefly used by sheep-farmers or their wives jogging pony-back to Rhayader or Llanidloes market. Now it is a popular motor-track from England to Aberystwith and the west coast. About two hundred cars and heaven knows how many lesser but noisier fry go tearing over it every August day, waking the echoes of the high solitudes to the right and left, of which not a passenger among them all knows, or appears anxious to know, anything. And I speak from uncommon opportunities for prolonged observation. queer twenty-foot-wide streak this of dusty, humming, discordant life shricking through an area of four hundred square miles that is elsewhere absolutely silent but for the sheep's bleat, the call of curlew, or the plash of streams; a country of whose inwardness and character scarcely one of all this hurtling throng through all the summer days and weeks has even the dimmest conception.

Into its eastern fringe the Birmingham Corporation, to be sure, has thrust a chain of reservoirs; in effect, however, lovely mountain and hill-girt lakes, fed by the clear waters of the Elan and the Claerwen, upon whose sources in the heart of the wilds scarcely a human eye but that of the shepherd ever rests. A single well-made road skirting the lakes terminates for wheel traffic at their head. Motors from distant centres ramp along it at twenty odd miles an hour, spend five minutes at the top dam, and tear back again. But behind the lakes the wild, silent uplands roll away westward to Cardiganshire untrodden and unknown. Here and there, in the interior valleys, the small white homestead of a large sheep-run, amid a thin screen of foliage and a splash of green paddock, stands at the stream's edge; little oases of humanity that only serve to emphasise the solitude, and where the English tongue is but ill understood. There are no fences anywhere. The sheep, as in Cumberland, range where they will, but by habit and instinct regard the unmarked boundary of their neighbours, perhaps five miles away, with the same curious precision as those of the northern fells. These are the poorest Highland pasturespoorer than those of North Wales—outside the most Alpine parts of Scotland. From the sterility of the soil, the boggy nature of both glen and hilltop, it takes more acres to carry a sheep than in most other British uplands. A flock of three or four thousand require a much wider range; while the little-horned, white-faced sheep themselves are the smallest and hardiest, and have a tougher fight for their living than any known to me. It is from this country that the best Welsh mutton comes. Ponies, too, are freely bred in this Wilderness-little, shaggy, wild brutes that scuttle away at the sight of man, or pose unconsciously upon the tops of hills or crags with picturesque effect.

Sheets of heather blaze here and there upon the higher steeps amid the green and russet of the bog and moor grasses, while at times great brakes of gorse or bracken in their respective glories of blossom and decay illuminate the scene. Many a noble cliff and leaping cataract unknown to fame lies hidden here. Tarns or llyns that no outsider but an occasional angler of the hardier kind ever sees nestle sombrely in some mountain shoulder or glimmer brightly between the folds of smoother hills. The grouse, though indigenous, are so few and scattered that sport in a commercial sense has never exploited these Highlands. So for forty miles, from north to south, there is practically no keepering. Hence this country has become pre-eminently the last refuge of the greater birds of prey, a fact the English egg-stealer knows only too well. Fortunately the Ornithological Society is alert, and means are taken, through the agency of sheep-farmers within and naturalists just without, to watch the Here alone, save, I believe, in parts of wilder Scotland, the kite still breeds, while ravens and buzzards abound.

Many rivers, including those famous ones, the Wye and Severn-of which anon-find their birthplace and spend their infancy in these wilds. The Towy, born in the heart of them, urges its impetuous waters for miles and miles through the winding troughs of the hills. Cutting deep gorges through the dark silurian rock underlying wild peaty glens, it eventually breaks away into the fringes of civilisation, and runs its enchanting course to Llandovery through the wooded mountain vales of Ystryd-ffin and Newadd-fawr. The Teivy, rising in its two remote natal tarns, finds ultimately its way out into the sylvan beauties of Cardiganshire by the ruins of Ystradfflur, that once great abbey where lies the dust of the ancient princes of South Wales. The Elan and the Claerwen, till throttled by the great lakes they have been forced to feed, run the same wild, impetuous course. So too the Doethea, the Ystwith, the Yrfon, the Cothi, and many a smaller stream; and as they leap down out of the Wilderness into the beautiful pastoral scenery of South Wales what scenes are here! East or west, north or south-Cardigan, Carmarthen, Brecon, Radnor, or Montgomery, it matters nothing-are rich mantling woods and wild crags, green timbered parkland and heathery heights, swirling salmon-pool, and embowered homesteads, all and always in delightful blend. A country for the gods, but known of few mortals outside its borders.

A few words must be said of that lesser portion of the Wilderness which lies to the north of the above-mentioned Aberystwith road—in other words, between the Upper Wye and the Dovey—comprising roughly a third of the whole. For old Plinlimmon here raises her two summits;

and, though not 'popular,' a few people every summer drive up from Aberystwith, ascend one of them, and drive back again. An occasional enthusiast even visits the sources of the Severn, Wye, and Rheidol, all of which rivers, the schoolboy is supposed to know, spring from the bosom of Plinlimmon. So this northern portion, mainly in Montgomeryshire, is not quite such a terra incognita as the mountains to the southward. But here again is a fine waste of moorland and mountain! Purple and tawny, russet and green; and, as seen from Plinlimmon, twinkling with tarns and with the brief flashes of impetuous streams hurrying toward the sea, it covers an area of some hundred and fifty or two hundred square miles into which few travellers penetrate. I have stood on Plinlimmon under many conditions of weather and season, and regard it as in some ways the most inspiring view in the whole Principality, for it commands both north and south, the world-famous mountain ranges of the one, the unknown mountain ranges of the other, and indeed much more. For at a glance you can see the iron coast of Pembroke craning far and dimly seaward, and beyond the lateral ridges of the Wilderness on whose western edge Plinlimmon stands, the blue peaks and caps

of the Black Mountain ranges fifty miles away closing the entire southern horizon. It is something, too, to be able to trace from their very cradle at your feet the twisting valleys of the Wye and the Severn; the latter, to where those noble pillars of the gateway into Powysland and mid-Wales, the Breidden, mark the entry of the by now lusty river into England. While as for the Wye, you can easily follow its course, if you know your Wales, through its maze of hills and mountains to that remoter gateway of South Wales where the eastern heights of the Black Mountain (two thousand six hundred feet) frown across the verdant vale of Glasbury to the opposing grouse-moors of Radnor Forest, and the opulent charms of Herefordshire receive into their embrace the queen of all English rivers.

'Is South Wales pretty? Dear me! I didn't realise that,' says one's table neighbour, who has just been gushing about Surrey commons or the Weald of Kent. Pretty! What can one say to such banalities except that it is something a good deal more than that; and add, perhaps, that the glamour of a romantic past, historical and Arthurian, lies all over it, expressed even to the dullest senses by a wealth of medieval castles unequalled elsewhere in Britain?

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

By W. G. LITT.

PART I.

'AND why are you wearing that piece of diseased oak-tree?' I asked, pointing to the oak-apple in Dick Peterson's button-hole.

The famous scout smiled at his wife before he answered, 'Oh, because it's Oak-ball Day.'

'What rubbish!' I ejaculated. 'I'm not much of a hand at history; but even I know that the proper day on which to wear that product of the *Cynips* insect is the one on which the third Stuart king'—

But he interrupted me with, 'That's another anniversary; this is the date Nancy and I celebrate. Did you never hear the story, Litt? Well, as you're so keen on history, you shall have it; maybe it will call to your mind various episodes that appeal to youth.'

It would hardly be fair, and certainly not permissible, to record here exactly the remarks which Captain Peterson, D.S.O., addressed to the huge airship that winged its way, like some huge, buzzing insect, toward London. Yet there was every excuse for the scout's language, since the mastery of the air had given, as years before all the careful observers had known it must, the mastery of the earth as well; and now the Westrian forces were drawing ever closer the noose about London's throat.

Time and again had General Sir Arthur Bollies attempted one of those sorties for which his name will always be famous in military annals. Ever had there hovered above his troops those terrible new engines of war, dealing death and destruction to the helpless soldiers beneath. Nor was that all; for, furnished with ample warning of the British attack, and with a knowledge of its numbers and objective, the Westrians were able to oppose an overwhelming force.

But close as was the Westrian ring, it had proved quite inadequate to prevent Dick Peterson from passing out under cover of darkness. Now he was waiting upon the river-bank until night should once more allow him to move. But, for all that, he was keeping a keen lookout along the white road, whose length he could see for some two miles, save where, half a mile away, it passed within a patch of woodland.

Suddenly he leapt to his feet with an exclamation of astonishment. Away down the road a figure upon a bicycle had come into view, and was scorching madly in his direction. In a moment he had raised his prismatic glasses to his eyes; but his astonishment was rather increased than lessened when he realised that it was a woman who rode toward him.

Obviously there must be some reason for that

frantic haste, and the cloud of dust that rose some distance behind her supplied him with the explanation.

'Somebody's after her—horses, I fancy, from the dust,' he muttered. 'If she's English—what else should she be'—it can only be Westrians that ride them. Whoever she is,' he continued, 'she's bringing them right on the top of me.'

For a moment he thought of getting away whilst yet there was time; but then the curiosity that always mastered him at the sight of anything that required an explanation which he failed to find mastered him, and he remained watching.

Soon his eyes told him that his surmise as to the Westrian soldiers had been true enough, for he could see some half-dozen of them spurring madly after the girl. She herself was drawing very close to him—how close he failed to realise until he heard her scream and the crash of her falling bicycle.

Before the words were out of his mouth he was upon the road, and, stooping over the girl, helped her to rise. There was a nasty cut upon her forehead, and she swayed and would have fallen again but for his arm around her.

'Steady, steady!' he said soothingly; 'there's no hurry.' A remark that was hardly true; for, though luckily the Westrians were for the moment out of sight, there was most urgent need of haste.

The girl seemed oblivious of everything save that he wore a British uniform and must be a friend. 'Listen,' she gasped. 'There's a huge petrol-store two miles from here. Now get off and leave me, or they'll catch the two of us.'

He looked swiftly round him before he answered with a monosyllable, 'Come!' and, picking up the bicycle with his free hand, brought her through the gap in the hedge.

'But they're bound to search, and the bicycle will tell them I'm not far away,' she objected.

'Well, so much for that tell-tale article,' he laughed, and, with a heave, flung it into the muddy stream. 'I'm sorry if it's yours,' he added; 'but, in any case, it was badly damaged.'

Amazed, she glanced at the man who in the stress of that moment could be calm enough to speak of trifles.

But in a moment he was speaking rapidly. 'Can you climb? Good! Well, then, up this tree you go. I'll help you as much as I can.'

In Peterson's own words to me, 'It was one of the most awkward jobs I ever tried. It wasn't at all an easy tree to climb, and to get a half-stunned girl up it in something less than a minute was smartish work. But, once we were up it, it wasn't at all a bad hiding-place, for there was a great mass of ivy amongst the

higher branches, amidst which we perched like a couple of sparrows. I'd often wondered what pheasants must feel like when the covers are being beaten. Well, I hadn't long to wait before I knew.'

Of course the marks of the accident must have been fairly clear upon the road, and the Westrians reined up. Then, catching sight of the fresh blood, they got down from their horses and spread around.

Suddenly the hearts of the two listeners in the ivy leapt to their throats, for they heard a man's voice crying, 'You, Bartoff, get up one of these trees and find out if there's anything to be seen from there.'

Looking down the trunk, Peterson realised that in hiding where he had done he had made a serious mistake, since, naturally, being the highest tree, it was the one the soldier made for. There was now no means of rectifying that blunder; so, with a philosophical smile at his own foolishness, the scout drew his automatic pistol softly from its holster and watched the Westrian's upward progress.

In a few more feet the man must have detected them; indeed, he would probably even then have caught sight of them had he looked carefully; but he was hot and stiff from the saddle, and rather fat for such exercise; so he kept his eyes fixed upon the branches he was clutching. At last the ivy caught his gaze, and he paused suddenly.

A more impetuous man than Peterson would have fired then, but the scout's motto of 'The greater haste the less speed' restrained him. Besides, when one comes to think of it, the pistol-shot would have betrayed the hiding-place even more effectually than the Westrian's voice.

But, as it happened, the soldier had seen nothing, or rather, having noticed the ivy, had hailed its presence as a welcome excuse for not climbing farther.

'There's nothing but ivy above me,' he shouted down. 'If I get into that I sha'n't be able to see anything.'

'Well, then, look about you from where you are,' came the reply.

For a few moments the man obeyed the order, then, seeing nothing, slid awkwardly down to earth again.

It was then, when everything seemed running smoothly, when the pressing danger was over for the moment, that the girl almost fell. Out of the corner of his eye Peterson saw her sway, and clutched madly at her. For a moment they hung in the balance before he managed to steady himself and the fainting girl.

The Westrians were clearly far from satisfied with the results of their search; but at last, to Peterson's intense relief, they got mounted once more and went clattering down the road.

Immediately Peterson made haste to get the girl into a more secure position, and finally con-

trived to strap her firmly to a branch by means of the leathern belt from off his waist. he pulled out his flask and held it to her lips.

Gasping with the taste of the neat brandy, she opened her eyes and looked wildly round. 'Where am I?' she questioned. 'Oh, of course I remember now. You came out into the road suddenly, and '-

'Yes,' he smiled, 'I didn't think you knew much of what you were doing. But we're safe enough here for the present. Your friends have

Thank God!' she said. 'I'm not frightened of what they might do to me, but I've found out something that may be very valuable to the British, and I was trying to reach them.'

The thought occurred to Peterson's mind that her chances of ultimately reaching her objective must have been extremely slight, since, fleeing from the danger behind, she must have ridden straight upon the rear of the Westrian outposts. But he only said, 'Yes, you'd found out something about a petrol-store.

'You know? Oh, I suppose I must have muttered something about it as you bent over me. Yes, there's a huge store of petrol only

about two miles away.

'Where the airships get their supplies?'

'Yes; it's the aircraft depot. There must be thousands and thousands of gallons there. I managed to get quite close to it during the night.'

'Hardly a woman's job,' he remarked with a

'Oh, I know you'll think it foolish that a girl should do a thing like that; but, oh, I wanted to do something that mattered! Other girls have taken to hospital work, but I couldn't bear the sight of blood and wounds.'

'I see,' he nodded.

'I thought perhaps they wouldn't suspect a woman, even if they saw her. I was successful up to a point, for I got right up to the iron fence about the place, and in the moonlight I could make out a lot of the hangars, as well as the mountain of petrol-casks.'

Peterson whistled softly. 'So that's where their airships roost, is it? You stumbled on a

big thing. What sort of a fence was it?'
'I know what you're thinking of. Unfortunately it's quite unclimbable. It's about fifteen feet high, with sharp spikes on the top, and the bars are only a few inches apart.'

'I know the sort of thing. It's the kind of fencing you sometimes see round parks, eh?'

'Yes, that's just it. Well, I was done then, for there was only one entrance to the place; and a company of soldiers was on guard there. It was getting light, too.

'Pretty well protected!'

'Yes; and these men were very wide awake. They nearly caught me; but I managed to reach my bicycle, and then I rode'—— She stopped suddenly, for Peterson seemed to be paying no further attention.

He was not, for all his thoughts were centred on that petrol-store.

'What's the ground like on the other side of the fence, supposing one did manage to get over it?' he asked presently. 'Is there long grass or bushes that would conceal a man?'

She shook her head. 'No; it's just bare earth.

He laughed. 'Rather smart of them; but then they 're all that. They don't mean to run any risk of the grass being fired. So the ground's quite smooth—quite? I don't want much to conceal me.'

'It's as smooth as a billiard-ball,' she said, 'except for occasional little channels about six inches wide and deep. I noticed that they ran from the casks to the fencing. I suppose they are to drain away any petrol that leaks, or the rainwater. But you certainly won't be able to crawl up one of those gutters. Besides, you can make up your mind that the fence is quite unscalable.

'Very well, I'll give up that idea, as you're so definite on the point. How far apart are the railings ?

'I could get my hand through, but the thick

part of my arm wouldn't pass.'
'I see. Thank you very much. I wonder if you'd mind if I were to smoke? I always think better when I'm doing that.'

'Of course I don't,' she laughed, and watched him fill and light his pipe. Then he seemed to forget her presence, for his eyes were fixed on vacancy, and once or twice when she spoke to him he did not answer.

So the long hours dragged slowly on. casionally, uncomfortable as was her position, she dozed, but ever and anon when she opened her eyes and glanced at him he was puffing hard at his pipe or knocking out the ashes preparatory to filling it again.

It was only when the shadows of night fell that he roused himself from his reverie and once

more became his own alert self.

'I'm so sorry you've had such a dull time,' he said apologetically. 'Why, I don't even know your name ?'

'Nancy Rollies.'

'The same name as the General's!'

'Naturally; I'm his daughter.

'My name's Dick Peterson. Can I give any message to your father? I shall be seeing him to-night.'

'Can't you take me with you?'

He shook his head decidedly at that. 'Quite impossible. I've got to get through the Westrian outposts before I reach London, and then I've got to get back here again. But you'd be of the greatest possible assistance to me when I return if you wouldn't mind waiting. I hope to be back at about one o'clock.'

'Of course I'll wait. So you think you can make some use of the knowledge I've given you?

Do you think '——
'I don't know,' he said, 'but I'm going to try. So far, I've not even decided what can be done: but there's bound to be some solution of the puzzle if one could only come across it.'

'Give my love to my father. Take great care of yourself, King Charles,' she said, and breaking off an oak-apple, stuck it in his button-hole.

- Oh, I see! Hiding in an oaktree, eh? Yes, I'll take care. Good-bye until a little after midnight.'

She saw his figure reach the ground and slip into the undergrowth. Then she was alone.

Dick Peterson strode swiftly along the road to London; but when his quick ears warned him of men moving in front of him, he left the road

and took to the open country.

His experience of last night had told him exactly where the Westrian outposts were. Passing through the sentry groups from the rear presented little difficulty to the scout, since those groups were only watching for an enemy from their front; and if the little stream, with its four inches of water, was an uncomfortable path to travel, at any rate it offered ample concealment for his purpose.

Luck seemed to be favouring him. For at the headquarters of the commander of the British outpost line he found the General's A.D.C. just

about to start his motor.

'Hallo, Peterson!' that officer exclaimed.
'Hallo, Tyans! I say, you're just the man
I want. Get me back to the General at once, will you!'

Captain Tyans smiled. 'Right-o; jump in. Always in a hurry, aren't you, Peterson? You're the most impatient devil I know, always excepting the old man, who to-night is even more impatient than usual.'

Oh!'

'Yes. I say, you've not missed much, or,

rather, you've missed a great deal to-day. infernal airships have been playing Old Harry with London. Most of the imposing modern residences are now in ruins; and, though you could hardly include the Bank of England in that category, the Westrians have been paying considerable attention to it. Their bombs were quite effective on its flat roof. I never knew before what good burning material bank-notes

By now they had crossed Hampstead Heath and were dipping down the long slope of Haverstock Hill into Kentish Town. Presently they swung round the bend of Park Street into Regent's Park, where Captain Tyans pulled up the motor before a group of tents that faced the entrance to the Zoological Gardens.

With a nod to Peterson, he hastened to the General's tent, and came back directly to say, 'The old man will see you in ten minutes.'

'But I'm in a hurry, man.'

'My experience of Generals does not incline me to advise you to thrust yourself upon Artie before he wants you. I say, whilst you're waiting, come and have some cold monkey.'

"Eh?"

'Yes; I'm a bit of a forager, and it struck me that there was a nice little larder over the way, so I went to prospect this afternoon. The same idea seems to have occurred to other brilliant intellects, though, and I believe monkey's now "hoff." Lion is thin and rather scraggy, and I don't recommend it. I say, Peterson, there are plenty of nice, fat, poisonous snakes still left. They don't seem to be in much demand, though I dare say one couldn't tell the difference between them and eels if they were stewed, eh?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' Peterson said. rather conservative in my tastes.' But, for all that, he munched gladly at the monkey-steak until the ten minutes were up, and slipped a

couple of army biscuits into his pocket.

(Continued on page 536.)

GATEWAY OF THE WEST. THE

By HAROLD BENTLEY, Author of Shipbuilding To-day, &c.

WITHIN the massive walls of a newly constructed administration building, looking out over the busy estuary of the Mersey, throbs the heart of one of the greatest ports in the

It was not until the early part of the nineteenth century that the geographical advantages of this port, which is the natural western gateway to the great industrial districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, began steadily to raise her from little more than a harbour of refuge to her present enviable position in the world of commerce. Since that date, however, Liverpool's progress has been as phenomenal as it has

been continuous. Her export trade has grown to such dimensions that it is now greater than that of any other port in the United Kingdom, whilst her import trade is second only to that of London, and vastly exceeds that of the other leading British ports. As an illustration of the magnitude of her trade it need only be mentioned that 90 per cent. of the cotton imported into Great Britain passes through Liverpool, and such valuable commodities as tobacco, grain, wool, sugar, provisions, and fruit are handled in large quantities.

It is beyond question that from a geographical point of view Liverpool stands without a rival in the world. Her broad, deep estuary forms a safe and convenient harbour for vessels of every size and description, from the mammoth Atlantic liner to the small coasting-steamer, from the huge four-masted sailer to the humble fishing-trawler. Her magnificent deep-water docks are shut off from the river by solid granite walls pierced here and there by ponderous gates of seasoned greenheart and stoutest steel. Once within the seclusion of these walls, where the water is maintained at a fairly constant level, ships can remain affoat for any length of time without being affected by troublesome tidal variations.

As we approach the mouth of the estuary from the sea almost the first objects which arrest the attention are two military forts which lie one on each side of the river entrance, set like sentinels to guard the commerce of this great gateway of the sea. One of these, known as the Perch Rock Battery, is built on an isolated rock, abreast of New Brighton, on the Cheshire shore. The other, called the Seaforth Battery, forms a fitting frontispiece to the long, unbroken line of docks which stretches for a distance of over eight miles along the Lancashire side of the river. Sailing up this side of the river, we are soon opposite the large modern docks, whose wellshedded quays, served by innumerable lines of rail, bristle with up-to-date appliances for the rapid and economical handling of cargoes, and where the great Atlantic liners, such as the Lusitania and Mauretania, are berthed to receive and discharge their immense freights; then come the smaller central docks which are used by medium-sized craft and coasting-vessels.

At this point we are confronted by a long rectangular building of colossal dimensions, with its narrow end abutting towards the river-front. This structure, which is the largest of its kind in the world, is the great tobacco warehouse belonging to the port authority, wherein are stored thousands of hogsheads of the fragrant weed. For the benefit of those who are familiar with Liverpool, it may be mentioned that if St George's Hall in Lime Street could be lifted bodily from its present position and dropped through the roof of this warehouse it would disappear from view, and there would still be room for one or two picture palaces in addition.

The famous Landing-Stage and Riverside Railway Station adjoining, so much patronised by American passengers passing through the port, are the next most important objects which meet the eye. The stage, which is constructed on floating pontoons, is nearly half a mile in length, and is connected with the shore by strong iron bridges, one of which, known as the Floating Roadway, is used for vehicular traffic. The largest transatlantic liners come alongside this stage on their arrival at, and departure from, the port at all states of the tide, and embark and disembark their passengers, baggage, mails, specie,

&c., thus avoiding the inconvenience which formerly existed of transferring them to a tender in mid-stream and thence to the shore. It may be here mentioned that Liverpool's ocean-going passenger traffic is greater than that of all the other British ports combined.

Opposite the southern extremity of this great landing-stage, but set well back from the riverfront, rise the grim, gray granite walls of the Royal Liver Building, the head-offices of the well-known friendly society of that name. gigantic edifice, built on the ferro-concrete principle, is distinctly American in appearance. and has been described as the first European skyscraper. It has no less than eleven floors under the main roof, and the domes of its two clock-towers rise to a height of nearly three hundred feet above the pavement-level. A short distance to the southward are the new offices of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, to which allusion is made at the beginning of this article. Surmounted by a dome over its centre and a minaret at each of its four corners, the beautiful exterior of this building contrasts strangely with the commercial aspect of the Liver offices. the exception of the Government offices in Whitehall, the Dock Board building is probably the finest of its kind in the United Kingdom. Two handsome statues worked in stone, and respectively representing Industry and Commerce, stand one on each side of its main doorway; whilst two large spheres, on which maps of the world are picked out in gold relief, form appropriate ornaments over the granite pillars of its outer entrance-gate.

Moving farther up the stream, we pass great warehouses filled with tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, wool, and such-like commodities, and shortly arrive opposite a tall red-brick silo built on the quay of one of the southern docks. This building, known as the Coburg Granary, is capable of holding enormous stocks of wheat, and is only one of several similar storehouses within the precincts of the port.

Away in the distance, high on the summit of one of the city's slopes, the new cathedral, which is at present in course of construction, is plainly visible from this part of the river. This noble edifice, of which Liverpool has just reason to be proud, is being built after the designs of Mr Gilbert Scott and the late Mr G. F. Bodley, R.A., and will, when finished, be one of the finest and largest ecclesiastical buildings in the The Lady Chapel, which forms a beautiful miniature cathedral, and is a splendid reproduction of fourteenth-century Gothic architecture, has already been completed, and the construction of the choir, transepts, and chapterhouse is now proceeding. The fact that the cost of this cathedral, which will eventually amount to several millions, is being largely defrayed by the generous subscriptions of Liverpool's merchant princes is a striking testimony to the wealth of the city resulting from its vast

Continuing our journey, we soon reach the terminus of the Liverpool docks, where, isolated from the dock-system proper, huge tanks have been constructed for the storage of petroleum and other oils.

On the Cheshire side of the river the Birkenhead docks, which are included in the Port of Liverpool, present features at once striking and unique. Here we see great water-spaces bounded by well-shedded quays, used chiefly by vessels trading to India and the Far East; here are colossal coaling-cranes, filling the bunkers of foreign-bound vessels; here also are great lairages, at present used for the reception and slaughter of cattle from Ireland; here too are located enormous flour-mills, whose output is so great that it enables the Mersey port to boast of being the second largest milling centre in the world, pride of place in this respect being held by Minneapolis in the United States. Mention should also be made of the great shipbuilding yards of Messrs Cammell Laird & Company on the foreshore of the Birkenhead side of the river, where vessels of the largest class are constructed.

No account of Liverpool's maritime greatness would be complete without a passing reference to the vastness and variety of her oversea traffic. A myriad vessels of every type and size ply between this and the other great ports of the world. Here it is that the argosies of nations meet, richly laden with the produce of the globe -East India merchantmen, whose fleecy cargoes of finest wool from far Bombay and Calcutta are soon to be turned into cloth in the textilemills of Yorkshire, and whose dusty cargoes of Karachi wheat are destined to be ground into flour in the numerous corn-mills of the port; steamers and sailers laden with similar commodities, and with frozen meat from the River Plate and the far-flung ports of the Antipodes; schooners of the huge four-masted type bringing nitrate of soda from the Chilian ports of South America, and others whose freight consists of grain from the Pacific slopes of North America; large steamships laden with monster packages of provisions, tobacco, timber, leather, and other products from Canada and the United States, and with bales of raw cotton from the great Gulf ports of the Southern States; vessels with silks and cereals from China and Japan, rice and timber from Rangoon, sugar from Java, Germany, and Cuba, barley and other grain from the Black Sca, fruits from the Mediterranean, brandy and liqueurs from Bordeaux and Charente, rubber from the Brazils, palm-oil and palm-nut kernels from the West Coast of Africa, and copper and silver ores from Callao and other Peruvian ports; tank-steamers, specially constructed for carrying oil in bulk, bringing thousands of gallons of that useful lubricant from American and Russian territories; tramp steamers that have sailed uncharted seas, with nondescript cargoes from wherever they can find a freight; fishing-trawlers with their finny freights from neighbouring waters and Icelandic seas; and last, but by no means least, the great Atlantic liners for which Liverpool is noted, for it is from this port that the largest, finest, and fastest steamers engaged in the North Atlantic trade start on their journey to 'the other side'—the Lusitania, the Mauretania, and the latest giant of them all, the Aquitania, which has just been added to the Cunard fleet. As a port, Liverpool has always reigned supreme in this service. Sometimes no fewer than six of these stately ships, each with its complement of passengers and cargo, drop down the tideway on a single afternoon, and swing out through the great gateless gateway of the port en route for the land of the setting sun.

On the picture-screen of the world no other shipping scene is thrown to match the splendour of this wonderful transatlantic traffic; the ships that are engaged in it are facile princeps—in size, in speed, in magnificence—and it forms the most outstanding feature of the life of this favoured port.

AVIEMORE.

CRAGS where the eagle's nest is flung, Lakes where the osprey rears her young; These thou shalt find at Aviemore, These thou shalt come and see.

Forest and moorland, strath and hill, Thundering torrent and ice-cold rill; These we have found at Aviemore, These we shall share with thee.

Air like a bath of wild sea-waves, Or softest whisper from ocean's caves; This thou shalt breathe at Aviemore, These thou shalt share with me.

Hills with the snow-wreath on their breast. Mountain-passes thy strength shall test; These are the boasts of Aviemore, These thou shalt scale with me.

Through the Larig's black jaws we'll go, Drinking the water cold with snow; Past the Lurcher's rocky wall Like a wave restrained ere its final fall.

The vast lone slopes, with heather clad, Make the soul sane and keep it glad; Bracken and heather shall bid thee lie Close to the earth 'neath the open sky.

There I shall join thee, there shall give Love that shall lend thee strength to live, Love like the pine-tree on the plain-The new leaves bud while the old remain! This thou shalt find at Aviemore, This thou shalt share with me!

ROSINA FRANCES CRAIGMILE.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday. THE case of cricket is curious, and it is a little Here a month ago one of the great modern problems of games, as to what are, or should be, the diversions of the open air in summer days, was considered, for these really have come to be problems of deep general importance. It is not enough for persons who are not closely associated with these matters to dismiss all questions affecting games with a kind of airy contempt, saying of the subject, in the standard phrase, 'It is only a game, after all.' It might have been right, and it might have been better, if games had remained games in the sense that is implied in this remark, that they should be kept down and regarded as among the little things of life, the soft things with which to fill up the gaps in days when there is 'nothing else to do.' But a combination of circumstances has certainly raised the leading games far above this level, so that now they are, and for a long time past have been, more than games, mere diversions. It was in the middle and late Victorian period that they first began to rise. It was then, in the most glowing days of empire, when no war in the distant South had shaken the nerves and drained the blood of the country, when there was no Germany rushing us on to a mad waste of battleship-building, and when life without motor-cars and wireless messages was easy and smooth enough, that we had time for a serener contemplation of things than there ever has been since; and what more natural, then, that in a good self-conceit and pride the people should have taken stock of their superiority and quality, and purred that the greatest and most fateful of battles had been won on the playingfields of Eton? At some future time, when all games have been killed and abandoned, and man has no time for anything except to spin a coin with a wager of a million pounds depending on it, and half-a-million breathless spectators watching this momentous sporting affair, there may be historians who will state facts in sequence, and then in the proper historical way will discover causes and set forth deductions, and these wise men will surely determine that among the foremost causes of the beginning of the decline of games was the acceptance and establishment of that remarkable suggestion that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton

school. It seized the imagination of a good, healthy, and supremely honest people, who were full of a reasonable pride. It was better, it seemed, that victories should be gained and empires made by the good stuff that came from the training of eye, hand, and limb, and character with them all, as displayed in simple games, than by meaner ways-as by cunning crafts of statesmanship or by the exertion of some other extraordinary strength coming only from the mind. Games were so simple and so There was in them that touch of the animal way to which we cling as man recedes farther from the animals-things with blood and hearts-in the direction of machinery and living nerves. Of course the battle of Waterloo was not won in this way at all, nor is a shade of the meaning that is implied at all justified. Much more true is it that the playing-fields of the country were one of the results of battles like those of Waterloo, which afforded us the means for pursuing certain ideals of life, a fair physical fitness and some love of sport among them, without any undue worry from a fear that other nations were about to annihilate us through a process of scientific discovery. However that phrase pleased, it justified an inclination that seemed to need a little justification at the time that it was popularly established-which was really long after the overthrow of Napoleon.

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Now in this summer season they have been celebrating the centenary of Lord's, the hundredth year of occupation of the famous cricket-ground in St John's Wood. Lord's is in many, perhaps in all, respects the most splendid sporting institution in the world. If cricket, like the others, is 'only a game,' here at any rate is an achievement on the part of a game, which is a very wonderful and magnificent thing—a veritable national institution which has much of the dignity of a house of peers, and stands for the highest character of gentlemanly sportsmanship in any country. Like most other such great institutions, its origin was slender. A Yorkshire cricketer named Thomas Lord came to London and attached himself to an old cricket club known as the White Conduit, and there he became associated with certain noblemen and

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gentlemen, lovers of the game, including among them Charles Lennox, afterwards fourth Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Winchilses, and the celebrated Rev. Lord Frederick Beauclerk, who put the suggestion to him that if he made a private cricket-ground he would gain handsome support. This he did, and the first Lord's cricket-ground was established on land which is now Dorset Square. In a little more than twenty years this ground had to be given up, and another one which was secured was soon lost; but in 1814 the present ground was opened, and it has been the home of the Marylebone Cricket Club-which was started as soon as Thomas Lord entered upon his venture ever since. There cricket has flourished through its palmiest days. There the gentlemen of the early times of the game played in tall hats, there they wagered extensively on the matches that were arranged, and there the game gradually grew in importance and public interest until it seemed to reach its zenith with the early matches against the Australians. Surely there never was a game which in every respect was so splendid as cricket was then; and it suited its age so well. It was full of good, plain, simple sporting feeling; it was serene and contemplative, leisurely. it was just quick enough for real sport. splendidly pure, it was most unselfish, and especially it was not over-organised.

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There has been a great change in things since then. In a sentimental and historical sense it may be said that cricket is still the national game of the country, but hardly in any other. The counties do not breed young players for the game as once they did; the county cricket clubs are mostly bewailing the fact that they cannot make their financial ends meet, and that something must be done or they must give up their present systems. It is being complained that the gentlemen will not take part in the game as once they did; they play golf instead. When the boys leave school they also take to golf. And, very important, 'the attendances have fallen off.' The public seems to want some other kind of entertainment, so it is suggested, and baseball is hinted at. Mr Noble in Australia has just declared that cricket in that country, where the game first took strong root out of England, is fast losing its popularity, and he says plainly that the Australians want baseball of the American kind. Baseball! I have seen this game of baseball played on the wonderfully equipped grounds at New York, Boston, Chicago, and other places in the country where it has made its name and fame, and it is indeed a wonderful spectacle. But there is as much wonderful spectacle. difference between the baseball of America and the cricket at Lord's in the middle Victorian days as there is between any two things on earth that can be classified under one head. Great skill and much of what is referred to in these matters as 'science' are undoubtedly required in baseball. In certain respects it is a fine game. It is fast, it is enormously organised, it is gorgeously supported by the public in the financial way, and is a great commercial undertaking, with many interests involved, and to some considerable extent it represents the new spirit that has lately arisen in games.

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It is the 'fans,' as they are called, who make the wheels of baseball go round. Who are these fans? One day, at the polo-grounds at the far end of New York city, I saw forty thousand of them, young and old, men and women, sitting in the form of a great human horseshoe, row behind row in great ascending tiers, watching the big baseball game that was more to New York at that time than any Presidential election, and not watching it only, but behaving in such a peculiar and yet methodical manner as no other sporting crowd in any part of the world ever These fans are at their best, or worst, at such a match as this, the first of what are known as 'the world's series,' the fight between the champion sides of the two big leagues. Why do they call them fans? That is a question which the best American authorities on sporting matters cannot answer with any confidence, and most of them were prepared to accept my suggestion that it might be because they fan the interest and excitement and make them increase, or because they are fanciers of the baseball game, as being as good as any they had heard of, and much better than most. But it would be absurd to call those forty thousand people who watched the contest by the British cricket and football title of 'spectators,' because they are no ordinary crowd of sporting sightseers. Our football crowds, even though they be fifty or sixty thousand strong, are a smooth and placid throng in comparison with a gathering of fans who have made of their spectatorship a science and an art. You do not understand what it is to watch a game and be a part of it until you have seen one of the greatest trials for baseball honours; and in this I do not mean that the part is that of assailing the referee and throwing ugly missiles towards the players in the arena, as is done in some places when the fans do not like what is going on. In a world's series match they are properly behaved, though they The open end retain their regular customs. of the horseshoe is occupied by a mammoth scoring-board, on which is indicated not only the state of the game that is in progress, but, by continual telegrams, the state of all other games of first-class importance that are being played on the same day in other parts of the United States. Then round the curve are the fans of different Farthest from the players and at the back of the all-important pitcher are the humble but enthusiastic 'bleachers,' called by that name

because they pay the minimum fee and have to sit on seats unprotected from the sun. All the other fans are on covered stands, and they may pay anything from the American equivalent of four shillings up to three or four pounds for their seats, high prices having to be given when tickets have all been sold once and must be bought again. At an important time like this large bodies of fans stand outside the gates all night before the game, so that they may get the best of the unreserved seats as soon as they are admitted. The first to begin this vigil are two English girls engaged in a vaudeville performance, who in their one season of New York life have become most enthusiastic and well-educated fans. There are fifty Cubans who have come up from Havana to see the show, and a number of Chinese. By eight o'clock in the morning ten thousand fans are in line outside the gates, and, the day being now well grown, they begin to argue about the merits of opposing players, and from argument proceed to blows. But these are not the best fans. Those who make the baseball world alive are to be found on the covered stands. Their money does tell. To the eight games of this series they and the others subscribe in gate-money the equivalent of one hundred thousand pounds. Of this big sum the owners of the two competing clubs take some fifty-eight thousand pounds. These socalled clubs are chiefly run by individuals who pay all the costs and take all the profits and make as much as they can. The owner of the 'White Sox' team of Chicago made seventy thousand pounds out of them in one year re-cently. Yet these proprietors are sportsmen, after all, and though they are controlled by hardly anything but public opinion, the fans' opinion is a very powerful thing. Find the proprietor firing a player if the fans like the man! And when the fans like him the player raises his price, and the proprietor pays. is why some of the players receive as much as two thousand pounds a year for six months' play, and many of them receive from five hundred pounds to one thousand pounds. manager, or captain, of one of the biggest clubs will receive three thousand five hundred pounds. So the fans' opinion is an enormous force. the one hundred thousand pounds that comes from the fortnight's special games in the world's series, the players themselves who take part in them get thirty thousand pounds. Each of the twenty-two men who played for the winners in the series that I saw received eight hundred pounds, and each of the losers five hundred pounds. Many fans thought that one of the men on one side was very stupid, and the fans belonging to his own set thought him mad, and were very angry with him when he let fall an easy catch which would have won the whole series for his side. That missed catch made a difference of one hundred and fifty pounds to

each man of his own team. About ten thousand pounds is taken by the National Commission which manages this big event. So we see here the money-power of the fans.

* * *

Their critical and demonstrative powers are equally impressive. They have special means of letting it be known to all what they think. They concluded long since that promiscuous and irregular clapping of hands, like the gentle ripple floating from the benches on a summer afternoon at Lord's when there is a piece of smart fielding done or a batsman drives to the rails, is a poor thing, and so they clap in a new and well-organised way. How they work it nobody exactly knows, for instinct has much to do with it; but when they desire to make a special demonstration of satisfaction, somewhere among the great body a kind of Morse-coded clapping is begun-two claps in quick succession, then a pause, next a longer pause, and after that the series over again and again. The whole crowd takes its time from the beginners, and in a few seconds the forty thousand fans are doing their clap-clap . . . clap . . . clap. A weird effect is produced. Then there are isolated and peculiar demonstrations. Beside me is sitting an elderly gentleman dressed in the most sober black. He has a thin, tweaky face; he seems a little indifferent to what is going on, and he converses occasionally in an undertone with a lady who is with him. I suspect that they talk of their children or their chapel-meetings, for they do not look like real burning fans; but all in a moment, without any warning, this gentle person explodes. He rises in his seat, waves his arms about, stamps his feet wildly, and shrieks out towards the field of players his views on something that has been, or should be, done, and then, quivering with excitement, he sits down again and continues his whispered conversation with the lady, who is not at all surprised. Nobody is surprised; nobody takes any notice; it is the usual and the proper thing. He is a real fan. Meyer comes in to bat, and Meyer is a full-blooded Indian. Consequently a body of fans celebrate the occasion by such a true Indian war-whoop as the Iroquois of old would have thought worthy of them. Then there are special societies or brotherhoods of fans, and notably there are the famous Royal Rooters of Boston, the staunchest supporters of their side. Some three hundred of them, an exclusive and exalted body, they sit together in a conspicuous place, each of them with a crimson flag, the Boston colour. When something bad for Boston happens, the flags are waved wearily at the half-mast; but when Boston does well, then you should see those crimson banners floating high and hear such royal rooting as these people can best perform! Once the Royal Rooters were offended, and they stayed away. The management knew that

the noise they made would be sorely missed, and to make up for it they distributed several thousand rattles among the other fans that they might bang them against the backs of seats and make a special din. It is the fans who spur the players to their supreme and mysterious accomplishments—make Wood, the pitcher, as they say, 'burn holes in the air,' and another man perform his famous 'fade-away throw,' the ball leaving his hand like a bullet and reaching the hitter, a few yards away, like a falling snowflake—or nearly. And when the fans are thoroughly well pleased with one of their men, they take care to show it substantially. Sometimes they will give him a first-class motor-car. The baseball community is a very wonderful one; it is quite different from any other of the sporting kind. I have said nothing in the way of description of this extraordinary game; that has been done before. This is the kind of thing they are said to want at many of the leading cricket places, including Australia though not at Lord's.

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The truth of the matter is that the people seem to want to be fans in these days, and to work their games on the system of the fans.

There has been talk of an attempt to enliven cricket to cure it of its sickness; but poor cricket, which was nourished to its greatness in gentler times, could never stand such drastic association with the fans. Only baseball would do. And, to answer a thought that will be in the minds of many people, let it be said our football crowds, demonstrative as they are, yet are canary-like in comparison with the fans. Cricket in its full dignity must remain, even if it fails by more and more thousands to please and to attract. It is, like so many good things of those Victorian days, a victim of time and changing circumstances. If it has in some measure failed, it is because it has been led away from much of its earlier simplicity. It has been over-organised. There has been too much science and individualism imparted to it, and the game has lost much of its early life. Money-making matters have become too important considerations, and now the game is enfeebled for lack of money. overseas contests have had a most unhealthy effect upon it. Nothing is as it was, and the people who now fly in the air and sail under the sea are in their tastes and desires and instincts barely thinkable descendants of the men who won the battle of Waterloo and those who founded Lord's.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XXX.-THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THEOPHILUS.

' PRETTY hot stuff this port of yours, old son —what?'

'Take some more,' grunted Philip.

'Thank you! That was the situation I was endeavouring to lead up to,' said Timothy, and helped himself. 'It's a blessing to see your honest but homely features once again,' he continued, lifting his glass; 'especially when you signalise your return by replenishing the wine-cellar. Chin-chin, old thing!'

Philip, sitting on one chair with his feet on another, and smoking a briar pipe, grunted again. Timothy rose and lit a cigarette with a live coal from the fire. Matches were never a conspicuous feature of a bachelor establishment, however well regulated. As he did so, his eye was caught by a pair of tall and hideous vases—of the kind which is usually given away at certain stores to customers who have been rash enough to accumulate a certain number of coupons—standing one at each end of the mantelpiece.

'Oh, my dear old Theophilus,' moaned the sesthetic Timothy, 'do you mean to say you have resurrected the Bulgarian Atrocities?'

The ornaments in question had been a Christmas present from Mrs Grice. 'I bought'em just before closing-time at a sale of work what my married sister in the Wandsworth Road was interested in, sir,' she had explained. 'A sale

of work in aid of the Bulgarian Atrocities it was. I said to Grice at the time that they would brighten up your room something wonderful. There they are, sir, with our respectful Christmas wishes—one from Grice and one from me. Oh, thank you, sir!' Hence their name.

'Yes,' said Philip, 'Mrs Grice got them out of the cupboard as soon as I returned, and they were duly washed and put up this morning. I was hoping she had forgotten about them; but they will have to stay there now. We mustn't offend the old lady. You are a tremendous swell to night Tim. Going out?'

to-night, Tim. Going out?'
'Yes,' said Tim importantly, 'I am.' He produced a pair of white gloves and began to try them on, surveying Philip's aged dinner-jacket and black tie with tolerant indulgence. 'I must now pull myself together,' he announced—turning to survey an appallingly tight white waist-coat with immense satisfaction in the glass over

the mantelpiece—'and pass along quietly.'
'You needn't go yet,' said Philip, filling another pipe.

'Despite your frenzied entreaties, old son,' replied Timothy, 'I simply must. There is going to be dirty work at the cross-roads to-night,' he added mysteriously.

Philip, who gathered that a confidence of some kind was on the way, waited. It was good to

see Timothy again. His company was always exhilarating, and at the present juncture it was extra welcome; for Philip found himself at an unexpectedly loose end. He had landed from the Caspian a week before, determined this time to put his whole fate to the touch, only to find that his Lady was not in London. Friends in Hampshire—he knew neither their name nor address, and was much too self-conscious to inquire at Tite Street—had snatched her away directly after her father's wedding, and the date of her return was uncertain. Therefore he leaned at this moment upon Timothy.

Presently Tim inquired, 'I say, Phil, ever

been in love, old friend?'

This was a familiar gambit, and Philip gave his usual reply. 'Occasionally.'

'Anything doing at present? Anything fresh?' Nothing to write home about, thanks.

Timothy surveyed his friend critically. wonder,' he said musingly, 'if Romance could ever really find a lurking-place in that gearless, valveless, little heart!'

'Afraid not,' said Philip. 'Romance gives

old fossils like me the go-by.

'Don't talk rot of that kind, Phil,' replied the boy quickly. 'Any woman would be proud to marry you. Fool if she wasn't!' he added with real sincerity.

Philip responded by waving his glass in his friend's direction. 'Mr Rendle, your health and sentiment!' he remarked gravely. He drank, laid down the glass, and sat up. 'And now, my son Timothy,' he remarked briskly, 'get it off your chest! Own up! Who is she? When do the banns go up, eh?'

'Get what off my chest?' inquired Tim, with

a great appearance of surprise.

'This great secret. Cough it up! Who is

the lady?

One of Philip's greatest virtues in the eyes of Timothy was that he never, under any circumstances, ended that particular question with 'this time.' But he was genuinely surprised at Philip's penetration.

'Great Scott! it must be written all over me if you can spot it, old Bartimæus!' he said, not altogether displeased. 'Yes, you are right. It has happened at last.'

'What?'

'It / I'm in love.'

'It comes to us all, sooner or later,' remarked Philip tactfully.

'And I am going,' announced Tim with great firmness, 'to bring it off this very night.'

Philip glanced at the clock. 'Quarter to ten,' he said. 'A bit late to begin a job of that magnitude to-night, isn't it? Are you going to apply personally, or by letter?'
'What's that?' inquired Timothy, emerging

from a rapturous reverie.

Philip repeated the question.

'Letter!' exclaimed Tim with infinite scorn—

'a letter? Write? Write a letter? My sainted aunt, write?' He gazed indignantly upon the automaton before him that called itself a man. 'My dear old relic of the Stone Age'-

'In the Stone Age,' observed the relic, 'they

couldn't write.'

Timothy made a reference to the Stone Age which was neither seemly nor relevant, and continued: 'Do you expect me to sit down and write—write to her—upon such a subject as that? Write—with a three-and-ninepenny fountain pen, on silurian notepaper at a shilling a packet? It's not done, dear old soul; it's simply not done!'

Timothy, carefully hitching up the knees of his faultlessly creased trousers, lowered himself on to the sofa, the picture of reproachful scorn.

'If it takes you that way,' replied the unruffled Philip, 'why not use cream-laid vellum and a gold nib?'

Timothy merely made an alarming noise at

the back of his neck.

'Or a typewriter, with the loud pedal down and all the stops out?' pursued the facetious

'Phil,' announced Timothy, with a pathetic attempt to look extremely stern and dignified, 'let me tell you that I am in no mood for this sort of thing. Dry up, man! dry up! Do you think I could get all I have to say upon this occasion within the limits of an ordinary letter?'

'Under the present postal regulations,' explained Philip, 'you can send four ounces for a penny. In fact, if you leave the ends open '-He caught sight of Tim's tragic face, and concluded his entertainment. 'Sorry, old chap!' he remarked, suddenly contrite. 'I don't know why one should try to pull a man's leg on these occasions. God knows, the business is serious enough.'

'Thanks,' said Timothy gratefully. 'To tell you the truth, I am feeling pretty bad about it. You don't know what it is to be hard hit by a

woman, Phil.'

'No. I should have remembered that,' said

Philip apologetically.

'I know you consider me a young blighter who is always in love with some little piece of goods or other,' continued the chastened Timothy; but this time it is serious. This is the end of all things. Never before have I got sufficiently fond of a girl to ask her to marry me; but I am going to do it to-night.'

'I wish you luck,' said Philip with feeling.

'Thanks, old friend,' responded the boy grate-

fully. 'I'm in a terrible twitter.'

'Why not write?' reiterated the methodicallyminded Philip. 'A letter has its points, you know. I understand that in verbal interviews it is a little difficult to keep one's head. Metaphors get mixed, telling points are omitted, and the peroration halts or misses fire.'

The feverish Timothy eyed his friend with

amazed compassion. 'I should like to remind you,' he observed, 'that we are discussing love-

letters, not election addresses!

'All right,' said Philip pacifically; 'have it your own way. All I wanted to bring home to you was the fact that once you get your sentiments safely down on paper, the lady is bound to get the hang of them in the long-run. On the other hand, if you stake everything on a single verbal encounter you may find yourself in the tumbril. The G.P.O. may be unromantic, but it is safe.'

But Timothy was not listening. He had put on his greatcoat, and was now adjusting a white silk muffler. 'I'm going,' he announced in rising tones, 'to let her have it hot and strong. I'm going to carry her off her feet. I'm going—— The devil of it all is,' he added disconsolately, 'that one never knows how to begin; when to chip in, in fact. You know! One can't very well get to work while shaking hands; there has to be a little preliminary chit-chat of some kind. Then the conversation goes and settles down to some rotten, irrelevant tepic; and before you can work it round to suit your plans the next dance strikes up, or some criminal comes and interrupts you, or else it's time to go home. And there you are, outside on the mat once more, kicking your-self to death!' Timothy cocked his silk hat upon his sleek head with great precision, and concluded, 'But I am going to do it to-night, or perish. Give me five minutes in the Freeborns' conservatory between waltzes, and she has simply got to have it! Good-night!' He bounced out of the room, and was gone.

'I wonder who the charmer is this time,' mused Philip, getting up and knocking out his pipe.

'I might have asked him.

He rang the bell, and presently Mrs Grice glided respectfully into the room after the manner of a cardboard figure in a toy theatre. She was followed by her husband, struggling with his

"Ave you rang the bell, sir?" queried Mrs

Grice.

'Yes,' said Philip. 'Will you clear away, please? I want that table to-night, to write at.'

During the turmoil which now ensued, Philip sat upon the padded leather fire-guard and lit another pipe. Presently he said, 'Mrs Grice!'

Mrs Grice, engaged in a bout of what looked like a game of catch-as-catch-can with Mr Grice and the tablecloth, immediately extricated herself from her damask winding-sheet and came respectfully to attention.

'Sir?'

'Mrs Grice, when you received your husband's proposal of marriage, was it by letter or word of mouth ?'

Mrs Grice, needless to say, was quite overwhelmed with maidenly confusion. Coming from Timothy, such a question as this would have

surprised her not at all; for Timothy was one of those fortunate persons who may say what they like to any one. But as uttered by her grave and reserved patron Mr Meldrum it sounded most alarming. She replied, breathlessly, 'Was you referrin' to Mr Grice, or to my fust 'usband,

''Ow should Mr Meldrum know you ever 'ad a fust 'usband?' inquired a husky voice from the sideboard.

Mrs Grice, having now recovered her mental poise, countered with a lightning thrust. 'Knowing you as 'e does, Grice,' she retorted, 'is it likely Mr Meldrum would dream of regardin' you as my fust choice?'

Philip broke in pacifically. 'Let us say your

first husband, Mrs Grice.'

'Well, sir,' began Mrs Grice readily, ''e did it by word of mouth. Leastways, not precisely. Partly by deputy, if you take my meanin', sir.

Philip made an apologetic gesture. 'Not

absolutely,' he said.

'Well, sir,' continued Mrs Grice, beginning to enjoy herself, 'we'd bin walkin' out for some time, and it didn't look like ever comin' to anything. So my brother George, 'e said it was time the matter was took up proper. George was a brewer's drayman. There was eleven of us altogether'

Not quite so much of it!' advised Mr Grice, who had left the sideboard to join the symposium.

'Get back to your fust.'

Needless to say, Mrs Grice took not the ghtest notice. 'Well, sir, George told me to slightest notice. tell 'Enery-that bein' 'is name; Grice's, as you know, bein' Albert'-

'Keep to the point, do!' groaned Mr Grice.
'George told me to tell 'Enery—'Enery 'Orbling his full name was—that if 'im and me wasn't married inside of four weeks George would come along and knock 'is 'ead off. I told 'Enery what George 'ad said, sir,' continued the old lady in a tone of tender reminiscence, 'and I became Mrs 'Orbling in three weeks and six days exactly. That's what I meant when I said that my courting was done by deputy. 'Orbling died fourteen years ago, in Charing Cross

Hospital. 'Is kidneys are still'——
'I see,' said Philip hurriedly. 'Grice, when you asked the future Mrs Grice to become your

wife, how did you set about it?'

'Was you referrin', sir,' inquired Mr Grice, with a respectful wheeze, 'to this Mrs Grice or to my fust wife?'

'Let us say this Mrs Grice,' said Philip,

beginning to feel a little dizzy.

Mr Grice, who had been assisting his second choice to load glasses and spoons on to a tray, once more desisted from his labours in order not to confuse his brain, and began, fixing his wavering eye upon a point on the wall just above Philip's head: 'I met 'er at a birthday party at my late fust's married sister's, sir. I gave 'er

a motter out of a cracker, which seemed to me to sum up what I wanted to say in very convenient fashion, sir. It said: "If you love me as I love you, then let's begin to bill and coo," sir. Very andy and compact, I thought it.'

'And what did you say to that, Mrs Grice?'

asked Philip.

'I told 'im to give over being a silly old man, sir,' replied Mrs Grice, with extreme gratification.

'And did he?'

'No, sir,' replied the simpering Mrs Grice. "E would 'ave me! 'E got 'is way." She smiled roguishly at her all-conquering spouse, who gave her a look of stern reproof. Will there be anything further, sir?

'No, thank you,' said Philip. 'Good-night!' His aged retainers having withdrawn, Philip

sat on, staring into the fire.

'We all have our own ways of setting about things,' he said aloud. Philip had a bad habit of talking to himself, especially at moments of When scolded by Peggy mental concentration. he had pled that it helped him to think. is a personal interview in the conservatory. Grice's is a motto out of a cracker. Mrs Grice's is a big brother. Mine

He rose, and crossed the room to a locked bureau. From this he extracted an old leather writing-case which had once belonged to his This he laid open upon the table, beside a green-shaded reading-lamp. After that he turned out all the other lights and made up the fire to a cheerful blaze. Finally, from the pocket of the writing-case he extracted a fat envelope. It was addressed, but not fastened. Philip drew up his chair to the table and pulled out the con-These comprised many sheets, the last of which was not finished.

He read the letter through as far as it went, alowly and seriously. Occasionally he made an erasure or a correction, but not often. Then, when he reached the unfinished page, he charged his pen, squared his elbows, uttered a heavy sigh, and addressed himself to the labours of composition.

More than once he tore a page up and began

again, but finally he seemed to be satisfied, and the letter was finished.

He leaned back and read the whole epistle right through again. Then he folded its many sheets in their right order and put them into the envelope.

'I think the occasion calls for sealing-wax,' he

said.

He found an old stump in the writing-case. and sealed up the envelope, impressing it with his father's seal. Presently the deed was done. The Epistle of Theophilus lay on the table before its author, signed, sealed, addressed, and stamped. Philip looked at the clock, and whistled. It was a quarter past twelve.

He drew aside the curtains and inspected the The plate-glass window had become mysnight. teriously opaque; so he raised the sash, to lower it again with all speed, coughing. A thick brown fog, of the brand affectionately known among its habitual inhalers as 'London particular,' was lying in a sulphurous pall over the choking city.

'All the same, my lad,' decided Philip, 'you had better trot out and post it. It will be delivered at Tite Street to-morrow morning, and perhaps some Christian person there will forward it. Jean Leslie, I dare say. Wish post myself too, he added wistfully. Wish I could 'Hallo, what's that?'

From the little lobby outside came the sharp rat-tat of a knocker—low, clear, and rhythmical. To judge by the sound, the outer door was standing open, and some person unknown was indulging in a playful little tattoo.

'Officers' wives get pudding and pies, Soldiers' wives get skill-y!' it said.

Philip's heart almost broke from its moorings. Hastily he picked up the shaded lamp from the table and turned its light to illuminate the door-

Next moment there came a soft and familiar step outside. The door of the room opened gently, and there appeared, radiant and dazzling against the blackness behind, a Vision.

'Peggy!

'Yes, just me!' replied the Vision demurely. (Continued on page 551.)

OBSERVATIONS BY CLYDE FISHERMAN. Α

By ALEXANDER DEMPSEY.

SHAKESPEARE says 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' This quotation is apposite in referring to matters pertaining to the sea and its denizens. For instance, how do lobsters, living in from eight to fourteen fathoms of water, know that the wind has changed, or that it is going to change in a few hours, not even to a gale but only to a breeze, with waves from

two to three feet high, which cannot cause disturbance more than a few feet deep? What subtle sense do the creatures possess that tells them that this change is going to take place? Lobsters can drop their big claws as readily as a person can drop a hot poker. Scores of times I have seen them do so; they are severed with a peculiar muscular action at the joint that connects the claw with the body, and the lobster immediately proceeds to grow another. When they are examined after this dismemberment there is just the faintest appearance of moisture. I told this to a friend, and he repeated my statement to a member of the medical faculty, who pooh-poohed the idea; but I could give ocular demonstration of the fact. Years ago I read in Chambers's Journal that the sea, even with the most violent gale of wind, was never disturbed more than thirty or forty feet below the surface, yet I have had lobster-creels in twelve or fourteen fathoms of water so broken up that they appeared as though smashed with a forehammer.

Lobsters, contrary to the very general opinion, have no particular season for spawning, but do so at any time during the year. I have found from experience that the proportion of lobsters in spawn in the day's catch is on an average the same the whole year round. Neither do they cast their shells annually, or how could we account for lobsters that look as old as the hills, with their black pitted shells and barnacles

growing over them

In opening aerated-water bottles we notice the bubbles caused by the liberation of the gas. Herrings cause similar bubbles, which fishermen call 'putting up.' The men believe that the herrings are swimming when they do this, and there is a good foundation for the belief, as it is not always visible. Trawl or seine-net fishing is entirely different from drift-net fishing. The former, I believe, makes a bigger call on the perspective faculties than the latter. Seine-net fishing is confined to the Firth of Clyde; nowhere else, so far as I know, is it in general The fishermen must have evidence of the presence of herring before shooting their nets. Sometimes the solan geese diving for them as food are guides to their whereabouts; at other times their presence is shown by the fish 'putting up,' or 'playing'—that is, jumping out of the water. At night the shoal is found in the season when the phosphorescence is on the water—which the fishermen call 'burning.' The learned aver that this appearance is caused by microscopic animalcules. The phosphorescence makes its appearance in this latitude, about fifty-two degrees north, near the middle of March, gradually gaining in strength and reaching its maximum brilliancy about the middle or end of August, and is almost gone by the end of October, thus corresponding almost exactly to our sowing, growing, and harvest seasons. Are these animalcules living or dead when giving out the phosphoric gleam, which can hardly be seen unless the sea is disturbed by some agency such as a wave breaking, the movement of a vessel, or fish swimming? Is it caused by the friction of the bodies of the animalcules being knocked against each other? Coleridge's beautiful lines in the Ancient Mariner suggest friction:

> Within the shadow of the ship I watched their rich attire; Blue, glossy green, and velvet black, They coiled and swam; and every track Was a flash of golden fire.

It will be noticed that 'every track was a flash of golden fire.' In writing this Coleridge was using no poetic license, but stating a plain fact. The track was illuminated where the disturbance had been. Do the bodies of the decaying animalcules get broken up by the friction and liberate particles of calcium carbide, which, on coming into contact with the water, give off a luminous gleam?

On quiet nights in the summer and autumn, nights that seafarers call pets, they know for a certainty from the appearance of the sky that a heavy breeze of wind from the south will be on before many hours. On such nights peculiar noises, like a soft whistle, emanate from the atmosphere. The duration of the sound never exceeds two or at most three seconds.

In conclusion, I would say to the sceptical that corroboration can be easily had, on affidavit if necessary, from scores of fishermen; or, better still, let them pass a few weeks as fishers.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

PART II.

SIR ARTHUR ROLLIES listened attentively to the scout's tale, and only marked his surprise by a faint lifting of the eyebrows and a deeper furrowing of the lines of care about his mouth when Peterson mentioned his daughter's name.

'So that's where their airship depot is!' he said at length, when the scout had finished.

'I thought, sir, if it could be destroyed we might still have a chance.

'We should have,' the General said. how are you going to get over that fence? Fly?'

'No, sir. The British aren't much use at

flying; but I've just had an idea which, if it comes off, will pretty effectually cut the Westrians'

wings.'

Now the General knew Peterson, and realised the scout's invariable reluctance to say what he purposed doing when it was in the nature of an experiment; so he said, 'Well, I'll have Robinson's division mustered behind the northern outposts in case it does come off. Is that what you want?'

'Yes, sir; and perhaps you'll tell them to wait for a signal about dawn. It'll be a bonfire

The General smiled grimly. 'Bonfires have been lit ere now in the hour of Britain's peril. See that this one is big enough.'

Peterson nodded. 'I'll go now, sir, unless

there's anything else. Good-night.

The General caught his hand and gripped it hard. 'Good-bye, Peterson, and good luck. I—I've tried to keep the father underneath, and to be only the soldier; but, Peterson, take care of that little girl of mine when you reach her again. I daren't think of her being hurt.' For an instant the General's voice faltered; then his jaw set firmly, and an iron grimness settled upon his mouth whilst his voice rang like steel. 'Yet, if she can be of service, if she can help Britain, even by her death, don't hesitate to use her.'

Peterson nodded silently, for somehow there seemed to be a great lump in his throat. Then he sought out the artillery staff-officer, and to him

he spoke rapidly.

'Yes, yes,' the gunner said when at last the scout paused. 'Yes, I think I can do that for you. What you want is a fuse and a nice little charge of powder; it had better be a time-fuse, eh?'

'Yes, certainly. Can you fix me up with it?'
'Oh yes. I'll be about half-an-hour over the job. I've got to go across to the guns for the materials.'

'Right. I'll be ready by then. You might tell Tyans to have the car ready for me, will

you?'

As the gunner set forth upon his errand the scout stepped across the road to the Zoological Gardens. That Mecca of childhood was now deserted, and he failed to discover any keepers there; but, though he had been but a little boy when last his feet had trodden those paths, his memory did not play him false, and he found what he sought, and came back to headquarters with a little bag under his arm.

He found Captain Tyans at the driving-wheel of the car; so, learning that the gunner's contrivance was safely deposited in the tonneau, he hoisted his bag beside it, and leapt into the car

with a 'Let her rip, Tyans.'

Swiftly the powerful motor swung itself up the long ascent to Hampstead, over the crest of the Heath, and down into the valley beyond, and had soon deposited the scout at the British outposts once again.

Peterson picked up his appliances, and, scrambling out with them, tossed a farewell over his shoulder in answer to Tyans's 'Good-night.'

It almost seemed as if the full moon were in league with Peterson, for her face was veiled with heavy clouds, and in that friendly darkness the scout quickly traversed the debatable ground between the hostile armies. Presently, for the third time within twenty-four hours, he was creeping so close to a Westrian sentry that he could hear the man's heavy breathing.

Of course it takes time to make one's way

through an enemy's outpost line. But if a man can give that, and has had plenty of practice, he should find it no insuperable task; though in the nature of things there can be no 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again,' about it, since for the man who fails to succeed on the first attempt there will be no further opportunity of trying.

But if ever there was a man who knew his job, that man was Captain Peterson, and he passed with no more noise than a snake, always upon the lowest ground and amidst the darkest shadows, whence he could perceive any danger

against the sky.

When, some hour or two later, he reached the foot of the oak-tree, he failed to get any answer to his whispered greeting. He dared not raise his voice, for he knew not what other ears might hear him, and with a heart full of anxiety he set himself to climb the tree. But he need not have feared, for Nancy Rollies was safe enough, and, despite her cramped, unnatural position, very fast asleep.

She awoke with a start as he touched her, but in a moment was all enthusiasm and delight.

'Oh, you've come back! How splendid! And have you decided what to do?'

'Well, I've decided what I'm going to try to do, and I want you to come with me.'

'If you'll unfasten me I should be glad,' she said, 'for my fingers are very cold.'

He did as she asked and gently helped her down.

'I saw your father and gave him your message,' he said when they stood upon the ground once more.

'And he said'——

'I think he was very proud of his daughter; I know he was. But he didn't say very much, for he was busy with other things. Only just as I left him he asked me to take care of you.'

'As if you need reminding of that!' she smiled.

'Well, what are we to do now?'

'I want you to guide me to this petrol-store, and, if you can, show me exactly where one of those little channels you spoke about reaches the fence. Can you?'

She nodded.

'Then let's start at once, and we'd better go across country; it's safer than the road. Oh, I say, I forgot! I've brought you a couple of biscuits; but they're only army tack, and toughish stuff.'

'I'm hungry enough to eat nails,' she said, as she fell to munching them.

'Then I wish I'd brought you some of that monkey-steak of Tyans's. But eat the biscuits as

we go along.'

Though they encountered none of the enemy, the numerous hedges that required negotiating sadly impeded their progress, and when at last they gazed down at their objective there was more than a hint of dawn in the darkness.

The girl gave an exclamation, for in the dim light it was just possible to see that guards were pacing outside the fence.

'It's quite impossible for you to do anything

now,' she said despairingly.

Had there been hither to any doubt in Peterson's mind as to whether, after all, he would dare to use the means he purposed, it vanished now at sight of that huge laager.

'Oh, no,' he said grimly. 'It only makes it rather more difficult, that's all. Whereabouts

is there a channel?'

'I know one reaches the fence exactly where that little bush is,' she told him after a careful

glance.

'Good!' Peterson exclaimed. 'That's so much in our favour.' Though, if the truth be told, he was rather doubtful on the point. Then he put out his hands and grasped hers tightly. 'You must go back now,' he said. 'Go right away, and hide safely. You'll soon know if I've been successful. Good-bye.'

But he still held her hands. Perhaps it was because human vitality is always at its lowest ebb at dawn; but, somehow, for the first time in his life, he hesitated to do his duty. That must have been the reason, for it could not have been that he hated parting from a girl of whose very existence he had been ignorant less than twenty-four hours ago!

'I—I want to say this,' he whispered. 'It's not my place to thank you for all you've done; others will do that if I succeed; and if I don't—well, it won't matter. I—I always thought that a woman was rather useless to a soldier, and '——He broke off suddenly and crushed her hands to

his lips.

'And I've shown you you're wrong? Well, good-bye, good-bye. Oh, you won't fail, because it's for Britain's sake. But if you do—if you do—I shall be waiting for you,' she finished

rather incoherently.

Perhaps, despite the darkness, in that moment of stress his eyes read more in hers than they would have done in happier circumstances, for all at once he was his own calm self again. In another moment he had left her and was crawling down the slope to where the Westrian sentries paced, to where Death seemed to beckon with a leer upon his ghostly features.

One can hardly blame those sentries if they failed to mark the scout's downward passage, because even the girl's staring eyeballs lost sight of the man, although the rapid approach of dawn caused him to move more hastily than he would

have chosen.

So at last Dick Peterson came undiscovered to that bush; but not a moment too soon, for hardly had he sunk beneath its shelter before he heard the footsteps of two converging sentries.

Holding his breath, he waited. He heard the Westrians greet one another over him, and was hardly surprised when one of them said with a chuckle, 'Merely a matter of form; but I'll shove a bayonet through the bush.'

I rather fancy Peterson had welcomed that steel within his heart, for, you see, he greatly dreaded what he must do thereafter. Yet he stiffened himself to bear the thrust, and in spite of the agony of it made no movement or sound as the weapon shore through the muscles of his left forearm.

That examination must have satisfied the sentries, for they faced about; but almost before their backs were turned the scout had drawn the fuse and charge from his pocket. A moment later he had slackened the fastening of his bag, thumping upon the bottom of it until presently a diamond-shaped, evil head shot forth. That was a task such as a snake-charmer might well have dreaded, yet Dick Peterson caught the serpent deftly enough about the neck and held it securely the while he struggled to fix the explosive to its tail. But, considering the wound in his arm, and the gloom and the cramped position in which he crouched, it is hardly surprising that, before he had quite finished, the snake succeeded in writhing itself loose from the feeble grasp of his left hand. Wildly he clutched at it; but though he caught it again, the deadly head was still loose, and an instant later its poison-fangs had sunk deep into his knee.

For a moment the scout paused, shuddering violently; then he gritted his teeth and slipped the snake within the bars and into that little channel leading toward the petrol-casks.

Dick Peterson's task was finished. All now depended upon the snake, on whether that frightened reptile would seek to escape along the concealment offered by the gutter.

Many times in those few seconds that seemed hours to him the scout concluded that the fuse had failed. Indeed, I think the last vestige of hope had vanished from his heart before his ears

caught the sound of a tiny explosion.

So far, so good. But had it burst among the casks? Another moment, and his eyes saw that the price exacted of him had not been too great, for a little flame licked about one of the barrels—for an instant only a glimmer; then, as the spirit caught, a surge of flame went leaping heavenward. A crazy laugh burst from the scout's blue lips. The signal was given, a bonfire lit such as even Armada times had never seen.

But a deadly numbness was creeping up his limbs. Somewhere he seemed to have read that neat spirit was good for snake-bites, and he gulped down the contents of his flask. Was there nothing else he could do—nothing else! Why, yes—exercise!

He then got himself upon his feet and ran, lurching and staggering, up the slope. Half-way up he fell, and where he fell he lay.

Of course it could be but a fantasy of delirium, that girl's face bending over his! Oh, certainly

he was delirious, for the girl herself must be far away ere now! But through the growing dullness of his brain he seemed vaguely to hear her saying something about his being hurt, something about a blaze, and at that he fought himself back to consciousness for a moment.

'Ay,' he gasped, 'that snake and I both die in a blaze of glory.'

'Snake! What snake? What do you mean?' she cried.

But he took no notice. He was muttering something about King Charles.

She caught him about the neck and shook him violently. 'What about the snake?' she screamed.

'Oh, do leave me alone,' he yawned. 'I want to sleep so very badly. Why, the snake that carried the explosive tried to eat my knee, and—I—thought—snakes—only—ate—oak-apples.'

Maybe the Westrians' eyes were blinded by the glare of that huge furnace; or maybe, even if

they saw those two figures upon the slope, they heeded not. Certainly there were matters of more moment that claimed attention, for from the direction of London there came the distant boom of artillery, growing ever more frequent.

A long, long interval, and then the British infantry surged over the rise and down into the blackened hollow. Then presently—it seemed ages later-there came stretcher-parties and a surgeon. He might have been prepared for something unusual when, in the forefront of a battle, he found a wounded officer whose head lay upon a woman's lap. But then he was in no mood to take notice of a girl who, distraught at the sight of blood, raved something about having sucked the poison from a snake-bite. So, when he noticed the skilful bandage on the scout's arm, and found the pulse firm and steady, he turned away to where there was more need of him amidst the other gleanings of war's grim harvest.

THE END.

NOTES FROM AN ALSATIAN VALLEY.

THE country I write about, acquired by Germany from the French in 1871, is surely not the least lovely part of a great empire. The Vosges Mountains, which fill up so large a part of it, present a series of lovely landscapes of hill, lake, forest, and valley. The backbone of the range, Les Hautes Chaumes, which forms the frontier between France and Germany, runs from north to south, and is thus nearly parallel with the Rhine Valley and the Black Forest. Its average height is about three thousand five hundred feet, the loftiest peaks rising to considerably over four thousand; and it throws off numerous valleys at right angles.

The Münstertal, one of the best known of these valleys, extends from Colmar, gradually narrowing, to Münster, where it divides—one portion running to the Schlucht, one of the passes which occur at intervals in Les Hautes Chaumes; the other to Metzeral. In the lower part are extensive market-gardens and vineyards, extending up the mountain-sides, where they are not covered with dense forests; whilst higher up are many little farms. The base of the valley is filled with busy villages and dotted with cloth and linen factories, which, whilst employing large numbers of the inhabitants, do not spoil its beauty. Industrial conditions here, though not perfect, are much better than in many other places.

On the open mountain-side feed innumerable herds of goats and black-and-white cattle, to the musical sound of many bells and the yodling of the cow-boys. Sheep are unknown, though there seems no reason why the hardy horned breeds of the Scotch and Welsh mountains should not thrive in this climate. Potatoes are

cultivated in every available space, while the mild cheeses of the district are famous.

Some of the views obtained are exceedingly beautiful, and in certain lights strongly remind one of the traditional Japanese landscape. . The Bernese Oberland, the Jura, and the Black Forest are often clearly discernible. The afterglow at sunset on autumn days is very remarkable, and a curious natural phenomenon of a long dark shaft of mist stretching right across the hills is occasionally seen. The cathedral arches of the pine-trees, the natural fern grottos, the long vista of gray wold, the tiny red farmhouses, the vivid green of the pastures, the mistfilled valleys, the lovely range of hills, peak succeeding peak, glimmering away into the distance—such sights may be met at every turn, and present a different aspect with varying lights -light and dark, azure blue, or filmy gray. over the hills are curious circles of gray stones, Druidical remains surely, the supposition being borne out by the word Ballon-a name used for some of the peaks, and said to be connected with the worship of Baal.

What of the Alsatian peasantry? They are a hardy, kindly, generous race of people, whose principal characteristic is thrift. They will cultivate every available bit of land to the full, and whole families—men, women, and children—work in the fields. They have a curious language of their own, which, though really a dialect of Low German, contains many French words. The German sound oi, as in Deutsch, they pronounce 'ee,' a as in 'da,' and o, short, as in the English 'not.' Their language, except for some plays and folk-songs, is not a written one,

and is capable of such variations that the different valleys have words peculiar to themselves.

One cannot help noticing that the effects of the war of '71 have not yet wholly died down. Whilst the Germans are doing splendid work, such as harnessing the mountain lakes and laying down tramways to develop the country, they cannot be said to be very happy in their relations with the peasants, and one hears many stories which, if true, seem to speak of brutal treatment. German officialdom obtrudes itself everywhere, and one seems, for example, continually reminded that this, that, or the other thing is forbidden. The commotion caused by the arrival of a train at a country station—the clanging of bells, the blowing of trumpets, the opening of barriers, the inspection of tickets—is in direct contrast to the somewhat happy-go-lucky French methods. One almost imperceptibly notices the difference immediately after crossing the frontier.

An excellent thing, however, is the number of signposts everywhere, on all the mountainpaths, making it almost impossible to get lost. Paths leading to where good views can be obtained are carefully pointed out, and the heights above sea-level of certain points given. Then there is an abundance of pure water everywhere, tree-trunks being often hollowed out to form troughs, and the tiniest hamlets having their own reservoirs. Germany is often spoken of as an expensive country; but some things, at any rate, are remarkably cheap. Hotel accommodation is little more than half the price it is in England; and if you travel by slow train and fourth class you can go anywhere on the railways for very little more than a farthing a mile.

Alsace is essentially a country of rural towns, if the expression may be forgiven. In the Münstertal, for instance, the only town which in England would have urban powers is Münster itself, a quaint old place with leafy streets and gardens. But there are several that are beyond the indignity of villages—charming little places, full of artists' nooks. You enter by a picturesque gateway, surmounted by a squat spire, upon which a stork has built an untidy nest, and the chief street, or grasse, opens out before you. Every house is old, with a delightful doorway or overhanging balcony; there is an ancient castle on a hill, frowning down on you; a big-limbed, dun-coloured ox labours past with a clumsy country cart; while that totally indescribable smell, so typically Alsatian-or shall we say German?—of sour pickles and stale beer invests the nostrils.

Of the three large towns of Alsace, Strassburg, with its cathedral, its clock, and its ramparts, and Mulhausen, near the Swiss frontier, with its busy cotton-mills and machine-shops, are perhaps too well known to require description; but of Colmar, which is the size of Colchester,

a few words may be said here. Colmar is one of those comparatively rare places which combine all the features of a thoroughly up-to-date manufacturing town with the charm of a medieval city, and avoid both a startling show of newness and the forlorn appearance of decadent old age. Its factories are situated unobtrusively on the outskirts of the town. Its old cathedral, its convents, hung with the finest of Grünewald's paintings, such as the 'Kreuzigung Christi,' its almost Delftian canals, quaint streets, and houses with their slated turrets, carved fronts, alcoves, pozzias, and balconies, take one right back to the Middle Ages; while its fine boulevards and squares, hotels and shops, can surely be surpassed by few towns of equal size. Colmar has two natives of whom it is very proud: Rapp, the famous general of Napoleon's time; and Bartholdy, who designed the New York Statue of Liberty.

In matters of creed, Protestant and Catholic seem about equally divided in Alsace. One village will have a Protestant church; the next, a Catholic. The people are singularly devout, and the churches are very well filled, as is so often the case where a rural population largely predominates. The most famous of the shrines scattered over the country is that of Drei Achren. It is related that, in 1491, when a blacksmith was making his way to the little town of Urbeis, lying in the next valley northwards from the Münstertal, the Virgin appeared to him, holding in one hand three ears of corn, to signify the reward of the just; and in the other a lump of ice, to signify the punishment of the unrighteous. The blacksmith was told to proclaim in Urbeis market-place what he had seen, but was afraid to do so, as he feared he might not obtain credence. The sack of corn which he had brought there, and was carrying home, remained unmovable, however, till he had delivered his message. convent was erected on the spot where the Virgin appeared. The place is now one of the most frequented resorts of the Vosges Mountains, and is approached by a mountain railway.

As a last word about this charming country, may I point out its advantages as a holiday playground? It offers attractions of many kinds to the sportsman (especially in winter, when ski-ing and sledging may be had), to the naturalist, to the lover of country life and mountain air, to the antiquary, and, not least of all, to any one in search of health. The climate is dry and bracing, and at any height of over two thousand feet—that is, above the mists of the valleys—remains singularly warm right up to the end of October. Hotels, good and cheap, there are in abundance; whilst, owing to the excellent system of railways and tramways, all the very finest parts of the country are easily accessible from England, via Dover, Ostend, and

Strassburg.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A SIMPLE MUD-GUARD FOR PUTTING-HOLES.

THE remarkable vogue of golf is reflected in the activity of inventors. One of the latest manifestations of this ingenuity is a simple mud-guard for putting-holes that has been placed upon the market. Its avowed purpose is to prevent the golf-ball becoming soiled by contact with the liquid mud that so frequently collects at the bottom of the hole in rainy weather. The guard itself comprises a metal flange or cap which is slotted at three points of its periphery, each cut section being bulged to a round or spring form. Consequently when the guard is slipped into the hole the spring pieces of the flange bear upon the walls of the hole, thereby holding the guard in any desired position. In this way it may be set clear of the mud and water in the hole. The guard is pierced with a central orifice, which is large enough to receive the ball, and yet will prevent it falling through to the bottom of the The guard is readily withdrawn when it is desired to clean out the hole, while at the same time it need not be used except in wet weather. It is substantially made of zinc, so that it will withstand rough wear and tear; while it is also rust-proof.

DASH-BOARD ACETYLENE-LIGHT SWITCH FOR MOTOR-CARS.

While acetylene gas constitutes an excellent illuminant for motor-car lamps, there is one pronounced drawback. This is the necessity to leave the seat and to light each lamp separately. For this reason electric lighting has come into wider favour, since it can be switched on and off from the driving position. But electric lighting is expensive to install, and requires careful and vigilant maintenance. An effort to remove the disabilities in connection with acetylene lighting has been made, and the resultant device is highly effective. It has been in use for some three or four years upon the other side of the Atlantic, and has recently appeared in this country. The contrivance comprises a gascontroller, which is mounted upon the dash-board, and from which a pipe extends to the gas-generator and to the lamps respectively. The controller is fitted with two needle-valves, one of which is set to permit the gas to flow to the burners at the proper pressure to give the most efficient light. The second valve is provided with a handle, and is used to turn the gas on or off completely, or to adjust the flame to any intermediate height, according to conditions. The controller also carries a small electric pushbutton, which completes the electric circuit between the battery and the lamp-burner. This electric circuit includes a vibrating coil, while the leads extend from the battery through the coil and controller to the burner. At the burner the circuit is broken, presenting two points not unlike the terminals of a sparking-plug. Therefore, when the gas-handle is turned on and the push-button is pressed, a powerful high-tension current passes to the secondary posts at the burner. The current, jumping between the posts, creates a spark, which, passing through the jet of gas, ignites it. The outstanding feature of the lighter is its flexibility. The flame can be adjusted to any desired height, according to the degree of illumination required. Thus, when the car is travelling over country roads on a pitch-dark night, the flame may be raised to its maximum by moving the handle to its full degree of travel; but when it is passing through well-lighted thoroughfares of a town or city, where a brilliant ray is not necessary, and indeed constitutes a source of danger, the flame may be lowered by shutting off the handle. This central control-system, while it renders acetylene lighting as convenient as electric lighting, because it can be manipulated from the seat, has a great advantage over its rival, since the light can be adjusted through an extremely wide range of intensity.

LUMINOUS INDICATORS.

The recent tragic disaster to the Empress of Ireland has once more recalled the need for some subsidiary lighting system to guide passengers through the labyrinth of corridors when the electric-lighting system fails. In this disaster all illumination was extinguished within a minute or two of the collision, owing to the steam-raising plant and dynamos becoming immersed. Consequently the passengers below had to grope blindly in the dark to discover ways and means of reaching the decks. terrible confusion might have been mitigated, and possibly additional lives saved, had luminous indicators been placed upon the walls of the corridors and companion-ways to guide the passengers. The perfection and reliability of the Balmain luminous paint or cold light, to which we have drawn attention previously in these pages, would have sufficed. The active ray compound is sealed hermetically in a glass tube, and any desired wording, guidingmarks, or indicating signs may be set up therewith. This invention is applicable throughout a wide range, such as upon underground railways, picture palaces, theatres, and even private apart-It can be utilised to indicate the position of electric-light switches, bell-pulls, door-handles, lifts, fire-alarms, and so on. It is only necessary to place the sign at some point where it may receive a certain amount of daylight; or should this be absolutely impossible, a lamp held quite close to the sign for a few minutes at regular intervals will impart the requisite activity to the light-shedding compound. Owing to the fact that luminosity is not dependent upon combustion or phosphorus, and is perfectly safe, once installed it lasts for years. It may even be used in the dark galleries of a powder-magazine, signs being laid on the floor at intervals of a few feet to guide the men working in the dark. Even in coal-mines it has a decided value, and would prove of service to miners and rescuers after an explosion.

TURNING REFUSE INTO WEALTH.

The problem of the economic disposal of household and street refuse is a difficult one in towns The dust-destructor has superseded and cities. the dangerous process of dumping and distributing the malodorous matter upon open land; but while the heat generated by combustion may be turned to useful account in the production of power, the disposal of the clinker is another problem. The dust-destructor is far from being an economic method of refuse disposal. The domestic dust-bin is a heterogeneous collection of debris, ranging from vegetable and animal waste to tins and other metallic odds and ends. The civic authorities of San Francisco have recently installed a plant and system for the purpose of extracting all economic matter from the waste, and subsequently turning the residue itself into a marketable article. Oil in various forms abounds in general refuse, and its reclamation is profitable. The authorities have introduced a service of motor-driven collectingvans, each of five tons capacity, whereby the refuse is collected during the night. Upon arrival at the plant, the trucks, which are detachable, are released, and raised to the top of the building, and the contents are dumped into huge kettles or hoppers, to be subjected to a boiling process for five hours. The pulp then passes into huge presses, where all the greasy matter and water is expressed. The oily matter collecting upon the surface of the water is skimmed off and retained. As the pressed matter is by no means dry, it is driven on a helical screw through rotary boilers, whereby Then the mass all moisture is evaporated. passes to other tanks charged with petrol, which dissolves and absorbs all the remaining grease and oil. The macerated mass is then submitted to a drying process, and passed along a conveyer beneath powerful magnets, which extract all the metallic materials, such as nails, pieces of tins, nuts, screws, &c. The pulp is now shot into pulverisers, where it is ground up, mixed with chemicals, and exuded in a finely divided form, somewhat resembling powder. As bones and other valuable fertilising agents are crushed in this action and combined with the other matter, the residue constitutes an excellent fertiliser, which finds a ready market. The petrol, laden with greases and oils, is subjected to a simple distillation in a refinery, whereby the petrol is reclaimed to be re-used, while the oils and greases are separated or divided into their commercial values.

TRANSLATING LIGHT INTO SOUND.

An interesting instrument, 'The Type-Reading Optophone,' invented by Mr E. E. Fournier d'Albe, D.Sc., was described recently before the Royal Society by Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. By means of this instrument the action of rays of light is translated into sound, and light is thus rendered recognisable to the ear. The apparatus has been devised essentially for totally blind persons, so that they may be able to read the type of ordinary printed letterpress. A disc, perforated with several concentric circles of holes, is placed before a Nernst electric lamp, which has its filament stretched radially across the This perforated disc is rotated rapidly, so that the light shining through the holes is broken up into regularly recurring flashes. When a suitable frequency is obtained, these can be detected by means of selenium and a telephone. An image of this line of intermittently luminous dots is projected upon the type which it is desired to read, and the light diffusely reflected from the type is received on a selenium bridge. With an ordinary high-resistance telephone receiver, type a fifth of an inch in height may be read quite easily in this manner.

ASBESTILITE, A NEW BUILDING MATERIAL.

This is the age of cement, and one of its latest applications is for tiles for roofing, as well as a lining for walls and ceilings. The cement is mixed with asbestos, and the combination is so effectively accomplished as to yield a homogeneous and impervious article. For roofing purposes the tiles are made in red, blue, or brown, and when laid present an artistic appearance. The cement ensures solidity and protection against the weather, while the asbestos renders the material absolutely fireproof. The material may be used for ordinary constructional purposes if desired. desired. It possesses one desirable The material being a non-conductor feature. of heat, a building so constructed is cool in summer, as the solar heat is unable to radiate into the interior; while in winter it is warm, because the internal heat is kept within. The tiles are lighter than those made from clay or slate, are inexpensive, and have the additional quality of being imperishable. Asbestilite, as it is called, has been utilised in Canada for constructional purposes with unique success; and bearing in mind the trying character of the North American climate, with its violent extremes of temperature, according to season, it should be useful in the United Kingdom and also in tropical countries.

BLEACHING BY OZONE.

An interesting bleaching-plant has been completed recently in this country for whitening the beeswax of which the candles used in the Russian Orthodox Church are made. branch of manufacture is a monopoly of the Church authorities, and extreme care is observed to secure absolutely pure beeswax for the purpose. The wax, as it is received, has the peculiar nut-brown tint characteristic of a skep-hive of honey, so that the bleaching process is somewhat difficult, as may be imagined, since the resultant product must have a beautiful creamy whiteness, comparing with that of the ordinary wax candle. In this latest development ozone is the bleaching agent employed, the process being the projection of continuous streams of ozone through the molten mass. The idea of utilising ozone for this purpose was recommended owing to the powerful oxidising properties of this gas. Hitherto chemical action has been adopted, but the results are not comparable with those obtained by the ozone method. The wax so treated is hard, while no losses arise from the operation; the process is simplified, is more economical, and there is less risk of deleterious matter being left in the wax. Bleaching by means of ozone has been utilised in the soap and oil industries upon a limited scale, especially for the treatment of palm-oil, tallow, and The success of the process in connection with beeswax, however, is unique, and doubtless will result in the wider application of the idea.

A NEW SAFETY-LOOK.

An interesting lock, which will appeal particularly to motorists, has been placed upon the market. It offers a complete protection against theft or the unauthorised use of the vehicle. The lock is similar to the Yale in its broad principles, being manipulated by a paracentric key. Picking is impossible; while the fact that no fewer than fifty thousand combinations are possible, guards against the possibility of in-advertent opening of the lock by another key. The whole of the mechanism is enclosed in a strong brass box, and the lock acts upon the fuel-pipe supplying petrol from the tank to the engine, and also upon the electric circuit for ignition. In the lock is a fuel-plug to which the feed-pipe is connected, while a suitable make and break for the ignition is also incorporated. By inserting the key in the lock, giving a quarter turn, and then withdrawing it, the fuel-plug is closed, while the electric current is broken simultaneously. Consequently it is absolutely impossible to start the motor, as both fuel-supply and ignition are inter-The mechanism is fitted with two 'security-raccords' for the connection of the fuel-tubes. The chamber of the electric contact is securely separated from the fuel-plug chamber, to prevent explosion when the current is switched on.

A POCKET COLD GREENHOUSE.

While the amateur gardener always strives to raise seeds and produce out of season, lack of facilities denies him the opportunity to gratify his wishes. A cold frame meets the situation, but occupies space; while a greenhouse is an expensive luxury. A recent innovation which meets this end very completely is the 'handiframe.' It comprises two long, narrow, glazed frames hinged together, so that when not in use they may be folded and packed away, occupying the minimum of space. For seed-culture the device may be set in A-form upon a small wooden base having closed ends. As both sides are movable, either may be raised to secure ventilation, and to any desired degree. The adjustments of the two hinged sections are extremely varied, so that any condition of culture is fulfilled; while the maximum volume of solar heat may be trapped therewith, and turned to useful purpose in nurturing the seedlings beneath, and at the same time sheltering them from the winds. The 'handiframe' is made in units, so that, if desired, a continuous length may be laid down. The frame can be adapted to any part of the garden with equal facility. By picking it up, it can be folded and packed away upon a shelf; while it can be set up in a few seconds when it is required. The frame is light to carry, although of substantial construction. The panes of glass, about five to a frame, are not fixed with putty; so that when a breakage does occur the amateur is not troubled. He purchases a new piece of glass of the requisite size, and sets it with ease in a few seconds.

HEALTH AND HEIGHT.

Our ancestors did not often trouble themselves about the healthful amenity of town or village sites, or situations for residential homes in the country. Very often these last were planted low down by the bed of a stream for convenience in getting water, shelter, or other reasons. Now, from a series of articles and correspondence in the Times containing the reasoned opinions of medical men, we find that those who reside some four or five hundred feet above sea-level, and whose homes get a free sweep of the winds, have the best chance of healthful conditions. A medical man has said that London people should live above London. The heights around London from two hundred to four hundred and fifty feet above sea-level are said to be actually the healthiest places on earth. Thus Hampstead Heath (four hundred and fifty feet above sea-level) may be taken to possess a health-value nearly equal to that of Royat in Auvergne, and the same applies to Highgate (four hundred and ten feet), and Muswell Hill and Shooter's Hill (each four hundred feet). After these come Upper Sydenham, Upper Norwood, and the Crystal Palace neighbourhood (three hundred and seventy feet), Harrow-on-the-Hill (three hundred and forty feet), Chislehurst (three hundred and thirty feet), Putney Hill, Wimbledon Common, Finchley, and Hendon. These places all afford a degree of stimulation—' bracing effect'—met with in other countries only at much greater altitudes. The high village is found to be the healthiest, the higher altitude increasing the red blood of anæmic patients and speeding up the system. With this testimony to the value of height it is pointed out how little hotel or house accommodation there is over one thousand feet in Great Britain. The Scottish and Welsh Highlands might, if properly opened up, 'provide an unrivalled pair of lungs for jaded England.' At present our tourists go to France and Germany to find what they might get at home. Professor Gaule, of Zurich, has pointed out, however, that there is an altitude of happiness and of unhappiness. An unreasonably high altitude may bring on nervous irregularities; and Alpine hotels are not all adequately ventilated.

WIRELESS TELEPHONY IN CONNECTION WITH COLLIERY WORK.

What is considered to be a system of wireless telephony is at present being introduced into a coal-mine in Fifeshire. The inventor of the system is M. Reineke, of Boehm, Westphalia, who is also the engineer of the Reineke Wireless Company, London. Recent mining legislation has enforced the use of telephones on all underground haulage roads exceeding one thousand vards in length. In the ordinary system of telephony in mines the conducting mediums are two copper wires insulated from each other, both being enclosed in an outer casing of steel wire, called armouring. A heavy fall of roof practically always puts this system out of commission by breaking or short-circuiting the conducting wires, communication between the two sides of the 'fall' being often impossible. In this new system the insulated wires are entirely dispensed with, and use made of the rails, water-pipes, old wire ropes, ropes on haulage, and even waterways; and it is not necessary that these conductors should be insulated from each other, as electricity of adequate potential has a tendency to flow into conductors of larger superficial area, selecting the path of least resistance. The resistance between the two conductors must be twenty-five ohms, which can be easily maintained in colliery work. electric energy is supplied by a fifteen-volt The voltage is augbattery of the dry type. mented by a transmitter and a transformer to a much larger pressure, and the electric magnetic tones produced in the conductors have a very strong influence on the specially constructed re-

ceivers. It is intended to fit up this new system at all important points underground, while portable sets will also be provided. The value of this system in connection with rescue work cannot be overestimated. In the event of men being entombed instructions can be given through the wireless phone. The company has also a contrivance on the market to fix to shaft cages, so that messages may be given to the engineman, which is a very important innovation in connection with shaft repairs. The instruments are only hired from the Reineke Wireless Company, who erect them and guarantee the efficiency of the system and the maintenance of the instruments in satisfactory working order during the term of contract. In consequence of the admitted advantage by this system in saving lives in mines, the Home Office has under consideration a proposal to extend the date by which these telephones must be fixed, so as to allow of their adoption.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

NUT-GATHERING.

OH heart o' mine! there's sound of happy laughter

From lovers roaming in the woodland lanes; Somewhere a wild bird flutes a moment after, Though a sad stillness on the moorland reigns.

Oh heart o' mine! though hazel-nuts are falling, O'er rock and boulder see the mists and spray; Like a sad dirge each brooklet small is calling To wild clematis wreathed in silver-gray.

Oh heart o' mine! the beech-woods now are dreaming—

Dreaming sad dreams of sunshine-laden days; Out in the west the evening star is gleaming, Whilst all the moorland hides in purple haze.

Oh heart o' mine! the birchen boughs gleam whitely,

Pensive the oaks in tawny dress alone.

Let us away, dear heart. Ah, hush! tread lightly;

Woodlands are weeping. Summer days have
flown.

MOLLIE KENNEDY.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE HOUSE OF LADDO.

By CHARLES HILTON BROWN.

CHAPTER I.

BELIEVE that when a man sets himself to the telling of other folks' affairs, it is customary for him to allege some reason or pretext for such a proceeding, with some pretty apology for his deficiency in the art of writing, or for the insignificance of such part as he has himself That this is mere pretence played in the events. I am very nearly convinced; and I suspect that a thing called by the learned the cacoethes scribendi lies behind it all, and so you shall have none of it here. My name is David Lechmere; it is a name better men than I have borne, and you may take it or leave it. As for my powers with the pen, I'll warrant that when these disgust you, you will drop the reading soon enough—the which I give you full and free permission to do.

My father, John Lechmere, held the venerable position of minister of the parish of Birkiea most God-forsaken and wind-swept place on the north slopes of the Pentlands. You may read his name to this day on a headstone in the kirkyard if you have wind enough to scale the dreary eminence on which it stands. I should think, poor man, he is very happy to be there. I remember him as a small, starved-looking creature, with unkempt black hair, always irritated because he had not the strength of character to be really angry, and always amazingly ineffective. I am aware that this is no dutiful or filial description; but if I speak of him with levity or bitterness, it is because he thought of me only as an encumbrance. I can still hear him rolling out in his prayers that it was of the Lord's mercies we were not consumed, and cocking his eye at me the while, as if he thought inwardly that, so far as I was concerned, it was rather a thousand pities.

My early days are all bound up in my memory with howlings of winds, clouds scudding across a cold sky, dreadful pelting rains, and the intolerable muddy mess made by the hens my mother attempted to rear. Our manse was of fairish size, but how it held together Heaven alone can tell. I do indeed remember a portion of it coming down with a run in some gale, and my father sitting Marius-like among the ruins, calling down a thousand curses on the Church of Scot-

land and those who put him into it. It appeared from his talk on such occasions that he had designed himself for a factor or some such thing, but this occupation had not been deemed sufficiently genteel; and in all times of stress he hearkened back to this early disappointment with a vehemence that exceedingly ill became a minister of the gospel.

All this has really no bearing on the genuine matter of this tale, but it brings us to that notable year of grace 1745, and the sixteenth year of my existence. When I come to think of it, indeed, I see that the manse did play a part in the starting of me upon my adventures; for it was in an autumn gale of that year that the east stack of chimneys was blown down in slaughtering ruin upon the hen-run. I remember the clean-washed morning that followed, with the bare trees still tossing, and the three of us gathered round the fallen stones, my father protesting that he could never find money to repair the damage, and my mother maintaining that we must have chimneys, or we should be smoked out of the house. Having roundly anathematised the Church and his own ill-fortune, my father

turned, as usual, upon me.
'David here,' said he, 'ought to do something for himself.'

'John,' said my mother, 'what could the poor

'Judging by his looks,' said my father, staring at me with something like disgust, 'little enough.'

'He would be well enough if he were dressed,' said my mother.

'Which is what he cannot be,' said he. And then, after a few minutes' cogitation, 'He shall go to his uncle at Laddo. I called him by David's name,' said he fiercely; 'and, damme! he shall fish for David's money.'

'David has two sons of his own,' said my

'I know it well,' said he. 'But one is driven from the house, and the other is scarce wise enough. Come, it is worth the trying; we should at least make enough to build up this rickle I have to live in. David can spare it, if he will. I will write this afternoon.'

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This project he proceeded to put into effect with more than his usual energy; and after an interval, there came a morning of mighty rejoicing when a very short note arrived from my uncle David, saying he would have me to stay with him. I know now that he must have written that letter without either thinking or caring what it implied; but at the moment I thought only what a kind man my uncle David must be I do not suppose I was much grieved to turn my back on Birkie, and I suspect my parents of no other feeling than a shamefaced relief. Be that as it may, my mother cut my hair with a pudding-bowl; I was got into my best suit of clothes, and away I tramped down to the Granton pier to catch the ferry for Fife.

The House of Laddo stands on that extreme eastern promontory of the county known as the Ness or Neuk of Fife. I have learned since that it has been in the hands of the family of Lechmere for a very considerable period, and even in my grandfather's time was a house of some note in the countryside. This grandfather of mine begat but the two sons, both of whom displeased him exceedingly; but, on mature consideration, he concluded that my father was the greater fool of the pair, and put him accordingly into the Church, while he left the house and money to my uncle David. This patrimony my uncle was supposed to have in some way greatly augmented, though the precise means he had adopted were held the most deadly secret. My father spoke of him as a kind of Crossus, but I much misdoubt if he were, in truth, more than averagely well off. I had, as you will hear, some occasion to study this man; my grandfather's dislike of him I can consequently understand, but I cannot at all imagine how he came to suppose him a

Until my journey to Fife I had never been outside the parish of Birkie; but by virtue of my utter helplessness, and the great fool I made of myself on every possible occasion, I contrived to travel very tolerably on a public diligence the length of Anstruther, and there to procure a ramshackle conveyance to carry me the remainder of my way.

It was now verging into the late afternoon, and as we drove over some high ground belted with young fir, I could look down on the country spreading darkly away before me into the east. A bitter wind came off the sea, which was breaking angrily on the low cliffs in which this part of the world ends; and there was a sense of dismalness in the air, for which even this dark and vacant prospect did not seem wholly to account. Presently, however, we descended on to the more level land of the promontory itself, and, after jolting over some execrable by-roads, drew in to a big square house standing not a quarter of a mile from the sea.

Although lights shone in two of the windows,

some little time elapsed before any answer came to my assault upon the door. At length, however, some shuffling steps were heard, and a man of about fifty, very shabbily dressed and carrying a stable lantern, made his appearance. He looked me all up and down, holding the lantern in different positions, craning forward his white face the better to take stock of me, and wrinkling up his face in a girn that showed his blackened and irregular teeth. Finally, he set down the lantern with a bang, and stepped back a pace.

'Ma name's Rintoul,' said he. 'What is 't?'
'I am Mr David Lechmere,' suid I. 'Can I
see my uncle?'

'Man,' said he, 'ye can try;' and picking up the lantern again, he signed to me to follow him.

This was scarcely the welcome I had been led to expect, but I went groping after him in silence down a couple of pitch-dark corridors. Rintoul came to a halt before a heavy oak door, and here he seemed to consider his mission at an end.

'Awa' in wi' ye,' said he. 'Gang forrit t' the table, an' bide there till ye're bespoke.'

In some trembling I pushed open the door, and found myself in a chamber of enormous size; such at least was the impression it conveyed, for it receded into infinite possibilities of darkness on every side. In front of me stood a large table, littered a foot deep with papers; and by the light of the lamp it carried I saw two men, seated one on each side. The one who sat opposite me raised his head with a curious bird-like sharpness as I came in. He was small, round-faced, and clean-shaven, gray of hair and of eyes. I was about to speak, when I saw that his gaze was perfectly vacant; and, indeed, just as the words came to my lips his head dropped again, and he became once more immersed in the papers before him.

Mindful of Rintoul's advice, I stood, first on one foot and then on the other, for what may have been five minutes; then the bird-like head flashed up again, and this time he saw me. His chin shot out in hostility and his eyes leapt.

'Who the devil are you?' he cried in a voice like cracking wood.

At these words the other man, who had apparently not heard my entry, turned a dark face of questioning upon me. He was of an almost swarthy complexion, with heavy and aggressive features; yet the same suggestion of a light shining behind the face—I can put it no better—made me set him down as the other's son—that son probably whom my father had described as 'scarce wise enough.' He turned a pair of huge black eyes on me with the vacant yet searching expression of some cattle beast; and beneath this double scrutiny I was hard put to it to speak.

'I am your nephew David, sir,' said I at

'Good God!' cried my uncle fiercely. 'What

are you doing here?'

I was so dumbfounded at this that my speech left me altogether; but I produced his letter of invitation, which I providentially carried with me, and laid it before him. He glared at it for a moment, and threw it across the table to his son.

'Steenie,' said he, 'this is your hand.'

'You dictated it,' said the other sulkily.

'Very like,' said he-'very like. And what matter, anyway !- Rintoul!' he cried, raising 'Rintoul! take this boy his high voice. away and give him a room. I cannot be disturbed with nonsense like this. If Cockburn comes I will see him, but no one else-no one else.

Next instant I found myself again following Rintoul's lantern down the dark passages of this extraordinary house. He led me into a small and very uncomfortable apartment, which I judged from certain odours to look out upon the yard; and setting down his lantern on the bed, treated me to another of his disconcerting inspections.

'Bidin' lang?' said he at last.

'Heaven alone knows!' I cried. 'I am at a

'Mphm!' said he; 'jist that. Aweel, mony are called, but few chosen. It's no for a man t' say.'

This sort of conversation I felt to be beyond

me, so I preserved a discreet silence.

'A queer, queer place,' he went on presently.
'd fain be ooten't. The ass knoweth his 'I'd fain be ooten't. master's crib. I'll gie ye se bit hint,' said he, rising. 'Dinna ask questions, an' haud nae speech wi' strangers.'

On this he seemed about to take his departure, and I thought fit to ask a plain question.

'Tell me,' said I, 'what makes my uncle so busy?

He stiffened on the word, and an ugly expression of mistrust crept into his eyes.

'Supper will be at sivven,' said he, and with

that left me to my own devices.

At seven o'clock, sure enough, the supper was served—a very tolerable meal, and notable in my eyes by the presence of wine, a beverage I had scarcely seen in all my fifteen years. Rintoul waited upon us with an amazing clumsiness, to which no one seemed to make any objection; and as, with one notable exception, not a soul took the faintest notice of me from first to last, I was the better able to observe the company.

These numbered more than I had anticipated, for besides my uncle and his son there was present that Cockburn of whom he had spoken -a long, thin, silent man; a writer, I believe, or some such thing, in Anstruther. We had also at the table two ladies, of whom I shall speak

My uncle sat at the head of the table, with

Stephen Lechmere on his left; on his right was a vacant place fully laid, and in connection with this an odd incident occurred.

We had reached the second course, and I was speculating as to the nature of the expected guest and the cause of his delay, when my uncle, who had scarcely spoken so far, cried out to Rintoul, 'Remove Mr Robert's things; he will not come to-night now.'

The things were taken away in silence, and the incident passed without comment.

Of the two ladies who were present I must now speak in some detail. One was very tall, dark, and handsome; she kept up a continuous fire of vivacious conversation, directed, in the most open manner, almost solely at Cockburn, who now and then put in an ungracious or halting word like a man ill at ease. I was at a loss to think who she might be; but I ascertained presently that she was Miss Rose Chalmers, my uncle's ward, given into his charge, I hope, in a day when he was more fitted for the post. It was she who conferred upon the domestic side of Laddo such management and supervision as it could boast, which, as I found, was one week very efficient and the next little short of scandalous, according to her humour. I thought her the most charming and handsome of mortals—an opinion which was greatly enhanced when she at last inquired who I might be; and on being sullenly informed by Steenie, addressed to me a few very kind and gracious remarks.

The remaining member of this curious company was little more than a girl; and, by the family resemblance, I had no difficulty in placing her as my uncle's daughter, Alice, of whose existence I had vaguely heard. I have described this family resemblance as 'a light shining behind the face; 'but in her this trait, secondary in her father and brother, became salient and dominant. It was emphasised, I was quick to notice, by the vacancy of her gray eyes, which stared forth like those of a statue over a finely cut nose and mouth; but so well did she comport herself that I had puzzled for some time over the cause of this before I realised she was stone-blind. She wore always the curious listening expression that rests on the faces of those so afflicted; she spoke very little, but from time to time a smile of singular beauty would light up her features. I remember that, boy as I was, a passionate sense of injustice went through me at the thought that one whose nature was so evidently beautiful should have her life spoiled by a misfortune so devastating.

When the meal was over, all these people went their several ways-my uncle, Stephen, and Cockburn to strict consultation, and the ladies to some apartment upstairs. As there seemed little for me to do and the hour was yet early, I set out in search of Rintoul, and presently came upon him washing dishes with a great din, to the accompaniment of the most mournful singing.

'Are ye no' in yer bed?' said he on my

'I am too unsettled for sleep,' said I, 'and

there are things I must know.'

'The young are headstrong,' said he sadly;

'The young are headstrong,' said he sadly; 'but we live and learn. Weel, weel, what ails ye?'

'I like this house very little,' said I, 'and am

far from sure I should stay in it.'

'I'm wi' ye there,' said he. 'I dinna like it ava', an' nivver did. But I bide. An' what for no'? Ye get yer mate an' a bield ower yer heid, an' the ways o' the Lord are mysterious.'

'I had not thought to be treated thus,' said I,

near upon tears with wounded dignity.

'Wha's meddlin' wi' ye?' said he, surprised.

'Why, no one,' said I; 'and that is just what hurts.'

He stopped clattering his dishes, and, straightening himself up, wagged a dripping finger at me.

'Be ye thankfu',' said he solemnly. 'Them as is least noticed gets maist peace. The less he'—with a fearful emphasis on the word—'looks at ye the better ye are.'

'Tell me, then,' said I, 'who is Mr Robert, and

why did he not come to-night?'

He shook his head sadly, and fell to his dishes again. 'Ye sud ha' said, "Who was Mr Robert?"' said he; 'then I cud ha' gi'en ye an answer. He was the maister's eldest. A prood spirit—ay, a prood spirit—that goeth before destruction. Mr Lechmere pit him till the door three year syne; an' who or where Mr Robert is, is beyond ma power t' say.'

'But the place that was laid?' said I.

'It always is,' said he, 'an' aye will be. When he pit him t' the door Mr Lechmere says, "There'll be a place set for ye every nicht," says he. "When ye've gotten sense, come in for 't." But he'll no' come. Na, na. The

fleshpots o' Egypt. The husks that the swine did eat.'

'But what had he done?' I asked.

'Weel,' said Rintoul, 'whiles he drank and whiles he played cairds, but that was a' kind o' forgivable. Youth will have its day, an' a contrite spirit can aye mend. But he did a waur thing nor that—ay, a waur, waur thing nor that.

'What?' said I, breathless.

Rintoul turned on me a face of extraordinary solemnity, and spoke in a voice like a minute-bell. 'He turned Jawcobite,' said he.

Now this was a question on which I knew more than you might suppose; for I had read much and keenly of that stirring year of the 'fifteen, and the Chevalier St George, and of that splendid young Charles Edward who was just come to claim his own. And whether it was that my father hated the sect—which would have been sufficient in itself to commend them to me—or whether it was a mere boyish love of the romantic and the rebellious, I had found all my sympathies to incline to the side of these outlaws; with the result that, at Rintoul's solemnity, I burst into laughter.

'Oh, come,' I said, 'that was none so very

bad.'

His face assumed an expression of horror, as though I had uttered some frightful blasphemy. He recoiled from me as in a kind of awe. Had he been a Papist, I am certain he would have crossed himself.

'Keep's a', lad!' said he at last, 'ye maunna speak like that; ye maunna, maunna speak like that. The dawmnable Jawcobites! But mebbe I forget yer years. I thought as a child, I spake as a child. Ay, ay. Awa' t'yer bed, an' no more such words.'

After so serious a blunder I deemed it well to act on his advice; but as I was going he still gaped after me, wagging his finger.

'We dinna haud wi' Jawcobites here,' said he.

(Continued on page 568.)

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN: THEN AND NOW.

By Sir George Douglas.

LIKE almost everybody else, within recent years the country gentleman has undergone the process known as 'speeding up,' and, to own the truth, he stood in need of it more than most people; for, though leisure is an excellent thing, he had too much of it. So his time ran to waste for lack of method and of organisation; he lived below himself, and paid the penalty of his privileges by his failure to get enough out of life. For example, I remember once hearing a small landowner repeat twice or thrice in the course of an evening that he had a meeting to attend in the county town the week after next.

Now, doubtless it was quite right that he should regard his own attendance at a meeting as important; but that a meeting ten days ahead should loom so large on his horizon argued a certain blankness in the interval. This was perhaps an extreme case. Yet none the less is it characteristic of those who, not having enough to do, are apt to lie low or rest upon their cars, anticipating as a supreme effort that which a fully occupied man would take in his stride and make no bones about. And hence there is loss of power and of service to the community. But the principal loser is, of course, the individual

himself. Nowadays we have changed all that, or at least we are fast changing it; and, perhaps, as often happens, we are going to the opposite extreme.

For, after all, their shortcomings notwithstanding, they were grand old days, those days I have alluded to-days which represented, I have no doubt, a golden mean between the modern rush and those remote times depicted by George Stubbs of Liverpool, when men went shooting or played cricket in tall hats-in a sort of full dress. They were the times when partridge-drives were as yet unknown; when sportsmen asked nothing better than to walk their birds up, or to shoot them over dogs; when muzzle-loading guns were just going out of use, and ejectors were as yet undreamed of. And yet, to those who took part in it, the sport of those days never seemed slow, it may be because at that time patience was still one of the virtues exacted of a sportsman; but in one respect, at least, the bags of those days were generally heavier than they are now, for that was before the action of the Hares and Rabbits Act of 1880 had so greatly reduced the head of hares throughout the land. Then might heavily laden farm-carts be seen plying to and fro between the fields and the homestead where the dead hares were deposited—a sight one does not often see nowadays. And yet, if I remember rightly, it was not until after the passing of this contentious Bill that one first began to hear complaints of the great and wanton damage wrought by hares on turnip-crops-whole rows of the roots being wasted by just a bite or two from tiny teeth. In explanation of this apparent inconsistency it must be borne in mind that in the earlier times the Squire had many more hares to give away, and that hence both farmer and labourer were in general kept well supplied with game of the variety which they liked best. Few landed-proprietors sold their game before 1880. And in those days it was always the Squire and his friends who shot over his own ground, where now it is the shooting-tenant, or the members of a shootingsyndicate. Then the mere exercise of walking over turnips was considered a part of the day's sport, and there were guns who would ask for a post at the end of the line for the sake of the extra walking they would get when the line swung round. Somewhat different this from reclining at the back of a butt with pipe and newspaper! Where, I wonder, did the pheasants come from in those days? Excepting, I suppose, upon large estates, there were many fewer handreared; and yet they did not lack. It is true that folks were less ambitious then, and were content to shoot with one gun. Per contra, half-fledged birds, scarcely able to rise to the height of a high park-wall, were things unknown.

Those were the days, too, of early starts and of long rides through all sorts of weather to attend distant meets of foxhounds, for in those simpler times the use of the railway, or even of a carriage, for hunting purposes was exceptional. John Leech's illustrations to Surtees's novels bring back the once familiar scenes. They were likewise the days of very much smaller fields, almost purely local in their composition, when men hunted, not because it was the fashion, but solely from love of the sport, and when a woman who followed the hounds was as yet a rara avis. In such wise, then, and amid such surroundings, did the Old Squire 'take his pleasure sadly.' Or so, at least, did I once hear the New Squire put it, using a classic phrase satirically.

A very great man indeed is he, this same New Squire, who has bought out the Old Squire. Not a squire by descent, or by inheritance, from time immemorial in the countryside; and yet, if not exactly a good imitation of the real article, at least a fair substitute for it. For, though his working life has been spent in busy towns, and is still spent there, the love of country sport is in his blood; and that is the first essential to the making of a squire. To be a good landlord is important; to attend well to county business is desirable; but to be a sportsman is indispensable. For, though businessmen and landlords may be made, a sportsman must be born.

But if the New Squire possesses this saving grace, and is, besides, a good fellow—as I gladly acknowledge that he is-what remains to differentiate him from the old race which he is supplanting! The difference is, after all, a somewhat subtle one; yet I believe that the veriest yokel rarely fails to detect it at a glance, though for a townsman I cannot answer. It is, in fact, then, a matter of self-consciousness-of lack of simplicity; in certain cases, of pretension. To express myself somewhat otherwise, the Old Squire acts as to the manner born; the New Squire plays a part. Yes, he is always conscious that the eyes of the world are on him, even when this is least the case. And is it not inevitable that he who plays a part should play just sometimes to the gallery? Remember there is every excuse for him. It is all so new—this sumptuous mise en scène, these possibilities, this deference extended to him at every turn! Now, to the Old Squire all this meant nothing, or at least only what he had always been accustomed The New Squire is unmistakably happyunmistakably pleased with himself. The one trouble lurking in his mind is an occasional doubt whether all men realise what a wonderful man he is. It requires imagination to do that. For though they see him here in all his glory, still they only see one side of him. And he is every bit as wonderful in Manchester as he is in Fairford Chase. Sometimes I have suspected him of jogging his hearers' memories, of giving them just a little help towards grasping the full import of the situation. For example, his English is slightly more bookish than was the Old

Squire's, and there is one phrase in particular which he is fond of using when describing some one of his acquaintances who is in a position similar to his own. 'He wields a large amount of influence,' he will say. The phrase is as true of himself as of his acquaintance, and I for one can never help fancying that he remembers this as he pronounces it. But I am nothing if not malicious. Certainly the Old Squire 'wielded no influence' whatever, except perhaps at Petty Sessions. Neither had he anything whatever of obvious delight in himself and his possessions. Of an essentially kind nature, he was rather melancholy than otherwise.

Not for the New Squire are those candlelight toilets, or those lantern-lit mountings, to ride over half the county to meet a horse sent on the day before. The motor-car has abolished all that. Certainly the New Squire is an early riser; a business life has taught him to be that. But then he will dictate a score of letters to a typist before donning his pink coat and entering the high-power car which is to whirl him to the meet. The squire of the older generation did not write a score of letters in a week.

Nor are the differences between the old order and the new less conspicuous in the social than in the sporting department. The Old Squire, for example, made the best of such society as Heaven had vouchsafed him. And a rarely good thing that best would sometimes be. Yes! a neighbourhood was a neighbourhood in those days, and there were many of its inhabitants who scarcely looked beyond it. Born, reared, matured upon one well-beloved tract of land, they had traditions, recollections, esprit de corps in common. Their interest in one another was much more than merely conventional. Family friendships flourished among them from generation to generation; likewise sometimes family feuds. Perhaps they occasionally saw too much of each other for comfort; but that, I believe, was exceptional. At least their breeding as ladies and gentlemen generally kept their relations with one another dignified, if it did not always keep them amicable. And what good things at their best were their mutual respect, regard, and affection! With infinitely easier social intercourse, there is nothing quite like it nowadays
—nothing quite so fine perhaps. Yet I know that those old country-house dinner-parties of twelve or fourteen, with soup helped by the hostess and joint and game carved by the host, would be voted dull to-day; whilst the ballad by

Virginia Gabriel, or by Claribel, sung by the débutante in the drawing-room afterwards, would excite not sentiment but satire.

The New Squire's entertainments are more sumptuous and lavish. But then he has other sources of revenue besides his rent-roll. He is not dependent on the neighbourhood for social intercourse, for he imports his own society. He has made a substantial addition to the mansionhouse, and there from October to April one house-party succeeds another. It would be too much to expect that the bonds between himself and his guests should be either very firm or very lasting. Que voulez-vous? He is a man of the world, his guests are men and women of the world, and they know how to fleet the time to their own satisfaction. What if no two members of the company are perhaps likely to meet again, or were known to each other six months ago? Were they not all of them in London during last season, and at Cowes, at Homburg, in Scotland afterwards? So that, where they lack traditions and interests, they have at least topics of conversation in common. And for natures which are not generally very deep that is surely enough. At the Hunt Ball the arrival of the New Squire's party is one of the incidents of the evening. And if diamonds and Paris frocks can of themselves be held to contribute brilliancy, then that party is as brilliant as need be. There are a few of us, however, who look to the poise of a head, the turn of a neck, the modulation of a voice, to bearing, gait and carriage, to confer distinction on a scene, and such, I fear, remain unsatisfied with the latest arrivals. They are happy, good-natured, and on pleasant terms with one another; but, at least, to an eye that may possibly be prejudiced, they still leave something to be desired. What is that something? It is difficult to define, but may perhaps be compared to the quality of old wines, old lace, old paintings, or old china-in fact, to the virtue of any article which, originally fine, has mellowed and matured by keeping. In the New Squire, quality of this kind is conspicuous by its absence. And if this is so superficially, are we not justified in surmising that there are corresponding qualities, lying below the surface, in which he is equally defective? But time will cure all that. In the meantime he has the energy, and, not less important, the sinews of war. And the Old Squire, some say, is played out. There are others, however, who maintain that he will come



A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

By IAN HAY, Author of The Right Stuff, A Man's Man, Happy-go-Lucky, &c.

CHAPTER XXXI. - THE SILENT KNIGHT.

PEGGY walked to the fire and warmed her hands delicately. She was wrapped in a dark-blue velvet opera-cloak trimmed with fur. One corner had fallen back, showing the pink silk lining. Presently she slipped this garment off, and, throwing it across a chair, sat down upon the padded top of the fire-guard with a contented sigh and smiled seraphically upon her host. The clock struck half-past twelve.

'Peggy,' inquired the respectable Philip severely, 'what on earth are you doing here?'

'I came to see you, Theophilus,' replied Peggy. 'Aren't you glad to see me?'

'Such conduct,' observed Philip resolutely, 'is most reprehensible.

'Yes, isn't it? But I was at a dance close by, and I thought you would like to see my new frock. Do you think it is pretty?

Philip merely gaped. He was all at sea. Peggy regarded him covertly for a moment, and spoke again.

'When a lady,' she said reproachfully, 'takes the trouble to climb up four flights of stairs to show a gentleman her new frock, it is usual for the gentleman to say something appreciative.'

'I think it is beautiful,' said Philip, feasting his eyes upon her. Peggy, noticing this, decided to divert his attention from the wearer to the garment.

'And yet,' she said, 'if you were asked to describe it to-morrow, you would not be able to remember a single thing about it.'

'I should remember every detail,' replied Philip; 'but I should not be able to describe it. There's a difference, you know.'

'Try-now,' suggested Peggy.

Philip meekly fell in with her mood. He knew enough of the character of the girl before him to be quite certain that she had not visited his flat at midnight in order to show him her new frock. She wanted him for something. Perhaps she was in trouble. Well, she would tell him in due course. For the moment. extenuating irrelevances were to be the order of the day. 'Miss Peggy Falconer,' he began conscientiously, 'looked charming in a white silk '-

'Satin,' corrected the charming one.

'Satin creation, which was partly obscured from view by a sort of kilt'-

'A tunic.

'A tunic of pink gauze.'

'Of rose-coloured chiffon.'

'Thank you. Miss Falconer wore the neatest little white satin shoes, tied up with ribbon, and white silk '-

'They are not usually mentioned.'

'Sorry! Miss Falconer wore long white gloves'

'They are taken for granted.'

'Well, anyhow,' persisted the harassed Philip, 'round her hair Miss Falconer wore a band of some stuff or other'-

'Of tulle.'

- 'Of tulle, which very cleverly matched the lour of her ki—tunic. Over her shoulders she colour of her ki—tunic. Over her shoulders she wore a filmy scarf, of the same stu—material. Her waistband, which she wore rather high up, contained a small bunch of carnations. Finally, her appearance caused considerable gratification to one of her oldest friends, who did not know that she was in town.'
- 'I only got back this afternoon,' said Peggy, who by this time had risen to her feet and was inspecting Philip's lares et penates. 'By the way, your front-door was ajar, Philip. Your last visitor must have left it open. Very careless! last visitor must have left it open. You might have been robbed.'

'I expect it was friend Grice.'

Peggy babbled on. She was speaking vivaciously, and rather more rapidly than was her wont: another woman would have said that she

was talking to exclude other topics.

'It is more than a year since I was in these rooms, Philip. They are as snug as ever, but horribly untidy. Why do you always keep books on the floor? And your mantelpiece tragic!' She ran her finger along the edge, and held it up reproachfully. 'Look! Filthy!' The tip of her glove was black. 'I shall have to take my gloves off, I see, to keep them clean.'

'You have dropped 'I apologise,' said Philip. in just before our annual dust-up. Most un-

fortunate!

'Are these your household gods?' continued Peggy, coming to a halt before the mantelpiece.

Yes.

'Yours or Timothy's?'

'Mine. Tim keeps his in the other room across the passage. We usually feed here and sit there.'

Peggy gave a little cry. 'My dear Philip, when did you get those awful vases?'

Philip explained, with more apologies. 'And what is that queer thing there?'

'That is a model of the Meldrum Carburettor.'

Peggy nodded her head. 'I remember,' she said. 'I have met it before. I suppose you say your prayers to it. What is in that cracked jar?' 'Tobacco.'

'I thought so. As for these old pipes, you ought either to send them away to be cleaned and revarnished, or else get a new set altogether. No, I don't think much of your taste in mantel-

piece ornaments, Philip. Now, if I were an eligible young bachelor, I should sweep all these hideosities away and substitute a row of photographs of fair ladies.'

'I'm afraid I haven't got any,' said Philip.
Peggy regarded him coldly. 'Indeed!' she

Peggy regarded him coldly. observed. 'I have an idea that I once presented you with my portrait.'

'Here it is,' said Philip. He pointed to the open bureau. There stood Peggy's photograph

in a large round silver frame.

'H'm!' said the original, with her head on 'The darkest corner of an old bureau! I thought as much. I suppose this empty space in the middle of the mantelpiece is reserved?'

'Reserved! What for?' inquired the mystified

Philip.

Peggy pointed an accusing finger.

'Whose photograph,' she inquired, 'does a man eventually plant in the middle of his mantelpiece? Hasn't she come along yet, Theophilus? You must hustle, you know. You are getting on. You must not be left on the shelf! She put her head upon one side in the manner which Philip loved, and smiled provocatively up at her sere and yellow devotee. Then, without a moment's warning, her mood changed. 'Philip, my friend,' she said caressingly, 'forgive me. You are an angel of patience. I did not come here to-night to show you my new frock, or torment you.

'I gathered that,' replied Philip gravely. 'Won't you sit down?'

He drew up an arm-chair to the fire, and the girl sank into it luxuriously, extending her

flimsily-shod feet to the blaze.

Philip stood with an elbow upon the mantelpiece, looking down upon his love. All his life he never forgot the picture that Peggy presented at that moment, enthroned in his old arm-chair in the dimly-lit, smoke-laden room, in her shimmering ball-dress, the firelight tingeing her bare arms and shoulders, and her brown eyes and honey-coloured hair glinting in its rays. 'Can I help you about anything?' he asked bluntly.

'Yes, Philip, you can. I want to tell you something. I—I have just had a proposal!'

'Where? When?' asked Philip involuntarily. 'At the Freeborns' dance, on the top of a flight of stairs, about three-quarters of an hour ago,' replied Peggy with great precision.

'Not in the conservatory?' 'Conservatory? No. Why?'

'I had a kind of notion,' said Philip lamely, 'that these events always occurred in a conservatory. You know-Chinese lanterns-distant music-exotic atmosphere-and so on! Was it a good proposal?'

'Fair to middling, so far as my experience

goes.'

'Did he—carry you off your feet?'

'No,' said the girl soberly, 'he didn't. I maintained my equilibrium; it's a way I have. But you mustn't think I didn't enjoy it. It was most thrilling.

'Quite good, in fact, for a first attempt?' 'First attempt!' Peggy's eyebrows went up. 'How do you know it was a first attempt? Have you guessed who it was?'

Philip nodded.

'Perhaps he told you!'

'No. I have only just guessed.'

'How upsetting of you! I wanted it to be a

surprise.'

'It is. He was dining here to-night, obviously on the war-path, and bound for the Freeborns' dance. But I never guessed you were the objective. I didn't know you were in town, for one thing. So you came here to tell me your news?'

'Yes,' said Peggy. 'Not altogether,' she added slowly. 'I-I want to consult you, Philip. It's a big thing for a girl to have to decide on a plunge like this—the biggest thing she ever does. It rather—rather frightens her at times. If she has no mother, and no brothers or sisters, and and a dad like my dad, it becomes a bigger thing than ever. Her best course, then, is to pick out the whitest man she knows, and ask him to advise her. That is why I am here.'

There was a long silence.

Then Philip said, 'I am very proud that you should have come to me. But I doubt if I am the right person. Why not ask a woman to

advise you?

'Because,' replied Peggy with great vigour, 'women are such born matchmakers. If you go to a woman and confide to her that you are wobbling on the brink of matrimony she won't advise you; she will simply step behind you and push you in! That is why I can't consult Jean Leslie-Jean Falconer, I mean-although she is my best friend. She is far too romantic to be No, I must have a man, Philip; and practical. I have picked you. You are the best sort I know; you have seen a good deal of life, and you are absolutely unbiassed. You know me, and you know Tim. Now, shall I marry him?'

Philip sat down rather heavily upon the fireguard, and pondered. 'May I ask you two or three obvious and old-fashioned questions?' he

said presently.

Peggy nodded. 'Do you—care for him?'

Peggy wrinkled her brow. 'He's rather a lamb, you know,' she said, 'and I am fond of him. But I don't quite know how much of it is the real thing and how much of it is gratitude. I think you know'—she hesitated—'that things have not always been too easy at home '-

'Yes, I do know!' said Philip with sudden

'Sorry! Go on!'

'And Tim could take me away from that. He has been very good to me, always, and I have not too many friends. I find friends rather difficult to keep. I fancy dad may be the reason. You, for instance, have given us up'-

Philip made a sudden movement, but did not

'In fact, you have hardly been inside our

house since you left it after your illness.'

This time Philip could answer. 'I felt rude and churlish,' he said earnestly; 'but it seemed the best thing to do. You see, one of the last observations which your esteemed parent made to me was to the effect that he wished to congratulate me upon having got through my illness so inexpensively! After that'-

'I know,' said Peggy, smiling, 'but I need not cologise. You know what dad is.'

apologise.

'He furthermore added'said Philip,

flushing.

'Yes, I know what he added,' interposed Peggy 'He shouts, rather, when he is making quickly. And you, poor thing, being his honoured a point. guest, could not answer back! The fact is, the old gentleman contracted the gravest suspicions of you the first time he found me washing your face! After all, some one had to do it. He was always inclined, too, to regard you as a malingerer, though I kept explaining to him that a compound fracture of the tibia could not be simulated. Still, the long and the short of it all is, Philip, that you don't come about the house any more. Tim does, though; apparently dad regards him as harmless. Tim has been very, very good to me, and, as I say, I am grateful.

'And you are thinking of marrying him ?'

'Frankly, I am thinking of it.' 'But you have not said yes?'

'No. Next question, please?'

'You are sure that Tim cares for you?'

'Well,' said Peggy cheerfully, 'to judge by the way he went on upon the top step I should call him a pretty severe case.

But does he love you?' persisted Philip doggedly. 'A woman is always supposed to

know that.'

'Yes, Philip,' assented Peggy quietly, 'she usually knows.

'Where is Tim all this time, by the way?'

'I left him at the ball. He was particularly anxious to have a farewell waltz with a certain girl. You see, he is by way of burning his boats to-night.'

'Who is the lady?'

'Her name is Babs Duncombe. He told me all about her. She is one of the only other girls he ever loved. I gather that she is about the pick of the "also rans." I told him he could have half an-hour to close his account with her, and then he could come along here and call for me. There's one' o'clock striking! Now, Phil, what shall I say?'

Peggy's eyes met Philip's, and they were full

But Philip asked one more question. He thought it permissible, under the circumstances. 'I just want to ask this,' he said. 'Are yousure there is no one else?'

Peggy shook her head. 'There can be no one else, she said deliberately. 'Tim-and youare the only men I have ever known really well. There can't be any other.'

She rose to her feet and stood before Philip, slim, fragrant, and wistful, and laid her hands on his broad shoulders. The hands were trembling. 'Advise me, friend,' she said. 'I will go by what you say. Be a big brother for a minute. Tell me what to do. Shall I marry him? I-

I'm rather lonely sometimes.

Philip looked up into her face, and all hesitation left him. The fight within him ceased. In its place had come the rarest and most wonderful thing in human nature—Love that takes no account of Self. For the moment Philip Meldrum had ceased to be. All he saw was Peggy-Peggy happily married and properly cared for. Very gently he drew the girl's hands from his shoulders and held them in his own. Then he said, 'Yes, marry him. And I hope you will be very happy, Peggy dear.

'Thank you, Philip,' said Peggy quietly, one had almost said listlessly. She was very white. She sank down into the chair again, and Philip

released her hands.

'And now,' he said with great energy, 'I'll go out and look for a cab for you. There's a fearful fog outside, and there is no saying when Tim will turn up. In any case, you can't stay here till the milkman calls. I will see if I can find some kind of fiery chariot for you. suppose I can't offer you a whisky-and-soda?' pointing to the tray on the table.

'I'll take a little soda-water, please,' replied

Peggy faintly.

She lay back gazing silently into the fire until her host supplied her needs. Then she spoke again, in her old steady, clear tones. 'You are a good sort, Philip. You ought to marry some day; you are wasted at present. And when you pick a wife show her to me first, and I will see you're not imposed on.'

'Taxi?' interposed Philip, almost roughly.

'I'm not particular,' said Peggy. 'You had better be quick, though, because I am going to explore this room and meddle with all your'-

But Philip had gone.

Presently Peggy rose and began to wander round the room. She arrived at the bookcase.

'Engineering-seven bound volumes. That's not very exciting. Kipling'-surveying a long row—'that's better. He loves him, I know. Stevenson, Jacobs, Wells.' She took down a green volume. 'The Country of the Blind. So that's where you were brought up, mon ami!'

Peggy restored the book to its place with a quavering little laugh, and turned to the table. Then she stopped dead. Before her, in the circle of light formed by the rays of the lamp, lay a letter—a bulky letter—ready for post. It was addressed to herself.

(Continued on page 563.)

THE DESCENT OF THE RHONE FROM LYONS TO PROVENCE. By LIDDELL GEDDIE.

THOSE who have sailed down the Rhone from Lyons to Avignon with one accord declare that the voyage immeasurably surpasses the journey down the Rhine from Mainz to Yet every year sees the Rhine steamers Cologne. thronged with tourists, while the Rhone passenger-boats had to be withdrawn some five or six years ago for lack of traffic. That old frontier of civilisation, the Rhine, has become the inevitable parade of orthodox excursionists and jaded globe-trotters of every nation, and the Rhone, the historic highroad by which civilisation first made its way through France into Britain and northern Europe, remains neglected and unvisited by the people of the lands which owe it so much. Those travellers who do pass down the Rhone valley are bound for Marseilles and the Riviera, and as they speed southward in P.L.M. trains-de-luxe they have no eyes to follow, no yearning to explore, the Rhone's impetuous course. Surely some of these migrants could spare a day or two from the Mediterranean coast to view the wonders of Rhoneland. Let them but once break their journey, no matter where 'twixt Lyons and Arles, and the Rhone will do the rest, for he who has once heard the Rhone crunching the gravel of its bed-

Lou tafori

Dou Rose tourmentau que manjo lis auvas—will be under its spell for life, and will not rest till he has been carried swiftly through fairyland on its strong back. And then he will be added to the happy few who know that for historic, romantic, and scenic interest the crowded Rhine cannot compare with the unfrequented Rhone.

To study the treasures of the Rhone—Rhone-gold—in detail and at leisure, you must go from trove to trove on foot, by rail, or motor-car; but to know the Rhone aright in all its panoramic splendour, to hear it tell its own tale, there is but one way, and that is to race between its banks, to dive beneath its bridges, a breathless journey, more exhilarating, more entrancing by far, than your descent of the Rhine. Happily there is a prospect of the passenger service from Lyons to Arles being resumed in the near future. In his latest report the British consul at Lyons states that a scheme is afoot with this end in view, but that twenty thousand passengers a year must be mustered in order to ensure a profit.

To think that the Rhone, the whilom highway of the nations, should have to tout for passengers!—the Rhone, which in bygone times has seen such countless hosts of invaders: Hannibal's men from across the Mediterranean marching to victory at Cannæ; hordes of Teutons and Barbarians from the far north, who but for Caius Marius would likewise have poured into

Italy across the Alps; Cæsar's legions advancing up-stream to the conquest of Gaul; Gallic tribes pressing down-stream in rebellion against Roman rule; ruthless Saracens, from Spain and Africa, carrying the Crescent into the heart of France; gallant Crusaders hastening to the Holy Land. Throughout the Middle Ages and modern times endless companies of soldiers, churchmen, pilgrims, merchants, peasants passed up and down the Rhone; and not till the nineteenth century brought railways and decent roads did travellers forsake the river for its banks. But it was left for the twentieth century to rob the Rhone of the last vestiges of its human freight, and interrupt the procession of two thousand years and more.

Such a disgrace as the suspension of the Rhone passenger service cannot be allowed to continue, and erelong we may look for renewed bustle in the early mornings of summer and autumn on the Quai de la Charité at Lyons, whence Le Gladiateur used to put off for Avignon and the sunshine of Provence. Let us anticipate that happy day, and try, if we can, to hasten its coming by recounting some of the sights and sensations that unrivalled trip affords. If the renewal of the passenger service is delayed, a visit to the Rhone valley need not on that account be postponed. (On both banks a railway and a good road run parallel to the stream.) If once you go there, you are sure to go back again the first chance that offers. What there is to see cannot all be seen in one visit, and what you do see must be seen a second time. Besides, for a considerable portion of the year the state of the river forbids the descent being made by boat.

The Rhone, you see, is not a river to be trifled with. It boasts the swiftest current in Europe, 'that deuce, that devil of a Rhone,' to quote Madame de Sévigné (who died at Grignan, near its banks), 'that furious Rhone, which frightens one and all, and fills me with frenzied terror.' From its source in a Swiss valley it rushes down to the Lake of Geneva. It courses through the lake, and issues, clarified but unpacified, at Geneva, whence it speeds east and south through France to the falls of Bellegarde; then on to Lyons, where it meets and 'marries' the Saône, and at last condescends to become navigable. In true French fashion, the Rhone, having had his fling before entering the bonds of matrimony, settles down to make as rangé and steady-going a husband as his temperament permits. The Saône, whom he takes to share his bed, sets him a noble example in industry and docility, and under her restraining influence he abandons his hitherto erratic course, turns definitely toward the south, and makes for the Mediterranean. The nearer he

comes to his goal the more does he relax his pace, until at last he creeps wearily into the sea through the forlorn delta of the Camargue, which for centuries he has been making in order to prolong yet awhile his parting from the fair land of France. There is something strangely human in the career of the Rhone, which thus spends its frolicsome childhood in Switzerland, its irresponsible youth between Geneva and Lyons, its best, maturest, and most useful years between Lyons and Arles, and its old age between Arles and its grave in the Mediterranean. In each of these stages the Rhone has a character and fascination of its own; but that which we now propose to trace, its period of manhood, is infinitely the most eventful and alluring.

Save those on business bent, it is extraordinary how few people go to Lyons. There is no monograph in English, history or guide book, devoted to the city which disputes with Mar-seilles the right to rank next to Paris in the French Republic; Lyons, the great European centre of the silk industry, with a population of from five to six hundred thousand; Lyons, which was famed among cities long ere Paris and London emerged from villagehood and obscurity; Lugdunum, the ancient capital of Gaul, advance-post and stronghold of civilisation, birthplace and home of Roman emperors. But apart from its proud place in history, secular and ecclesiastic, its fine Roman and medieval remains, Lyons is worth visiting if for no other purpose than to see the Rhone, brightest and most precious of its many jewels.

The Rhone and Saône—what other city has two such rivers in its midst? Right into the heart of Lyons run these two great arteries, the patient Saône and the surging Rhone, emblems of the twofold nature of this strange, intriguant city, Lyons the industrious, Lyons the revolutionary. Their waters are enclosed by twenty miles of medieval and modern enbankment, and spanned by twenty-five bridges,

old and new. By a great engineering feat their junction has been fixed at the southern extremity of Lyons, amid surroundings exasperatingly prosaic for so romantic a trysting-place.

You have no sooner passed the confluence and quitted Lyons than you notice a characteristic feature of the Rhone valley. The right bank has the grandest scenery; the left bank has the prettiest scenery. The finest sights on the right bank are the work of nature; the finest sights on the left bank are the work of man. The right bank is shut in by hills and neighbouring mountains—the Monts du Lyonnais, the Mont Pilat range, the Monts du Vivarais, and the Cevennes. Lofty peaks, three thousand to six thousand feet high, raise their majestic heads not many miles from the riverside. Toward these the Rhone's natural inclinations ever seem to turn. But, mindful of his spouse's tastes—the Saône loves flat and fertile ground—the

Rhone for a time keeps a rich, wide plain on his left hand. Away beyond this to the east may be seen the snow-topped heights of the Dauphiny Alps, and, a hundred miles off, on a clear day, from certain view-points, Mont Blanc itself can be descried. On the right the Rhone is joined by numerous short streams, mountain torrents dashing through gorges and over falls. On the left it receives two or three tributaries of goodly length and size—the Isère, the Drôme, and the Durance. Up the precipitate slopes of the right bank climb venturesome vineyards, but beyond this cultivated fringe are bare mountainsides. The left bank is a great smiling orchard. There are few towns of moment on the right bank; on the left stand Vienne, Valence, Avignon, Tarascon, and then Arles. Here, there, and everywhere on the right shore ruined towers and castles dominate the Rhone, medieval strongholds and têtes-de-pont. The left bank also has its castles and its ramparts; but it boasts monuments more venerable by far, monuments of Rome's pleasures, piety, pride, and prowess, theatres and amphitheatres, temples, tombs, and triumphal arches. You need not go to Italy to realise the grandeur that was Rome. It is to the Rhone valley you must turn if you would see the best preserved Roman theatre, the most beautiful Roman mausoleum, the most perfect Roman temple, the most magnificent Roman aqueduct extant.

It is not unfitting that during the first stage of the voyage down the Rhone you steer straight for Le Mont Pilat, a mountain whose name has been confused with that of Christ's callous judge; for the Rhone is a channel of Christianity as well as a Roman road. Few rivers have witnessed such religious strife and persecution as the Rhone; few rivers figure so prominently in early Christian legend. At its mouth, the story goes, landed the Three Maries (Mary Magdalene, Mary Salome, and Mary Jacobe), Martha, Lazarus, and other friends of Jesus, who, after the crucifixion, had been set adrift by the Jews in an open boat, without mast, sail, anchor, oar, rudder, or provisions. To Vienne, not a score of miles down the Rhone from Lyons, Pontius Pilate, according to Eusebius, was banished after his disgrace in Judea, and tradition has unwarrantably but none the less inseparably linked his ill-omened name with medieval remains and antique monuments as well as with the eternal hills near Vienne, just as it has involved in the legend of Les Saintes Maries places and things which date long before or long after the dawn of the Christian era. Thus the pyramid at Vienne which archæologists have identified as a unique relic of the spina of a Roman circus has been called the Tomb of Pilate, and the ruined square tower of Philippe de Valois, built six hundred years ago, on the right bank of the Rhone opposite Vienne, is popularly known as the Tour de Mauconseil,

the spot from which the wretched Pilate threw himself down to his doom. As a matter of fact, the tower was erected as a tête-de-pont to guard the French end of the old bridge, for Vienne at the beginning of the fourteenth century was not yet a permanent part of France. For hundreds of years the Rhone formed a natural boundary; and, to this day, when boatmen steer for the right bank the cry is Reiaume (Realm of France), and Emperi (Empire) when they put over to the eastern shore. A suspension bridge now unites Vienne and Sainte Colombe. A medieval bridge here was swept away in 1651, and traces still are found of the wonderful ancient bridge built, it is thought, by Trajan, the only stone bridge across the Rhone in Roman times between Lyons and the sea.

We might tarry long among the Roman and medieval remains of Vienne; but the Rhone brooks no delay, and we must be content merely to mention among the things which repay a pilgrimage to Vienna Pulchra, quondam capital of the Allobroges and of southern Gaul, the temple of Augustus and Livia, one of the finest antique monuments in existence, Roman roadways and stairways, aqueducts, and sculptures

of the choicest kind.

From Vienne to Valence (some fifty miles) the Rhone carries you between famous vineyards-the Côte Rôtie, Roussillon, Hermitage, and St Péray, where they make delicious sparkling wine. Since the Roman conquest of Gaul this portion of the Rhone valley has been renowned for its vintages. Sheer from the riverside rise limestone crags crowned with timeworn castles and chapels whose rugged walls it is often difficult to distinguish from the solid These bare cliffs, scarred and cave-eaten, these grim ruins, and the frowning gorges through which the Rhone races ever and anon, contrast strangely with the sunny vineyards, orchards, and fields which also line its banks. Graceful poplars and willows, all in rows, give place to terraces of vines and trees ablaze with pinkand-white blossom or laden with delicious fruit. Then come nettle-trees and mulberries that pay tribute to Lyons, the Silk City; and as you get farther and farther south more and more dark, dusty olives are seen, for 'A Valence Le Midi commence,' and the olive takes posesssion of the land. Each turn of the river has its surprise in store-romantic donjons and quaint townships perched upon the hilltops: Châteaubourg proudly fronting the valley of the Isère; the Château de Crussol, dizzily balanced on the verge of a limestone cliff over against Valence; lofty Rochemaure, where Catholics found a safe retreat in the religious wars; and Viviers-sur-Rhone, with its fortress Cathedral of St Vincent.

The list could be indefinitely prolonged, and of each castle could be told stirring tales of 'old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago.' way of variety comes the venerable Pont Saint

Esprit, which the Frères pontifes built in the thirteenth century. The most exciting moment in a long, exciting voyage is when you shoot precipitately beneath one of its many arches. But the Rhone reserves its pièce de résistance for the very end; and when at last, toward sundown, you swing round one last bend in the river, and Avignon bursts upon your sight-Avignon, with its towering palace of the Popes (who dwelt here from 1308 to 1378), its girdle of fourteenth-century ramparts, its ruined twelfthcentury bridge of nursery rhyme fame, its Tower of Philippe le Bel, and Fort St André, and all its other medieval marvels on both sides of the Rhone-you feel that an entrancing journey has reached a sublime conclusion.

At Avignon the descent of the Rhone appropriately ends. True, you can pass down the river by Beaucaire, Tarascon, and by Arles, where the Rhone splits in twain and the delta begins. In olden times at Avignon, and above it, rudely shaped coffins used to be entrusted to the waters of the Rhone, which carried them safely and solemnly down to Arles for burial in the Alyscamps, and no dead ever had a more majestic cortège than these simple biers, accompanied by no human mourners. From Lyons to Avignon the Rhone's music is an exultant march of triumph, from Avignon to the sea a plaintive The slogan dies away into a funeral dirge. The banks below Avignon are as enchanting as anywhere in the whole valley, but the Rhone itself is sadly changed. Its pace slackens to a pathetic crawl. All its old verve and vigour are exhausted, and in the waste lands and stagnant pools of the Camargue it pays at last the penalty of an unbridled youth and an

over-strenuous prime.

It is well, therefore, to alight at Avignon and continue on dry land one's exploration of the Rhone Valley. 'To stop at the gates of Avignon,' says the old chronicler, 'is to stop at the gates of Paradise.' Now Avignon is the gateway to Provence, and Provence is a paradise indeed. From Avignon as headquarters you can make delightful excursions in every direction. You can go north a score of miles and visit Orange. Orange can show you the finest antique theatre in the world, a theatre which once rocked with laughter at the plays of Plautus, and which to this day affords a stage for classical drama enacted by the Comédie Française. Its vast façade is some three hundred and forty feet long and one hundred and eighteen feet in height, and its walls are full thirteen feet thick. No wonder Louis the Fourteenth declared it la plus belle muraille de son royaume / No wonder Addison affirmed that the remains of this Roman theatre are worth the whole principality of Orange! Yet no principality has spread its name so broadcast o'er the world. This little townlet near the Rhone has given its title to a line of princes in Holland and a royal house in Britain, to political

parties in almost every part of the Englishspeaking world. A great river carries its name right across South Africa, where also it has a namesake state.

Or you may go east to the beautiful Fountain of Vaucluse, where Petrarch lived and loved and sang of Laura. Or, crossing the impetuous Durance, you may make southward for St Rémy, with its Antiquités—a precious funeral monument and an Arch of Triumph dating from the Augustan Age, all that is left of ancient Glanum; and so over the scented slopes of the Alpilles to Les Baux, the uncanniest spot in all Europe, a blasted city, bleak and desolate, perched on a mighty rock near the crest of the range, overhanging a valley which resembles a petrified stormy sea, and which Dante had in mind when he depicted his Inferno. Then you wind your way down and along the southern side of the Alpilles, past the old mill whence Daudet penned his inimitable Letters, past the gloomy ruin of the fortress-abbey of Montmajour, whither as many as one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims used to come on the day of Pardon of St Peter, till you meet the Rhone again at Arles, with its enormous Roman Arenæ, its fragment of an antique theatre, its sacred burying-ground of the Alyscamps, its Cathedral and Cloisters of Trophime, where St Augustine, apostle of England, was consecrated toward the close of the sixth century. But Arles's most precious and enduring heritage from antiquity is the classical beauty of its women.

From Arles you can return to Avignon by Tarascon and Beaucaire, where Hannibal crossed the Rhone en route for Italy: Tarascon, where St Martha subdued that devastating monster the tarasque; Tarascon, where in the fifteenth century the good King René had his Rhone-lapped castle and held his Courts of Love; Tarascon, whence the immortal Tartarin set out on his exploits; Beaucaire, whose beleaguered castle Simon de Montfort vainly strove to relieve; Beaucaire, once

famed throughout Europe for its Fair; Beaucaire, where Aucassin loved Nicolette the débonnaire.

And if you go west from Avignon you come to Nîmes, a favourite resort of Roman emperors, Nemausus, with its exquisitely proportioned Maison Carrée, its huge Amphitheatre, where bull-fights still are held, and its baths, to feed which the waters of the Eure were carried across the valley of the Gardon a dozen miles away by a three-storied aqueduct which for nineteen centuries has defied wind and weather, the glorious Pont du Gard, the greatest wonder of all in that wonderland of the Rhone.

Here, then, within easy reach of England, is a rarely frequented holiday-ground with unique and superb attractions for travellers of all tastes. Here the historian and the archæologist may reconstruct bygone ages with the aid of eloquent contemporary stone witnesses. Here the architect and the engineer may study masterworks as old as the Christian era. Here Protestants may see Orange, whose name is interwoven with their faith; here Catholics may see Avignon, whose name is bracketed with Rome; and both may visit scenes of Saracen triumph and defeat, Crusaders' pomp and devotion, scenes of long, fierce religious wars and persecutions which cost Provence and the Rhone valley many a valuable life, many a beautiful work of art. Here the horticulturist, following in Arthur Young's footsteps, may find a land of famous roses, vines, orchards, mulberries, and olives, a favoured garden of plenty. Here the artist, the poet, the littérateur may revel in the beautiful home of the Troubadours, and make pilgrimage to spots identified with Dante, Petrarch, and the Good King René, Madame de Sévigné, Daudet, Mistral, and the Provençal Félibres, with Aucassin and Nicolette, Pantagruel, Tartarin, and Mireille. To these and countless other treasures the Rhone will be your guide and chariot in one. All roads lead to Rome, but the royal Rhone is the grandest of them all.

SOME STORIES OF THE LEGION.

By VERE SHORTT.

THE French Foreign Legion has always been the happy hunting-ground of the novelist and writer of fiction generally in search of a picturesque background. Since Ouida wrote Under Two Flags, probably dozens of ill-used heroes (in fiction) have exchanged the scarlet tunic of the British officer or the silk hat and frock-coat of a man about town for the blue capote and red trousers of the legionary, and, after suffering incredible hardships and brutal punishment, have at last emerged triumphantly to the music of wedding-bells, with their names cleared, and the Legion nothing but an unpleasant memory. This plan was quite ideal from the

novelist's point of view. No one knew much about the Legion, nor for that matter did the novelist; Algeria was a long way off, the surroundings were picturesque, and, given a certain amount of imagination and a fluent pen, the Virtuous Hero could be made to have quite a satisfactorily bad time before he came into his own again.

Now, as an ex-legionary, I may as well say at this stage that there is very little romance indeed to be found in the Foreign Legion. Ruined lives there are, probably hundreds of them; but the possessors do not talk about them, and as a rule only wish to be forgotten and left

to themselves. The great majority of men in the Legion have come there because of some slight offence against the laws of their own country, or else from pure love of soldiering and adventure. Some three years ago I met a man in Paris—a journalist—who had been in my company of the 1st Regiment Etranger, and in the course of conversation he told me that he joined the Legion for no reason at all except that after finishing his three years' compulsory service in the French army he did not like civilian life, and that he would be glad to have the experience over again. The life and the discipline are hard, and necessarily so, but not hard enough to break either a man's spirit or his self-respect. The Foreign Legion is above all a fighting force, and cowed or broken-spirited men would be the very last material in the world to do the work which the Legion requires of its members. are many men of good family in the Legion, and occasionally a letter bearing an historical name arrives at one of the Legion's stations, and is eventually claimed by the legionary Jean Dubois; but the majority are much the same type as used to fill the Cape Mounted Rifles and Matabeleland Police in the old days-that is to say, military adventurers pure and simple. Still, when one has served in the Foreign Legion incidents come under one's noticesometimes humorous, and sometimes tragicand some of these may be of interest to the reader.

First of all it must be stated that the cause of nine-tenths of the unusual occurrences in the Legion is le cafard, or, in other words, unbearable ennui with one's surroundings. When a man has been for some time in a place, seeing the same faces day after day, and with a dozen palmtrees and miles of sand for his sole outlook, he is more than apt to develop cafard, and it depends entirely on the man's nature what form the cafard is going to take. It may break out in the shape of what practically amounts to homicidal mania, or it may express itself in the form of more or less elaborate practical jokes. I have known a man to arm himself, for no apparent reason, with his rifle and ammunition, and keep up a fusillade on every one within reach; finally explaining, when captured and disarmed, that he was bored to death, and wanted some excitement. There have been many similar cases in the Legion, and unless it is absolutely necessary to kill the victim of cafard before he will allow himself to be captured, he is usually treated more as though in need of medical attention than as a criminal. Almost all the long-service soldiers of the Legion are cafards in one form or another, and so long as their cafard does not bring them into direct conflict with authority they are treated with great forbearance.

The following is an instance of the other form which cafard sometimes takes. About six years ago the battalion of the 1st Regiment Etranger

stationed at S. was notified that a certain Commandant M. from the 2nd Regiment would arrive on a certain day to take up command. Now Commandant M. (a stranger to his new battalion) possessed what every officer in the Legion possessed, an ordonnance or soldier servant, and also what every officer did not possess—that is to say, a reputation for extreme austerity of life and conduct. On the day that he was supposed to arrive at S. to take command, Commandant M., not feeling very well, decided to stay at a small station about forty miles up the line, and sent on his ordonnance with his This man belongings to take over his quarters. was an ex-officer of the Austrian army, and had seen about fifteen years' service in the Legion. On arrival at S. he took his master's belongings to his quarters, then dressed himself in the commandant's uniform, and proceeded into the town. On his way down he passed several officers, and, as he looked just as a commandant ought to do (or rather more so), was saluted punctiliously by them. This was at about 10 A.M. At lunch that forenoon in the lieutenants' mess an officer arrived from the town in an intense state of excitement, and asked the assembled officers generally, 'Have any of you seen our new "old man"?' (the word used in the Legion among juniors for the commanding officer). Two or three men said that they had seen him that morning, and that there seemed to be no noticeable difference between him and other officers commanding battalions. But the new-comer was still excited. 'Well,' he said, 'you had better mind what you're about. He's in the town putting every non-commissioned officer he sees under arrest for being drunk or improperly dressed, or something, and he swears that this battalion is the slackest mob he has ever seen, and that he'll bring it under discipline if he has to break every officer in it!

The officers were much impressed by the keenness of their new commandant, and departed in various directions to worry their companies up to the required pitch of smartness. The next we heard of the new commandant was that he had been retrieved from a low café in the 'Village Negre' at 3 A.M. the following morning while performing a triumphal dance among the débris of the furniture over the bodies of the proprietor and customers, whom he had scientifically 'knocked out' with a chair. I believe the man received a term of imprisonment; but Commandant M.'s reputation for austerity never recovered. He was reduced to a state of frenzy for months afterwards by various undesirable characters presenting bills, &c., which his understudy had run up. Eventually he exchanged into another battalion.

Another occurrence, this time a tragic one, which was at first put down to cafard, but which was in reality due to other causes, occurred at S. A batch of recruits had come in, and, according

to custom, were distributed among the companies. A certain Lieutenant B. mentioned casually to a comrade that two of the new draft appeared to be already afflicted with cafard. He said that they were sitting on their beds looking at each other like 'two mad cows,' and expressed his intention of keeping an eye on them. However, in the meanwhile the two men in question had procured a couple of flissas, or Arab yataghans, and in rear of the mule-stables, and in the presence of their admiring company, had literally carved each other to pieces, one of them surviving just long enough to decapitate the other. This was highly unusual even for the Legion, and every one was extremely excited and astonished—that is to say, everybody with the exception of the dead men's captain. latter was an Albanian, and he explained that the deceased were also Albanians with a blood feud, and if two men with a blood feud were put together, what could any one expect? His whole attitude conveyed the idea that to interfere with gentlemen's private quarrels was a piece of gross bad form, of which he personally would never be guilty. Well, the men were dead, legionaries were cheap, it was not very apparent what was to be done, and so far as I know nothing ever was done in the matter.

When the Legion is not on active service the life is apt to be monotonous to an appalling degree, and this, and the miserable pay-rather less than a penny a day—lead to many desertions, or, rather, attempts at desertion, as they are very rarely successful. To desert is, in the slang of the Legion, aller en pompe ('to go on pump'); and in the Legion, when one hears the cry, 'Voilà les pompistes,' it means that deserters have either returned of their own accord or been brought back by Arabs. There is a standing reward of twenty-five francs for every deserter brought in, and the Arabs are very keen on earning it. Desertion is much more rife in the southern stations than in the more settled parts of Algeria. Many of the stations there are quite close to the frontier of Morocco, and Morocco to the legionary is a land flowing with milk and honey, or, rather, wine and wives; and in spite of the ghastly photographs of the mutilated corpses of legionaries, and the certainty of the same fate if they are captured by the tribesmen, the men are constantly making attempts to desert.

I know of only two cases of desertion which were at all successful. One was that of an Irishman named O'Reilly. He deserted from his station, and about ten miles out in the desert came across a camp of Taurags. He then waited until nightfall, and by some means or other managed to elude the sentries, got into the camp, and stole a rifle and ammunition. Then he crawled to where the camels were, killed the camel guards with his bayonet, took a swift mehari or riding-camel, and rode hard for the Moroccan frontier, about thirty miles distant.

He managed to get into Morocco, joined the army of one of the local pretenders, of which there were half-a-dozen at the time, and now I believe holds high rank in the army of the present Sultan. The other case was that of a mild, spectacled creature who was known as Lunettes, or, in vulgar English, 'gig-lamps.' This man had a perfect passion for desertion. He used to march out of barracks about once a month, seemingly with no very definite idea of what he meant to do, and invariably he was brought back again. The local Arabs got to know his times and seasons, and used to have a sort of competition among themselves as to who could lay hands on him first. After a while this was recognised as Lunettes' special form of cafard, and he was more or less leniently dealt with; but at last it was discovered that twenty-five francs a month for recovering Lunettes was not a paying proposition, being as a matter of fact about ten times the amount of his pay, and it was settled to give him a change of air and scenery by sending him to Tonkin. However, at Port Said, while en route, Lunettes, seeing the gang-plank down, in a fit of absent-mindedness walked ashore, and so severed his connection with the Legion for good and all.

The ethics of the Legion are peculiar to itself. The theft of tobacco, money, &c. will be punished summarily by the thief's comrades in such a way as to qualify him for weeks in hospital; but to 'decorate one's self'—that is, to take any articles of kit, &c., which may happen to strike one's fancy—is regarded as being rather meritorious than otherwise. I have heard of a recruit being taken to the canteen by two old legionaries and filled with wine, which he discovered too late came from the proceeds of a pair of white trousers of his own with which his hosts had 'decorated themselves' and turned into cash. The idea seems to be that some one has to pay for the 'decorated' article, and that so long as it is not one's self it is all right. A legionary would be much shocked if this practice was referred to as stealing. 'Decorating one's self' is a regimental custom, and, like many other customs, has

grown respectable from antiquity.

When a legionary takes his discharge, which he does at the expiration of five years' service, he is given a suit of clothes and a ticket to any town in France he likes to name, also a franc a day for subsistence on the journey. A man invariably asks for a ticket to Calais or Dunquerque, as being the farthest away, and departs vowing that he has done with the Legion for ever. He generally receives a sum of about ten francs; and as it is a poor legionary who cannot 'decorate himself' with the necessities of life after five years' service in the Legion, he generally arrives at his destination with the money more or less intact. He then proceeds to have as good a time as possible, and at the end of a day or so, finding himself penniless, goes to the nearest barracks and re-enlists in the Legion, to be sent back to Algeria at the expense of the French Republic. An officer will congratulate himself on having got rid of le plus mauvais garniment ('the worst character') of his company, and on inspecting a batch of recruits a month later be horrified at the sight of his old familiar legionary back again. Many men refer to this as their 'holiday,' and do it regularly at the end of each five years' service, instead of re-engaging in the normal way, with the certainty of increased pay. However, the only people who suffer are the taxpayers and the men themselves, and so the practice continues.

There are three methods of obtaining a commission in the Foreign Legion. An officer may be seconded from his line regiment after three years' service in France, and join the Legion with his full rank; or a non-commissioned officer may be sent to the infantry school at St Maixent, and after a period of instruction receive his commission as second lieutenant. The third class is that of foreigners who have been officers in their own armies, and join the Legion in the same capacity. This is fairly easy to do, provided that one can make a certain amount of interest at headquarters, and there are many foreigners serving in the Foreign Legion as officers who obtained their commission in this way. For exofficers who wish for a commission, and who cannot make the necessary interest, or for various reasons may be under something of a cloud, it is necessary to join the Legion as a private. If a man can prove that he has been an officer in his own country he is made élève caporal ('pupil corporal') almost at once, and if he is efficient and well-behaved, is sent to St Maixent in due course. Many of the older officers obtained their commission in this way. One lieutenant-colonel was a Russian peasant who found himself stranded in Marseilles during the Franco-Prussian war, and joined the Legion as a private. A great many of the older men took part in that struggle, in which the Foreign Legion suffered very severely. In the officers' mess at Sidi-bel-Abbès is a chassepôt rifle with a strange history attached to it. During the Dahomey expedition in 1895 a certain Captain P. was fired at by a Dahomean marksman ensconced in a tree, and returned the shot with his revolver, bringing the man down. On examining the Dahomean's rifle the captain was astonished to find by the number on it and by certain marks that it was the identical rifle which he had carried as a private in the Franco-Prussian war. The rifle had passed out of service and found its way to Dahomey, and had narrowly missed killing its former owner. Captain P. obtained permission to keep it, and it is now in the regimental museum. Among other exhibits in this museum is the embalmed hand of Captain Danjou of the Legion, who, with his company, at the battle of Camaron, during the Mexican war,

was cut off in a house by an enormously superior force of the enemy. Five times the men of the Legion were summoned to surrender, and five times they refused defiantly, and in the end died to the last man. The museum of the Legion is full of objects of this kind—tattered uniforms, and flags, rifles, swords, and bayonets—almost all with a tragic history.

The officers' mess at Sidi-bel-Abbès, where the museum is situated, was built and designed entirely by legionaries. It is in the form of a Chinese pagoda, and is one of the most striking buildings in Algeria. The mural paintings, which are very fine, were executed entirely by two legionaries, one a captain and the other a private. There is hardly any trade or profession which can be mentioned members of which are not included in the ranks of the Legion. After a fight in the desert it is no uncommon occurrence to call for men with medical knowledge to look after the wounded, and to find three or four highly qualified surgeons in one company.

As I said above, the great majority of the men are of the class of which a professional army is always formed; but, on the other hand, it is absolutely impossible to discover what social grade a legionary may have occupied in his former life. Some years ago a private of the Legion died, and his body was claimed by the German Government and taken back to Germany in a warship with the honours paid to a royal prince. All that was ever known about him in the Legion was that he was a German, and a very smart soldier.

Romance of the type of the popular novel there is none in the Legion, but of romances of real life there are plenty. Most of these, however, will never be given to the world. The heroes or villains of them—and there are both in the Foreign Legion—prefer to keep them to themselves; and whatever errors these men may have committed in civil life, as legionaries at least they have never failed to die like heroes for the honour of their regiment and France when the need has arisen.

DREAMS GROWN OLD.

OH, skies of blue! I used to think I'd reach your fountains cool, and drink; But here, where falls your pitying dew, I loiter still—how far from you,

Oh, skies of blue!

Oh, mirror true! 'tis you alone
Who know how long the years have grown;
You keep the grim reflection true—
None mourn with me but only you,
Oh, mirror true!

Oh, hair of gray! what dreams grown old Once slumbered 'neath your gleams of gold! Was it worth while to face the fray? What has it given to us to-day,

Oh, hair of gray?

MARY ADAMSON.



PHIZ.

By S. M. ELLIS.

N these days of Dickens devotion, when it is possible to run successfully a monthly magazine dealing entirely with the cult, there is perhaps some danger of forgetting how largely the great Victorian novelist was aided by Hablot K. Browne in the popular immortalisation of that vast gallery of characters created by Dickens, but visualised, nearly all, in the mind's eye by The two Wellers, Stiggins, Squeers, Quilp, Mrs Gamp, Chadband and Joe, Captain Cuttle, Mr Micawber, and, above all, Mr Pecksniff-when any of these names are mentioned. how at once there flashes to the brain the figure in one of Phiz's plates rather than any passage from the novels. Of course that is the great advantage an artist always possesses over an author; he is able to convey the desired impression of dramatic or pathetic or humorous momentariness in a few strokes of his pencil, whereas the writer has to prepare the mind of the reader for the climax by wordy toil with description and detail.

The world-known figure of Pickwick was not drawn originally by Phiz; it was the pictorial creation of Robert Seymour, who, discarding his first design of a long, thin man, drew the portrait of a short, stout one from the description by Edward Chapman of an actual person he, the publisher, knew at Richmond. It was the suicide of Seymour in 1836 that gave Phiz his great opportunity, for at the age of twenty-one he was selected to fill the vacant post of illustrator to Pickwick (then appearing in monthly parts), mainly on the merits of an excellent and humorous drawing of John Gilpin's Ride, which had won for young Browne a medal from the Society of Arts in 1833. Such was the happy chance (though arising from a tragedy) that brought Dickens and Phiz into a conjunction destined to produce such brilliant and imperishable fruits. Phiz very skilfully continued Seymour's conceptions of Pickwick and his three friends and allies, and of Jingle; all the other prominent characters of the book were his pictorial creations.

On Dickens's long and happy association with Browne some interesting and valuable side-lights have recently been thrown by the artist's son, Dr Edgar Browne, in a pleasant, discursive book called *Phiz and Dickens*. It makes no pretence of being a biography, for a full biography of

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Phiz would hardly be possible. His life, apart from his work, was uneventful and secluded, and documentary material would be scarce, for Phiz was guilty of burning all his correspondence and many of his own sketches and memoranda on the occasion of his removal from Croydon. In this appalling auto-bonfire perished invaluable letters from Dickens, Ainsworth, Lever, and many other notable Victorian writers whose works were illustrated by Phiz.

Consequently, Dr Browne's picture of his father's quiet life at Croydon, which then had all the amenities of country within easy reach of London, in those good, solid, unpretentious, comfortable early-Victorian days, gives much assistance to a comprehension of the artist. Phiz was typical of his time. He delighted in riding, roast beef, and good port, though he lacked the gregariousness appertaining to the authors he most successfully illustrated. was ever shy of strangers, and did not participate in the conviviality dear to his pictorial compeer, George Cruikshank; his life was spent in his studio, and this, to a great extent, saved him from being involved in the quarrels that so often temporarily rent the loving bonds of camaraderie in the literary circle he worked for. All his authors held him in affectionate regard, and his amicable business relations with those fiery, impetuous spirits preserved an unbroken sequence of satisfaction on all sides. In all the work he executed for Dickens there was only one plate, apparently, that gave real dissatisfaction to the author-that of 'Paul and Mrs Pipchin,' in Dombey and Son, concerning which Dickens wrote to Forster: 'I am really distressed by the illustration of Mrs Pipchin and Paul. It is so frightfully and wildly wide of the mark. Good Heaven! In the commonest and most literal construction of the text it is all wrong. She is described as an old lady, and Paul's "miniature arm-chair" is mentioned more than He ought to be sitting in a little armchair in the corner of the fireplace, staring up at her.' However, Dickens was just then in a state of nervous irritation and emotion at the approaching death of Little Paul, and his comments on this plate were hypercritical; for, after all, the only divergences from the text are that Paul is seated in a child's high chair with a foot-[All Rights Reserved.] AUGUST 8, 1914.

rest instead of a 'little arm-chair,' and that the delightful black cat is sitting on the hearthrug instead of being 'coiled upon the centre foot of the fender'—but he is 'purring egotistically and winking at the fire' all right. But, as Dr Browne appositely observes, 'to show that the most intimate acquaintance with the text will not always preserve even the author (let alone the illustrator) from making small slips, we find Dickens himself describing old Sol "squeezing both the Captain's hands with uncommon fervour." Well may we say "in the commonest and most literal construction of the text it is all wrong," as everybody knows Captain Cuttle had only one hand and a hook.'

It is interesting to note that Phiz was indictable of far greater divergences from Boz's text (than in this matter of Paul's arm-chair) which, it would seem, neither he nor Dickens ever noticed. For instance, in Dombey and Son also, Susan Nipper, 'the short, womanly girl of fourteen,' is drawn as a very tall, thin adult. Captain Cuttle's hook was attached to his right arm according to the text, and is so depicted in eight illustrations, but in two others (the vignette and 'Solemn reference is made to Mr Bunsby') it appears on the left arm. Again, in chapter lviii. of Barnaby Rudge, Joe Willet is described as having lost his left arm, and is so represented in Phiz's drawing in chapter lxxi.; but in chapter lxxviii. Browne shows Joe embracing Dolly Varden with his left arm, and his right sleeve empty. In the 'Consecrated Ground' plate of Bleak House it is not clear how the dismal burial-place would be entered, for the railed 'gate' has no hinges. Much controversy has raged over the point whether Peggotty's Hut stood on its head or its heels, so to speak. Phiz drew it with the keel on top, but Dickens speaks of the boat being 'roofed in;' the artist's conception was the more picturesque in result. In Martin Chuzzlewit, though Dickens laid stress on Pecksniff's 'white cravat,' Phiz throughout gives him a black one, and advisedly so; Pecksniff is perhaps his most successful creation, the symbolic figure of unctuous humbug which rises to the mental eye when the adjective 'Pecksniffian' appears in speech or print. In the same book occurs Browne's most serious departure from the text. In that magnificent passage of Dickens where Jonas Chuzzlewit and Montague drive out from London into the night and the advancing thunderstorm, when poor Montague feels the premonition of his coming fate in every incident of the journeytheir horses, maddened by the storm, finally 'dashed off wildly down a steep hill, flung the driver from his saddle, drew the carriage to the brink of the ditch, stumbled headlong down, and threw it crashing over . . . Jonas . . . presently observed that Montague was lying senseless in the road . . . he ran to the horses' heads, and pulling at their bridles with all his force, set them struggling and plunging with such mad violence as brought their hoofs at every effort nearer to the skull of the prostrate man.' And later, 'with the aid of his knife they . . . disengaged the horses from the broken chariot, and got them, cut and bleeding, on their legs again.' That is Dickens's description. But in Phiz's illustration of the scene, one horse is lying in the ditch, and the other, quite free of the carriage, is rearing and being forced backward by Jonas toward the senseless figure, lying in the road, he seeks to murder. But apart from desire for meticulous accuracy in detail, the plate is fine and dramatic.

As good as the Dickens illustrations were those Phiz executed for the dashing, yet often pathetic, novels of Charles Lever. Mickey Free, Tipperary Joe, Corny Delany, Darby and Tom Burke, The O'Donoghue and his brother-in-law Sir Archy M'Nab, The Knight of Gwynne how all these figures stand out from memory's background, and not only amid the rollicking escapades of Lever's merry moods. For terrifying horror, few pictures can equal that of 'The Death of Shaun' in Jack Hinton—that stark, half-naked, blood-stained body (visualised agony), with the ghastly bandage round the head, falling back upon the wretched bed beside which kneels the priest. And then those wonderful night scenes Phiz drew for Davenport Dunn, such as 'Going Home' and 'A Saunter by Moonlight,' which rank with the similar dark or moonlit pictures he designed for Bleak House and Little Dorrit and Ainsworth's Mervyn Clitheroe-'The Duel,' 'My Adventure in the Haunted Chamber, and 'The Stranger at the Phiz was pre-eminent in presenting the glooms and mysteries of woods and waters by night, and the effect of moonlight on landscape and building or peeping through a wrack of clouds.

Phiz did much other good work for Ainsworth's Crichton, Old St Paul's, The Star Chamber, The Spendthrift, Ovingdean Grange, and, in particular, Auriol, that strange fragment of nightmare romance wherein the artist found full opportunity for depicting the bizarre. Some of his plates for this work—'The Elixir of Long Life,' 'The Ruined House in the Vauxhall Road,' 'The Seizure of Ebba,' and 'The Chamber of Mystery'—are certainly the most extraordinary, in the weird sense of the word, that he ever drew. G. P. R. James also furnished Browne with an opportunity for some impressive scenes in his ghostly romance, The Castle of Ehrenstein, and others of a more varied nature in The Commissioner. For Frank Smedley's Lewis Arundel and Harry Coverdale's Courtship Phiz designed many delightful plates in his own most characteristic style-country scenes with plenty of horses, and domestic interiors with the characters and their actions skilfully contrasted. But the former work also contained

some powerful dramatic illustrations, such as those in the Venetian portion of the tale.

It is not possible to notice here all the writers who benefited by Phiz's pencil. Enough has been said to demonstrate that, with the exception of Thackeray and Lytton, the best of the early-Victorian novelists are indissolubly associated with H. K. Browne. And how pleasant it is, after a surfeit of impressionist fiction and futurist art, to sit down by the fire and glance through a favourite book illustrated by Phiz, and renew old memories and ancient delights with those figures as familiar as friends in the flesh. As Punch wrote after Browne's death:

The lamp is out that lighted up the text Of Dickens, Lever—heroes of the pen; 'Pickwick' and 'Lorrequer' we love, but next We place the man who made us see such men. What should we know of 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' Stern 'Mr Dombey,' or 'Uriah Heep?' 'Tom Burke of Ours'? Around our hearths they

sit, Outliving their creators—all asleep. No sweeter gift ere fell to man than his Who gave us troops of friends—Delightful Phiz.

He is not dead! There in the picture book He lives with men and women that he drew; We take him with us to the cozy nook
Where old companions we can love anew.
Dear boyhood's friend! We rode with him to
hounds;

Lived with dear 'Peggotty' in after years; Messed in old Ireland where fun knew no bounds; At 'Dora's' death we felt poor 'David's' tears! There is no death for such a man; he is The spirit of an unclosed book—Immortal Phiz.

Phiz died on 8th July 1882. His place as a book illustrator-known equally to fame with the authors interpreted—has never been filled, and his method is a lost art. As a man, his qualities were fine and simple, for though he achieved world-wide celebrity he remained Always unpretentious, his entirely unspoilt. reserve and shyness were lifelong. He was devoted to animals, particularly to horses and cats. He was very independent, disliked being waited upon, and was reluctant to ask for anything. He was influenced by weather-glorying in sunshine, but depressed by gloomy daysand even more so by scenery; he was a great lover of the sea and all that was wild and grand in nature, and this trait was reflected in his art. Such was delightful, immortal Phiz.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER XXXII.-THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

'THIS Week's Society Problem,' mused Peggy.
'A., an unsophisticated young spinster, finding herself alone in the residence of B., an eligible bachelor acquaintance, notices upon B.'s dining-room table a letter in B.'s handwriting, addressed to herself, and stamped for post. Problem: What should A. do? Answer adjudged correct: Leave the letter where it is and wait until the postman delivers it. Answer, adjudged incorrect: Open the letter and read it.'

A minute later the seal was broken and Peggy was composedly extracting the folded sheets.

'I'm afraid I never did have the instincts of a real lady,' she said. 'But perhaps the postman would never have delivered this letter. I will salve my conscience by picking off the stamp and saving a penny.'

She did so. Then, sitting down at the table and drawing the lamp a little nearer, she smoothed out the crackling pages and began to read:

'This is the letter of a man who suffers from an impediment in his speech. I have been able to talk to you on many subjects, but never on this the thing that matters most in all the world.'

Peggy drew her chair a little closer.

'I might have told you all about it long ago,' the letter continued, 'for I have been ready to do so ever since you gathered me up from under the car at the foot of Wickmore Hill. But I never did. Twice I have nearly done it, and

twice I have drawn back—the first time because it seemed too soon, the second because it seemed no use. If details would interest you, the first time was in the early days of my convalescence at Tite Street. I came hobbling into your drawing-room one afternoon, and you had been crying. I suppose your father had been inconsiderate again. Not that you showed it, but I happened to sit down in the same chair with your handkerchief, which was soaking. If necessary, I can produce the handkerchief as evidence.'

Peggy gave a half-hysterical little sob.

'The second time was on Chelsea Embankment. I don't suppose you remember.'

Then followed Philip's version of what took place on Chelsea Embankment. Peggy smiled indulgently. She could afford to smile now.

'But now that the reason which kept you from marrying any one—and I think it was fine of you—has been removed, I want to re-open the subject in earnest. First of all, let me talk about the beginning of things.'

Peggy looked up. 'I wonder why men always want to go back to the Year One when they make love,' she mused. 'Tim did it too. I suppose it is a man's idea of showing how firmly founded his affection is. "Established eighteen-seventy-six"—that sort of thing!'

Then she returned to her letter. It was a

lengthy epistle, this Epistle of Theophilus. Primarily it was a love-letter; but when you have never written a love-letter before, and never intend to write another, a good deal of secondary matter is apt to creep in. This letter contained the whole of Philip's simple philosophy of life, his confession of faith, the thoughts that a deeply reserved and extremely sensitive man sets down just once, and for one eye only. He felt that Peggy was entitled to a full and complete inventory of his thoughts about her; so he set them all down, page by page, line by line; not knowing that a woman as often as not chooses a man as she chooses a house, not because of the stability of the foundations or the purity of the water-supply, but because a quaint, old-fashioned sundial in the garden has caught her fancy, or some oddly shaped room in an out-of-the-way turret strikes her as the one and only site for a little private and particular retreat of her own. But Peggy read on.

The letter covered wide ground. It went back to their first wonderful meeting, and recalled childish conversations which Peggy thought she had forgotten. It told of knightly dreams, and of the Lady whom the Knight was one day to meet and marry—not realising that he had met After that came more recent her already. history—the second meeting, and the rapturous convalescence at Tite Street. The black months that followed the tragedy on Chelsea Embankment were sketched very lightly. Finally came the story of the momentous voyage upon the

Bosphorus, and the race home.

The letter closed with a passage which need not be set down here. This is in the main a frivolous narrative; and there are certain inner chambers in the human heart from the threshold of which self-respecting frivolity draws back with decent reverence.

The clock struck two. Simultaneously the outer door of the flat opened with the rattle of a latchkey; and next moment Timothy burst into the room. Peggy was curled up in the big armchair before the fire, apparently half-asleep. 'That you, Timmy?' she inquired.

'Yes, dearest!' replied Timothy.

Inflated with the enormous pride of possession, he leaned over the back of the chair and gazed fondly down upon his prospective bride.

'Don't bother me just now,' said Peggy.

rather sleepy.'

'Darling!' responded the infatuated Timothy. 'Stop blowing on the top of my head, and help yourself to a cigarette, there's a good child,' suggested the darling soothingly.

Timothy obeyed, a trifle dashed. 'I don't think, little girl,' he remarked, lighting the cigarette, 'that that is quite the way in which a man expects to be greeted by his fiancée.'

'His what?' asked Peggy.

Well, dash it all, Peggy!' exclaimed Timothy impatiently—he was naturally somewhat tightly strung up to-night-'don't be a little pig. Here I come hareing along from the dance in search of you, as full of beans as-

'Bean-pod?' suggested Peggy helpfully.
'No! Yes! All right! Bean-pod, if you like!' cried the sorely tried youth. 'But give a fellow a chance. As I say, here I come, red-hot on your track, just overflowing with—well, I can't describe it—and you greet me as if I were a Rural Dean.'

'I should never dream of addressing a Rural Dean as "Timmy," Timmy,' Peggy replied.

'Well, you know what I mean,' insisted Timothy, not in the least appeared by this soft We have both been 'Just think. passing through the greatest crisis of our lives, the most thrilling moment of our joint existence '-

'Have we?' asked Peggy in simple wonder. 'I didn't know.'

Her incensed swain, grappling heroically with his feelings, began to stride about the room.

'Peggy,' he said in a stern voice, 'let us understand one another clearly.'

For reply, the unfeeling Miss Falconer rose to her feet and struck an attitude. "Tush!" cried the Marquis, pacing the floor of the bijou boudoir like a caged lion,' she recited.

Timothy uttered an impatient ejaculation, and

dropped upon the sofa.

'Then, with a superb gesture of contempt, he turned upon his heel and flung himself into the depths of an abysmal divan,' continued Peggy. 'Careful, Timmy! I heard the sofa crack.'

'I suppose you know, Peggy,' announced Timothy in a very ill-used voice, 'that you are breaking my heart? Also destroying my faith in women? Mere details, of course, he added in what was meant to be a tone of world-weary cynicism; 'but they may interest you!' He rose, and, leaning gloomily against the mantelpiece, glowered his disapprobation of his beloved's ill-timed levity.

Once more, just as in her conversation with Philip, Peggy flashed into another mood. She put out an appealing hand, and touched Tim caressingly. 'Timmy dear,' she said, 'I'm sorry! There! Will you forgive me, please?'

'Yes, I forgive you,' replied Timothy, reassuming his air of possession at once. 'But it

must not occur again.

'All right,' agreed Peggy meekly. Then she looked at Timothy with a troubled expression. 'Tim,' she said, 'I want to talk to you like a mother. I have been thinking.

'And you have come to the conclusion that you don't love me!' exclaimed Timothy in a 'I know. Don't explain! That tragic voice. is a woman all over. A couple of hours'-

'I wasn't going to say anything of the kind,

Tim,' interposed Peggy quietly; 'but I have been thinking.' She fingered the buttons of 'I have been Timothy's immaculate waistcoat. wondering if a man like you ought to marry at present. What lovely buttons!' She played a little tune on them to show her appreciation.

'Don't treat me like a child, please,' said

Timothy stiffly.

'At this moment,' replied Peggy, 'that is just the way I am not treating you.'

'You think me too young, I know,' insisted

Tim.

'I wasn't thinking of you at all,' said Peggy.

'I see,' said Timothy in a hollow voice. 'Yourself? Quite so!' He laughed sardonically.

'No,' replied Peggy patiently, 'of something bigger. Something bigger than either of us. was thinking—well, of the nation at large.'

'Peggy,' inquired Timothy, entirely befogged but considerably intrigued. 'What are you

talking about?'

'Sit down, and listen,' replied Peggy.

Timothy obeyed, and the girl continued, 'It's this way, Tim. Many a man of promise has ruined his prospects by an early marriage. are a man of promise, Tim.'

'Oh, rot!' protested Timothy, kindling none

the less.

'If you were to marry now,' continued Peggy in the same thoughtful voice, 'you would settle down into a contented, domesticated husband.

Tim nodded. 'It's about time I did,' he said. 'No,' countered Peggy; 'not yet. You are a man of action, Tim. You ought to be free, at present-free to fight, and climb high, and become famous'-

'By Jove!' cried Timothy, despite himself.

'And to reach the great place you are entitled to. If I were a man I would let nothing come between me and my career. A career! Would between me and my career. A career! Would you sacrifice all that, Tim, just to get married?'

'To get married to you,' replied Timothy.
'Besides, you would help me. At least, you wouldn't be a bit in the way.'

'You do say kind things to me, Tim!' replied Peggy gratefully. 'But it would never do. Even a man of your personality would find it hard to get on without friends and without influence; and very young married men have few friends and less influence. They are back numbers; nobody wants them. It's the rising young bachelors who go everywhere, and can command interest and popularity and fame. A wife would be a dreadful drag. She might make shipwreck of your life.'

Tim drew in his breath, and was on the point of making a gallant interjection of protest; but Peggy concluded swiftly, 'So you must establish yourself in the public eye before you settle down.

Don't you agree with me?'

She lay back in her chair again, looking interrogatively up into Timothy's perplexed countenance.

'There's a good deal in what you say, Peggy,' he admitted. 'But I simply could not leave you in the cart, after'

A sudden inspiration seized him. 'Look here! I have it!' he cried. 'Supposing we get married

in five years from now? What?

Peggy was silent, and Tim waited impatiently for her to make up her mind. At last she spoke. 'It would be a very difficult five years for you, Tim. Imagine yourself going about this big world, meeting all sorts of famous and influential people, and growing more and more famous and influential yourself. Girls would be falling in love with you'-

'Oh, I say!' cried Timothy, much confused.

'Yet all the time,' continued Peggy in a tragic voice, 'you would be able to give them no encouragement, because you felt bound to come at the end of five years and marry me-me-getting on for thirty! It wouldn't be a very comfortable five years for either of us, would it?

By this time Timothy was once more striding about the room. But he was not posing now; he was thinking hard. Peggy sat motionless. Her face was serene, but her hands gripped the arms of the chair until her pink finger-nails grew Once she wondered where Philip was. She did not know that he was walking up and down Sloane Street in the fog, fighting with all the devils in hell.

At last Timothy appeared to arrive at some decision. He came and sat down upon the edge of Peggy's chair.

'Peggy,' he announced, 'you have a sense of proportion quite unusual in your sex. You are the most far-sighted woman I have ever known.'

'I believe I am,' said Peggy.

'And the most unselfish,' added the youthful Grand Turk on the arm of her chair.

I'm not so sure of that,' said Peggy.

'What you say about my making a career, and all that,' continued the newly awakened Timothy —'well, there is something in it, you know! By gad, there's something in it! I rather see myself in Parliament, letting some of those chaps have it in the neck! Wow! wow!' bubbled enthusiastically. Already, with the simple fervour of the hereditary ruling class, he felt himself at grips with the enemies of the 'And I am sure you are right, too, about my not tying myself down to an early marriage. I consider it a jolly sporting and unselfish view for you to take. Still, I must not allow you to suffer.' He laid his hand upon Peggy's arm. 'Look here, Peggy, if I come to you in five years from now and ask you to marry me, will you?'

'Yes,' said Peggy.

'Cheers!'

'On one condition.'

'And that is?

'That neither of us has married any one else in the meanwhile,' concluded Peggy sedately. Timothy laughed loudly at this flight of fancy.

'You can set your mind at rest on that point, Peggy,' he said. 'I will stick to you.' He was a single-minded egoist, was young Timothy. 'Then it's a deal?'

Peggy, knowing well what was coming, nodded. Timothy bent over her.

'I think we might signify our assent in the

usual manner, ch?' he suggested.

'We agreed upon five years, not five seconds!' said Peggy, laughingly releasing her hand. She slipped out of the chair and stood up. 'Now, Tim, you trot off to the ball again; it's not much after three. Philip will take me home; he is out getting a cab now. You go and perform a similar service for Babs Duncombe.'

'Oh, I say, come!' observed Timothy scornfully. 'Babs Duncombe!'

'Why not? She is a very nice, pretty girl, and her father is a very influential man. Remember, Tim, you have got to spend the next five years getting to know influential people. Begin on Babs. If you hurry up you may be able to catch her for an extra or two.

Already the pliable Timothy was putting on

'You are right, Peggy,' he said. 'You are always right. I believe you know what is best for me better than I do myself.'

Peggy, surveying him indulgently, mentally allotted to him a maximum of six further months in the single state.

'I shouldn't be surprised,' she said. 'Good-

night, Tim!'

'Good-night, Peggy. You are quite sure about— Well, perhaps you're right.—Hallo, Theophilus, old son! Got back?

'Yes,' said Philip, putting down his hat.
'It's lucky I caught you. I can't find a cab
high or low. You had better take Peggy home

in yours.'

'Tim is going back to the ball, Philip,' interposed Peggy. 'He has one or two duty dances to work off. I will share his cab as far as the Freeborns', and take it on home. I shall be quite safe.

'Well, hurry up, Peggy,' said Timothy, now ready for the road. 'I should look a bit of a mug if I got there and found the place shut —what, what?—Good-night, Philip, my lad. Don't sit up for me. Half-a-minute, Peggy! I think I had better have a fresh pair of gloves.'

He dashed out, across the hall, and disappeared into his own room, where he could be heard opening drawers and banging cupboard doors.

Philip picked up Peggy's velvet cloak and wrapped it round her. 'Shall I come too?' he asked, 'and act as subsequent escort; or should I find myself a member of the ancient French family of De Trop?

Peggy picked up her gloves, fan, and handkerchief from the table, and said, 'You would never be de trop at any time, Philip. But I am not going to drag you to Chelsea to-night. Look, the fog is lifting!' She drew back the curtain Twinkling lights were disof the window. cernible in the street below.

They shook hands.

'Have you given him his answer?' Philip blurted out. He could not help it.

'Yes.

'Can I—guess it?'
'I don't know. You might. It's an even chance, isn't it?'

Timothy appeared at the door. 'Peggy, I am waiting,' he mentioned coldly, and disappeared. 'Coming, Tim,' replied Peggy. 'Good-night,

Philip!'

'Tim seems to have rather taken command of things,' said Philip, as he escorted Peggy to the top of the stairs.

He is in a hurry, poor dear, that's all. He hasn't completed his evening's programme yet.

But I must fly.

She turned to go, then paused. 'It's as well you came in when you did, Philip,' she said. 'Two minutes later, and you would have found me gone.'

'I am glad I got back in time,' replied Philip

gravely.

Suddenly the girl looked up squarely into his face. 'Do you know, mon ami,' she said with a whimsical smile, 'you have a habit of running things rather fine.

'Have I!' replied Philip dully.

'You have. Talk about the eleventh hour!

'Pegg-ee!' The voice of the fermenting Timothy came booming up the staircase. Peggy did not hurry.

'Good-night, Phil!' she said softly.

'Good night, Pegs!' replied Philip. He touched her hand awkwardly. They had not addressed one another thus since childhood.

He watched her out of sight down the winding stair, and then turned heavily away. As he paused to close the outer door of the flat his ear caught the sound of light feet. He looked out.

Peggy was standing at the top of the staircase. 'Phil,' she said, rather breathlessly, 'don't forget to post your letter!'

Then she fled.

One second later Philip was standing by the lamplit table. His letter was gone, and another had taken its place. It was addressed to 'Most Excellent Theophilus.' He took it up, dizzily, and turned it over. On the back was written: 'I have saved you a stamp by reading your letter before you posted it. P.S.—You will find the stamp on the inkstand.'

Finally he opened the letter. His own had occupied many pages; this, the answer, consisted of three words. Philip read them through.

Then, rocking on his feet, he read them again and again. Finally he raised his head and gazed dumbly about him. His eyes fell upon a twinkling circular object lying in the pool of light where he had found the letter.

With a swelling heart he snatched it up, and strode to the hearthrug. There, with one devastating sweep of his arm, he rendered the mantel-piece a solitude. Everything went with one

glorious crash — pipes, tobacco-jar, cigarettes, Bulgarian Atrocities—all. Last, but not least, with a heavy thud, went the Meldrum Carburettor. The day of Things was over.

Then, in the very centre of the desert that he had created for her, he reverently planted a portrait—the portrait of a Lady, in a large, round, shining silver frame.

THE END

A SMALL TRAGEDY.

By S. HANSLER SMITH.

SOMETHING stirred in the sun-parched sand at the foot of a palmetto; there was a buzzing of little wings and a waving of little legs, and, as the antagonists rolled over and over, a small cloud of dust arose over the scene of the struggle: Going closer, I saw a big spider at grips with something I took for a humming-bird. Bang! and the book I carried squashed both flat. I was only twelve years old, and in my youthful indignation I sacrificed victim and oppressor.

On disentangling the bodies, my humming-bird resolved itself into a large black wasp, with violet and bronze-tinted wings, and I regretted having done the spider out of an honestly earned meal. I know better now; my regrets were misplaced, and if I had waited I should have witnessed an amazing sight. For the bold wasp would have mastered the spider, in spite of the latter's superior size and weight and its venomous fangs.

Some years later, when I knew more about insects, I sought to witness such another struggle. But the season for the wasp's operations is very short, lasting only during the two weeks or so of the egg-laying period; and only the female wasp attacks the spider. In it she recognises the one source of support for her brood, and no other provision will suit her. The wasp herself lives on flower nectar and fruit, and why a sudden impulse leads her to furnish her young with animal food is one of those queer instinctive traits for which we know no answer. The result of this idiosyncrasy is a lingering death to as many spiders as the wasp has eggs. Each paralysed spider has an egg glued to its body, and the young larva, as soon as hatched, knows how to consume the big ration so cunningly, that while a few drops of nourishment remain life does not become extinct. The provision is thus preserved from decay, the products of which would quickly kill the wasp larva.

After many unsuccessful efforts to witness the duel in the open, I resorted to artificial means. Here, again, countless trials resulted unfortunately, for it meant catching the pepsis just when she was ready to operate, and introducing her to a mygale which exactly suited her. Even then she did not always lay an egg and store the spider, something in the locality, or the prey, not being

to her liking. The results may be condensed as follows.

Four o'clock in the afternoon, and a red-hot, cloudless July day. I am lying flat on my stomach in the dust of the sun-scorched pampas. The thermometer registers one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, and a big white umbrella only affords a feeble protection, and none at all against the swarms of biting flies which hover around. Before me is the dark, web-lined tunnel of a big mygale spider. Over the hole is a glass cake-cover, under which a fine pepsis wasp is moving about with quivering wings. Down in the depths the eyes of the spider shine like little brilliants.

After making many circuits of the glass, the pepsis enters the tunnel, walking over the threads with the same alert, confident steps with which she treads the ground. Neither wasp nor spider is visible; but there arises a great buzzing of wings, and Mrs Mygale is presumably giving the intruder what's what. Then suddenly out pops the spider. Stopping at the entrance, she rears up on her hind legs, waves the front ones wildly, and opens her fangs menacingly. Has she killed the pepsis? Does this attitude denote triumph?

But no. Slowly and calmly the impassive face of the wasp emerges from the tunnel just as if it were an everyday affair for her to turn fierce mygales out of their strongholds. A government inspector of household premises could not act more confidently in exploring a tenement. The spider is quivering with some emotion. Is it fear or indignation? Will she run away? Nothing like that, for, like a flash, she pounces on the wasp, and, closely clasped in a deadly embrace, they roll over and over on the web. Eight legs versus six, two poisoned fangs against a sting! It looks odds in favour of the spider.

But Mrs Pepsis is some gladiator—she has a punch in each leg, and is a past master of all the wrestling holds. The struggle lasts but a few seconds, and Mrs Mygale is thrown flat on her back. Pressing her body against that of her opponent, the wasp holds the spider's legs powerless with her wiry ones, and grips her thorax firmly in her jaws. The spider's fangs are wide open, and poison-drops glisten on the sharp

points. Though overthrown, her fighting powers are still formidable; for she has only to bite once, and the wasp would be annihilated. Why doesn't she do it?

I take off the glass cover to use a magnifying-

glass to better advantage.

The pepsis is curving her body forward, unsheathing her sting. Slowly, very slowly, she brings it right up to the spider's jaws. It is pitiful to see the big, strong mygale so inert when mortal danger threatens. Hey! Wake up, Mrs Mygale! Now's your chance! Bite! Bite hard for your life! But no, this owner of the tunnel that so boldly challenged the intruder just now acts as if hypnotised; does nothing but make faces. The wasp's sting enters between her jaws.

All is over in a flash. The terrible nippers close suddenly, for ever incapable of biting. The mygale is lost. Calmly the pepsis withdraws her weapon, and inserts it behind the last pair of the spider's legs. These wave feebly as the poison

gets home, then relax. They will never run

Releasing her victim, the wasp strokes her wings, waves her antennæ, combs her body, and polishes her eyes. This toilet over, she grasps a leg of her big prey, and drags the helpless mygale down into the tunnel. In the spider's own fortress the audacious wasp stores the paralysed one. Safely cradled on the soft web of her own making, the mygale will remain securely hidden, alive but inert, while the wasp's egg hatches and the grub appears for whose consumption this fat ration is destined. Let us draw a veil over the possible feelings of the spider.

Madame Pepsis comes out of the tunnel and gathers bits of gravel and other rubbish to stop up the entrance. I have not replaced the cover, and after closing the hole she spreads her wings and flies away. She has earned her freedom and the right to continue her maternal duties at her

own time and place.

THE HOUSE OF LADDO.

CHAPTER II.

IF I were to weary you with anything of a detailed account of my life in this extraordinary household, I fancy you would at this stage cast my writing from your hands; thereby missing, as I hope, much that might have entertained you. Indeed, I confess my memory serves me downright ill on the matter; for one day was so little different from its neighbour as to become, at the end of the week, completely merged in it. The day was bad or the day was good, and there was an end of it. So if I can but keep the order of the main events I shall be content.

You are to conceive me, then, as going about the house, fields, and policies of Laddo about as important a being as one of my uncle's sheep. People would throw me a remark in passing, but no one evinced any degree of surprise or interest in my presence, or, so far as I could see, speculated at all as to how I came to be there. estate was really little more than a good-sized farm, and utterly neglected at that; however my uncle made his money, it was certainly not by his handful of starved sheep or his straggling The whole work of the house potato patches. and garden fell upon the unfortunate Rintoul, and had he attempted to perform one-half of it he would have dropped dead within a week; but he very prudently refrained from any such endeavour. There was no other servant about the place, the ladies attending on one another as best they might; and not even a gangrel or a tinker came near us. And while I liked the sea, as all boys are ready to do, the inland country-side was as tedious a place as may be. I was immensely tired of it, but, as Rintoul had said, I got my meat and a roof over my head; moreover, I was

free from the unceasing annoyances and privations of the manse of Birkie, and so I counted myself, if not pleasantly, at least endurably, placed. But when I took thought of the object on which I had been sent—the ingratiating of myself with my uncle for his money's sake—it

would set me laughing by the hour.

My worthy uncle I rarely saw; and this was as well, for had he been normal I think I should have died from sheer lack of interest. But he was always there, brooding over a mountain of documents, with his ox-eyed son for company, and sometimes that lean lawyer Cockburn. As was only natural, I grew into a habit of speculating as to what all this business might be; and being blessed with a little imagination, rapidly invented a bookful of Bedlamite theories. One day, certainly, I ventured into his room when he was out, but he came back unexpectedly on some errand and found me there. He said not a word, but he gave me a look such as I have never seen on any human face—a look which sent me flying from the room and out of his sight for a couple of days to come. For the first time it occurred to me that this little, round, bird-like man might be not only mad, but also dangerous.

After that lesson I went less daringly to work, though I spied upon him a good deal all the same. He seemed to have some interest in the sea, for he would frequently stroll down to the cliffs at the Ness, with a telescope under his arm, and often he would question Rintoul as to tides and such-like matters. Then, again, it would seem that his business lay on the land side, for he would send Rintoul away to get some message

from Kembas or Ramsburn, which lie far off in the Howe of Fife, or from Balfask, which is hard by Ferry-Port-on-Craig; on these occasions he would sit biting his nails in the most evil of humours till the word was brought back. never could fathom how much or how little Rintoul knew of his master's affairs; for whenever I questioned him, he would reply in whole paragraphs of saws and proverbs, so hopelessly jumbled together that it was impossible to make sense out of them—as he no doubt intended so that, all told, I made little progress.

Two events, however, do stand out in this period—both very slight. The first took place on a windy night of December, when I was wakened by the sound of a loud crash, and my uncle's voice raised terribly in anger; then something heavy being dragged about, some further altercation, and finally the front-door slammed noisily. But when I asked Rintoul, he replied, with many aphorisms, that he had heard nothing -palpably lying. The second of these events occurred a trifle later, and was marked by the appearance of a very superior personage magnificently attired, who drove down from Cupar with a pair of horses, and was closeted with my uncle for an hour and a half. They had up a bottle of our best wine, which Rintoul and I went down to the cellar to procure, and they parted in an excellent humour with one another. But as to this day I have no notion who this person may have been (though I shrewdly suspect now what brought him there), he is, in truth, comparatively unimportant.

All this time—and this made things for me more intolerable than ever-news kept filtering in to us of great doings in the living world beyond the marches of Laddo. We heard of the coming of Charles Edward Stuart, and of that ladder of victories that led him down the Canongate of Edinburgh and into the stateroom at Holyrood; and now we heard of the great march into England that was to exchange Holyrood for St James's Palace. For the most part we heard of them with groans and execrations, for the Fife folks round us were Whigs to a man; but they stirred something in me that boys will understand—the more so, I think, because they were unpopular with those around me. Of claims and prerogative, policy and principle, I knew nothing; but I think that in those days my solicitous thoughts and my warmest emotions were with Rintoul's 'dawmnable Jawcobites!'

Of the two ladies who dwelt at Laddo I saw at first very little, and then, as the days went on, gradually more and more. It was, indeed, natural enough that they should turn to me, boy though I was, inasmuch as they could not hold much intercourse with their own servant, and there was literally no one else; nor, I think, were they greatly attached to one another. From the outset Alice Lechmere was never anything

but heavenly kind to me; Rose not always so. I have said she was a person of moods; so that for five days we would have everything in the house going perfectly, and on the sixth going just as perfectly to the deuce. In the same way she would one day call me as many kind names as one can think of, and the next scarcely nod to me in the passing. She called me 'Davy' from our first meeting, while it was long before Alice would have anything but 'David,' or even 'Cousin;' but on the day of my uncle's fury with me it was poor blind Alice who came and hunted me out in my hiding-place with something good to eat, while Rose did nothing but laugh at me. And yet, by a common perversity of human nature, I was ever more Rose's admirer and ever more at her service than Alice's.

This was perhaps because, as I picked up information bit by bit, I came to clothe her in romance, as boys—and men, too, for that matter -are fain to do. It began with a chance remark of Alice's that Rose and her brother Robert had been very good friends; and this, together with my own conclusions from it, I took to my worthy Rintoul. I suppose I did wrong to speak to him so much on family affairs, but at Birkie we had neither snobbery nor servant, and so I knew no better; and, in any case, I must needs have spoken to some one.

'Was Miss Chalmers in love with Mr Robert?' I asked him bluntly.

'Keep's a'!' said he. 'Out o' the mouths o' babes and sucklin's. Ay, dear! Weel, it's no' for me to say, an' it's nae maitter t'me, but I jalouse she was.'

'And then he was driven from his home, and

had to leave her!' said I, thrilling at the thought.
'He was a Jawcobite,' said he very sternly, as if that were enough to drive him from high Heaven itself. 'Afore he went, he says t' her, "Will ye come wi' me?" An' she says, "Bob," she says, "gin ye thocht me worth while, ye could gie a' that the go-by." "I will no'," says he, an' awa' he gaed. Ay, she grat a while; but she's weel wantin' the likes o' him. A Jawcobite! the great aboamination! A Jawcobite!

After this I came to watch the lady more closely, and to persuade myself that in spite of all her gay demeanour she was at heart unhappy. And then one day, when Cockburn had come and gone, I found her in the room with her head on the table, crying bitterly. She sprang up at my entry and forced a laugh back to her lips; but I was on the track of my romance, and I did not mean to let her off.

'Miss Chalmers,' said I, 'you are unhappy. Can I do anything?'

'Get me a friend, Davy!' she cried with a sudden extraordinary vehemence. 'Some one big and strong and kind enough to help me. Out of this place I must and shall get or I shall go mad.'

I thought of Rintoul's 'mate an' a bield,' and put my thoughts into some kind of words.

'I know,' she said; 'and I know no other place where I could get as much. But I cannot stand it. Have you ever seen your uncle when he is angry?'

I nodded, and shook at the remembrance.

'Ah!' said she, 'that is how I see him—often. He has taken some dislike to me, and he is so terrible. I do not know what I have done; 'fore God, I never meant to anger him. I cannot bear it!' she cried with a break in her voice. 'Oh, indeed I cannot bear it! I am so frightened.'

'And have you no one?' said I.

'Only Cockburn,' said she very bitterly, 'who is about as fond of me as my gentle guardian himself. It is a sad pass, Davy, when one's only hope is such as Cockburn.'

When Alice spoke to me with intimacy, it was always of her brother, who seemed to have been

her all.

'He was always kind to me, David,' she would say in her gentle little voice, 'but I do not think I shall ever see him again.' (She spoke always of 'seeing,' for on no account would she admit her blindness, and, indeed, she managed so well that one could scarce have guessed.) Then I would try to comfort her, and by a happy intuition I would speak of her brother's noble action of self-sacrifice, and the splendour of the cause for which he fought; and at that her beautiful smile would be conjured up.

'Thank you, Davy,' she would say; 'please

God, he may have done right.'

She would say no more than that; but often it set me wondering if I were indeed the only secret Jacobite in this nest and camp of Whigs.

All this weary time my chief solace and companion was the man Rintoul, and without this miserable creature I know not where I should have been. He was a man of singularly little intelligence, and by no possible means could he be roused to a share in my own romantic curiosities; yet he had silently observed much of his superior's doings, and I found him full of the most unexpected and incongruous vagaries. One day he sprang on me a most intolerable hobby of his—a collection of the genealogies of all the greater houses of Fife; and I can still see the two of us sitting in the coach-house, or some such place, poring over those atrocious

charts, through which he steered his way with the grim and earnest countenance of a deep-sea pilot. And again one day he produced for my edification a battered copy of the Pilgrim's Progress, containing a number of curious woodcuts coloured by himself; of this I remember nothing save that he had represented Apollyon in a kind of tartan, at which I laughed so immoderately that he put away the book in a fury and showed me no more. His talk was always, as I have tried to show, one-half made up of proverbs and platitudes bearing upon nothing at all; yet he had some shrewd enough observations upon life if one could but win to them.

Periodically he was struck down by a kind of religious depression—whether due to a study of the tartan Apollyon or not, I dare not say. On these occasions he would sit groaning in the corner, writhing in a shocking anticipation of the torments to come, and bemoaning a past in which every conceivable folly and misdeed appeared to have found a place. I know now that he could never possibly have brought himself to do anything; but, boy-like, in those days I tried to persuade myself that he had, and to discover what frightful atrocity he had achieved, on which occasions some such conversation as this would ensue:

'Have you done murder, Rintoul?'

'God be thankit, David, I hae dune no nurder.'

'Then, were you ever a pirate?'

'Keep's a! The bloody pirates! Na, na; I wisna that.'

'Then, what have you stolen, Rintoul ?'

'David, I am at least honest. Ye daur to suggest'—

And so on and so on, through the whole gamut

of ill-doing.

I think I know now all that Rintoul had done, and you shall hear in time; and if the old fellow is roasting for that, I for one say he has been unfairly dealt with. But I wish I could take you into his room now and let you see him huddled at the window table, with his wispy hair and starting eyes and long, lean, earnest face, tormenting himself most exquisitely with fears, and all the time fancying himself no end of a fellow, and, as I well believe, thoroughly enjoying every moment of it all.

(Continued on page 580.)

A BURIED ESTATE.

By John Foster.

BURIED treasure is a rich seam for the unnumbered host of the diggers in romance. Lonely reef-girt islands, haunted by the eternal boom of the surf; old-time galleons in their long sleep in shoal waters; cutlass and pistol; a mysterious schooner in the offing, like enough, with

one of her swarthy crew singing 'Ho! for the Spanish Main,' out on the dizzy top-gallant-yard as the vessel heels to the Trades—who does not know these 'properties' of the treasure-hunter? But the title of this little chronicle may disappoint the romantic, for there are no pieces-of-

eight, no blood, gems, or cut-throats in the narrative. Yet it holds the quintessence of romance, for the improbable story is true, and so dramatic in its sudden little tragedy that, were it encountered in a novel, the average reader—let alone the critic—might well carp at it as clumsy and makeshift melodrama.

In a lonely spot in the Monaliadhs—the Gray Mountains—in the land of Clan Chattan, a lisping, baby Highland burn gathers strength until it broadens to a river, the beautiful Findhorn, the stream that so entranced Jenny Lind on her first sight of it that she burst into tears, and with 'I must sing the song of the river; it calls me!' enchanted the listeners with divine melody. Down its course of eighty miles to the sparkling bay at its estuary it enfolds an enchanting panorama, at first of Highland hills and moors, lonely in their brooding silences, silences that seem to suggest to the watcher character, dignity, almost comprehension. Then granite cliffs appear guarding deep pools of infinite variety, black, tawny, foam-flecked; magnificent gorges, flanked by densely wooded heights clothed from crown to water's edge with oak, beech, pines, birch, and luxuriant undergrowth, until the river reaches the rich cultivated land in the north of the fair province of Moray.

There is not a mile of the river but has had its share in moving human story. Clan Chattan, the great houses of Moray and Cumming, held and still hold land through which it flows; and the dark old time of turbulence, bloodshed, feuds, and unrest, Corsican in its elemental passions, had its theatre in the lovely and lonely valley.

In Scottish literature, as well as history, the Findhorn brings memories of goodly names—Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Henry Mackenzie (who, writing to young Kilravock, counselled him to put on the trees this kindly inscription, 'The stranger's steps are welcome here'), the authoress of The Memoirs of a Highland Lady, Charles St John, sportsman and lover of his kind, the author of Rab and his Friends ('the romantic, impassioned, Pindaric Findhorn,' he calls it in characteristic phrase), Miss Constance Gordon Cumming, and many others.

Most of the translations of the Gaelic placenames reflect in melodious English the haunting charm of the cascades, the glades, hills, and glens by Findhorn-side. Here are a few: 'The Knoll of the Fairies,' 'The Hill of Parting,' 'The Place Hid from the Sun,' 'The Heathy Slope of the Flag,' 'The Waterfall of the Alders,' and Strathdearn, 'Fairyland' or 'The Abode of Peace.'

Seen at its best on a bright day in the heart of autumn, the wealth of colour on the forest-clad banks of its magnificent ravines is beyond description. The verdict of the great Master of Balliol still stands. 'This is,' said he, 'the most beautiful river in Britain.'

Where the river meets the North Sea, there

twice a day it fills the Bay of Findhorn. On its right bank sleeps the quaint old village of Findhorn. Its repose may well be full of dreams, for once its harbour was full of tall masts and venturing prows. The old site of the village before 1702 was midway across the channel, a busy port with shipbuilding yards; but the sands from the Culbins gradually silted up the harbour, and on 11th October 1702 the river found its way through the neck of land behind old Findhorn, cutting it off from the mainland to the east. At low water the sand-banks marking the site of the old port are exposed.

Once, long ago, one could have watched many a good ship come and go, heard the stir of commerce, the song of the sailors, the tongues of France, Spain, and Holland, for the port did a thriving trade with Rotterdam, Bordeaux, and other centres, sending out hides, salmon, malt, and other Morayshire produce, and importing wines, silks, velvets, tobacco, sugar, and sometimes mysterious kegs that had never seen the sovereign's seal. But the ghosts of these old merchant sailors revisiting the place would look sadly now on a deserted port. The voices of those who do business in the great waters are heard no more there. An occasional coaster may call now and then. The little fishing flotilla has vanished before the advent of the 'liner' and 'drifter' fleets that swarm in better and more central harbours. solitary boat remains, and the only industry is the salmon-fishing in its season. Even in the matter of salmon-fishing the old days scored The brethren of Kinloss Abbey, hard heavily. by, owned the fishings, and were the first to make artificial traps for the fish; and in 1648, the then Earl of Moray, who apparently spelled with the arbitrary ease of a potentate accustomed to make laws for himself, dutifully writing to his countess in Edinburgh, says: 'I was yesternicht at fishing and suped at the water-syd yhear we hade gud store of salmond, ther was taken out three or four dayis before my coming on the same poule I suped at it in ann nicht thirten hunder samonds and at ann draucht six and twenti skores.' The earl evidently thought that his wife might suspect him of having indulged in long-bow practice, for he adds, 'This upon my kredit is true.' Thirteen hundred salmon in one night! Five hundred and twenty in one haul! Think of it, ye syndicates, ye smoking-room Munchausens!

On the west side of Findhorn Bay lies what used to be a goodly barony, a mansion-house, sixteen farms, orchards, and a hamlet. It was once the most fertile and flourishing estate in Moray, but is now a wild waste miles long, known as the Culbin Sands. Under them lies the buried estate of Culbin.

This estate, once a barony, so long ago as the thirteenth century was owned by the great northern family of De Moravia. The name of Freskin or Freskinus appears on the old charters. He is supposed to have been a rich

Fleming, a banker and capitalist of his day. A man of outstanding importance, it seems well authenticated that in the time of David the First his family was rich and strong enough to assume the territorial name of De Moravia, the great province of Moray that extended in old times practically from sea to sea in the North. His son Hugh succeeded to broad lands, and, so far as can be gathered from the misty past, the great families of Sutherland, the powerful Douglases, the Murrays of Athole, and others, were all connected with the mysterious Freskin. Later, we find King Alexander of Scotland giving a grant of Kincorth and Kintessack (still place-names in Morayshire) to Sir Richard of Culbin, and from this date the De Moravia family of Culbin have a distinct traceable history, and their estate a defined boundary. The 'Rough Carse of Culbin' is mentioned in a deed by the Knights Templars of St John as one of the boundaries of their lands. Culbin estate reached to the sea and ran west nearly to Lochloy. The powerful family of De Moravia made Culbin their principal seat. They were friends of royalty, and doubtless William the Lion and King Alexander the Second, who loved to visit Morayshire, must often have come to Culbin with their Courts, when the old place would ring with hunting-horn and merrymaking.

In time the male line of the De Moravias—the Morays—died out, and the heiress, Egidia, married Sir Thomas Kinnaird of Kinnaird in 1440. The Kinnairds for the next three hundred years appear in the records of the district. In the kirkyard of Dyke this simple prayer can be read on a tombstone:

Valter: Kinnaird: Elizabeth: Innes: 1613: The: Builders: of: this: bed: of: stane: Ar: laird: and: lady: of: Coolbine: Whilk: Tha: and: Thars: Whane: Braithe: is: gane: Pleis: God: vil: sleep: This: Bed: Vithin:

They had parted with Kincorth, but from a rental of 1693 the Culbin estate is fixed at three thousand six hundred acres, made up of sixteen farms and farmhouses, while the rental was two thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds Scots, and certain returns in victual. One can picture the mansion-house in its fruitful plain, with its barony's privilege of a dovecot, its lawns, orchards, woods, its well-tilled farms, a fair demesne in the heart of the fair province, well deserving its name, the 'granary of Moray.'

So it was one autumn day in 1694, and lo! in a night, mansion-house, farms, gardens, and houses were brushed out like breath on a glass, and the place saw them no more.

A great westerly wind had been blowing. It lifted the sand along the coast, gathering force as it drove along, its increasing momentum sweeping great masses of loose sand along with it. This horror, scarcely imaginable, swept with irresistible force down towards the mouth of the Findhorn; it covered the fields and overwhelmed

the estate, burying swiftly, beyond hope of respite, the mansion-house, farms, and village. A smiling, happy countryside was transformed as by black magic into a wilderness of sand; and to-day, standing on one of the great mounds, the eye rests on a succession of huge billows of gleaming sand, literally a desert, some four miles long by two miles broad, bare as the palm of one's hand of vegetation, the very picture of loneliness and desolation. The titanic strength, the suddenness of the strange disaster, the pygmy impotence of man before it, seize the imagination.

In general, the ruin of places near the coast has been due to the march of the invading sea. In Edward the Confessor's time there was a flourishing port in Suffolk. The ocean swallowed up-so the story goes-a monastery, a couple of jails, and seven churches whose bells may yet ring, fathoms down, when storms stir the great Stepney Island, too, has been gradually eaten away, so that the church at Minster, which was once in the centre of the island, is now on the shore. Most of the instances of lost land have been, like that of Stepney Island, gradual processes, although the ancient writers tell us that Plato's Atlantis, opposite the Straits of Gibraltar, was a thriving, fertile country peopled by a warlike and vigorous nation until one day a marine earthquake came and demolished it. The fate of Culbin was as sudden.

So swift fell the tragedy that, to save his life, a man ran from his plough in the furrow and never saw it again. It was found years afterwards, and is now in a north country museum. Some of the bewildered folk managed to get into their houses from the east side next day and rescued a few household gods, but the demon of the storm rose again, and next morning not a vestige of man's handiwork was visible. An ocean of sand, dashing like spray in the gale, covered the land like a stormy spring tide; and when the gale and the sand-drift died down a mocking waste had taken the place of the Barony of Culbin. And there the miniature desert can be seen to-day.

Alexander Kinnaird, the luckless owner, was ruined. The poor man petitioned the Scots Parliament in July 1695 for a relief from the cess or land-tax, on a statement that 'the best two parts of his estate of Culbin, by an unavoidable fatality, was quite ruined and destroyed, occasioned by great and vast heaps of sand (which had overblown the same), so that there was not a vestige to be seen of his manor-place of Culbin, yards, orchards, and mains thereof, and which within these twenty years were as considerable as many within the county of Moray.' One is glad to learn that the old Scots Parliament granted him his petition.

It is interesting to note that the old Scots Act regarding the preservation of bent, juniper, and broom owes its existence to this disaster. The

Act runs that our Sovereign Lord the King, considering that many places on the coast having been ruined by inroads of sand 'mainly occasioned by the pulling up by the Root of Bent, Juniper, and Broom Bushes, which did loose and break the Surface and Scroof of the said Hills: and particularly considering that the Barony of Coubin, and House and yards thereof, lying within the Sheriffdom of Elgin, is quite ruined and overspread with sand, the which was occasioned by the aforesaid bad Practise of pulling the Bent and Juniper; Therefore His Majesty does strictly Prohibit and Discharge the pulling of Bent, Broom, or Juniper off sand hills for hereafter, either by the Proprietors themselves, or any other whatsomever, the same being the natural Fences of the adjacent Countries to the said Hills; Certifying such as shall contraveen this Act, they shall not only be liable to the Damages that shall therethrough ensue, but shall likewise be liable in the Sum of Ten Pounds of Penalty, the one Half thereof to belong to the Informer, and the other Half to the Judge within whose jurisdiction the said Contravention shall be committed.' The Act is still in force.

The laird and his wife did not long survive. The poor man, to retrieve his shattered fortunes, fell under the South Sea Bubble mania, and then died with many other luckless emigrants on the then fever-smitten Isthmus of Panama. A domestic servant—all honour to her—looked after the infant son after his parents' death, keeping him and herself in Edinburgh by needlework. The boy in time enlisted, and being accidentally recognised by a Rose of Kilravock, got a commission. He rose to captain's rank, and died unmarried in 1743. So the Culbin Kinnairds, like their estate, vanished.

The small part of the land which had been spared by the sand, along with the waste lands, was sold to a grandson of Adam Duff, the ancestor of the Dukes of Fife, and in the deed occurs an unusual phrase. The seller gave it over 'with his good will and blessing;' but, notwithstanding the benison in the deed of sale, the proverbial luck of the Duffs did not hold in this case, for the buyer fell on evil times and was in turn forced to sell. One of the Grants of Grant held it, then one of the Grants of Sheuglie, who left it to the Grants of Glenmoriston. They own it still. Kincorth, hard by, like many Morayshire properties, was held by the Dunbars, and latterly by a Grant from a branch of the Freuchie line, now of Seafield.

A change in the coast-line weakening the natural ramparts of the land was the chief cause of the disaster; but, like every similar calamity in older or more superstitious or more imaginative days, the overwhelming of Culbin was put down to an express visitation to punish some offence. One account—Gilbertian in making the punishment fit the crime—says that because the laird

made his people work on Sundays the Nemesis of the sands lay in wait, and decreed that he should never see crops on Culbin again. Another legend runs that a maid of Norway was stolen on the high seas by a laird of Culbin. Had he suspected that she had 'the Eye,' and was able to lay a curse on the place—as the story says she did—the squire of dames might not have been so susceptible. And the Hon. Mrs Willoughby's verses tell us how a Kinnaird made a bargain with the Accuser of the Brethren, and that the two are still playing an endless game of cards deep down in the dark heart of the highest sandhill!

For many years—a hundred or more—the house slept in its grave of sand. Storms swept the coast, now and again changing the contour of the huddled masses of sand; and one morning at the end of the eighteenth century, the astonished countryfolk saw the gray head of the old mansion rise like a pitiful ghost out of its tomb. The vagaries of the wind had given it a respite. A materialist proprietor ignored the tragedy and romance of the old house, and carted away many loads of stone, but the greedy sands again claimed their own, and to-day one may stand on a sandhill in whose deep bosom lies what was once a fine country-house echoing with human voices, and all around it trim lawns and orchards and the sheen of growing corn. A dauntless apple-tree on the edge of the waste used to struggle out occasionally in blossom, and even bear fruit, but the sand has strangled it long ago.

Farther west, on the flank of the Culbins, the Maviston sandhills, owing to a peculiar formation of their steep eastward ends, have gradually forced their way to a wood, smothering all growth as they have advanced, creeping on like a slow tidal wave. The result is a melancholy sight; the wood in the clutch of a relentless enemy. Some of the trees are covered, dead and buried; others, like skeletons, bleaching in the sun; some, doomed but defiant, are sending out their last few shoots and branches; while others show a despairing few inches out of the waste like the finger-tips of a drowning

The place—familiarly known as the Culbins—now forms a vista of huge billows of sand, some of them rising to over a hundred feet. When the prevailing westerly wind blows the air is filled with a powder of a beautiful whiteness; but if a gale rises it raises a sandstorm that permeates boots, clothes, pockets, eyes, and ears so quickly and thoroughly that the pedestrian, if he be wise, stands not upon the order of his going, but goes at once and 'at the double.' Charles St John states that he has found human skeletons in the sands, without doubt the bodies of people who had been overpowered by avalanches of sand on the Culbins.

On a still summer day the long billows of

white sand, intensifying the deep blue of the sky and the line of the dark woods by Findhornside, present a vivid picture, impressive in its colouring. An intense silence reigns. Animal life is strangely absent. There is no hum of insects, no voices of birds save perhaps the solitary note of some stray sea-bird, or a faint sibilation if a breath of wind stirs the loose particles of sand on the surface. A singular feeling of remoteness and isolation seizes the watcher. There is almost a sense of ostracism in its aloofness, in the complete and surprising silence, and a strange freak in perspective adds to the eeriness of the place, for one's judgment of distances is almost invariably at fault. A man standing on a ridge looks like some one on a far horizon, and the explorer of the sands arrives at the hill-top, seemingly miles away, in a few minutes. In winter, the great snowy ridges flanked by the dejected and threadbare woods, the melancholy voice of the wind in the lonely places, and the dark, inscrutable eyes of the lochans, make up a picture of grim loneliness. The place might be an untrodden waste in Labrador.

As if to compensate for their singular detachment, the ghostly Culbins present extraordinarily interesting features to the antiquary. The action of the sand has preserved, and unfolds now and again, many evidences of rude, savage bygone days, step by step from the Stone Age onwards. in weapons of battle or the chase, women's adornments, articles of husbandry, early attempts at, and some beautiful achievements in, artistic design, the whole making a supremely interesting record of an ancient people. Flint, bronze, iron, silver, and gold have all been laid bare. the old hunter and warrior found their flints and shaped them to their uses, and to-day, although the place has been for years the happy huntingground of amateur or professed antiquaries, the ordinary searcher, blessed with even the most moderate degree of patience, is sure to pick up some flints bearing traces of long-since vanished hands, in the shape of arrowheads, pins, knives, and the nodules from which they had been cut. Bronze articles, too, have been manufactured here. Moulds of stone cuttings and castings of the run metal, rings, brooches, studs, and other articles have been found; and in Altyre House may be seen a beautiful ancient bronze Keltic armlet, a work of great artistic merit, and the first of its kind found in Scotland. Penannular brooches have been found recently, and also a large finger-ring with the letters H S I and a small cross of stars. The numerous small rings and studs found are supposed to be the ancient forerunners of the modern hook-andeye. In the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh, there is a splendid exhibition of no less than forty thousand flints found in the sands; and the minister of Dyke, in whose parish the Culbins lie, has also a fine collection.

Not the least interesting feature of the place was the finding of an ancient 'bloomery' or furnace; a sandhill now covers it, but when the land is exposed there are still to be found the rough-cast shapes of bolts, nails, fishing-hooks, and the like. The little lagoons near the shore contain iron, which no doubt was used in the furnaces. Indeed, some of the dead rushes are so crusted with iron that they are often mistaken for tubes. In primitive times the heat produced was useless as compared with the great furnaces of to-day, the slag thrown away containing forty times as much pure iron as it does in a modern furnace.

A great many coins of all nationalities have been turned up — Roman, French, Flemish, English, and Scotch, the earliest of date 21 B.C., and the latest of the reign of Charles the Second, who was on the throne just before the lands were overwhelmed.

A labourer in 1780 made a most valuable find, although not in the Culbins. Digging in the kirkyard of Dyke, he came across a hoard of silver coins. The canny man kept his secret for a time, disposed of his booty, and took a farm; but the story leaked out (he had a wife), and the then Laird of Brodie was in time to secure some of the hoard from the silversmiths. The coins were of the purest silver, and of an older date than any then existing Scottish coins, being of the period of William the Lion. Another hoard remains to be unearthed. A party of smugglers had run in with a haul of brandy, wine, tobacco, and silk. They hid them at night, but the sanddrifts swallowed them up ere morning, and there, it is said, they lie to this day.

The old furrows with their rounded ends, parts of the 'head-rig' or service road, may still be seen on the Culbins, with the actual hoof-marks of the horses and cattle made two hundred years

Along the coast, north of the sands, the artist, the naturalist, and the wildfowler may well tarry. A sheet of water, the Buckie Loch, is a treasurespot of surface and subaqueous plants. At the 'E'e,' a singular break in the coast-line, the tide flows through and transforms the Old Bar into The Bar was the old mouth of the an island. Findhorn, for the river changed its course in the eighteenth century. Ships from far seas used to anchor there; but now the place spells solitude, a haunt for innumerable wild-fowl, a breeding-place for the rich wild-bird life of the Firth. St John's Sport in Moray gives us vivid pictures of the district, for he watched with the keen and observant eye of a born naturalist the life of the shore-birds, hunted the roe in the Black Wood, and trod every foot of the Culbins and the coast-line. The roseate tern is said to breed here, but if any one has found its nest he has kept the secret well. Seaotters haunt the estuary, and the wary watcher from behind a sand-dune may see a seal loafing

contentedly in the sun on the hot sands, or, if he has luck, may admire the grace and majesty of the wild swan.

See the Culbins on a windless summer evening. The sun dying splendidly over the long blue line of hills from Ross to Caithness, nearer, the great floor of the sea, the green and gold of woods and standing corn, are all fair and familiar features of Scottish scenery. But amid this environment the Culbins sleep, detached, inscrutable, apart, the sands painted by the evening light in a delicate glowing radiance, still as a picture and as silent, a place of brooding memories of the long drama of history.

Long ago beaked triremes, with shields and helmets a-glitter, stole up the estuary round the point from their station at Prototon, supposed now to be Burghead. Here, perhaps, on the sandhill where one stands, a sentry on outpost duty sighed for sunny Tuscany as he paced the night while his picket slept round twinkling Roman camp-fires. The Norwegian Ravens, the courageous prows of sturdy square-sailed Danish longships, grounded on the shingle,

and strange, fierce men leaped ashore to fight and harry and lay waste. Their gospel of the survival of the fittest strikes a discordant thought amid the evening's hush; but even as we linger for a moment on the past, a great sound splits the silence, the roar of big-gun practice from a leviathan king's ship out on the firth. There is a momentary shudder in the air.

The echoes of the battleship's crashing voice trail off into silence. Day begins to close her drowsy golden eyes. The first twinkle from Tarbet Ness gleams across the Firth. No sound now in the Culbins, not even the faint murmur of the sea. The shadows between the sanddunes lengthen. A wedge of wild duck is graven for an instant on the darkening curtain of the sky, and vanishes like an arrow into the dusk. A pool, gray-green, reflecting its fringe of bushes in a placid mirror, is the only break in the miniature desert. The heart of the solitude broods with eternal eyes on the silent lesson of the sands, the vanishing of the years, and the gossamer dreams of mankind.

WINNING LEISURE.

By EUSTACE MILES, M.A.

THE delusive and tantalising thing that the business world seeks to-day is leisure. Many prophets and preachers there are who tell us of our need. Press and pulpit both lecture continuously about our hurry and scurry and rush and worry, and urge us at all costs to be leisurely; but there are few who could tell us how the leisure which we desire is to be won.

It is part of the practical side of the matter that I wish to discuss. Taking it for granted that we are a madly rushing people to-day, a people who stand in exceptional need of leisure—though perhaps in less need than the people of New York do—the persistent question for me is: How are we to obtain it, and how are we to keep it when we have won it?

Of course I cannot contend that my answer to this question will satisfy every reader; but it is at least an honest and individual attempt to throw a little light on a vexed problem. Nor can I give a quarter of the ideas which I might give; for the space is limited, and if in a limited space one tries to compress too many ideas quite a number of them escape notice. For example, there is a great deal that can be done in the direction of leisureliness by the continual practice of the art of deep and full breathing, and there are quite a number of other factors; but I cannot touch on these here.

To me leisure is quite different and distinct from idleness. Idleness is a condition that so easily becomes chronic and continuous, but leisure is always intermittent. It is a relaxation, and

can only come between two periods of work. Thus, just as it takes two people to make a quarrel, so it takes two periods of work to make leisure. It is important to remember the distinction. Since leisure is invariably preceded by a period of work, it follows that there is a definite and organic connection between the two states—work and leisure—to complete, as it were, one indissoluble whole; leisure begins automatically, so to speak, when work ceases. Herein lies a truth in answer to the important question raised above.

Much of the current talk about leisure is seen at once to be wide of the mark. It is wrong to insist upon the importance of leisure if leisure is merely a kind of negative state which follows automatically on the heels of well-done work. If we have no margin of leisure in our lives, the fault cannot be cured by any strenuous striving after leisure; it must be cured by re-arrangement and re-ordering of our work. It is our method of working which does not automatically result in leisure that must be essentially wrong. Intense, concentrated work we crave, and earn and secure an afterspell of relaxation or leisure. This is a physiological fact; if it were not so, the bodily mechanism would soon snap under the continuous strain. The heart rhythmically and alternately works and has leisure; and the same is true of the lungs. They work with a certain effort; then there follow automatic rest and relaxing. For example, the lungs expand, the air is held for a moment or two, then automatically the chest-walls contract. It is no effort to them to resume their normal; the effort begins only when there is a special kind of breathing, as during or after heavy exertion. A highly sensitive machine like the body, run by nervous energy, can go at full pressure only by virtue of the fact that it has spells; each part of it has spells when it is not working, and when it is taking in a fresh supply of energy for work yet to be done. So when people complain of having no leisure they are really often confessing that their work is not done so intently as it might be, but is spun out and done half-heartedly, with a great and deplorable lack of concentration upon the task in hand.

I hasten to add that the blame for much halfhearted work does not always rest with the people who complain. A good deal of work is growing mechanical and monotonous: a kind of doing by repetition some particular task that one cannot easily interest one's self in; and, unfortunately, there will not be any real leisure of the right kind at the end of such half-hearted work. And, indeed, why should there be? If there has been no intensity, no absorption in the work that one has in hand, no stretching out, what imperative physiological need is there for relaxation? Physically one finds that relaxation follows naturally after stretching and extension, while one can work indefinitely in this half-hearted fashion without overtaxing the strength of body

The first step in the cure of the 'No Leisure' disease is a greater intensity of work: short, sharp spells, if necessary, of intense work, which bring leisure inevitably in their train.

Here, again, is raised another by-question: How is this intensity and concentration to be secured? To this I see at least one satisfactory answer. A man's interest in his work depends very largely on his health. The average ill man cannot concentrate or be absorbed in his work, no matter how interesting the work may be, without a stupendous exertion. His physical state is constantly asserting itself, and is drawing his attention from the work in hand to his own bodily condition, and to the necessity for setting that right. It is hardly understood at all that, when a person feels lazy, very often it is because of his body: that wise master of the internal economy demands his energy for the purpose of curing his body, and of relieving it and freeing it from some of the clogging materials. requires the full attention; therefore wise Nature makes the person feel lazy so that he cannot attend to the things which distract his attention from the process of cure.

This is the great economic fact that lies behind the care which model employers of labour now give to the health of their workpeople. They want intensity of work, and they know they can only get this out of employés if their health is quite satisfactory, and they are consequently able

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to concentrate upon their duties. Just opposite where the writer lives, a fine building has been erected, which is intended for the employés of a large business. Every provision is being made for the comfort and well-being of the work-people, including a roof-garden among other innovations. It is well worth the while of this employer to provide these excellent means toward the preservation of the health and comfort of his employés.

Conversely, this too often explains why the man of no leisure is so often physically unfit. The unfitness is not, as some people imagine, due to a want of leisure; it is rather the unfitness that causes the lack of leisure, because the unfit man is so little able to concentrate upon the work and see his job through in that glorious spell of intense work in which the man who is more healthy loses himself for the time being, so as to earn an after-spell of relaxation or leisure.

The way to win and enjoy leisure, therefore, is not to seek it directly and deliberately so much as to consider instead how to keep healthy and fit, and how to concentrate upon any given task which one takes in hand. The old precept, to do things with 'one's might,' is difficult to supersede, if it be taken with the proper limitations. All that science has added to the precept is the knowledge that it is a physical impossibility for an ill man to obey the precept for a long time together. First get perfectly fit, and an intensity of concentration upon the work will become possible, and this intensity of work will, in turn, without question, earn its due accomplishment, accompanied by leisure.

UIST.

Over the hills and far away,
Over the Minch at break of day,
Outward bound to an island gray,
Are my wayward thoughts a-roaming.

It nestles safe 'midst the Hebrides, Between the Minch and Atlantic seas, Flat and open to every breeze From gloaming until gloaming.

South of the Harris hills it lies, Treeless and bleak to a stranger's eyes, Lonesome and drear as the corncrake's cries On the machair at the gloaming.

Uist its name, that island gray; Kind are its folks in their homely way; Hearty the welcoming words they say To the one returned from roaming.

Pleasant to see are your southern lands, But dearer to me are the western sands, And I long for a grip of the honest hands In Uist in the gloaming.

When I must go to my last long home
Let me lie in peace, never more to roam,
In Kilmuir, where the graves are fleck'd with foam
When wild winds moan in the gloaming.
M. G. M.



AN AGE OF BIOGRAPHY.

THIS is an age of biography no less than of the abounding popularity of the novel. We build the sepulchres of our fathers in the shape of ponderous and well or ill written biographies. Many of these are less true to the delineation of human life and feeling than many works of fiction. In reading the Life of George Eliot we feel that we are not so close to the writer as in her imaginative work. There is a pose in all her correspondence very different from the free and easy style of Scott, who revealed himself in all he wrote. Mr Edmund Gosse, in speaking once upon 'The Ethics of Biography, said that certain fashionable biographies of the present day deserved no other comment than the words 'A Lie' printed in bold letters across the title-page. A failure, he thought, in most modern Lives was their length; while the carelessness with which some of them were put together would hardly be credited. Material, which ought to be winnowed and sifted until nothing but the purest flour remained, was often flung in with breathless haste, without selection or arrangement, in a rough heap. A recent critic in the Times, reviewing a new book on Borrow, remarked on the enormous number of biographies manufactured out of rubble and straw that had sprung into existence in the past fifteen years. During last century the crop was greater than in any other period of the world's history. In Nelson, Wellington, Gladstone, Disraeli, Dr Arnold, Tennyson, Browning, Macaulay, Dickens, Carlyle, Millais, we have a galaxy of noble names which would have adorned any century. The year 1809 alone gave birth to more than half-a-dozen great subjects for memoirs. During 1913 amongst the Lives given to the public were those of Jane Austen, Anthony Trollope, Henry Labouchere, Francis Thompson, Lord Lyons, the fourth Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chatham, John Bright, Sir Alfred Lyall, Roosevelt, and the Empress Frederick. Sir E. T. Cook, having completed his monumental Life of Ruskin, gave us that of Florence Nightingale. Should we tire of present-day memoirs, we can always fall back upon those which are hallowed by time or have had universal approval, such as Plutarch's Lives, Boswell's Johnson, or Lockhart's We can have no misgiving here that we are not in good and great company.

For an excursion into the domain of current biography recourse may be had to such a volume

as Who's Who, with its many counterparts. For biographies of living notabilities, as well as for those who have done their work in the world, no more handy, useful, and reliable volume was ever published than Chambers's Biographical Dictionary, edited by David Patrick, LL.D., and Francis Hindes Groome. No more important biographical work exists in English than the Dictionary of National Biography, which owes its inception and completion to Mr George Smith, of Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co. Only a very wealthy man willing to sink a large fortune in the undertaking, with no hope of seeing any return in his own lifetime, could have carried What he planned in through such a scheme. 1882 has become a great and useful memorial of a large-minded publisher. If the true wealth of a nation be in life and its manifestations, then here we have embodied a vast record of achievement in every department of human effort.

The records of not a few last-century lives have overflowed into this, amongst such being The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton, by his grandson, the Earl of Lytton (Macmillan and Co.). In these two handsome volumes we have an admirable example of the art of the biographer, and a work of genuine family piety, judicially done and without partiality. The materials in Lord Lytton's Life are extremely well arranged and digested; and as Mr Gosse devoted much time to the work both in manuscript and in proof, it cannot surely come under that condemnation of his which we have quoted. The great novelist had left his papers to his son, with instructions that by him and no one else his Life was to be written. Two volumes of a first instalment of a biography were published in 1883; but the first earl died in 1891 ere the work was finished. He stopped just at the beginning of the unhappy period of his father's life. To explain this the present earl has utilised the autobiography and much of the material in this work; and so for the first time we have a full and frank statement of the domestic tragedy which hung like a nightmare over his ancestor. We now know all that matters regarding Lord Lytton the man and author, and his unhappy marriage, the blame for which is shared equally by husband We have a picture of him, 'with all and wife. his weaknesses and faults, his prejudices, affectations, vanities, susceptibilities, and eccentricities, and also with all his great qualities of industry,

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courage, kindness of heart, sound judgment,

patience, and perseverance.'

Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, third and youngest son of General W. Earle Bulwer, was born at 31 Baker Street, London, in 1803, and died at Argyll House, Torquay, in 1873. In his lifetime of seventy years he had occupied thirtyeight different residences, though the family seat of Knebworth in Herts is the one most associated with his name. C. Eliot Norton, commenting on the day of his burial in Westminster Abbey, said that his works would die with him. This is not the case, for titles of his novels appear at present in the lists of about two dozen publishers. As a boy, Lytton had a constitutional delicacy, and he often said he would never have been able to compass so much brain-work without the early athletics of the school playground. He studied metaphysics at eight, read every book within reach, and surprised his mother by saying, 'Pray, mamma, are you not sometimes overcome by the sense of your own identity?' Between nine and fifteen he was at five different preparatory schools, and he was under a tutor for a time ere he went to Cambridge University. Dinners, routs, and balls at first diverted him from serious study, and an early love affair left its mark. His marriage in 1827 at the age of twenty-four to Rosina Wheeler led to much unhappiness, and there was a separation in 1836. From the year of his marriage till 1837 he completed ten novels, two long poems, one political pamphlet, and one play, besides numerous articles in magazines and reviews. He was caught up, says his grandson, into a perfect whirlpool of activity; he touched the life of his generation at every point, and represented in his own person every phase of it-its society, literature, journalism, stage, politics, dress, and tastes. His mother's disapproval of the marriage led to her cutting off his allowance, which rendered this feverish activity all the more necessary in order to earn the three thousand pounds a year wanted for his early establishment. At his mother's death in 1843 he succeeded to the Knebworth estates, and had a bad breakdown in health. From 1831 to 1841 he was in Parliament, and combined politics with literature. There was a break, but he returned to Parliament in 1852, was Secretary of State for the Colonies for a brief period, and was raised to the peerage in 1866. In politics he was attracted by Disraeli, while his oratory was praised by Justin M'Carthy, who called his speeches literary essays committed to memory.

Robert Browning was the first man who said a good word in print about him, and for this he continued to be grateful. The receipts from his early novels were on an ascending scale. For Pelham he received five hundred pounds; The Disowned, eight hundred pounds; Devereux (1829) brought him one thousand five hundred pounds. For one of his less successful novels, A Strange Story, Dickens paid one thousand

five hundred pounds for serial use. Other payments for the story in book form brought up the price to three thousand pounds. For ten years' use of the cheap editions of his novels (1853-63) Routledge paid him twenty thousand pounds, while the bargain was continued for a further period. Some of his early novels, such as Paul Clifford and Eugene Aram, deal with crime and criminals, although he said he had a definite moral purpose in writing them. The Last Days of Pompeii has continued to be one of the most popular of these early books. Sir Archibald Alison thought highly of Rienzi and The Last of the Barons, the fruit of laborious historical study, if somewhat overloaded with facts. The Caxtons and My Novel are the most fully representative of his own age. Of Kenelm Chillingly, a posthumous novel, over three thousand copies were sold on publication. Leslie Stephen says no English author has displayed more industry, energy, and versatility, or less disposition to lapse into slovenliness. All his magazine articles, books, and correspondence were written with his own hand, and his grandson tells us that, as far as he knows, the novelist never dictated a line.

Lord Lytton had begun to write poetry in the year of Waterloo and novels while Scott was still undisputed master in that field. When Pelham, the novel which it is said has made a black coat the evening costume of an English gentleman, appeared, Scott asked Lockhart who was its author, and praised its style. This is an example of the philosophy of Lord Lytton as the experience of a life of hard work: 'I find the great thing in the voyage of life is to stop very often to take in coals, to get a complete stock of new ideas, and one only gets that by new studies and pursuits.' This was part of the secret of Lytton's continued freshness and versatility.

An interesting episode in Lord Lytton's career was a visit to Edinburgh in 1854, when he addressed two audiences with great success. His first sight of the town was in 1824, when he came on fresh from a tour in the English Lakes. In coming north on the earlier occasion he had visited the grave of his lost love at Ullswater. The novelist was keenly sensitive to the poetry of the Scottish capital, and wished that he had some Scottish blood in him and was something to the city and its people. He wrote down of that time: 'I little thought then that the day would come when literature would give the When elected honorary tie that birth denied.' president of the Associated Societies of Edinburgh University he got his opportunity. He addressed the students in Queen Street Hall and spoke for an hour on classical education, and he never halted for a word or looked at a note. There were some autobiographical touches in another interesting speech made two days later at a banquet given to him in the Hopetoun Rooms,

in which he made pointed references to representatives of Edinburgh publishing firms who were present. He complimented Messrs Blackwood, who had recently become his publishers, for their share in the elevation of the national literature; Messrs Black for their recent acquirement of the copyright of the Waverley Novels; and alluded to Messrs W. & R. Chambers in flattering terms.

We have another nineteenth century notability sketched in quite different style in the memoirs of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, whose life is unfolded by means of his Letters (Constable), with necessary comments and connecting links supplied by M. A. de Wolfe Howe, and his daughter, Sara Norton. In turning to Charles Eliot Norton, professor of the History of Art at Harvard from 1874 to 1898, we join company with a wellbeloved friend of all artists and literary men, a well-travelled and cultured gentleman, as much at home in London as in New York or Boston. He suggested the words, 'He had good friends whom he loved' for his epitaph, and was the biographer of his friend James Russell Lowell, prepared the writings of G. W. Curtis for the press, and published a selection of Ruskin's letters to himself. After Froude had done his best, or worst, in writing Carlyle's Life and editing his Reminiscences, Norton was asked by the family to correct some of the many blunders Froude had made. He prepared seven volumes of Carlyle's writings for the press, including the Reminiscences, The Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, of Goethe and Carlyle, and Carlyle's Early Letters. To Norton, his friend Emerson seemed the most innocent and inexperienced of men who had lived in the world, and at the same time the most cheerful and hopeful, who never had a day's illness, and was marvellously youthful at seventy-four. Norton used great plainness of speech toward John Ruskin, telling him once: 'You are, there can be no doubt, terribly provoking, so absolute, and so aggravatingly right, and at the same time so wrong-headed.' Ruskin, on parting from him at Oxford in 1872, said to Norton: 'I wonder why I always feel as if you were so much older than I, and so much wiser. Goodbye, papa.' The author of Modern Painters once said, 'I don't remember that I ever did anything in my life except from the moment's impulse, the secret of much unhappiness in his life. Ruskin impressed Norton with his tender nature, sensitive to all outward impressions, with the powers of observation and perception that belong to genius. Norton regarded · Præterita as the most characteristic thing Ruskin | that Italy afforded.

ever wrote; and A. C. Benson thought it one of the most beautiful books in the English language. 'Letters are good,' wrote Norton, 'but they are poor substitutes for the spoken word.' Edward Fitzgerald's letters he considered amongst the best in the English language, and those of Mrs Carlyle were as good as those any woman ever wrote. Charles Lever he thought resembled an old-fashioned French barber or dancing-master—very ugly, very vivacious, and very entertaining. Than George Eliot he had rarely seen a plainer woman; she had a dull complexion, dull eyes, and heavy features. Her talk, however, was that of a person of strong mind, who had thought much and felt deeply.

During his London visits, Norton was much with Carlyle, whom he thought the most striking figure there, and many of their walks and talks are recorded by the amiable American. It was through Norton that Carlyle made the bequest of his Cromwell and Frederick books to Harvard University, along with the famous Cromwell death-mask. 'My affection for him has been steadily confirmed,' wrote Norton. 'I owe him more than ever.' When Norton gave Carlyle the quatrains of Omar Khayyam, his remark was that his old friend Fitzgerald might have spent his time to better purpose than in busying himself about 'that old Mohammedan blackguard.' Carlyle called H. T. Buckle 'an inspired red-herring.' Don Quixote was to him among the very best books ever written, 'the one book that Spain has produced.' The Arabian Nights had given him as much pleasure as any other. Carlyle remembered seeing Scott driving into Edinburgh one summer night in an old-fashioned coach in which were several young girls; Scott was then an elderly man, 'the picture of a quiet, composed, prosperous and victorious life.' Not three months afterwards came the news of his tragic commercial failure. Norton was quite as much at home with the Brownings at Casa Guidi (Florence), enjoyed Robert Browning's open expression and manner, and found nothing obscure in his conversation. Browning he thought the freshest, most ardent, and most unconventional man in society. Mrs Browning seemed reserved and timid, with low voice, quiet and melancholy manner, but full of sensibility. William Morris he found combined the solid earthly qualities of the man of practical affairs with the fine perception and quick fancy of the poet; but, to Norton, he appeared to have the narrow view of the world of a thirteenthcentury artist, and preferred the rude, barbaric, elementary passion and art of Iceland to all



THE HOUSE OF LADDO.

CHAPTER II.--continued.

THE beginning or overture of my adventures came on a certain morning late in January. I date it by the Jacobite victory of Falkirk, of which we had just heard the news. It was a fresh morning, nipping keenly with frost, a rime lying underfoot, and a bluish mist curtaining the motionless sea. Something had taken me to the extreme north-west corner of the estate (which was none so far from the extreme south-east). Here the ground ran up into a bare and uncultivated knoll, surmounted by a dismantled stone dyke and a sort of pillar-like gate-post that had often caused me some speculation. Upon this dyke, and just beside the pillar, I this morning perceived a man to be seated. He was dressed in some plain brown stuff, with a cloth knotted at his neck, and no hat on his head, which was covered with crisp brown hair. He sat gazing seaward with a pensive expression, as of one who had thrown the dice with fate and thought somewhat poorly of his cast. As I made toward him for in this solitude I would have welcomed the appearance of the devil himself—he looked up at me with a very pleasant smile.

'Well, young sir,' said he, 'what news to-day?' 'Very little, sir,' said I, 'except that I am told that Charles Edward Stuart has defeated the royal forces at Falkirk.' (This was uppermost in my mind, and so for some reason out it came.)

And are the affairs of Charles Edward Stuart of great concern to you?' said he, still smiling.

'You laugh at me, sir,' said I; 'but I think it well to know what goes on; this is so dull a place.'

'You are very right,' said he, with an altered manner; 'but I had not thought a boy like you would have found life dull.

'If you know this part of the country at all,'

said I, 'you must find it so.'
'Oh, I know it tolerably well,' said he; 'and I'll venture to say there may be more in it than you think.

'I wish I could see it!' I cried; and became suddenly conscious that he was looking at me with the most acute observation, one eye halfshut, and his lips drawn tight together.

'And so you are out for adventures,' said he. 'Something of the kind,' said I, shamefacedly.

'Do you think it very foolish?'

'No,' said he; 'and, what's more, I believe I can find you some. I have my share, and can spare a handful.'

'What can I do, sir?' I cried, with such a leap of joy in my heart as I had not thought to feel in Laddo. He fell to scrutinising me again.

'Nothing just yet,' said he at last. 'But hold your tongue, and be hereabouts sometimes in the mornings, and we shall see.'

You may guess with how light a heart I set

my steps back to Laddo, and how I spent the rest of the day in a new country of romance. But this was not to last, and was broken by a very terrifying circumstance. For in the evening, as we sat at supper, Rintoul came in with a paper for my uncle, at which he had no sooner glanced than he sprang to his feet with the most dreadful violence, clashing over his glass of wine, his jaw driving forward till I thought it would crack, and his terrible eyes glaring round upon us with a look so deadly that I was like to have fainted.

'As I live,' cried he, with a great oath, 'there

is a Jacobite spy in this house!

I can see us all yet as we sat round the table -Stephen Lechmere gaping like a fish; Rose Chalmers some pale, and crumbling bread nervously; Alice listening intently. For a second I thought my uncle would have done murder, so dreadful was his expression; but on a sudden the rage died out of his face, and he subjected us one by one to that intense and searching scrutiny I have before described. He paused an instant over me, and I, with the memory of my remarks anent Charles Edward Stuart that very morning, was fit to fall through the floor. He paused again over Rose, who looked as though she would die; and then, without another word, he went out of the room, and we saw him no more that night.

We all knew with a most terrible certainty that in these few moments he had fixed in his own mind upon the culprit; but for that matter, so had I. Rose's manner had been enough to hang a saint; but I felt that this extreme fury of my uncle still called for explanation, and so on the head of this I sought out Rintoul at once.

Rintoul,' said I, 'you must tell me this. Why is my uncle so afraid of Jacobite spies?'

'He disna like them,' replied he evasively.

'Why not?' said I, sticking to it.

He sat down upon a box and fell to filling a pipe, as men do in moments of awkwardness.

'Yer uncle,' said he at last, 'is whiles known as "Hangman Lechmere." Does that convey anything tae ye?'

'No,' said I. 'It is an unpleasant name.'

'It's a' that,' said he, puffing away, 'an' weelearned forby.

'He was never a hangman, surely?' said I. 'Na,' said he; 'no' him. But eh, David, mony and mony's the lad he's sent there. An' wha wud he send there, think ye?'

'Tell me,' said I.

He thrust his expressionless face towards me, and blew out a cloud of ill-smelling smoke.

'Jawcobites!' said he.

'You mean he is a Government agent!' cried I.

'No' openly,' said he; 'no' openly. The fiscal an' the shirra an' the rest o' them gets the credit; but, by the Lord, it's Hangman Lechmere does the wark! Be prood o' yer uncle, laddie, for he's a great an' righteous man—a mighty instrument of destruction in the hands of the Lord of Hosts. Mind,' he cried, clutching my arm suddenly, 'dinna say I tell't ye; for God's sake, dinna say I tell't ve!'

'I am not likely to,' said I. 'So that is my

uncle's business!'

'Ay,' said he, 'or a pairt o't.'

'And what is the other part?' said I.

'Oh, keep's a'!' cried he, 'I maunna tell ye that. Merciful powers, that wudna dae.

Sufficient unto the day.

I was very much set up by this talk and by the whole incident, which fitted in so excellently with my romance. That the spy was Rose Chalmers I had not a moment's doubt; and with my mind running so much upon Jacobite affairs, I began to suspect the man on the hill of being also implicated in the Pretender's doings. I pictured Rose in communication with Mr Robert to save him and his friends; I pictured myself, as the bearer of messages between them, riding through incredible dangers; I began to centre myself as the hero and protagonist of all this drama, and to see how really important a personage I might become in In short, I gave full rein to my imagination, and never supposed I was clean out in the facts, a consideration presently brought home to me in no uncertain manner.

One dark February afternoon, about five o'clock, I was sitting by myself in the hall, when a sudden commotion broke out in the grounds. A gun went off somewhere with a great echoing crash, and I heard a horse pounding furiously away inland. I was half-way to the front-door, when it flew open and showed my uncle on the step.

'Steenie! Rintoul!' he roared; 'out into the grounds, and, by God, we'll have the spy

this time!

The whole gang of us were at his heels in a moment, and out into the most pitchy darkness. My uncle made for the east side of the house, where there grew a thick plantation of young fir, and Steenie and Rintoul sped after him; but I, by some happy intuition, slipped round to the

west wing, which gave on a sort of wilderness of laurel and yew. I was groping my way into this, when my heart suddenly gave a great leap, for in the shaft of light that came down from a window I caught the glint and shimmer of a woman's dress. I saw in a moment all my fondest suspicions realised; saw my way to show Rose I was of her side and to be trusted; saw the whole glorious path of adventure opening out before me. On the instant I slipped between the bushes, caught her by the shoulders, and whisked her round to the light.

'Miss Chalmers,' I began, and then stopped dead, for I was looking into the blind eyes of

Alice Lechmere.

She had given the faintest of cries when I laid hold of her, but in a moment she was quite quiet and composed; she seemed to know by an instinct that I would do her no hurt. Of the two of us, I was by far the more perturbed.

'Davy,' she said, 'thank Heaven it is you. Davy, I have been kind to you sometimes; help

me out of this.'

At this terrible moment I heard my uncle shouting on the other side of the house, and footsteps—Steenie's by their weight—running in our direction. I was in the most deadly fright; but, somehow, I picked her up bodily in my arms, and began stumbling back the way I had come. Branches crashed thunderously around me, and every footstep seemed an hour in the making, but presently we broke clear of this accursed shrubbery and made the corner of the house. As we came into the open ground there, the noise of running on the plantation side grew louder again, and my uncle's terrible voice came roaring out of the darkness; and at that I fairly ran for it into the hall, and there set down my burden.

She stood for a moment shaking dreadfully,

and then put her hands over her eyes.

'Oh, I am so helpless!' she cried piteously; 'so useless to them! But I could have got back by myself if I had had the time. Say I could, Davy-say I could!'

'Miss Alice,' said I, still smothered in the ruins of my romance, 'is it possible you are the

She turned from me with her hand still to 'God help me!' said she; 'yes!' her eyes.

(Continued on page 594.)

ANDES IN A MAIL-CART. ACROSS THE

By J. F. JESSOP WEISS.

ON one of those particularly broiling days only to be experienced in or near the tropics, I was standing on the hotel steps of Asuncion, Paraguay, languidly wondering what to do next. It dawned upon me that I was sinking into the lazy Paraguayan life, and had better rouse

myself to make a plan for future travel without delay.

A month later I was in Jujuy, in the northwest corner of the Argentine Republic, my idea being to cross the Andes, through Bolivia into Chili. The railway from Jujuy only ran to La Quiaca, which is a mile south of the Bolivian frontier; and from there I should have some two hundred miles of Bolivia to cross before reaching Uyuni, the nearest town where the railway would be available by which to gain the Chilian coast and the Pacific Ocean.

About those two hundred miles through Bolivia I could get very little information, as the passes are only open for two or three months in the year, and then are seldom used, as the cold is very great, and travellers are sometimes frozen to death. My inquiries always resulted in my being advised to return south and cross by the Buenos Aires-Valparaiso route; but I was not inclined to retrace my steps some one thousand five hundred miles, so decided to risk the pass being open, and to hope that I should be able to bear the altitude. This may seem foolhardy; but I had found that difficulties were generally exaggerated, so I took all information with a pinch of salt, and hoped for the best.

Jujuy to La Quiaca is some one hundred and eighty miles by rail, and uphill most of the way. We mounted continually between hills, winding in and out, sometimes by a watercourse, sometimes in more open country, but always hills upon hills in every direction. The scenery was not beautiful, the land being barren except for thousands of cactus plants of every description. I was surprised not to see more mountains, but there was only a succession of large hills, one rising on the top of another, and the grade was so steep in places that a second engine with cogged wheels had to be used. As evening came on, and we neared La Quiaca, breathing became difficult, and if I made the slightest exertion my heart beat fast. This surprised me, as La Quiaca is only ten thousand nine hundred feet above sea-level, and in Switzerland I have been higher without experiencing inconvenience.

On arrival at La Quiaca I went to the hotel, a sort of bungalow built of mud. But La Quiaca had no attractions. To begin with, it was never free from a boisterous wind, so that dust and grit reigned supreme. It was utterly gloomy, the huts—there were no real houses—being built of mud, and not a blade of grass was to be seen. The only vegetation consisted of two trees, and these, though very scrubby, were evidently prized, for they were carefully walled round, perhaps to keep them from being blown away! The mountains around looked like rubbish-heaps.

I inquired about my route, and found myself in great luck. The railroad on which I had come had only been open a few months, and since then a weekly mule-post service had been started during the open season to run to Uyuni; and I was glad to find that the open season would last for another month, and that a post would leave on the morrow. The hotel manager told me, however, that it was not a white man's country, and even the natives suffered from puma (shortness of breath).

Of course that mule-post did not start for another two days. It seemed to have been planned more for the amusement and employment of the driver than for the convenience of passengers. I was the more sorry for delay because the hotel was primitive in its service and limited in space, only allowing one room to four men. At all meals I found it necessary to wipe every implement before using it, as dust covered everything though the table might have been laid immediately before. Even after taking all precautions I would find grit at the bottom of my soup.

At midday the post really started. It had the appearance of an English bread-cart, and was drawn by six mules. As I was the only passenger I could choose my seat, and clambered up beside the driver. After many guttural exclamations from the driver, we dashed off in fine style, and were soon across the frontier into Bolivia. There really was no road, but simply a sandy track into which we sank a foot or more at times, while the dust was appalling. What could such a route be like during the six months of rain and snow? Utterly impassable.

After an hour on this so-called road we pulled up at a mud hut, and a woman came out carrying an earthenware bowl which she handed to us. Both being uncommonly dry, we drank deeply of its contents. It was not unlike a mild form of cider, and we found it very refreshing. As we drove on again I asked the driver what the beverage was. 'Chaicha,' he said, 'made from maize by the Bolivian women.' He then described to me the process of making. The women sit round a bowl, thrust large handfuls of maize into their mouths, chew it to a pulp and spit it into the bowl; then they add water, and allow the whole to ferment for a few days, when it is pronounced to be a cool, refreshing drink! After this singularly revolting description I felt no further desire to partake of chaicha.

We seemed now to be on an undulating tableland surrounded by mountains. There was no vegetation except some patches of what resembled scorched heather. In the course of a few hours we arrived at Mojo, where we put up for the night. This hamlet was strikingly picturesque. It was situated on the edge of a volcanic ravine, where the ground seemed to be ploughed up in huge furrows, and showed a variety of strata. All the huts, as usual, were built of mud, and what was rather interesting—the church also. The women wore very short skirts, and as they generally wore about six at once they were remarkably good representatives of ballet-girls, though their expression was not quite in keeping with the skirts. As a rule, their feet were only sandalled, though some wore boots; and for headgear they wore wide-brimmed hats.

We all had our meals at the same table—coachman, servants, and the proprietor of the inn. The conversation was carried on in

Spanish. I bought for the driver a bottle of

spirits, which pleased him a good deal.

Next morning at three A.M. I was called, and we proceeded on our journey; the driver in high spirits, being half-drunk. It was exceedingly cold and almost pitch-dark, the mules were going at full gallop, the cart was swaying from side to side, and I was clinging on with both hands, not feeling too happy. As the day dawned my fears increased, for now I could see we were dashing down the side of a valley with a steep precipice on one side. Faster and faster we went, bounding over all obstacles, large or small, the drunken driver shouting, and the vehicle creaking aloud as it jolted from side to side. The scenery seemed to fly past us, and my breath was beaten back as I gasped. Suddenly there was an ugly The driver threw himself backward, hauling at the reins; I added my weight to his, and eventually we succeeded in coming to a halt. We found that one wheel was nearly off, but we managed to screw it up again, and off we set nearly as fast as before. We passed through several villages, but this did not in any way check our speed as we went steadily downward. The only breathing-space was when the driver had another pull at the bottle of spirits which I had so foolishly given him, and then we went on faster than ever.

I was thankful when at last we found a dry river-bed which we drove along. As may be imagined, it was not an easy road, but we hopped along merrily over huge boulders, and kept the pace up as much as possible. The scenery was very rocky, and there was no vegetation; but the colouring of the rocks was delightful, a most beautiful blending of red and purple. After travelling for two days we arrived at Tupesa,

having covered fifty-four miles.

Tupesa is a long, straggling mining village, boasting a few small gardens, the first I had seen since we left the Argentine. Here again I was in luck, as I found the post to Uyuni would leave the same afternoon; and, although it had been across the pass only a few times, this was to be its last journey, as it was not proving a financial success. I was told that we should not be able to get any provisions on the way, and that the journey would take five or six days, so I hastily laid in a stock of sardines and maize-bread; the latter, by the way, hard and unpalatable when kept a few days.

Beside myself in the new poste was a very stout Bolivian woman, her husband, and a Spaniard; but, fortunately for me, I was again lucky enough to get the seat by the driver.

Our way led along a river-bed, and here the scenery was grand beyond description. On either side we were walled in by an amphitheatre of solid rock which frowned down upon us. On the right hand there appeared to be great statues of men, which may have been cut stones piled up by the peasants, or may have been the work

of volcanic nature; but the effect against the vivid blue sky was truly solemn and grand.

The time passed quickly as we climbed steadily upward. At night we put up at a peasant's hut, and I ate some of my sardines and bread. We slept all together on the mud floor of the hut, and fortunately we all had rugs, as no bedding could be obtained for love or money.

Next morning we started again, still ascending, and though we had a herd of twenty-two mules driven ahead as relays the journey progressed but slowly. The river-bed made a diabolical Most of the time I held the reins whilst the driver walked alongside. Then some large boulder would bring the poste completely to a standstill; the eight mules would be twisted first one way and then another, harness straining, driver crying out; the jerk! and we would be all but thrown out of the cart as it sprang forward with an ugly roll. This was repeated over and over again, and a hundred times we were nearly turned over. Indeed, it was a very perilous journey. I heard that an attempt had been made to clear away the worst of the boulders, many thousands of dollars having been spent over it; but the river torrents in the winter always brought down boulders equally large to replace those removed, and so the mulepost was to be given up.

We saw several Bolivian Indians. They have an exceedingly evil cast of countenance, and, being half-civilised, are mostly cut-throats. Our driver was an Indian, but I am glad to say he

was quite inoffensive.

We still followed our river-bed, and as we mounted higher the course grew more serpentine. Sometimes we passed a small island, sometimes a tributary to the main river-bed, and sometimes we had to leave the river-bed altogether and skirt what in the wet season must have been a waterfall. The only vegetation was cactus, the single-trunk type, many being fifteen feet high. In the afternoon we left the watercourse, and ascended to a tableland where the mountains were like large ant-hills dotted about, and one very lovely peak stood out looking like one of the Pyramids. I was surprised to see no snow, as it was very bleak and chilly; but apparently the perpetual snowline is some fifteen thousand feet above sea-level in the tropics.

It was during the next day that I first saw a llama. Hundreds of them were feeding on a plateau off a scrubby bush from which I feel certain no other animal could derive nourishment; they are the only animals that can stand these

altitudes for long.

The ground was very sandy, and at one place we all had to get out and walk, as the ascent was very steep; but the air was so rarefied that we were all panting hard before we had covered many paces, and I noticed that some of the mules which had over-exerted themselves bled gently from the nose. With hearts beating

wildly, we reached the top of the ridge, and here was a wonderful view. Mountains like the waves of the ocean lay at our feet, and the sinking sun's rays threw their noble outlines into strong relief; while we in our little cart on the yellow track felt very small and insignificant amidst this wonderland of nature.

On the fifth day we crossed a river-bed which I thought was covered with snow, but on close inspection I found it was borax. At one time we drove through the bed of a lake, and somehow this road through dry beds of rivers and lakes impressed me strongly; it seemed as if nature had neglected and then forgotten this part of the world, it was so unutterably desolate.

Just here Bolivia is so barren that vegetables are worth almost their weight in gold. We passed a vegetable vender with his precious wares done up most carefully in straw to protect them from the sun by day and the frost by night. He was dressed in the usual manner—tight trousers, coloured shirt, short jacket, sandals on his feet, and a poncho or rug of many colours over his shoulders.

One afternoon we came to a sandy patch which took us two hours to cross, for it was a veritable desert, and as there was a high wind we had a sandstorm. Sand got into my eyes, nose, and ears, and made me feel inexpressibly miserable. Then darkness came on, and it was not until nine-thirty that we reached our resting-

place for the night—a peasant's hut.

These Bolivian huts are built of mud and a few stones if any are to be found near. are divided into two or three compartments (you can hardly call them rooms), the main one being the kitchen. We travellers, each with a rug or sheepskin, entered such a hut by a low door, and found ourselves in a low room, ill-lighted by the fire in one corner, which was in a shallow hole made in the ground. Across the hole were two or three iron bars for kettles and pots to rest on. The smoke blinded me at first; but, when we were seated on the not overclean sheepskins which covered the floor (there were no chairs or tables), I found the smoke was above us, and it escaped, or did not escape, through a small hole in the roof, so was bearable.

Our Spaniard, who fancied himself a bit of a doctor, now began to make himself useful by prescribing for the inmates of the hut; and in exchange won for us the privilege of sleeping in a compartment where mules' fodder was stored, and so our aching bones had one night of real rest. I only longed for some other diet than sardines. My eyes were fearfully sore and smarting from the dust-storm when I woke next morning, but after bathing them I was quite glad to set off again.

We were still ascending, and about ten A.M. we attained the highest point of the pass, four-teen thousand feet above sea-level. From that point we made a rapid descent, with a precipice

on one side. Our chatty coachman kindly informed us that in the two months the post had been running two carts had gone over the edge; and after this news conversation languished, as we were not wishful to distract his attention from his team. Whilst descending this awful road it was encouraging to see in the distance a plateau surrounded by snow-capped mountains, and on it the little town of Uyuni, with the long-desired railway line stretching across the plain. A huge belt of salt ran some distance away, parallel with the railway, which looked very curious.

At midday we reached Uyuni in safety, and I felt that my troubles were now ended. I strolled into the hotel almost prepared to resume my indolent Paraguayan habits while resting my weary limbs; and I gazed about me with the languid interest of a virtuous traveller. Suddenly my attention was attracted to a printed notice saying that the Custom House would not allow any export of gold from the country, and that any one leaving Bolivia was only permitted

to carry three sovereigns.

Now it happened that I had a money-belt on me with ninety pounds in gold carefully tucked away in it, and this was really my entire fortune. I felt I must know something of the terms of exchange before proceeding, so entered into conversation with a man in the hotel, and presently mentioned the notice. He told me that the English sovereign was worth sixteen dollars Bolivian, but that the Government made a large revenue on exchange, as the banks were not allowed to give more than twelve dollars fifty cents for the sovereign, and that they were bound to notify the Government of every gold exchange and to pay it a large percentage. No wonder that the Government was so keen that no gold should be exchanged out of the country! If the Customs officials discovered any gold being exported they would confiscate the whole, receiving one-half themselves and paying the other half to the Government.

This information showed me that to exchange my gold would mean a huge loss, and to keep it unchanged an enormous risk. Which should I do? The train to Antofagasta was timed to start at six-forty-five next morning, so I spent the night in alternately planning how to get my gold out of the country and in dreaming bad dreams of evil-faced Customs officials who were dragging not only my gold but my life out of me. By five A.M. I had made a plan for secreting my gold, and proceeded to carry it out. I took out my medicine-chest and began to stuff some sovereigns into the packet of medicated wool. But then I thought no! if they are 'cute at this searching business it will be their first act That would not do. Instead, to feel the wool. I took out a small pot of pomade, and thrust ten sovereigns deep into the stuff. Next I undid my last tin of Keating's powder (these tins

had been very precious!) and covered sixteen within it; but they made the tin suspiciously heavy, so I contented myself with leaving in ten sovereigns. Then I thought the bristles of my hairbrushes would be a good place, till it suddenly struck me that if they were turned upside down the gold would drop out. So I put five sovereigns into my boot-polishing box wrapped in a filthy rag. Now I had twenty-five pounds concealed in my luggage, and I hoped if any of it were discovered it would be taken for my entire fortune, and I might escape with the rest. If, on the other hand, my person were searched I hoped the gold in my luggage might be overlooked. In my pocket I had a handful of silver, and with this I put a casual sovereign I had been to divert suspicion of my caches. told that travellers were personally searched if they showed any cause for suspicion, so I put my revolver in my greatcoat pocket well out of sight, that I might not appear to be armed against authority.

By the time I had finally decided on the best method of hiding my gold only a few minutes remained in which to catch my train, and I hurried to the station. I found I was the only first-class passenger, and that the train consisted of open corridor coaches; so I took my seat well in the middle of a corridor, thinking I should thereby look more open and straightforward; a man with something to hide would be liable to

select a corner.

At first I was alone, as I said, but at the first stopping-place three men got in. They might have been ordinary travellers, one wearing ridingbreeches and the other two everyday kit; but my nerves were on the jump for Customs officials, and I kept a wary eye on them while pretending to sleep. We were not due to cross into Chili till one P.M., and it was now only nine A.M. Never did I feel more wideawake. At the next stopping-place all three men produced enamel teapots from their bags and went into the stationmaster's room for hot water, so I knew they must be officials of some sort, and my beating heart said 'Customs.' Every now and then I noticed furtive glances being cast at me while I slept on; but how the time did drag while I lay waiting for these men to demand my gold!

Somewhere about eleven o'clock the three men came to me, and one said something to me in Spanish which I did not catch, so I produced my ticket. The man shook his head, and said 'La Aduana' ('The Customs'). Wonderful to say, my spirits positively rose, all my former nervousness left me, and I felt equal to any amount of Customs. The only thing that bothered me was that a friend once told me any one could detect me when I lied, for my face always betrayed me, and now I was going to stake my fortune on a lie. The man in leggings was a Chilian, and the other two Bolivians; they were to act as checks on each other.

I opened my suit-case, and the Bolivians took out everything, putting on one side my medicinechest, hairbrush-case, boot-box, and razor-case. Then they felt round the lining of the bag, shook the pile of handkerchiefs, took out and turned inside out my collars, took out the socks from the toes of my shoes where they were thrust to preserve the shape of the shoes; and, in fact examined my bag most minutely. took no notice of my pomade or tin of Keating, however. Being satisfied there was nothing in the bag, they handed me my medicine-chest to open for them, which I did. The first thing they examined was the cotton wool; they felt it all over, pinched it, and did everything but open it; while I nearly gave the game away by laughing, as I thought of my first plan of stowing some of the sovereigns in that very packet.

The elder Bolivian now conducted the search while the other two looked on; he gave me the razor-case to open. This I did; and he made me take out all seven razors that he might carefully feel the lining of the box. Next he took the brush-case and examined the bristles; and again my heart sang a song of thanksgiving.

But the greatest trial was yet to come, and it far surpassed the others. He took up the bootbox, examined the brush, and then to my horror put his hand on my treasured, if filthy, rag in which were hidden my five sovereigns. heart was in my mouth now, for I thought I was lost. I knew I could not have answered had he spoken to me; but, thank goodness! he did not Cold shivers ran all over me as I watched him feel and pinch that rag; but, extraordinary as it may seem, he never felt the sovereigns, and he did not take the rag out of the box. Having looked through my bags, he stood watching me as I put my things back, hoping and yet not daring to hope, that the search was over. Suddenly he said, 'Señor.' I looked up. He looked me straight in the face and said, 'Quantas libras tiene ustedes?' ('How many sovereigns have you?') I put my hand in my pocket and drew out a handful of silver with the one sovereign among it; and, looking as bold as I could under the circumstances, said, 'Tengo una, no mas' ('I have only one'). He gave a grunt, hesitated, looked as if he longed to say, 'You lie, and turned away. The other two men then departed; but for nearly an hour he sat and looked at me, for I am sure he was still suspicious. I did not dare to enter into conversation with him for fear I should somehow give myself away; neither did I dare to look at my watch, or show any signs of a perturbed spirit, and great was the trial to my powers of endurance.

At last, to my joy, he took up his bag and left the carriage. I sprang to my feet and went to the window. My eye fell on some words scratched in the sand on the side of the hill, and my spirits rose sky-high as I almost shouted them aloud, 'Vive Chile'

THE WHITE FEATHER.

By H. HALYBURTON Ross, Author of The Law Lord and Lesley, &c.

CHAPTER I.

IN his little tent in the Khodee Khal Valley, Gerald Angus sat writing, or trying to write, by the inadequate gleam of the camp lantern over his head. A nineteen days' march had brought the column into the very heart of the bleak mountainous country of northern India, with not even a glimpse of the enemy they had come so far to encounter. But now the outposts reported sounds of occupation among the hills, and an attack was hourly expected. The difficulties of the way were forgotten, even the burning heat of the sun that had been reflected back so pitilessly from the rocky escarpment of the hills as the column toiled up ridge by ridge.

Gerald Angus had been one of the principal sufferers from the latter infliction, and even now that the doctor had pronounced him cured, his head felt mazed and queer. He wanted to write to Ursula; he had never felt the need more imperatively, but the thoughts came slowly, and his writing, too, was shaky and illegible. He was almost relieved when the flap of his tent was pushed aside, and John Edgell, the captain of his company, appeared.

'I was restless. I wanted a yarn,' said the new-comer apologetically, at sight of the other's

occupation.

But Gerald put away the blurred sheet with alacrity. 'It's no use trying,' he said. head's queer still.'

'I have finished my correspondence,' said Edgell shortly; 'a line or two to the old Mater, in case'—— He broke off.

Gerald was staring before him, apparently oblivious of what the other was saying. 'God knows I'm not superstitious, John,' he burst forth suddenly; 'but I can't get rid of the thing to-night.

Edgell glanced across at him curiously; he knew enough of the fateful prophecy that overshadowed his friend's life to understand the allusion, and had always admired the other's stalwart indifference to its influence. This sudden capitulation on the eve of a probable battle appeared the more sinister.

'Oh wae's me for the Heir o' Hun And wae's me for the weird o' him; Short is his course in the licht o' the sun, And that s'all be the curse on him,

Gerald was repeating in a low, monotonous voice. 'It's not for myself,' he went on more vehemently the next moment, as if ashamed; 'but for her-Ursula. She'd feel it so horribly if anything happened.'

Edgell was silent. Like many undemonstrative people, he was at a loss in an emotional crisis. 'It's the sun,' he blurted out lamely at |

last; 'your head's touched still. Hallo, what's that?' he broke off.

An alarm bugle had sounded through the night the sound was followed by a distant crash of musketry. Edgell dashed from the tent, Gerald following him. Outside, they almost collided with a hurrying figure.

'Captain Edgell!' the orderly saluted. 'A picket of the 35th has been attacked in the ravine to the left of the camp. You are to take your company to its support.' He wheeled

round and was gone.

Edgell glanced back at his companion. Even in the darkness Gerald could see the gleam in his eyes. 'B Company's chance at last,' he 'Come on, Angus.' muttered.

Another moment and the men in single file were moving steadily in the direction of the deep watercourse to the left of the rocky hills that faced the camp where the beleaguered picket lay.

They had advanced only a short distance when the dark hillside in front of them became alive with flying forms—the picket in full retreat, closely pursued by the enemy. In vain their officer, a young subaltern, was attempting to rally them; and Edgell, fearing the effect of the panic on his own men, gave the order to fix bayonets, and himself charged through the rout. With a cheer his company followed. The oncoming Afridis, believing that the whole British force was opposed to them, wavered for an instant, but only for an instant; the next, like an avalanche, they had swept downward.

In the mêlée that ensued Edgell seemed to bear a charmed life. Still at the head of his men, fighting, cheering, he pressed onward, through the tide of waving spears and murderous fire, the savage din of battle, up and up till, as it seemed, he had outdistanced all his followers. Happening to glance round at this moment, he saw his colour-sergeant, who had been close at his elbow throughout, stumble and fall beneath the onslaught of a giant tribesman. killed the Afridi with a revolver shot; then, dashing back a few paces, he seized the wounded man by the shoulders and dragged him toward the shelter of some rocks. As he reached the coveted safety, a figure that had been crouching behind the projecting boulders started up, and with averted head began to run rapidly back toward the main body of the fighting, but not before Edgell had distinguished the pale, terrorstricken features of his friend Gerald Angus. . . . What followed he never could properly recollect. All other sensations seemed to be swallowed up in the overwhelming one of shame and humiliation for his friend. How he flung himself

into the thick of the fighting, no longer the cool, self-possessed leader, but a mad, reckless unit consumed with the lust of battle, of killing for killing's sake; how he was ultimately cut off from his followers, and received the wound that stretched him senseless, were parts of a terrible nightmare that remained hazyand blurred through all the weary months of convalescence that followed.

And now, after nearly a year, John Edgell The Orakzais campaign was had recovered. past. It had fizzled out like so many other frontier affairs with the first serious reverse to the enemy. Edgell, who had been recuperating in Switzerland, was back in London; six months of leave were still due to him, and he was seated in his club one day shortly after his return, reflecting how best to employ the time, when a letter was brought to him. It bore the Inverness post-mark; and, opening it, he saw with dismay the heading 'Castle Hun.'

The mere sight of the name recalled memories he would fain have stifled which the perusal of the letter revived with all their painful intensity:

'DEAR EDGELL,—If you can tolerate the thought of seeing me again, for God's sake come up to Hun for a few days—shooting the ostensible excuse. You are the only person in the world who can help me. GERALD ANGUS.'

As he concluded the reading, Edgell's strong, stern face wore an inscrutable expression. It had been his earnest desire never to set eyes on the writer of the letter again. However generous the excuses he had sought to make for the other's conduct on the night of the attack, the natural shrinking of the brave man from one who had proved himself unworthy would prevail. somehow this appeal altered the situation. depths of abasement it implied spoke of the punishment the writer had already endured; and Edgell, with the contrast of his own well merited V.C. before him, felt impelled to respond. Accordingly he despatched a telegram: 'Thanks for invitation. Will be with you on Thursday morning,' and set about his preparations. following night saw him speeding northward in the Scots express, and the next day he alighted at the little Highland station of Hun.

A chauffeur in sober livery, who besides the porter was the solitary occupant of the station, stepped forward with a respectful salute at sight of him. 'Captain Edgell, sir; the car is waiting.'

A few moments later Edgell, seated in front of the powerful Daimler, was speeding up and down one of the most mountainous roads he had ever traversed. The ease with which the car took the hills drew an admiring ejaculation from his lips.

A faint smile crossed the impassive face of the driver. 'There is a good deal in knowing your engine, sir,' he remarked quietly, though with an unmistakable American accent.

'You are a first-class mechanic then?' interrogated Edgell.

The man nodded. 'I was on the Canadian and Pacific when I met the master, Mr Rafe,' he averred.

'That is Captain Angus's brother?' said Edgell. 'Yes, his younger brother, my master,' repeated the chauffeur.

And how is the Captain?' Edgell queried.

The man shot a quick side-glance at him. 'You will see a great change in him, sir, if you knew him before—before the '--- he broke off.

'Before what?' queried Edgell.

'Before the campaign. It was a great blow to Sir Gerald, the laird, when he sent in his

papers.'
'After all, he would have had to give up soldiering on his father's death,' said Edgell

carelessly.

'The doctors say Sir Gerald may last another twenty years, paralysed as he is,' remarked the man in his subdued tones; 'and there was always Mr Rafe, my master, to look after the property.

The repeated emphasis on his allegiance to the younger brother struck Edgell with sinister significance. He felt a growing distrust of the man at his side.

Every mile as they advanced the salt-tang in the air was strengthening—a moment later, at the summit of a steep rise, an expanse of sunlit ocean burst on their view. On a rocky headland overlooking the bay stood the old Castle of Hun. Edgell was conscious of a curious thrill at sight of the gray pile. The memory of the tragic fate that hung over the first-born of its race rushed across him with sudden illuminating force. It was easy enough to discountenance such superstitious imaginings beneath the Indian stars; but within hail of the fateful environment he seemed to realise suddenly the power that such hereditary influence might exercise over a man's spirit.

A moment later the motor drew up at the porch, and a figure appeared at the door, and stood there, almost deprecatingly.

Edgell had to look twice before he recognised in the wreck of manhood before him his friend Gerald Angus. Then all the lingering resentment he had felt at his mission vanished, swept away in a wave of pity. 'Old man, I'm glad to see you again!' he said seizing Gerald's hand in a warm clasp.

An abashed look crossed the other's face; he crimsoned, muttering some low words of welcome. Glancing round, Edgell caught the chauffeur's impassive gaze appraising the greeting between them; but, seeing himself observed, the man quickly averted his head.

Two ladies were seated before the great open fireplace in the hall of the castle as Edgell followed his host within. There was a curious constraint in the greeting Lady Angus accorded to her son's friend; her manner sug-

gested either that guests were unusual at the castle, or that for some reason or other she resented his coming. A girl who had risen up from the settle beside the fire at his entrance held out her hand, looking with an almost challenging directness into his eyes. It did not require the mention of her name for Edgell to realise that she was Ursula Vassal, Gerald's fiancée. While Lady Angus questioned him spasmodically about his journey, drawing her fleecy shawl more closely about her shoulders as if a waft of the chill mountain air had entered with him, Edgell was subconsciously noting the strained attitude between the lovers; there was a wistful timidity in Gerald's advances which the girl's monosyllabic answers did nothing to encourage. A moment later the party was completed by Rafe. Edgell was struck by some extraordinary attraction in his personality, to which his mother seemed to respond; her manner became at once more natural, she brightened visibly in his presence, while the constraint between the other two was rather intensified.

'Now we shall hear something about the campaign,' Rafe said, making himself the centre of the group as he leant with one shoulder against the massive stone mantel in the glow of the firelight. 'Old Gerald has been so uncommuni-

cative!'

Glancing quickly round, Edgell was just in time to note the pained flicker that crossed the elder brother's eyes at his words. Had they been spoken intentionally to wound? The query darted unbidden into his mind.

'Yes, indeed,' chimed in Lady Angus. 'We expected Gerald to bring home a V.C., Captain Edgell; but we have heard nothing—nothing.'

She finished with a little nervous laugh.

'I fear you will find me as reticent,' said Edgell quietly. 'We soldiers do not care to talk about our experiences.' Then, with a deliberate change of subject, he turned to Rafe. 'What a splendid driver your man is; he seems one with his car.'

'Kanz! Yes, he is a famous mechanician,' said Rafe. 'I picked him up when I was "making good," in Canada.'

'And his music—his music,' chimed in Lady

Angus.

'I think it was that that first attracted me to him,' said Rafe, smiling reflectively. 'There isn't a piper in the strath to touch him, Yankee though he is.'

Lady Angus had leant suddenly forward to Edgell. 'My son is very musical,' she said impressively.

'What, Gerald?' said the soldier, turning with

a laugh to his friend.

'No, Rafe,' she corrected him, as if annoyed at the supposition. It was easy to see which of the two was her favourite.

'Play something now for Captain Edgell,' she went on, addressing the younger.

'If Ursula will accompany me,' he agreed, turning his brilliant gaze on the girl.

She answered his look, then rose silently—automatically it seemed to Edgell—and crossed to the pione

Rafe produced his violin—the next moment the hall was filled with a low, whimpering plaint that seemed to creep up among the dark rafters and through the shadowy corners of the hall like a spirit in distress. The next instant the tune had changed to a light mocking measure; faster, wilder it grew. The musician's eyes never left the girl seated at the piano. To Edgell it seemed as if he were playing for her ears alone; then suddenly, with a discordant twang, the music ceased—a string had broken. Uttering an impatient exclamation, Rafe laid aside his violin and left the hall.

It was not until late the same evening that Edgell had an opportunity of private conversation with his friend. Rafe monopolised the conversation in the smoking-room after dinner, talking in his brilliant, magnetic way of his experiences in the Far West, until Edgell almost forgot the presence of the elder brother.

It was Gerald who at last forced an interruption. Rising abruptly, he said to his guest, 'Let

us go out and have a look at the sea.'
At once Edgell complied, half-guilty for his

temporary subjection.

'İn that case I shall go to bed,' said Rafe, yawning lazily. 'Don't get moonstruck,' he added with an odd little laugh as he was bidding the guest good-night.

A silvery moon was shining on the waters of the bay as the two made their way down the steep little path that led to a terrace on the cliff. A rough stone bench had been hewn out of the rock face, and on this they seated themselves.

'We can talk here,' said Gerald. 'I always feel as if there were listeners up at the house.'

The conversation that followed was painful enough for both. Gerald's confession was even more tragic than Edgell had anticipated. 'I absolutely funked that night, as you saw,' he admitted hopelessly. 'I, Angus of Hun, a coward! Far better if I had been shot down. What has my life been to me since? And yet I can't bring myself to tell them. But they guess it—the Mater, Rafe, Ursula even. I see the suspicion growing in her eyes every day, though she tries to be loyal, and not to believe. If I told her the truth it would be the end, of course; she reverences courage above all things, and despises—the other thing,' he broke off.

Edgell was silent. What could he say in the face of incontrovertible facts?

'That is why I asked you to come,' Gerald continued. 'I have thought about the thing so much that my sense of proportion has gone. I want you to decide for me. If you consider it my duty to tell, I will; in some ways it would

be a relief. I would go away and give up everything. Ursula could marry Rafe,' he finished with a cheerless little laugh.

Edgell started. Here was the very suspicion that had suggested itself to his mind that afternoon put into words, though whether seriously intended by the speaker or not he could not tell. Rafe Angus was in love with his brother's fiancée, and was plotting to undermine Gerald's place in the girl's affections. The idea gave an impetus to the decision that was hovering in his mind. In any case, confession seemed a futile act; trebly so if it were to furthor the ulterior designs of a third party. The problem had simplified suddenly—he felt all at once clear and convinced.

'I don't see that anything would be gained by raking up the story,' he began in low, decided accents. 'Nobody knows of it but myself, and I have never heard a whisper against your reputation. There were many extenuating circumstances that night: the sun, hereditary influences. The mistake you made was in sending in your papers. I understand your motive. You felt yourself unworthy to wear the King's uniform, and since then you have let

your nerves get the better of you to the extent of arousing suspicion. You must win back your own self-respect and live the thing down.'

Unconsciously his voice had risen as he spoke, and sounded loud and distinct through the silent night. 'It will take an heroic effort; but I will help you all I can, and who knows what further opportunities you may have of proving your mettle.' He stood up abruptly as he finished speaking.

Gerald remained seated for a moment with bent head, then he too rose. 'God bless you, Edgell!' he murmured huskily. 'I'll have a

A moment later the two made their way silently up the little path to the castle again. As their figures disappeared, a man who had been crouching among the clumps of whin that fringed the overhanging edge of the cliff sprang up, straightening himself, his face, pale and malignant in the moonlight, was turned in the direction they had followed.

It was Kanz. 'So Mr White Feather,' he muttered in a low, drawling voice, 'my master was right. I guess he'll win yet—everything.'

(Continued on page 601.)

ENGINEERS' TALES.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT, Author of The Railway Conquest of the World, The Making of a Great Canadian Railway, Railway Wonders of the World, &c.

RAILWAY building is not generally supposed to be very intimately associated with anecdotes; the task is too grim and serious to admit of farce and comedy, although unfortunately the dramatic and tragic are somewhat prevalent. The railway builder—that is, the man toiling strenuously in fashioning the permanent way for the bond of steel—is a unique character, rough and ready, somewhat thriftless, and decidedly happy-go-lucky. The majority of the men are content to struggle along on a daily or weekly wage; but others, who are more ambitious, prefer pieceworksub-contracting a station, as it is technically called, which represents a hundred lineal feet The sub-contractors are their own masters, and their earnings depend upon the celerity with which they complete their task according to specification. The station may represent a length of embankment or a cutting, and the remuneration is graduated according to the material handled. Obviously, the man working on rock, which requires wearying drilling and the use of explosives, commands a higher rate of payment than one wrestling with loose earth. Moreover, rock cutting is dangerous, and the chance of coming out on the losing side is enhanced if the man is not thoroughly skilled in his work.

While traversing the wild North-West I came

in contact with an Irishman who was a famous character for a hundred and fifty miles around. He was known to every one in the neighbourhood, and those who knew him only by name spared no effort to make his acquaintance. One and all were welcome to his humble domicile—a shack set back a trifle from the river—and every one was welcome to what he had, which was not much, since, excepting the tools of his trade, his belongings were packed in a dunnage bag. Flynn was the breeziest 'rock-hog,' as he called himself from his prowess in excavating rock, that one could hope to meet. Adversity never affected his exuberant spirits. In fact, the more things went against him the heartier his laugh and the sharper his quips and witticisms.

'If a rock-hog ain't got no sense o' humour, then rock-hoggin' ain't his game. If you can see the funny side o' things just when everything's up against you, why, just look at the load it takes off your mind. You don't feel as though you are losin' money at all—at all.'

This bit of quaint philosophy was fired off for the benefit of all and sundry; there were guffaws from those within earshot on the 'alligator' which was beating her way down the swirling river through the driving rainstorm. It had rained incessantly for nearly a fortnight, and the little homily came as a ray of sunshine to the soddened and motley crowd of travellers.

'Why, boys,' continued Flynn, amid vicious expectorations, savage lunges at his luscious quid, and intermittent revelations of his broad set of nicotine-tanned ivories, 'just look at this I've not done a stroke for the last ten Drill-holes full o' water, fuses damp, days. dinky locomotive in the river because the ground slipped away from under it during the night; and then, to cap it all, along comes the resident engineer and cuts down my work by over a thousand cubic yards. "Can't allow it, Flynn," "You're a little bit too free with your savs he. extras." "Oh, am I?" says I. "Yes," says he, and he cuts down the figures. Now, I felt just like knocking his head off, trying to teach me my business; but I just asked him to have a smoke, said I would see the "chief" about it, and politely told the "resident" that if his ugly face were around my shack when I came back that I'd throw it in the river. But, begorra! where's the purser o' this tub !-Hi! come and take your blessed money, or by gum if I find the saloon before I do you, you won't get it at all-at all!'

I kept company with the genial Flynn until we reached Vancouver. He saw the chief engineer, got his account squared and settled; and, disgusted with his task, sold the whole of his plant, determined to leave the district 'frivver,' as he said.

We were having a parting toast, and exchanging farewell expressions for future prosperity. Flynn, with his usual bon camaraderie, insisted upon first throw.

But ere the famous wine of his country had wetted his lips a raucous voice rang out, 'Why, Jack! where the blazes are ye off to now?'

'Hallo, Sam! where've you sprung from?'

'Panamá.'

'Is that so? I hear money's free down there, and I'm just off to pick a bit o'it up.'

'Don't go, Jack. For the love of Mike, go somewhere else!'

'Why, what's the matter?'

'Can't make coffins quick enough, me boy!' was the laconic, ambition-crushing retort.

Two hours later Flynn was making tracks once more to the place where I had first met him. 'Begorra! if I get back quick I'll be able to get me outfit back from the guy I sold it to.' Saying which Flynn jumped on to the tram, waving his bag of belongings frantically in farewell.

An engineers' camp among the western wilds of Canada does not offer its small coterie of toilers much variety in the form of diversion; but one ingenious surveyor, a bright young Scotsman, started a sensation which threatened to startle the scientific world. One of his greatest treasures was the photograph of a wild, weird animal. It had been snapped in the brush, and was as unlike any known member of the animal kingdom as a duck is dissimilar to the prehistoric dinosaur.

One day a party, such as roves the hinterland

in the interests of science, visited the camp. It was a small expedition under a young scientist fresh from college, who had come out into the wilds to gain experience and to win his spurs. While seated round the camp-fire in the evening the photograph was trotted out.

Instantly the young scientist was all agog with excitement. He examined the photo closely; and, feeling that he was on the brink of a great discovery, which would equal the finding of the okapi, he pestered the Scot with questions. He was determined to find that animal at all costs.

The Scot gave every information. No, the animal certainly did not belong to the carnivora, because they had photographed it among the rich grasses and berries; it apparently did not come below the four thousand feet mark; they had seen only one specimen, which they photographed; had not followed it for lack of time, but he would direct the scientist to the spot with pleasure. He thereupon launched out, giving minute details to enable the party to pick up the spoor, and also suggested that the Indians in the vicinity would prove useful guides, as doubtless they were familiar with the animal. Certainly, the visitor could have the photograph with pleasure.

The young scientist thanked the engineer profusely, and set off excitedly early the following morning, resolved to run the 'shrieking lgoun,' as it had been dubbed, to earth. His name was destined to be carved upon the scroll of fame without a doubt. Leastways, such were his

innermost thoughts.

A week later the Scot's camp broke up to move to a point some sixty miles ahead, so he never saw the expedition again; but another camp did. The boys of the latter were out one Sunday morning hunting for bear when they happened upon the young scientist, accompanied by two or three Indians, toiling among the mountain crags. They were hailed by the engineers. Presently the two parties met. The scientist was somewhat despondent. He had searched zealously for a new animal which was said to haunt these parts, but in vain. Had the engineers seen it? Did they know anything about it? Saying which he produced the treasured photograph.

The boys inspected the picture and then burst into roars of uncontrollable laughter, to the discomfiture of the scientist. To him the reason

for their mirth was inscrutable.

'Say, did you get this photo of the "shrieking lgoun" from Little Mac, way back yonder?'

The scientist nodded assent.

'Well, do you understand Russian?'

A negative shake of the head betrayed

ignorance of that language.

'Well, Mac spent some time as resident among some Russian workmen down east, and he only learned one word. That was lgoun, which in plain English means "liar." Nobody in these parts ever has seen this brute except Mac and

his chums, because they made it up one Sunday morning when they had nothing else to do. I reckon if you search round his abandoned camp you'll find it all right—if it's still standing—an old grizzly skin, a cow's head, a moose antler, and one or two other things rigged up on a dead mule.'

When the railway builders invaded China they encountered hostility of a varied and extraordinary description. Even to-day native prejudices have not been subjugated entirely, as one engineer found to his cost. He had to supervise the erection of an aerial railway across some rugged mountains to penetrate a coalfield.

'The mountains were absolutely honeycombed with caves used as graves,' related the engineer. 'In some instances they were from four thousand to five thousand years old, and in a deplorably ruinous condition, the entrances being completely concealed by rank scrub. The result was that although we spared no effort to dodge the tombs, so as not to wound native susceptibilities, I was always falling foul of these sacred places. At last I ran a route which I thought would meet all requirements and save me from hostility.

'The worst stumbling-block was the Kiao Mountain, which I had to get over somehow. This was a kenchin, or holy hill, said to contain the graves of members of the imperial family. My first appearance upon the hill with my instruments caused a panic which almost culminated in a riot. The natives turned out to a man, armed with all kinds of weapons, and they told me as plainly as they could that if I went any

farther I should do so at my peril.

'I took no notice of their diatribes; but before you could snap your fingers there was a wild mêlée. Stones and sticks were rained upon our party with the fury of a tornado. My men were hard pressed to defend themselves. Not wishing to be the cause of an uprising or "holy war," I backed out of my position, and at the same time sought the protection of the imperial forces. Chinese police were hurried to the spot, and the sight of these emissaries of law and order quelled the fanatics.

'But the trouble broke out again in greater force when my erectors came along and started to plant their steelwork forming the towers. The natives could not resist the opportunity to attack us. They did so with mad fury, and there were lively times between the police and the inhabitants. The former, in their peculiar way, got the upper hand, and held it, so by force we got a number of supports set up.

'One morning my assistant came running to the camp and yelled excitedly, "Two of the posts

have gone!"

""Gone! What do you mean? Where?" Seeing that they were pretty weighty and bulky pieces of riveted steel, and had been set up firmly, I could not understand how they could have disappeared entirely.

'I jumped into my clothes and hurried to the spot, my assistant pumping out between his gasps, "The natives know nothing about it. The holes are there. The coolies say that Shansi has been busy, and that he has stolen them as vengeance upon the white devils for desecrating his grave."

'Sure enough, the posts were gone, and, examining the holes, I found that the supports had not been torn out by the fanatics. I scratched my head, somewhat puzzled, because the holes were in good condition. I began to think that Shansi certainly was a force too subtle and mysterious for me. I went down on my knees and peered into a hole. At last I caught the glint of metal some thirty feet down.

'Shansi had been busy during the night. He had collared the supports, lock, stock, and barrel. How? Oh, I found that the posts had been set upon the roof of a tomb which I had failed to notice, and the crown of the cave, unable to bear the weight, had let them clean through!

'I tried desperately to recover the supports. I opened out the holes, but the soil was so friable that it caved in as rapidly as it was excavated. So I gave up the job, rigged up temporary timber towers, and cabled to Europe for replacements. But I must confess that on this occasion Shansi certainly scored!'

A colleague of this engineer, who was entrusted with the construction of the Toli aerial railway among the Fangshan Mountains, had a more exciting adventure, the end of which, while humorous, promised to be tragic. He had the usual troubles with the natives; and, although under strong police protection, found it no easy task to make progress with his work; but finally he won the population to his side. He was a very enthusiastic sportsman, and on every opportunity he shouldered his gun and went out shooting. Unfortunately there was not much game about, but the countryside was suffering from a plague of foxes that had been driven in by the severe winter, and were devastating the stocks of the natives. He shot the animals down by the score; the natives followed this wholesale destruction with infinite delight, and whenever a fox was seen the assistance of the engineer was sought.

In a short time the engineer became the idol of the district, and many local farmers made trips to his camp to invite him to their properties to have a fox-shoot. Requests of this kind became so frequent that whenever a native came hurrying toward him he divined the mission, and accordingly yelled out before the man had uttered a word, 'All right. I'll come along directly and

shoot them.'

Unhappily his knowledge of Chinese was severely limited. One morning, when engaged upon a particularly trying piece of work, he failed to observe the approach of a native woman, who was weeping piteously. She came up to

him, and, dropping on her knees, poured out her sorrows and lamentations.

'More foxes,' thought the engineer, when his attention was attracted to the woman. Then, waving his arm, he yelled to her, 'I'll see to But the woman did not desist; and the engineer, somewhat preoccupied, simply ejaculated rather testily from time to time, 'That's all right, my good woman! Now, don't worry! Let me finish this first,' and so on.

Still the woman clung to him, howling more woefully than ever. At last he yelled in sheer desperation through his interpreter, 'I've told you fifty times not to worry. They shall all

be shot!

Like magic the pleadings of the woman gave way to shrieks of terror and bloodcurdling howls. Turning to the crowd, she yelled what seemed an unintelligible jargon, which made the engineer pause in his work. The onlookers, who had been following the proceedings with utter indifference, instantly changed their attitude, scowled fiercely, grabbed missiles hurriedly, and advanced threateningly toward the engineer.

Now, what in thunder is the matter? What have I done?' he inquired in astonishment.

'Sir,' remarked his interpreter, 'you have made a slight mistake. You thought this woman was asking you to shoot foxes destroying her property. But she is a beggar-woman, and she is asking you for money because her daughter has

just given birth to triplets!'

The European labourers who migrate to America to improve their fortunes never fail to be impressed with the many devices and systems practised to lighten toil and labour in the commercial offices. One of these new arrivals was a burly son of Scandinavia. Used to tearing down rock by the aid of dynamite in his native land, he naturally drifted out to the railway-building There he sweltered like the average toiler; but, with an eye on the future, he resolved to become a sub-contractor at the first opportunity. Fortune favoured him, and he secured a difficult and heavy station upon a mountain section. was expert at his work, and he made money rapidly; but he suffered from the disability that his handwriting was so utterly unintelligible that his accounts drove the clerks of the contractor almost to despair. The result was that disputes concerning amounts due were of frequent occurrence.

'Look here,' growled the cashier, after one of the periodical quarrels, 'why don't you get one of those things? pointing to a typewriter. 'They save a lot of time, and your figures would be a thundering sight easier to read and understand.'

The Swede said he would, and forthwith he went out and purchased a machine, which he tumbled into a dunnage bag, and returned to A few nights later the resident his shack. engineer was making his way to his camp, when, hearing a strange though familiar clicking proceeding from the Swede's shack, he peeped in upon an unusual sight. The son of toil was seated on the ground, Oriental fashion, with his pretty typewriter before him, punching the keys with the force of a sledge-hammer, his big, clumsy digits, with uncanny persistence, depressing two or three keys at once, which consequently jammed. The Scandinavian, however, was the personification of perseverance, and he kept to his task, although the operation was obviously trying, demanding free punctuation with explosions of invective and the condemnation to everlasting oblivion of the man who invented the typewriter. Six solid hours the man wrestled with that typewriter, and then he looked with justifiable pride on the result of his handiwork.

But when the clerical department received the first typewritten statement from the Swede it went frantic. The man had typed his figures, as suggested; but whether the columns were to be read horizontally, vertically, or diagonally they could not fathom. It was more baffling to unravel than the 'pigs in clover.' After a struggle of several hours the account was given up in despair. Two days later the toiler called for his settlement, and the cashier wearily remarked, 'I see you've got the typewriter O.K.'
'Sure! The work looks pretty, don't it! I

reckon you got on all right this time, eh?' he

replied with pride.

The clerk leaned over the desk. 'Look here. Take my advice. When you get back to your camp chuck that typewriter into the river.

'Why? What's the matter now?

'Oh, nothing—nothing! I've studied Egyptian hieroglyphics, am a master of Japanese, Assyrian, Chinese, Russian, and even can interpret the marks left by a fly which has fallen into the ink-pot and crawled across the paper,' was the sarcastic retort; 'but I'm hanged if I can make head or tail of your typewriting. I'd rather have your handwriting any day, although it does give me an attack of neurasthenia!'

THE VIEW FROM BEN VORLICH.

How great is a glance of the eye! It sweeps from Ben Lawers to Loch Lorn, Takes in the whole arch of the sky, And all the display of the morn— Hills bristling with heather and horn, Moors with the whaups and their cry, And corries with waterfalls torn, Streams and the straths they adorn, Lochs and the marshes thereby (Where Mairi is calling the kye), Crofts and their patches of corn In stubble or stook or unshorn! N'importe where the title deeds lie; His claim to exclusion I scorn, His palings and parchments outworn, Whoe'er to debar me would try From the right of the range of the eye To which, and the light, I was born. J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.



O'HIGGINS OF CHILL THE

By PERCY CROSS STANDING.

AFTER the names of Washington and Bolivar, there are few more illustrious in the development of independent America than Ambrosio and Bernardo or Bernard O'Higgins, father and son. It is with the latter that we are here concerned, the dictator of the new-born Republic of Chili.

Ambrosio O'Higgins, the Irish peasant boy who rose to be Viceroy of Peru, died in 1801 at the age of eighty, leaving a natural son, Bernardo, whose mother is described as one 'Isabel Riquelme of Chillán.' Bernard was born on 20th August 1780. His father left him a handsome fortune and estate, on which (after spending some time in England for the purposes of his education, &c.) he was preparing to settle down when the South American War of Independence broke out. On 18th September 1810 Chili formally declared herself free from Spanish usurpation, and O'Higgins, offering his sword to the patriot cause, found himself at first only assigned to a border regiment. Nevertheless he started well, his first fine feat of arms in the war being the capture of a strong Royalist patrol, though he led only thirty-six

But the campaign of 1813 was destined to open with a discreditable reverse. In what is known as the battle of San Martin, a force of ten thousand Chilians, led by the incompetent Carrera, allowed themselves to be worsted by a much smaller Spanish contingent, in spite of the personal example of O'Higgins. Soon after this the egregious Carrera failed again in a night attack upon Chillan (the birthplace of O'Higgins's mother), and the patriot forces fell back to the river Itata. Here, in an exposed position, they were attacked by night, and must have been destroyed but for Bernardo's gallantry 'Live with honour or die with and initiative. glory! Let the brave follow me!' he exclaimed, and, rushing to the onslaught, beat off the Spanish attempt with a loss to the assailants of a hundred killed and prisoners.

men.

It was by this time obvious to all well-wishers of Chili that O'Higgins must supersede Carrera in the command, and this was effected at the beginning of 1814. The patriot forces were much scattered, and another brave Briton,

a loss of four hundred, only to be shot in a duel by Carrera's brother.

O'Higgins was now concerned for the safety of Santiago, the capital. His audacious genius actually induced the Spanish General Gainza to agree to a treaty whereby Chili retained her independence, while admitting the suzerainty of the King of Spain. This so infuriated the latter and the Viceroy of Peru that Gainza was at once superseded by General Osorio, who, advancing rapidly five thousand strong, entered Santiago

in triumph. It was a daring stroke of strategy.

This was a heavy blow, but worse was to follow. Owing to the pusillanimous and treacherous Carrera utterly failing to co-operate, O'Higgins was overwhelmed by Osorio at Rancagua, he and four hundred followers being the remnant left of one thousand seven hundred troops. For the time being the cause of Chilian freedom seemed paralysed. Osorio ruled in Santiago with a rod of iron, and even the Inquisition was re-established.

O'Higgins escaped to Buenos Aires, there to join hands with the celebrated San Martin. Within a month of its starting across the Andes, their well-equipped little army met and routed the Spaniards in the battle of Chacabuco, and triumphantly re-entered the Chilian capital. First honours rested, as usual, with O'Higgins, who at the head of a division two thousand strong bore the brunt of the battle. victory was none too closely followed up, and the Spaniards determined on a bold coup for the retention of the province. They despatched six thousand men from Callao, organised by the Viceroy of Peru and commanded by Osorio. This officer, though he had beaten O'Higgins by a fluke, was a poor creature, albeit San Martin had a foil to him in the cowardly old Marshal Brayer. But Osorio's troops were of the best calibre, and, moreover, their advance found the patriot army somewhat scattered after When reunited, however, its recent successes. San Martin's strength amounted to eight thousand five hundred infantry and cavalry, with thirty-three guns, and Osorio promptly fell back to his base of operations.

Osorio was now superseded by General Ordonez, who quickly advanced, and caught the Colonel Mackenna, defeated the Royalists with | Chilian army in the act of 'changing front.' AUGUST 22, 1914.

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In the mêlée that ensued O'Higgins's men fired at each other instead of at the enemy, and he was unhorsed and sustained a broken arm. This injury incapacitated him from participation in the glorious victory of Maipo, as he was left in charge of the garrison of Santiago. While San Martin lost a thousand killed and wounded. he took two thousand three hundred and sixty men and officers prisoners at Maipo, together with twelve guns, battle-flags, and all the material of war. The effect of Maipo was worldwide, where since the downfall of Napoleon there had been none of the excitement of fighting save Lord Exmouth's destruction of the Algerine power on the Mediterranean in 1816. Not merely decisive of the liberation of Chili, the battle of Maipo conferred an enormously enhanced prestige upon the Republican arms. O'Higgins was destined to become the first dictator of the new Republic, and to this day the Chilian navy contains an O'Higgins and a Dundonald ironclad.

After San Martin and O'Higgins, the principal honours of the Army of the Andes rested with General Las Heras, the second in command in the battle of 5th April 1818. Not less to the conspicuous humanity than to the admirable strategy of this chivalrous soldier was due the completeness of the Chilian triumph on that glorious April day. Maipo paved the way for the freedom of New Granada, which was brought about by the decisive victory of Boyaca on 17th August of the succeeding year.

Apart from the circumstance that it was not a very happy Chili that he had to rule over, O'Higgins had some more fighting to do. Near the close of the year 1818 he smashed the enemy at the battle of Talcahuáno. Meanwhile the dashing Cochrane had arrived to give his sword to the cause, and he and O'Higgins between them provided Chili with her first fleet. 'The King of Spain won South America with five small ships. We shall drive them out with the same number!' said O'Higgins. These five vessels were the Lautaro, Cumberland, San Martin, Araucano, and Chacabuco, and a sixth was presently added, the O'Higgins. A devoted and lifelong friendship sprang up between these two colleagues in the struggle.

In 1819 General Osorio reappeared at the head of a great army, and we find San Martin writing to O'Higgins: 'United we are invincible; divided we are weak. Osorio can attack us anywhere with our four hundred leagues of coast.' He advised a general despoilation of the country, so that the Spaniards might obtain no sustenance anywhere. This actually was done, O'Higgins taking about with his army some fifty thousand non-combatants. In 1820 a ruffianly guerilla renegade, one Benevades, with two thousand four hundred Spanish and 'mixed' troops, lured six hundred patriot soldiers under General Alcazar into an ambush. On promise of good treatment they were induced to capitulate, when the miscreant Benevades had every man of the six hundred shot in cold blood! O'Higgins afterwards captured and hanged Benevades; but the incident makes one of the most appalling pages in the story of South America's fight for independence.

Gradually the Spaniards were driven out of Chili; but the dictator found himself hedged around by enemies secret and avowed. gallant Cochrane indignantly declined to participate in a plot for his removal; but a crisis was reached when, in January 1823, the disillusioned O'Higgins thus addressed the Junta at Santiago: 'If it has not been given to me to consolidate the new institutions of the Republic, I have at least the satisfaction of leaving it free and independent, respected abroad and glorious in its conquests. I thank God for the favour which He has given to my government, and I pray that He may protect those who have to succeed me. During my government I may have committed mistakes, but they were due to the difficult circumstances. If these faults have caused evils which can only be purged by my blood, here is my breast!' Efforts were made to induce him to retain power; but he declined, and retired to a Peruvian estate conferred on him by San Martin, where he lived until his death, at the age of sixty-three, on 24th October 1842. Of the sincerity of his patriotism there was never the slightest doubt, and the name of Bernardo O'Higgins stands second to none on the scroll of South American glory.

THE HOUSE OF LADDO.

CHAPTER III.

TAKE it that most of us looked for some signal demonstration of anger on the part of my uncle some time in the ensuing days; for it seemed impossible that a man could be possessed of a rage so murderous and continue to nurse it in silence within himself. Yet this is what

took place; he shut himself in his room with his papers, and we never saw him nor even heard his voice. I think we all felt this state of affairs to be more terrible than the most passionate outbursts. Hours and days went on, and nothing happened; yet all the time there

was this terrible old man scheming and designing, working who knew what mischief for us all? Cockburn came almost daily, appearing more and more sinister with every visit, till at the end I could almost have screamed at the sight of him. Steenie was away on some lasting errand, and every second day Rintoul rode out on some affair. It was plain that things were in train all around us, but to what end we could no more tell than fly.

As was only natural in the light of recent events, I was much drawn to the society of Alice Lechmere; but at first she avoided me, which vexed me a great deal, and seemed even uncomfortable in my presence, which tried me even more cruelly. She, who had ever treated me so kindly, and who had of late risen by so vast a leap in my esteem, was the last person from whom I could bear any sort of coldness. But at last, one morning, as I sat, rather miserable, in a kind of dilapidated arbour we had in the grounds, I heard her little stick come tapping down the path towards me, and presently she came and sat by my side.

'You are there, Davy?' she said; and then, at my assent, 'I have been unkind to you, who have done me the greatest of services, and I am

sorry for it, Will you forgive me?

The tears sprang to my eyes, greatly to my then mortification, though I think now they did me gredit.

'How have I offended you?' I cried, 'It was

the last thing I would have wished.'

'In no way that you could help, you poor boy,' said she. 'It was simply that you were so strong where I was so weak. Women are strange creatures, you know, Davy. You see, I—I am blind, and I had to be helped. I do not care to think of it.'

At this my feelings fairly carried me away, and I would have told her in a rush how brave I thought her, and how splendid—had indeed made some beginning of my speech—but she laid a hand upon my shoulder.

'Now, Davy,' said she, 'do not be a foolish boy; you can help me better than that, I have not dared to go out these last days. Tell me, have you seen anything or any one strange?'

'Oh, but I have,' said I, and plunged straightway into a description of the man on the hill. I was almost half-way through with this when she suddenly gripped my arm like a vice.

'Tell me,' said she, 'did he carry an emerald

ring on his left hand?

'I do recall such a ring,' said I.

'Merciful Heaven!' said she, 'it must have been my brother Robert;' and then, with a start, 'Oh, I ought not to have said that!'

'You do ill to suspect me, Miss Alice,' said I

bitterly.

'Indeed, I do,' said she very kindly, patting my shoulder the while, 'and I am sorry for that too. But I have lived so long in secrecy that I

grow uncharitable. I had no thought he was so near.'

'And are you not rejoiced at it?' said I.

'I know not whether to be serry or glad,' said she, in much agitation. 'Oh Davy, you must see him soon, and tell him he must go—go at once. He is in such danger. Promise me you will; promise me now.'

'I will undertake to tell him,' said I; 'but I

much misdoubt if he will go.

'You are right,' said she sadly. 'He will not. I should not love him so if he would. But my father will get them all; I know he will,'

'One man to catch so many?' said I, with

some heat, 'Surely not!'

'But such a man,' said she with a slight shiver. 'You do not know my father. He has given his life to this, and he will not fail, He has a net drawn round every Jacobite laird in Fife. Oh Heaven!' she cried, clasping her hands, 'he has them even now. They have but to move and they are in it. I did my best for a while, she presently in a calmer voice, 'but now I dare not move. Some day you may meet Mr Andrew Farquhar of Dinnie, and then you will meet a noble soldier whose life has been placed in jeopardy a score of times by this sad weakness We worked together for a time, he of mine, and I, and we did so much; but now it is no use.

'Never say so!' I cried. 'I promise you that within the next few days I will see your brother, and I'll warrant we shall set something afoot.'

The next day I set out upon my search for Mr Robert. I should say here that since our first meeting I had seen him on two separate occasions. Once he had no orders for me, but the second time he had seen Rintoul riding out, and desired to know his destination—which information I was, by a lucky chance, able to supply, thereby taking a definite side, and pleasing myself in a greater degree than him. The luck still served me, for now, on the first cast, I caught sight of him sitting by the pillar, looking very big and determined in the morning mist. I laughed to myself as I thought of the surprise he would presently have.

'Give you good-morning!' enied he. 'What

news?

'Great news,' said I, coming to a stand before him. 'Your name is Robert Lechmere.'

At the words he started nearly out of his skin, and then, with a shrug of his big shoulders, burst out laughing.

'You see, I am but a prentice hand in conspiracy,' said he. 'Your master villain does not

jump like that.'

'And in any case,' said I, 'you need have no fear of me, for I am David Lechmere, your own eousin, and what Rintoul calls a "dawmnable Jawcebite" like yourself.'

He leapt from the wall and wrung my hand with a most gratifying warmth.

'Well met, "dawmnable Jawcobite"!' cried he, laughing. And then, with a more serious face,

'What news from Laddo?'

'I have a message for you,' I said, 'from—your sister.' I thought I noticed a slight twinge of disappointment cross his face; so, before he could reply, 'I am sorry,' said I, 'that it was not from Miss Chalmers.'

At that he flushed very red, and something of

his father came into his face.

'My lad,' said he, 'you seem to have made good use of your ears. We shall get on better if you make less free with your tongue.' And then, seeing me confused and ashamed of my presumption, he said, 'Anyway, what said my sister?'

I told him briefly, and his face grew very

grave.

'If she says it is so, it must be so,' said he at last, 'for she knows everything. We must make a move. The game is up—here, at any rate. Oh, ten thousand curses on the black day that turned Prince Charlie back from Derby! When I think of the king's plate all stowed on the royal barge, and the London militia all ready on Finchley Common—— Well, well,' said he more calmly, 'we sha'n't mend matters by ranting here like play-actors. Do you be here every morning at nine, and I will soon give you adventures and to spare.'

We were parting at that, when he suddenly

called me back.

'Tell me,' he said, in the most confused and shamefaced manner, 'how is—Rose?'

'Very well,' said I; 'and on that topic I pray you forgive me my impertinence.'

'Indeed,' said he, 'I am very glad you said it,

since but for that I could not have spoken of it, which,' said he simply, 'I very much wanted to do.'

'You may command me,' said L

'Thank you,' said he. 'Remember she must not know I am here.'

It was on the tip of my tongue to say something of Cockburn, but I held it back, and at that we parted.

But, strangely enough, the first person I met on my return was Rose herself. I found her pacing one of the garden-walks, and her white and drawn face stopped me short.

'Miss Chalmers,' said I, 'what ails you?'

'Davy,' said she, 'do people die of fright? Because I think I shall.'

'My uncle?' said I.

'Who else?' said she. 'I have feared him all my days, and now he thinks it is I who have spied upon him; and, 'fore God, I have done no such thing.'

'What could he do to you?' said I, to soothe

her

'He can come and look at me,' said she with a great shudder. 'That would be enough. He will kill me; I know he will. Cockburn shall marry me; I shall make him somehow.'

'Such a marriage would be no escape from anything,' I said; 'even I am old enough to

know that.'

She looked at me in despair. 'Well, what am I to do?' she said. 'I care for no one.'

'Put Cockburn from your mind,' said I.

'No,' said she resolutely, 'I will not. He would at least take me away from here, and that is all I care for now.'

'You will but regret it,' said I.

'My life is a regret,' said she.

(Continued on page 613.)

THE TAKING OF MATEHUALA.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE DURING THE MEXICAN CIVIL WAR.

By W. E. LLOYD.

SOME months ago, shortly after the present revolution commenced, I happened to be in Matchuala when it was attacked by the rebels. Matchuala is a city of some ten thousand souls, in the state of San Luis Potosi, northern Mexico, and the terminus of a branch of the National Railroad. In the adjoining hills are many rich mines, some of which have been worked continuously since the days of the Spanish occupation, and on the edge of the town is one of the plants of the American Smelting and Refining Company.

Reading in my room one Sunday afternoon at five o'clock, I heard in the near distance—without any preliminary warning—a quick succession of rifle-shots. Presently came the sound of

many horses galloping madly through the streets. And above all other noises rose the shouting of men and the screaming of women! I realised at once what it all meant; we had been attacked by the Carranzistas. Since the day previous they had been expected, for many people from the neighbouring ranches, flocking into town for safety, had warned the authorities that Santos Coy, already notorious as one of the most active cabecillos, was in the vicinity, at the head of several hundred well-armed mounted men.

When the warnings came many of the City Fathers (who were probably in touch with the rebels, or at any rate secret sympathisers with their cause) pleaded with the prefect, Major Zuñiga, to surrender without fighting. They pointed out how inadequate was his small force of eighty infantry, unaided by even one machinegun, to cope with so large a body of horsemen. Threatening to imprison as a traitor the next man who attempted to turn him from his duty, the prefect made such defensive preparations as were within his power and capacity, and calmly awaited the onslaught.

Being somewhat remote from the main thoroughfare, it turned out, fortunately, that my hotel was not in the direct line of fire; so, by closing the thick hardwood shutters and keeping away from the window, I was comparatively safe within doors. In this way I saw very little of the battle; but I heard the din, the deafening roar of it, and the tumult sounded to my ears what one would imagine a mutiny in Hades to be like! The principal scenes of action were the Plaza de Armas, the city hall, and the barracks, all situated about a block from my hotel. There was also a lot of handto-hand fighting in the streets (which were very irregular and narrow), and some firing from the house-tops. At all points the struggle continued without intermission until it was too dark for the combatants to see each other.

We in the hotel could not know who were the victors, or if the result obtained so far was decisive. Waiting for news, we sat behind closed doors at the back of the house (which was built against a high stone wall, without a back entrance). When darkness fell upon us we had to ransack the kitchen for candles, and were fortunate enough to find there half-a-dozen paraffin-dips. All electric wires had, of course, been cut when the enemy gained entrance to the city. And thus we sat talking in subdued tones, not realising in our excitement that there was no need for such precaution, and smoking incessantly in an effort to control our nerves.

After dark all noise ceased, save for an occasional pistol-shot, caused probably by one of the guards potting at an imagined straggler. About ten o'clock I felt jaded and sleepy, and went to bed. But just before turning in I took a look up and down the street. Through the gloom I made out the forms of two or three dead men, and here and there the carcass of a horse. But nothing alive was in sight, and the silence was that of the grave.

With the dawn came a renewal of hostilities; but not for long, for it was soon known that but few of the Federal garrison remained. Not many of the townsmen had elected to fight on the 'Huertista' side, and those who were left quickly vanished when the morning light revealed to them how things had gone. The principal defenders were the soldiers of the regular army, and of these some thirty odd lost their lives. The balance of the eighty originally mustered escaped or were wounded. The latter, along with those of their opponents in the same

condition, were carried to the American Smelting and Refining Company's hospital at the smelter, where both parties, without the slightest discrimination, were attended to by the company's American surgeon and native pharmacist, and lay side by side in the wards.

The city was taken by the Carranzistas at a cost to their ranks of seven dead and about a dozen wounded. Of the non-combatants several were killed outright, and quite a number were hit and died later—how many will never be known, for the Mexican peon is very secretive, and matters of this sort are seldom allowed to be spoken of outside the family circle. Of the better class, two aged ladies died of fright, and three children were wounded by stray bullets, one so badly that she died next day. In an abandoned house a man was found behind a bedroom door dead, shot through the lungs. week after the battle two decomposed corpses were discovered when the débris was being removed from ruined dwellings.

The first move of the victors was to loot the municipal treasury and destroy some of the public buildings. Among the latter that were spared—not even entered!—were the post and telegraph offices. Why these exceptions were made I could not learn, despite the inquiries prompted by my curiosity, for other rebels I had run across were always careful to strip these institutions of their last peso in both stamps and coin! This incident was one of several that demonstrated to me the superiority of Santos Coy's band above the general run of revoltosos; it was obvious that they made an effort to play the revolutionary game as consistently as circumstances permitted. After they had levied forced 'loans' on the well-to-do of the business men, by which process they secured some forty-five thousand dollars, an order was issued demanding the immediate delivery of all the funds held by the local branch of the Banco Nacional. To obtain this money dynamite had ultimately to be resorted to, for the managerwho was also the cashier, and alone possessed the combination of the safe—could not be found. His absence did not, however, suffice to save the funds, at least the metallic portion of them and the notes of small denomination; the fact of there being no notes of high value was taken to indicate that they were with the manager in After an ineffectual trial his hiding-place. with hammer and chisel, a charge of explosive was inserted and the door of the safe soon wrenched off its hinges. The job was rather a tough one, but it proved worth while, for it yielded twenty-six thousand dollars. For this money, and for the sums obtained from the merchants, provisional receipts were given promising repayment when the success of the Constitutionalists was an accomplished fact—a matter of but a short time, they said.

Then was allowed to take place a most gratui-

tous wrong, something entirely without benefit, pecuniary or otherwise, to Matehuala's captors, and an act that effectually withheld any excuse that the foreigners present might have been inclined to make for what the revolutionists had hitherto done. Santos Coy acceded to the request of the mob for permission to sack, burn, and pillage! He restricted them, however, to certain quarters of the business section, and imposed a time-limit of two days. Another redeeming feature was that looting from private houses was sternly prohibited, and the troopers were absolutely forbidden to share in the plunder. Immediately began an exhibition of lawlessness and savagery impossible for me fully to describe. Stores were broken into and quickly denuded of their stocks. Merchandise estimated to be worth three hundred thousand dollars, and consisting principally of dry goods, groceries, provisions, wines and liquors, shoes, hats, furnishing of all kinds, was grabbed and fought for by a struggling mass of men, women, and children, every one of them excited to the point of delirium! Sacks of sugar were emptied, their contents being trampled in the mud as unworthy of notice; and then, in common with begs of other kinds, were stuffed with rolls of cotton prints, bolts of linen, suit-lengths of French and English woollens, fine cheviots and cashmeres, silk dress-pieces, zarapes, rebosas, and other articles of wearing apparel of native manufacture. The sacks, now become bales, were strapped to the backs of horses, mules, donkeys, and men, and conveyed to remote villages and secret caves in the adjoining sierras, to be brought out for sale or barter when it would be safe to offer them. Some of the loads were hidden in huts and hovels well within the city limits, for I heard a burro-driver boast that during the first day's looting he had made twenty-one trips! Holes were cut in the walls of stores, and goods passed out to women and children, who made off with them.

Many of the women joined the men in broaching the wines and liquors, and champagne was drunk out of ollas and similar earthen vessels, the necks of the bottles being knocked off against the walls. Drunken men staggered along the streets waving aloft bottles of the best French brandy, some brawling and swearing in obscene language, others singing ribald mañanitas or doggerel, and many cheering and shouting, 'Viva Carranza!' 'Viva la Democrácia!' 'Viva Mexico/' this last when any foreigner happened to be near. One burly fellow, with a sense of humour and a keen appreciation of the existing situation, called out, 'Que vivan nosotros / ('Hurrah for ourselves!'), a sally that was endorsed unanimously, judging by the roar of approval it evoked. Early in the day several of the stores-notably those where efforts had been made by the proprietors to resist the crowdwere set on fire, and soon entire blocks were ablaze and the air filled with smoke and sparks.

Word came to us that all the hotels were to be delivered to the pillagers, and we at mine inn sent out a scout to ascertain the truth of the report. He returned within a quarter of an hour to say that the largest hotel in town, the Hidalgo—where I had been advised to stop, but fortunately, as it turned out, was dissuaded from doing so by the eloquence and activity of the opposition 'runner,' who beat the others in getting hold of my baggage at the railway station—was already in flames.

Then came a woman hurrying past our door carrying a load of plundered furniture. Seeing us crowded about the entrance, she shouted, not stopping for a moment as she struggled along under her burden (a huge bundle of bedding on her head, chairs tied with string hanging in front and over her shoulders, and in her hands framed pictures and pottery), that we had better be moving and not stand staring at her; that as mine host was a Spaniard his house would probably be the next to receive attention. Five minutes after the woman had uttered her resentful warning I was absolutely alone in the building. In all revolutionary riots and disturbances in Mexican towns Spaniards are the special marks of the mob's fury; and as most of my fellow-guests were of Spanish nationality, they 'stood not upon the order of their going, but hurried off to the hills, there to await the passing of the storm. The landlord became too much absorbed in the task-not an easy oneof removing his wife and young family to a place of safety to give a thought to business; and the servants, having thus nobody to direct and restrain them, scuttled off to their homes. Mexican servants invariably live out.

Undecided as to the course proper under the circumstances, I remained in the house for a little while. Fearing, however, that if the mob found me there alone they might be tempted to make a sort of scapegoat of me, I finally concluded that I had better get away while there was yet time. So I started out, intending to make for the residence of the local dentist, an American, with whom I had become acquainted, and whom I wished to consult professionally, as it happened. For a distance of about two blocks I passed unmolested through the crowd, but when turning the corner opposite to the blazing hotel Hidalgo—the patio of which, all aglow, struck me as bearing a remarkable resemblance to the interior of a gigantic oven—I was peremptorily commanded to halt. I obeyed (instantly, you may be sure), and found myself looking down the barrel of a rifle pointed by a rebel cavalryman. I could see that the man had been drinking, so I was very careful not to give him the slightest excuse to pot at me by appearing to be angry or excited. Although my nerves were tingling and my heart

thumping against my ribs, I maintained an absolutely imperturbable front when replying to the sharp, gruff questions as to my identity, and the reasons for my being in the street at that time.

The answers I gave did not seem to satisfy my interrogator; he cut me off abruptly, and, shouting at the top of his voice, announced, with a volley of oaths, that he had captured an American spy! Calling to those of his comrades who were in the immediate vicinity to close up behind, and prodding me in the back vigorously with his rifle—which I expected every moment to hear go off, so careless was he in the handling of it—my captor ordered me to march ahead of the group, to be shot, as he informed me with an air of fiendish satisfaction, as soon as we arrived at headquarters!

Although at the moment there was nothing to indicate that the threat was not uttered in all seriousness, I don't believe now, nor did I really feel then, that there was any intention of carrying it into effect. Rather, the man's idea was to make a 'grand stand' display in front of the assembled populace, and good the gringo, for his own sport and the amusement of the crowd. He expected me to kneel and beg for my life; and that I did not do so, but, on the contrary, remained silent and apparently cool—the latter to an extent that, having regard to the manifest possibilities, was almost as great a surprise to myself as it appeared to be to the trooper—seemed to upset his calculations. After driving me before him to the end of the street, and failing to elicit a word from me either of protest or entreaty, the leader held up his hand and brought the procession to a sudden stop. Warning me of the summary punishment that would follow if I answered him untruthfully, he then submitted me to what was doubtless thought to be a severe cross-examination, and finished by asking me if I could prove that I was not a spy. I promptly demonstrated to the fellow by producing my British passport that he had made a mistake in not giving me an opportunity of answering that question at the beginning, and in taking the matter for granted. Staring at the document, and pretending to read it—which, of course, he couldn't do, because of its not being in Spanish -my custodian, quite crestfallen and anxious quickly to put a stop to the jeers which his companions already were greeting him with, mumbled an unwilling and surly excuse, and intimated that I was at liberty.

A couple of days later the officers in command of the rebels—most of whom I had become quite well acquainted with in the meanwhile—apologised profusely to me for the rough treatment to which I had been subjected by their troopers; they had only then heard about it. They assured me that if I would identify the principal offender they would have him executed. It is short shrift when it comes to a matter of punishing

their men. If, in the interests of discipline or for other just cause, it is deemed necessary to put them to death, the delinquents are shuffled off without ceremony; few preliminaries are observed, and no compunction is shown. Of course, in cold blood I could not seek to revenge myself, so the incident was allowed to pass. I cannot deny, however, that when the occurrence was actually taking place I could willingly have killed the man with my own hand, so mortified and angry was I.

As soon as I was set free I continued my quest for the dentist, and arrived at his house without further mishap. But, as was to be expected by this time, all the inmates had fled, a big bar and padlock on the front-door bearing witness to the fact. I then made the best of my way to the smelter, where, I learned from a friendly native, all the American and British residents had taken refuge. Accommodation for the women and children had been prepared by the superintendent and his wife, Mr and Mrs Grabill, who did all that lay in their power for the refugees; they were most kind and solicitous for the comfort of the distressed foreigners, without regard to nationality; and the other members of the staff took care of the The upper story of the office-building was reserved for the families, and the rooms on the ground-floor turned into dormitories for the bachelors.

All the men of the party were assigned to defence-duty, and they stood guard at the various points of vantage in anticipation of the possibility of attack by the rabble. By the time I arrived on the scene all the positions about the plant had been allotted; but work was soon found for me, and I was told off to look after the superintendent's town house. Eleven Spanish women had sought security there under the American flag; the men of their families had been secreted elsewhere, which was a very good arrangement having regard to the ugly temper of the mob where Spaniards were concerned. To get to the house I had to return to the centre of the city, and to attempt to do so on foot would have entailed considerable risk just then; so it was arranged that I should go in the automobile belonging to an English resident, Mr Dingwall, who had at that moment arrived with his wife and young children. Mr Dingwall lived in the largest house in town, but it was situated almost in the heart of the most disturbed district. Acting, therefore, on the principle of there being 'safety in numbers,' he had followed the example of the majority, and brought his family to the smelter.

Taking a circuitous route, and avoiding the multitude, I duly arrived at my post, and remained there on 'sentry-go' for three days. By the end of that period the popular fury had abated sufficiently to make it safe for my charges to return to their homes.

Occasionally it was imperative that I should go out foraging, and at such times Hop Kee, the Chinese cook, mounted guard, assisted by the mozo (native man-servant). The former posted himself behind the wooden shutters of a projecting window, and through a peep-hole had a view which commanded up and down the length of the street. The mozo was stationed at the frontdoor, a great, strong oaken affair studded with iron knobs, which was opened to nobody who could not, in answer to his stentorian 'Quien vive?' satisfy him as to their bona fides.

The first time I ventured out I went to ascertain if the looters had carried out their threats to burn my hotel, and I was very agreeably surprised to find that the alarm was a false one; beyond a few windows broken, no damage had been done. Some of the servants and a few of the more daring of the guests had returned; but the doors were kept closed, and there was hardly a sign of life about

the place.

Except in the centre of the town, where the business houses were situated, and where the common people were searching among the ruins of the burned stores and warehouses, there was scarcely a living soul in sight when I left the house after the second day. Dead horses, with here and there the swollen, ghastly corpse of a man (presumably without kin to give him burial, and awaiting the coming of the scavengers for removal to the 'potter's field'); smouldering beams hanging awry from the roof and obtruding across the sidewalk; the iron railings in front of windows twisted out of shape by the heat; pieces of wrecked furniture strewn about; heaps of ashes, charred fragments of books, little piles of broken crockery, and various other sorts of débris lying before the residences, presented a scene of desolation sad in the extreme.

During my excursions from the house I was very careful to avoid the revolutionists' headquarters, which were established in a large building near the main plaza. My object in this was to prevent any of the rebels following me home and finding the women. Because of keeping away from the rebel barracks I did not personally see what I am about to relate, but several of the smelter officials were present and told me of it. I refer to the execution of the prefect (or jefe politico, as he is more generally called in Mexico). This was an act of barbarism, and a crime, judged by the standards of civilisation, notwithstanding the claim that the usages of civil war treat as traitors who have incurred capital punishment those in authority on the side opposed to the victors, both sides asserting sovereign rights as the Government.

The officer in question was tried by courtmartial and condemned to be shot. He was much respected, both as commandant and socially, and strenuous efforts were made by the foreigners

-the natives dared not interfere—to have him pardoned; but, alas! without success. rebels insisted that the responsibility for the death of those of their troopers who had fallen lay with him, and that it was just that he should share their fate.

The jefe's defence was that, as an officer of the regular army and a servant of the republic, he had simply done his duty and kept his oath of office. Addressing the court, he said: 'For being faithful to my trust I knew well what fate awaited me if you won and captured the city, and I do not ask for your mercy. I go to my death without regret, calm in the consciousness that I leave to my children an untarnished name. Had I surrendered the town before my last cartridge was expended I should have been a coward and brought shame upon those dear to me; they, not I, would have had to suffer, and would have ceased to have any affection for me, and I would rather be dead than live without my children's esteem.

The pathos of his last words availed the brave commandant but little; the only indulgence allowed him was permission to write to his wife, who, with all the other members of his family, lived in San Luis Potosi, the capital of the state, a couple of hundred kilometres distant.

Handing the letter to Mr Grabill, the doomed officer coupled with the request of its delivery the promise from the superintendent that the latter would take charge of his remains until they could be transferred to his family for burial. The promise was given, and-although with much difficulty—faithfully kept. Shaking hands with the Americans present and with his fellowprisoners, the jefe walked slowly but very firmly out into the patio, and, taking his stand against the adobe wall, faced the firing-squad without a tremor. They sought to bind his eyes; but when one of the officers advanced with a black silk handkerchief ready for the purpose the jefe waved him aside, and, with feet placed firmly apart, heels together, and arms straight at his sides, correctly at attention, called out in a clear voice that he was quite ready. There was a moment of absolute stillness; then came the order, Fire!' 'Ready! Present! and the body seemed just to crumble into a heap of clothing as the bullets from the volley struck it.

When the story of this bloody revolution takes the form of history it is not likely that so humble a victim as Major Mariano Zuñiga will receive even passing notice, the engagement which brought about his death being but a 'small affair.' But it can never be denied by the residents of Matchuala that he gave his life in their defence, and if they have a spark of gratitude they will see to it that a monument to the brave jefe politico has a place under the shade of the giant pecan trees which adorn their pretty Plaza de Armas.

THE WHITE FEATHER.

CHAPTER II.

DURING the days that followed there was a marked improvement in Gerald Angus's spirits. He seemed to some extent to have recovered his lost manhood; his whole bearing was brighter, more confident. Rafe remarked the change one day at luncheon.

'You've made a new man of Gerald, Captain,' he said to Edgell with one of his light, halfmocking laughs. 'He has seemed to be under a

cloud since he came home.'

Edgell almost felt the wince with which the elder brother received the remark; the old pained flicker crossed his eyes that he had not seen since the day of his arrival at the castle.

Ursula was gazing before her with the wilfully misunderstanding expression she always assumed on such occasions. But Edgell had gauged something of the girl's real attitude during the past Chance allusions had betrayed to him how bitter had been her chagrin and disappointment when her lover had thrown up his military career, and that without a word of warning or consultation. It was his reticence on the subject and the mystery with which he had allowed it to be surrounded that was at the root of her displeasure, and her resentment had proved a fruitful soil for the artful insinuations of the younger brother. Yet, however subtle the influence Rafe had acquired over her mind, she was still unconscious of the real trend of his ambitions, and for this Edgell was thankful. The suspicion of conspiracy that had beset him on that first day had strengthened into conviction as the time passed. His own arrival had created a temporary check to the system of persecution whereby Rafe had planned the overthrow of his brother; but how long he would suffer his cherished project to be thus defeated was a matter of doubt. Already the soldier could feel the young man's growing resentment at his own prolonged stay; it was in the air, rather than expressed—a subtle emanation that sooner or later would take active shape. But Edgell set his teeth and swallowed the He had resolved on the rehabilitahumiliation. tion of his friend's shattered manhood, and if he was to depart now the old baneful influences would soon undo all the progress that had been The excellent covert-shooting at Hun provided excuse for the extension of his visit, and Gerald was ever ready with fresh pleas to detain him. So matters progressed until one evening something happened that gave warrant to his expectations.

Dinner was almost over at the castle. Gerald had been unusually gay and talkative that night, enacting the rôle of host with a naturalness and ease that were in striking contrast to his former

timid, deprecating air. Rafe, on the other hand, seemed preoccupied and distrait, his gaze turning again and again to a spray of scarlet rowan, the Angus badge, that he had presented to Ursula as they entered the dining-room, and which the girl had thrust carelessly into the front of her white dress.

'How the sea moans to-night!' Lady Angus had started forward suddenly in her chair with one of her restless, unaccountable movements.

Instinctively they all listened. Another sound had mingled with the low crying of the waters—hardly distinguishable at first, but gradually assuming distinctive proportions—the wail of the pipes. Ursula's face blanched.

It was the 'Lament of Clan Angus' that was being played: 'The rowan is weeping, its berries are withered.' Every note of the dirge seemed to bring the mournful words to their ears.

'It's only Kanz practising,' said Rafe, glancing quietly up at his brother, as Gerald started angrily to his feet.

'What right has he to play the thing at all a miserable Yankee?' cried Gerald; and, with a muttered apology, he pushed back his chair and strode from the room.

Mystified by his agitation, Edgell glanced at the head of the table, and was still further surprised to see the effect of the music on his hostess. Her face was pale, her eyes strained and fearful; her thin, clawlike fingers trembled as if palsied.

In vain Rafe and Ursula sought to reassure her; at last they led her from the room, still

trembling and distraught.

When Rafe returned, closing the door behind him, his face wore an enigmatic expression. 'You must be surprised at all this agitation over a mere tune on the pipes,' he explained apologetically to Edgell, who was still standing by his place at the deserted table. 'But the fact is, the Lament is always supposed to be heard prior to the death of the heir. You know the miserable curse that hangs over our House'—— He broke off.

Edgell was silent. Again in his ears there echoed the words last heard in a little tent on the Indian frontier, the very tones of the speaker's voice reproduced fateful and prophetic:

Oh wae's me for the Heir o' Hun,
And wae's me for the weird o' him;
Short is his course in the licht o' the sun,
And that s'all be the curse on him.

'It was so in the case of the last heir,' Rafe's voice continued. 'My father heard the Lament on the day before his elder brother was overtaken by the tide in riding round the Headland of Hun, and drowned. He has never rightly

recovered from the shock of it. Of course this is different,' he added in a lighter tone. 'There is nothing supernatural about it. Kanz was practising, and thoughtlessly stumbled on that tune.'

He had picked up a silver cigar-case from the table as he was speaking, and handed it across the table to his guest.

'A mere coincidence, in fact,' said Edgell

dryly.

The eyes of the two men met.

At that instant the door opened and Gerald re-entered the room. He was out of breath, as if he had been running, his hair disordered, a reckless, defiant expression on his face.

'Awfully sorry, Edgell,' he burst forth apologetically. 'It was a mistake of Kanz's.' He laughed in an odd, excited way. 'One doesn't want funeral laments at dinner;' and again he laughed.

'I'm sure he was sorry himself,' put in

Rafe.

Gerald just cast a glance over his shoulder at his brother, then as quickly averted his head. 'Infernal Yankee!' he muttered under his breath.

Edgell was returning from the moors in a thoroughly dissatisfied state of mind. He had parted from Gerald a few minutes before, the latter having gone farther up the glen to visit a sick crofter, and was continuing his way home alone. Shooting had been difficult, thanks to the stormy wind that blew from seaward across those exposed mountain-tracks, and that was rapidly rising to a gale. But it was not this fact that was responsible for his disturbed mental condition. It was his last day at Hun; the morrow would see him speeding southward again, leaving his self-imposed task unfinished. The step had been literally forced upon him. Ever since the evening of Kanz's contretemps he had lived in dread of some such development. There was no doubt that the incident had preyed upon the mind of his friend, deride it as he might; while in the case of Lady Angus its effects had been still more disastrous. She had not been seen downstairs since, and that morning Gerald had come to him in the smoking-room, and with a strangely awkward and reluctant air given him to understand that the presence of a stranger in the castle was having an injurious effect on his mother's nervous condition.

What could Edgell do but make his arrangements to leave the following morning? He dared not put into words his belief that the whole thing was a plot engineered by Rafe to get rid of him—Rafe, whose influence over his mother amounted to hypnotic possession—and when he was gone what hope was there for his friend?

The great hall of the castle was dark and shadowy as he entered; not a soul was in sight;

and, flinging himself down in a distant recess, Edgell relinquished himself to gloomy speculation. The struggle with the wind outside had exhausted him; he could hear it rising every minute, shrieking round the old gray fortalice, and the angry lashing of the waves below. By degrees the combined sounds lulled him to unconsciousness, from which he awoke some time later to the low murmur of conversation. In a semi-waking trance he listened.

'Rafe, what do you mean?'

The voice was Ursula's, and the sharp, pained sound of the interrogation drove away the last semblance of sleep from Edgell's mind.

'God knows, I never meant to tell you.' The answering voice sounded dangerously low and seductive. 'It's only for Gerald's sake I am speaking now; unless something is done, the trouble, the shame of the thing, will drive him out of his mind.'

'Shame?' There was an instinctive recoil in the speaker's utterance as she echoed the word.

'Yes, shame,' he said. 'I have had my suspicions ever since he sent in his papers; you have had yours, though neither of us dared put them into words.'

Edgell could almost feel the shrinking assent in the girl's attitude as she listened, and ground his teeth. No thought of revealing his presence suggested itself to him; for his friend's sake he must make himself acquainted with the full extent of the treachery.

'It was only the other day that my suspicions were confirmed,' Rafe went on. 'By accident Kanz overheard a conversation between Gerald and Captain Edgell, in which Gerald spoke openly of his own cowardice in the Orakzais affair.'

A stunned silence followed the revelation.

Edgell had a wild impulse to stand forth and refute the accusation, which he hopelessly discarded the next moment. How could he deny the truth? But at any rate what he had heard had confirmed his suspicions of treachery. Remembering the inaccessible spot on which his conversation with Gerald had taken place that first night, he realised how deliberate must have been the intention of the eavesdropper.

'I shall ask Captain Edgell myself.' Ursula was speaking again, a new note of passion in her voice. 'It—it—can't be true,' she broke off.

Before her companion could reply a distant reverberation smote on their ears, carried on the wings of the gale. Rafe had started up at the sound.

'Minute guns!' he cried. Again came the dull boom.

'There must be a ship in distress.'

He had turned and was half-way across the hall as he spoke. Ursula too had risen. For an instant she hesitated; then Edgell heard her swift, light footstep. He was about to call after

her, but the remembrance of his friend checked him. He must see Gerald first and put him on his guard.

Groping for his discarded cap and shootingcloak, he emerged from his dark corner.

The two deserted chairs in the proximity of the fire had a tragic significance in the light of the fateful confidences they had witnessed. But outside in the wild night was a more clamant consideration: the lives of shipwrecked fellow-creatures hovering in the balance. Ashamed of his momentary hesitation, Edgell made for the door, and the next instant was battling down the steep little path to the shore. The roar of wind and water deafened him at first; he could see the foam-topped breakers, careering streak-like through the darkness, hurling themselves against the cliffs beneath. The air was bitter

with their flying scud.

Little knots of people had gathered on the shore, their eyes strained toward the rocky headland beyond which the doomed vessel lay.

'The rocket apparatus is at Mallish, five miles up the coast. They've sent some one, but it'll be too late—she's breaking up fast,' said one of the watchers in answer to Edgell's hasty interrogation.

A little farther he came on a group of three, Rafe and Ursula, with Kanz enveloped in oilskins beside them.

'Where's Gerald?' called Rafe at sight of Edgell, making a trumpet of his hands.

Even in that moment of crisis the soldier realised that his intention was to point the significance of the elder's absence.

A laugh from Ursula echoed the words. 'There's danger here.'

The girl's low-uttered words were carried straight to Edgell's ears by the storm-fiend itself. But before he could reply a distant cheer from farther up the shore reached them. Instinctively they all started in the direction of the sound; other figures were battling through the darkness toward the spot where an excited concourse of people had gathered. What could have happened?

'Some one's swimming out with a life-line; he'll never reach it,' shouted a man on the out-skirts of the crowd at their approach.

Edgell, who was next to Ursula, caught the answering gleam in her eyes.

'What a splendid fool!' she cried. 'What a hero!'

The bitterness in her tone went straight to his heart. 'Just the sort of thing you'd expect Gerald to do,' he called above the storm in answer. He never could tell afterwards what had inspired him to say the words; but their only response was another wild laugh from the girl.

At the sound of it a woman standing by turned and caught her arm. 'Div ye no' ken who it is oot there?' she cried, pointing wildly

to the blur of waters before them. 'It's the young laird—and the curse on him—and no' another soul offered.' Her voice dwindled away into a low, whimpering plaint. Plainly she had not recognised the identity of her companion.

'Gerald!'

Edgell, standing by, heard the awe-struck repetition of the name in Ursula's voice. Her hands were clasped.

The memory of another night had rushed back into his own mind—to which this seemed a fitting sequel—a night of dark and terrible happenings on the Indian frontier, of cruel mischance and tragedy for the one who was now so recklessly—hopelessly, as it seemed—endeavouring to make restitution for his forfeited honour.

Boom / Again the signal-gun sent out its tragic appeal through the darkness.

A louder shriek of wind answered it.

With a spasmodic gesture, Ursula suddenly thrust her hands over her face.

'Oh Gerald, Gerald!' she moaned.

Edgell was pacing up and down the hall at Hun in the gray light of the early morning. It was six hours since he had helped to carry the unconscious form of his friend up the steep approach to the castle from the sea that had so nearly proved his sepulchre, and during that time he had hardly sat down, waiting in an agony of suspense for news from the silent room upstairs. The hard, phlegmatic soldier had been battling with new and hitherto unexperienced sensations, his contempt of supernatural influences warring with a reluctant, half-conscious faith in their sinister power. Would the fateful tradition prevail? Had his friend redeemed his honour only to fall victim to the curse that hung over his House? Well, certainly he could not have met death in more gallant fashion. The rescue of a whole ship's crew was an achievement to place him among the roll of heroes.

A swift step in the hall made him turn, and glancing round, he came face to face with Ursula Vassall. Pale as was her face, a suppressed radiance in her look told him that the news she brought was good.

'Gerald has recovered consciousness,' she said.
'We have been talking.'

'Thank God!' burst from the soldier's lips.

'I don't know what you must have thought of me last night,' she went on in a lower voice, a note of shame in its sound. 'But I had just heard something—something dreadful—about him. I'—— She broke off.

'Something you should never have been told,' Edgell supplemented sternly.

She glanced up at him, startled.

In answer to her look he went on, and in a few words explained how he had been a listener to Rafe's treachery the preceding afternoon, concluding with his own version of Gerald's failure on the evening of the attack.

'His heroism last night proves the real stuff of which he is made,' he added. 'It was the sun—the presentiment.'

She glanced round apprehensively. 'That

dreadful prophecy!'

As she spoke a bell rang sharply in a distant portion of the house. It was followed by the

sound of hurrying footsteps.

The next moment Rafe, with a face deathly pale, came across the hall toward them. 'My father,' he said, halting at sight of the pair, and speaking in a low, uncomprehending fashion—'he is dead. They found him a few moments ago. It must have been another stroke.'

A silence followed the announcement.

'Then Gerald is no longer the Heir of Hun.' It was Edgell's voice that had spoken. He was

half-ashamed of the words the next moment; they had been forced from him almost unconsciously by his sense of relief at the solution of an inextricable problem. After all, what had life meant to the paralysed invalid upstairs?

Oh wae's me for the Heir o' Hun, And wae's me for the weird o' him; Short is his course in the licht o' the sun, And that s'all be the curse on him.

Rafe repeated the lines half-mechanically, his eyes staring before him. Then he gave a sudden, odd little laugh. 'I didn't think of it till just now,' he said. 'I am the Heir of Hun.'

Edgell glanced quickly at Ursula. The girl's face had flushed. 'I believe,' she said very low, 'that the curse is broken; that last night wiped away the reproach from this House.'

Edgell's deep tones echoed the sentiment.

THE END.

CORSTOPITUM, THE BURIED ROMAN TOWN IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

By A. Brown.

IT will no doubt be of interest to archæologists and others who have an opportunity of seeing or hearing of the excavations and the interesting things unearthed at Corstopitum to have some outline of them given here. With that object the writer presents these notes, and will be glad if he can convey some of the pleasure which was experienced from his visit.

Through Allendale, where the lordship stretches for miles, the river Tyne flows in great sweeps and stretches of still water, and again great ripplings that ebb and flow in ever-changing volume. An elevated plateau less than a mile west from the modern village of Corbridge is the scene of the work on which the Newcastle Antiquarian Society has been spending its energies for some years past.

The whole site was cultivated land, yielding its routine of crops like the neighbouring country-side, without a murmur of the dead things of history that lie so close to its surface, though in the crypt of Hexham Abbey is the inscribed stone of the Roman Emperor Lucius Septimus Severus and his two sons, Caracalla and Geta, which probably came from Corstopitum.

Overnight it had rained heavily, and through the open window was heard the increasing rush of the rising river; by morning light it had risen from four to five feet, and was flowing through all the seven arches of the modern bridge, the successor of the old Roman bridge which carried the Watling Street of the Romans across the river at the same point. Bright sunshine, however, burst through the mist and kindled a longing to be out by the riverside and the 'things of old.' Salmon were racing

up with the spate, plum and apple trees hung red, and the old pear-trees in the village gardens were laden with yellow and brown speckled fruit.

The Wall of the Emperor Hadrian (built about 120 A.D.), which stretches from the Solway to the Tyne at Newcastle, ran but two to three miles north of this.

As the open country is reached the view is truly magnificent, right up the Tyne valleys and beyond Hexham to the north, with rolling woodlands and hills. What an eye for country the Romans had! A spot which commanded the whole country round is the site of the Roman station which is being excavated.

The work has the advantage of keen and thorough oversight. Oxford thought has been attracted by the material for studying archæology at home, and the field is but yet opened. It is now considered that the ground to be explored cannot be less than thirty acres, and only a few

of these have yet been overtaken.

The leading principle to get at is: what is the relation of this Roman station of Corstopitum to the military Wall of Hadrian? The excavations have to a great extent elucidated that. Passing round the mounds of excavated earth are found two oblong foundations nearly equal in size, and apparently utilised for similar purposes. Their basements, or, rather, ground-floors, as they would be, are paved and ventilated below and from the sides by stone conduits as airpassages, their purpose evidently being that of grain-stores. No remains of implements for winnowing have been found, as that would be done before the grain was collected; but hand-

grinding millstones are numerous. A convenient collecting centre, this station of Corstopitum had had its guard of the Twentieth Legion, and had sent north under escort supplies to the garrisons on Hadrian's Wall. These granaries measure nearly a hundred feet in length; their masonry is well preserved, except where depleted of its outer courses, for the site has been quarried for building material in later times. What remains is of admirable finish and uniformity. Stone mullions appearing in one of the windows are said to be unique as a feature of Roman architecture, and one of these still in its place is probably the oldest extant.

The Romans were nothing if not practical; they did not allow their soldiers to die of ennui. Close beside these granaries is a large fountain, the trough almost intact and complete except where the footsteps of thirsty animals have worn the stonework through years of use. The scroll indicates that it was built by the soldiers of the Twentieth Legion.

Farther east is the most extensive and massive Roman building that has yet been found in the north, or indeed in Britain; the Roman baths at Bath, of all the Roman remains, can alone compare with it. Its plan and purpose have yet to be cleared up, though it is suggested that it appears in the nature of a forum, the square court-house foundation (like the prætorium of a Roman camp) standing alone in the open centre of the enclosure. The masonry of this forum is of solid oblong blocks of stone which pass right through its walls, one end being the outside wall surface and the other end the inside wall surface. The stones are dressed in rustic fashion, with a moulding outside, and no lime or cement was used, as the blocks themselves gave the walls sufficient solidity. The whole enclosure is about fifty yards square, and shops or offices around indicate the whole as a place of exchange or meeting. Here and there traces of fire appear Whether these are the result on the stones. of fires of squatters in later times seeking the kindly shelter of the then ruined walls, or whether the station in Roman times had been burned down, it is not possible to say. The Roman occupation, however, continued till the close of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century, when it seems more than likely that Corstopitum was attacked and burned down.

While the large buildings above referred to form the groundwork for archeological discussion, the lesser things found bring us nearer to the living realities and surroundings of the Romans who lived there. Frequent is the finding of pottery ware, both of local clay and make and of what appears to have been brought from the Continent. Samian and Castor ware abound, in fragments more frequently, though in many cases restorable by piecing together. Embossed

work round the potsherds shows hunting scenes, and in one case a rustic piping under shading trees to a youth who is dancing in front. One very effective and unique fragment of embossed work is the figure of a man in a state of rude nature, in strong relief from the groundwork, holding in his hands a stone hammer. Probably, even in Roman times, this was an ornament characteristic of the early conditions of the inhabitants when Julius Cæsar first came to Britain before the beginning of the Christian era.

There are spear-heads, knives, and other iron implements of war and the home, swollen and blistered with rust; and one curiosity is what looks like a primitive razor, its joint pointing to its having been used as such. Ballista stones (ball ammunition for the catapults) are in abundance, varying in size from three to five inches in diameter; no doubt they were hewn at Corstopitum from its local quarries close by for the legionaries on the Wall. Of sculptured architectural fragments the most noteworthy is the head of the sun-god in low relief, on local stone, about two feet square, with an unusual nimbus, but bold in its tracery and effects. It has been suggested as belonging to the fourth century, and the most interesting of that period found in Great Britain.

Some hundreds of copper coins have been found, varying in date from Vespasian onward. A great hoard was brought to light one morning. At the breakfast-hour one of the workmen drew out from the mould not two feet below the surface a twisted roll of lead; his pick went through it, and he was about to throw it back, when, in pulling it off the pick, he saw the glint of gold The excitement over the workings was intense till the unrolling of the lead revealed forty-eight gold coins, which, with those found later in a copper jar, form the largest treasure of Roman gold coins ever found in Britain. They are a little less in size than our sovereign, in beautiful preservation, and one could fancy they had been minted but yesterday; their metal is rich in colour, and about twenty-two carats, or nearly pure gold. Amongst them are the coins of many Roman emperors, including those of Valentinian I. and his brother Valens, who reigned over the then divided Empire from 364 to 378 Their obverse, with the Emperor's head, is a beautiful piece of design, clearly cut and well defined in feature and sharpness; the reverse has 'Restitutor Reipublicæ' or 'Victoria Augg,' and inside the frame beading a full-length javelinthrower; and the mint marks R.T., T.R.O.B.C., &c., indicating their minting at Rome or Treves. Some twenty-four of them are of Emperor Gratian and Valentinian II., sons of Valentinian I., who succeeded, and reigned till about 382 A.D. On the reverse of one of the Gratian coins the words are 'Princeps Juventutis.' Perhaps the most interesting are two of Emperor Magnus

Maximus (383-388 A.D.), the ambitious General of the Roman camp and troops in Britain, who conquered and killed the Emperor Gratian; then the Emperor Theodosius—represented by five coins in the hoard-who ruled the Eastern Empire from Constantinople, for his own protection, and, as we can well understand, in revenge for his slaughtered colleague, gave him battle and killed him. Theodosius thereupon ruled the whole Roman Empire East and West, and was the last that ever held such a position. It is curious to note that the mintmark on two of the coins, 'Cons.,' points to the possibility of their having been minted in Constantinople, though the better opinion is that 'Cons.' stands for Constans, in the south of Gaul. For fifteen hundred years these coins have lain hidden, and no doubt the person who placed them there intended to call for them again, but something happened.

The organic remains are numerous. Some found are identified as tusks of the wild boar, antlers, bones of the badger, &c., and, most interesting, those of the beaver. With the gold coins was enclosed a gold signet ring (the stone gone), pointing to their having been placed there for their intrinsic value in some emergency. Several stones fallen from their settings were found, their wax impressions yielding the curious combination insect, probably after the scarab of the ancient Egyptians, indicative of a combination

of virtues or charms to ward their wearer from the imaginings of these superstitious times.

The mysterious unknown is always of interest, and to pick up facts like those narrated of days fifteen hundred years ago quickens the historic sense and livens the archmological faculties. They give to us the outlines and the draperies of that mighty Empire; they give us hints of the interests and duties the legionaries had at the outposts of that Empire, and of that firm discipline and order which are our inheritance from them in manners and customs and laws, the Theodosian Code of the Roman Civil Law.

Beyond the sciences, archeological and historic, that free-lance, thought, and its subtle quiver of imagination point and lead the mind to draw aside the veil of the dead past; we feel the pulse and see the passions of these old-world men stirred to ward and fend what was their life's work; and through the openings in the Caledonian forests we see too the native, while shrinking from the Roman sword and spear and advancing phalanx, still hovering near and waiting his opportunity, which was soon to come, for by the beginning of the fifth century Corstopitum had been evacuated by the Romans, recalled to defend their Empire at its core.

What was left to the native and what was left to us of Roman culture have not yet been fully learned in these fifteen hundred years.

A PASSIVE RESISTER.

By Douglas Blackburn.

JEBSON, Deputy Native Magistrate at Ubizo, lounged on the veranda, reading in the local paper the report of a violent speech made in the Legislative Council by Arborrow, the ardent and vitriolic champion of the aborigines. The Humanitarian had been exhibiting his humanity to white men by proving that all white officials were savages, and the fons et origo of the native unrest. His text was a recent 'incident' upcountry, wherein Bulpin, the Deputy R.M., had knocked down an insolent chief, and precipitated a 'rising' that had resulted in several natives and policemen getting hurt. Arborrow demanded the suspension of Bulpin and an apology to the chief, and threatened an appeal to the Colonial Office.

By one of those coincidences only permitted in the stories of lady novelists, Jebson was in the act of expressing his opinion of Arborrow when Fate brought him within the aura of the Humanitarian. Bulalie, the native head-constable, rode up to the veranda and reported.

'You have been a long time, Bulalie. What detained you?'

The 'boy' explained, with native wealth of

superfluous detail, how he had met a gang of natives, under a white baas, conveying a mahogany log, and had yielded to a request to show the road.

Jebson knew that the 'boy' was lying, and that the object of his lingering was the liquor that these labour gangs always carried, in spite of restrictions and penalties; but it was too hot to waste breath in saying so. The explanation, however, interested him, because of the suggestion that a log of mahogany should be met on that particular route, going away from the coast instead of towards it. He asked a few more questions, as the result of which he issued orders to Bulalie to saddle fresh horses and prepare to show the way to the gang.

Three years of sweltering at the hottest station in the Protectorate had not sucked all the energy out of Jebson, or, more marvellous still, his official zeal. He got into his riding-kit promptly, and armed himself with strange weapons—a handsaw, inch auger, and chisel, which Bulalie wrapped in his blanket and carried at the crupper.

Two hours later the pair rode into a native kraal of a dozen huts, and saw a mahogany log. twelve feet by three, which, by means of ropealings, had been carried by a gang of twenty strange up-country natives, now busy over their evening meal.

'Where is the white baas?' Jebson demanded

of the head 'boy' of the gang.

'Gone on three hours ago, baas.'

'To Sekuni's kraal?'

The head 'boy' hesitated, and Jebson did not press him. It was safe to guess that the white man was at that time discussing with the old rebel plans for the safe reception of the log. Jebson dismounted and examined the object of his quest, while the natives crowded around, looking on in silence.

'Bring the tools, Bulalie.'

The auger had penetrated about three inches when it stopped with a grinding sound. Jebson smiled triumphantly, and went to the butt-end, prodding with his pocket-knife at several blobs of sun-dried clay. The heads of screws came in sight. With the chisel he enlarged the screwholes, and after ten minutes of moist labour prised off the end of the log, a three-inch slab that had been neatly fitted on to disguise the fact that the log was hollow. When the grass stuffing had been pulled out, the butts and muzzles of closely packed rifles gladdened his sight.

After two years of anxious watching and scheming, and many narrow escapes of mares' nests, Jebson had captured a parcel of illicit arms en route to the wily old chief Sekuni, and won

the long-hoped-for promotion.

Jebson ascended into heaven for the space of five delicious minutes. He was brought back to earth by the excited jabbering of the natives and the realisation that he had been too precipitate. He had no legal proof that the rifles were consigned to Sekuni; neither had he caught the white man in charge, who he had every reason to believe was the notorious gun-runner Booker, much suspected, but never caught in the The offence—high treason—was so serious that the Government would not prosecute unless More than one overzealous certain of its case. official had covered themselves with ridicule and earned official reprobation for shouting too soon. Gun-running was so risky and profitable that the runners took no chances. They made their plans with the elaboration that ample capital permitted. There was not a 'boy' in that gang who would not be prepared to swear that he had never seen the baas when called upon to identify him, and fifty witnesses would be produced to prove that he was a hundred miles away at the time he was supposed to be superintending the transport of the arms.

Jebson pondered all these things as he wrote a note to the white police trooper of his station, who unfortunately was away at the time of Jebson's departure.

When Bulalie had ridden off with the message, Jebson replaced the end of the log, warned

the natives not to go near it, went to one of the huts in search of food and rest, and sat down to think out plans for consummating his partial success.

Before his pipe was well under way shouts and laughter from the neighbourhood of the log made him look out. The rifles were being dragged out, and a dozen were in the hands of as many Kafirs. He rushed out with a yell that sent the crowd scattering, most of them into the bush a hundred yards distant.

Jebson picked up a rifle and a bag of cartridges dropped by one of the runaways, and proceeded ostentatiously to load. Then he called in the direction of the bush, ordering the thieves to bring back the guns. There was no response. Three women carrying rifles broke from the rear of a hut and ran like buck toward their hidden menfolk.

Jebson quietly selected half-a-dozen weapons and loaded them deliberately, taking care that the operation could be seen by the refugees. He noted that the rifles were of the usual 'gas-pipe' pattern turned out at Birmingham for the gunrunning business at five shillings and elevenpence, and sold to the natives at anything from three to five pounds apiece.

He arranged the loaded rifles near his hand, and, sitting on the log with one on his knee, called out, 'If the guns are not brought back at once I shall shoot every man I see, fire the kraal, and drive off the cattle!'

A derisive yell was the answer. The thieves could afford to laugh at the threat, because the huts and cattle were not theirs, and the bush made excellent cover. An old crone lying in one of the huts did the crying and lamentation on behalf of the prospective sufferers.

An ominous silence prevailed for many minutes. Jebson issued another ultimatum. 'You all know I am a great shooter; that I never miss. Bring back the rifles, and I will not shoot; if not, I

will do what I have threatened.'

He was loading his pipe, when something rattled on the stony ground in front! He looked up in time to catch the glint of an assagai dropping twenty yards away. The Kafirs were trying to get him from the cover of the bush. He smiled. A hundred yards are twenty too many for any but a Zulu, and these natives were poor performers with the throwing-assagai. So long as they did not rush him, Jebson could go on smoking in full sight of the enemy. But it was getting toward dark, when they might approach to within range. If the assistance he had requisitioned did not arrive within an hour matters might be serious. There was just a chance that Bulalie might find the trooper at a junction of the roads a few miles back; but if he had to go on to the magistracy it would be at least five hours before relief could be expected.

Jebson was quicker in thought than action. He had made up his mind to saddle his horse and make a bolt for it as soon as it was dark enough to cover his movements; but his physical inertia, and a vague hope that help would arrive, kept him smoking on the log with rifle on knee for half-an-hour after he could distinguish the spot where the enemy lay.

A sharp snort and the sound of his horse plunging stirred him to action. He ran to the tethered animal, and found an assagai sticking in the shoulder. The agony of withdrawing it increased the rearing and plunging. The bridle gave way, and the horse dashed off in the direction of the bush.

Then it was that Jebson admitted to himself that he was in a hole. He returned to the log and crouched behind it. For a moment he had thought of taking cover inside one of the huts; but second thoughts reminded him that, while the owner would hesitate to burn him out, no such delicacy would characterise the others, who had no proprietary interest in the structure. He rattled the rifles to let the enemy know he was awake. A sharp, hot sting on the left arm proved to him that some one else was also awake. He pulled out the assagai, and was thankful that it had just missed the muscle.

For hours Jebson waited in the dark for the next assagai. The pain of the wound was of the throbbing kind that will not be ignored; but it was a trifle to the pain of waiting for the other assagai that did not come. Men have gone mad under such an ordeal, and thousands who have endured its agonies have been ashamed to describe or confess them.

When the corporal and half-a-dozen native police arrived, five hours later, Jebson received them with a volley of abuse that could not have astonished the corporal more had it come from the mouth of a bishop. Had he not relieved his nerves that way he must have cried, laughed, and hugged like a pleased Dago official. Being typically British, and ashamed of exhibiting weakness, he bullied the corporal for not having made better time. When he had had something to eat, and a smoke, he apologised inferentially, and admitted, without being asked, that, considering the fact that it was dark, the party had travelled as fast as was reasonable.

At daybreak they rounded up the thieves, getting all the rifles back; then inspanned the gang, and made them carry the arms, log and all, to the magistracy.

The corporal's version of the incident did not do Jebson any harm. It told how the levelheaded young Deputy R.M. had sat tight on a parcel of rifles right out in the open, never firing a shot, while the heathen raged and threw assagais that stuck like porcupine-quills.

Officialdom applauded and wondered. worst of it was that Arborrow—Jebson's special aversion-led the applause, and nearly crabbed the hero's chance of promotion by demanding that the Government should grant it. Worse still, he held up Jebson as an example of that Humanitarianism that was, or ought to be, a greater essential in a controller of natives than the animal courage that shot on sight and 'upper cut' an argumentative chief.

Jebson took the embarrassing glorification lying down until his promotion was gazetted, and the youngsters began to make jokes about the advantages of officials not being able to shoot.

It was at the club one evening, when the Governor was present, and Walters, the 'funny man of the Government House set, had rather spitefully chaffed Jebson on being 'gun shy.'

'I dare say, if I took the trouble, I could shoot as well as many of you,' he retorted amiably. 'Certainly I should have potted half those beggars that night but for one thing.'

There were shouts of 'Arborrow.'

'No; I was waiting for them to fire first.'

'To justify your shooting them?

'No; to save me the trouble. Those "gaspipes" always burst at the second or third round, and I had no revolver.'

AT THE OFFICE WINDOW.

OH the purple of the heather on the hill-top by the sea!

Where I used to lie a-dreaming when the summer days were long; When the scented bells were rifled by the honey-

seeking bee, And the salt breeze from the ocean was a tonic

pure and strong!

From my office in the City I can view a patch of sky,

And my neighbour has a rose-bush that is thick with crimson bloom;

But we had a lovelier birthplace—his little tree and I-

And it often, often sends me a sweet message of perfume.

Then amidst the roar of traffic I can hear the hum of bees,

As they flit in search of nectar o'er the green hill's sunny crest;

While the wind makes eerie music in the bent and twisted trees, Or the lark pours out his passion far above a

lowly nest.

I can see the quaint gray homestead and the granite window-sill,

With the pot of red geranium and the yellow-

flowering musk; And I wonder if my mother keeps her patient vigil still,

Though no sound of eager footsteps breaks the quiet of the dusk.

Oh the purple of the heather! oh the sapphire of the sea!

Oh the anxious face that smiles at me across the waning light! But I cannot see the roses on my neighbour's

little tree;
You may close the office window—there must
be a fog to-night.

F MATHESON. E. MATHESON.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

THIS celebration of the Centenary of Peace, as it is named, between the United States and Great Britain, which, having been already begun, is to be continued until next year, with a variety of rejoicings in different parts of the world, is an interesting business, one to cause deep reflection when properly considered. official keynote to these celebrations and all announcements concerning them is a statement of the brotherly feeling existing between the two nations, of their recognition of the old and honoured sentiment that blood is thicker than water, and that the Americans are, after all, but Britons gone across the water. The people of the two countries, it is urged, speak the same language; they read the same literature; they have many thoughts and ideals in common. It is therefore a glorious thing that for a hundred years two such powerful nations should have been at peace with each other when nearly all other Powers of the world have been continually intermixed in destructive warfare. In that fact there is certainly much satisfaction, though it should not be entirely overlooked that more than once these sister-nations have come dangerously near to fighting, and that in argument and diplomacy there has not always been displayed toward each other that gentle tolerance, the realisation of well-meaning, that we might expect from those who place the claims and sentiments of kindred above other considerations. Perhaps because neither of them is a military nation in the sense that the Powers of Europe are, and they have other great work to do, an empire to maintain on the one hand, and a continent to develop on the other, and because the crime against humanity that is committed by bloodshed in battle strikes against their conscience more than it does against the consciences of other races, may be the reasons why America and Britain have not fought since the Treaty of Ghent was signed in 1814. Possibly these considerations have had more to do with this happy achievement than any thought of language and blood that may ever have been entertained. The achievement is magnificent, and wholesome to the world; and if we question the causes of it, that does not signify that it is appreciated any the less, or that now we should not rejoice with thankful

hearts and each to the other express our sincere obligations. But between two people of supremely good sense there should always be candour and sincerity, and to no Briton who has travelled with open eyes and an inquiring tongue through the United States does it appear that the language being employed in respect to the preliminaries of these celebrations represents the real feeling of the two great communities. This, perhaps, should not have been expected of it. Official language is rarely sincere. It is designed to serve a purpose. It is smooth, suave, pleasant, and most highly complimentary. It means little or nothing; sometimes it is intended very craftily to mean the opposite to what it represents. It rarely does any good; but it is prepared with the object of doing no harm. Occasionally those with deepest knowledge of the undercurrents of affairs can detect a subtle innuendo beneath the simplest statement, and the chancelleries may exercise themselves greatly upon it. innuendo may have been intended. Official language, in the form of declarations and speeches, particularly when it is pleasant, has effect, therefore, only upon the ignorant. Those without knowledge and understanding are being informed at the present time about the joyous feelings which animate the two countries as they go forward to the celebration of the Centenary of Peace. As a matter of cold truth, this does not by any means suggest the spirit in which the excellent Americans are approaching the festival. To them it is the Centenary of the termination of 'the second War of Independence,' as it has been called; their final riddance of the rule and tyranny and oppression of Britain, the mother country; and in all the circumstances of the case I do not blame them for their view.

* * *

It is a matter which interests me exceedingly; for in two successive years I travelled far through the United States, and to persons of all qualities and kinds I continually directed inquiries and made conversations with them, with the object of discovering the exact nature of the sentiment that Americans in general entertain toward this country and its people. Perhaps we should not write of 'Americans in

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general,' for any averaging or generalising of character and opinion is nearly impossible in this great country, and between the East and the West there are such divergences as can hardly be comprehended by Europeans who have not considered them on the soil. I read now that official plans for national thanksgivings in both countries are extensive and elaborate. America more than eighty towns have appointed committees to arrange for local rejoicings, and something of the kind is to be done in this There are to be thanksgiving services in the churches of each country, and the denominations are to exchange fraternal greetings and gifts with each other. The municipality of Ghent has invited delegations from the United States and Great Britain to take part in two or three days' rejoicing in the city where in 1814 the treaty was signed which put an end to the war between the two countries. It is anticipated that the American delegates will afterwards come to London, and it is proposed to hold the official British celebrations next June. Then there is a scheme for the visit of two delegations from America to this country, and for two British delegations to pay a return visit to the United States. In this way all the needs and courtesies of the occasion will be most fully satisfied. Nothing that can be done officially to suggest the happiness of the peoples in their mutual friendship will be left undone. And yet I fear that there are candid and cynical men and women in Chicago and San Francisco who will be little influenced, and who on the very days of these rejoicings will bless themselves, as they do continually, that they are not like the British, and hope to be more and more unlike them as the years pass on. And at this moment I read that Congress has refused to supply money for the celebrations of the centenary of the Treaty of Ghent. The treaty stood for the mere peace; the great independence and all the marvellous development and a soaring freedom of spirit were developed afterwards. Congress, of course, does not explain that.

* * *

Those who have not visited America can form no proper idea either of the nature and quality of the country as it has been developed, and its institutions, or of the ways and the manner of thinking of the people, their attitude to life and to the rest of the world. Our Eastern imagination fails at creating a fair picture of the United States and its people, notwithstanding our constant and extensive association with American visitors to this country, the American newspapers that are printed in English, and the illustrations of the cities and the country that are presented to us. It is easier to imagine Egypt and Italy with a fair degree of accuracy before going there than it is to imagine the United States. In the same way I suspect that Americans who have

never visited Britain have but the crudest notion of the strength and the splendour of the country, and the quality and vigour of the people. In the elementary schools of America the children are taught a kind of history which is most misleading in the facts stated and in the impression that it conveys. A seed of something approaching contempt is apt to be sown in the young American mind, and it grows afterwards in a soil that is well cultivated for it. A fair part of America believes that all the male British who would not be seriously inconvenienced wear eyeglasses and walk about always with goldheaded canes, bowing most obsequiously to all persons of title if they do not happen themselves to be of noble blood. One of the things in America that every travelling Briton must sorrow for most is the quite pitiable character of American ignorance in matters of this kind. The general attitude to Britain varies somewhat according to the class. The lower classes -the comparison being in the matter of wealth and culture—are merely ignorant and indifferent. Britain is nothing; it is as if she did not exist. These people are without knowledge, without thought, and without sentiment. They were either born in America or they have come to America because the rest of the world has failed them; and here, rubbing shoulders with the people of every other country, they live a life of careless, thoughtless freedom. The middle classes, here as elsewhere most powerful in some respects, are generally cold and often contemptuous in their attitude toward us in the abstract and individually until they come by knowledge that convinces them of their mistake; and then, to be fair to them, they are not slow to make amends. But it is that abstract view that is the pity and the danger. I have conversed with literally hundreds of these Americans who think and say—and say it with a smile—that the end of the British Empire is at hand, and that when the German guns begin to shoot it will be time for people to hurry out of London and take all their belongings with them. I have heard welleducated university men talk such rubbish, and mean it, and they seem to gloat upon the prospect most unsympathetically. If ignorance is responsible for much of this extraordinary belief, I think jealousy has something to do with it also. When America gained independence—and it was proper and perhaps inevitable that she should have it, and in such a case the circumstances in which she obtained her freedom matter littleshe did not gain it by conquest, simple conquest. Britain flourished afterwards and grew greater; and, with all the wonders she has achieved, America in her heart cannot, of course, satisfy herself that she is really the greatest country in the world, though she says she is. In the monuments and mementos of the achievement of the independence there is continually suggested a certain vein of bitterness and

antagonism which a hundred and thirty years has done little to mitigate. This is very pronounced, for example, in the Capitol at Washington. The achievement of its independence has been everything to America; it was the birth of the nation; but in the memorials there seems continually to be something done to exaggerate the blameworthiness of Britain and her humiliation. Here, indeed, we hear and see nothing of blood being thicker than water. It is all America, great America, and America alone and mightily independent. Yet there have been indications in recent times that the high authorities of the country are feeling that there may be a danger in too much of this independence. Great and free as she is, America is still a part of the world, and the rest of it has been causing her some anxiety. Mexico has made her uneasy, and there is Japan threatening all the time. She begins to think that there may be an advantage in the possession of friends, and, for the first time in her history, realises that the European system of alliances, with all its faults, still has certain merits of safety. In the upper classes of American society there is for the most part what might be called a tolerance of Britain combined with the usual American affectation of superiority. Yet it is fairly good-natured, and the American gentleman is an extremely fine man, broad-minded, really gentle and sympathetic, and in some of the arts of life, notably in his style and manner of being host to the visiting foreigner, he is the kindest human creature in the world.

* * *

Those who visit only the eastern seaboard of America, the part which is nearest to us, can form no proper estimate of the nature of American feeling toward this country, although they may gather a strong suspicion of it. New York is a fast, gay, boastful sort of place, and it indulges in great exaggerations. Boston is called the 'hub of the universe,' but New York certainly thinks the title should be given to itself. And, to tell the truth, New York is indeed an exceedingly fine city, and those who have not seen such sights as its marvellous, glittering Fifth Avenue, its magnificent Public Library and other municipal institutions, and its splendid harbour can form no conception of what the Americans have, and of what they are capable. Because of an excessive sense of its own value and smartness, New York is inclined to look upon Britain and the British as decadent. Boston, on the other hand, is in New England, and this sentiment of being New England, having association with, or having arisen from, the old one, is very real here and in other parts of Massachusetts. You may hear the expression 'the Old Country' used in Boston now, and used with some kindly feeling, as is rarely the case in other parts of the United States. Boston is American enough; it is as proud as any city of its independence and of the greatness of its country; but it is not cold and callous. It is thoughtful and appreciative, and the wandering Briton here comes upon as good a sense of ease as he may find anywhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Yet, despite what I have said about New York, I would add that there and all along the Atlantic seaboard there is no pronounced feeling against this country; such as there is rests only on the surface and is of little account. Notwithstanding the Atlantic, Britain does not seem so far away. There is only water in between, and the financial people of New York and the traders do business with her constantly on the most intimate terms. The cables are busy always with communications between the two. Commercially, at all events, London and New York cannot afford to do anything but respect each other. And when you have done more than cross the ocean, it is curious to discover how little the ocean seems. I remember that once, after travelling for some weeks right into the heart of the country, so far into it that London and England were hardly ever mentioned by anybody, not being places with which they had any concern, I made my way back on the railroad day and night, and at last, on reaching Boston, took the train at once from there to Newport, on Rhode Island, America's most fashionable watering-place, for a few days' comparative rest after a worrying, hustling time. When I reached Newport I went down to the seashore, and for the first time for weeks saw again the great Atlantic. Such a friendly Atlantic it did appear then! I seemed already to be in England again. Did not this Atlantic, here lapping America, touch England also? There should be nothing to do but climb aboard our Lusitania, and sit awhile, read awhile, and sleep awhile, and in England we should be. That was a curious impression to be formed of being practically at home though some thousands of miles of sea still intervened; but I mention it because, as I have discovered, it is common to nearly all travellers who have gone a long way inland, and then, homeward bound, have come back to the coast. Just as I did myself, out of the feeling of friendliness to the good Atlantic, they go down to the edge of the water and touch it with their fingers. So it is with the Americans of the east in a very much more limited way. They feel themselves, despite their independence and their smartness and their greatness, to be very closely in touch with Britain after all, and that feeling has its effect.

* * *

But go far into the middle of the country, and it is so very different. What do they care for Britain in Chicago? There, in that most remarkable city of the central states, the American idea blossoms to the full. In many matters there is a considerable jealousy between Chicago and the cities of the east, and these, including New York, are on the extreme limit of their eastern horizon. There is nothing beyond. London might be There are no ships coming from it anywhere. to Chicago, and there is more than a thousand miles to be travelled on land before any ship, save a lake or river steamer, can be seen. The people in Chicago who have been to Britain are naturally far fewer in proportion than those in New York and Boston. And in Chicago they do not wish to go either. They have no curiosity; Britain does not concern them. In the Chicago newspapers you will find only the meagrest paragraphs about British affairs. They do not dislike Britain so much as they are indifferent, with just a shade of contempt that has arisen through the strange tales they have heard of that old country where ancient customs are still honoured, and where there is still a House of Lords. Chicago is a very wonderful city; for my own part, I regard it as the eighth wonder of the world; and if there is any community of persons in the two hemispheres who, collectively, have the right to be proud of themselves and their achievement, it is the community of Chicago. who have made this great city in such a short space of time. But it is very self-centred, and, being so, is of far smaller mind and comprehension than it thinks it is. Were I lord of the world, and working for its general improvement, I would insist on British history being taught in some of those splendid Chicago schools, and after that the pupils should cram at statistics of British trade and commerce and the wealth and possessions of the country. But Chicago is not to be blamed for its forgetfulness of the existence of all except the millions and millions of acres of wheat-fields of its golden west and the financial centre of New York. Do we not know that even emigrating British who go first to New York feel, as they always do, the homeland straining at their hearts, yet find this pain depart and a perhaps happy forgetfulness come upon them when they go west? It is usually that way, and only a small proportion of emigrants of any class settle in New York after arriving there. The population is more floating than that of any other big city. The emigrant tries to settle in New York; but sooner or later he is drawn into the great American vortex, and then westward it is that he most commonly wends his way.

If I have seemed to suggest that the Americans are blameworthy for not entertaining warmer feelings toward Britain than they seem to have, I would mitigate that impression. Do we not expect too much of them in the way of warm and generous sentiment? And what right have we to

expect anything at all like that? The arrogance of their independence may be a little exaggerated, a little false, but so is the implication in that worn-out sentiment that blood is thicker than water. The Americans are white people, and they speak our language, but little enough of Britain is there in these people now. All the peoples of the world have flocked to that new country, and the white races have mixed and formed such a remarkable amalgam that it is a new race, with new characteristics. Every visitor to New York is impressed with the strong influence of the Dutch element in it. It is quite conceivable that Dutch might have been the prevailing language in that state; and if it had been, where then would have been the blood-and-water sentiment? This new race has made a new life in a new country. It began its world afresh with far more thoroughness and completeness and change in detail than was done in the French Revolution when the old calendar was abandoned and time was begun again with the Year One. Their ways of life are now far, far different from our own, and that circumstance has almost necessarily produced a great change in thoughts, and to some extent in ideals also. Their habits are not the same, and their climate, foods, and drinks are vastly different; and I have a notion that difference in climate, foods, and drinks counts for more in the separation of peoples than even difference in language. America has broken away entirely from the European system and the European habit. Nothing is the same. You may dine from precisely the same dishes in a hundred restaurants in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, and St Petersburg; but you cannot do that in New York and Chicago. We have no right to expect this new and very fine race of people, with such a magnificent virility, living their new kind of life in their new country, to display toward us the least scintilla of sentimental allegiance, and it is because we do expect it and are disappointed that a misapprehension arises. The Americans are not easy to understand thoroughly. Their own national character is not yet completely formed, and will not be until more serious troubles have been encountered and hundreds of years have passed. In this world every man is an actor, and from his birth onward he is playing a part. He plays it consciously at first, and then the part absorbs him, and he is lost in it. That is his achievement of character. But the Americans are still conscious of the parts they are playing; they are all actors, very obviously, and they are not always clever actors. Their celebrated hustling is merely acting; and, for the last word, I think that much of this pride of independence of theirs and this seeming antagonism to Great Britain is acting too.

THE HOUSE OF LADDO.

CHAPTER IV.

COME now to the recounting of a black and terrible night that has lived in my memory when much of more real import has faded. It might have been three days after the meeting with Rose Chalmers of which I have told. In this time I had seen Mr Robert but once, and on that occasion all he could tell me was that his plans were not yet ready. He had seemed weary and ill of spirit; as well he might, for the news of the cause grew worse daily, and I dare say he was beginning to find my uncle's meshes more thickly woven than he had bargained for. Alice inquired constantly for him, sending a thousand kind messages, and expecting as many in return -the which, God forgive me, I had to invent to the best of my ability; for if he had time to think of any one at Laddo, it was always of Rose, and for Alice he scarcely seemed to care. I know not if it be always so between brother, sister, and beloved; but if it be, I cannot help thinking it a very tragic affair.

Well, about midnight on this terrible night I was roused by such screams as the lost spirits must emit in their torments. The first of them set me up in bed with my teeth clenched and a cold sweat pouring down me, the second brought me to the door of my room, and the third into the hall, where I found Rintoul hanging on to the stairfoot with a face like a ghoul and a lantern

jumping about in his hands.

'În God's name,' I cried, 'what is going forward up yonder?'

'Nivver heed it,' said he through his chatter-

ing teeth. 'We maunna heed it.'

'You half-witted fool!' I shouted at him, 'that comes from Miss Chalmers's room. We must heed it, or there may be murder done! Follow

with that lamp.

I sprang to the stairs, but he followed never an inch, and the well of murderous darkness above nearly sent me back to his side. It cost me an effort to lean over the rail, snatch the lamp from his hand, and hold on my way up the stair. I can still see his dead-white face gaping after me with an expression almost imbecile from terror. By this time the screaming had died away, and as I reached the door of Rose's room it flew crashing open against the wall, and out came my uncle with a great hunting-crop in his By the light inside the room I could see Rose lying across her bed; she was half-dressed, and her body tossed and flung from side to side as if in an agony of convulsion. Something in the sight pulled me to my senses, and I confronted my uncle boldly enough.

'Uncle David,' said I (I hope steadily), 'what

have you done?'

He turned upon me a face perfectly vacant, as

at our first meeting, and pushed past me without a word. But my blood was up, and I was minded to go through with this; so I caught him by the coat and repeated my question. He turned at that and looked at me—a cruel, chilling look, like a snake's.

'Go to your bed,' said he.

'Not yet,' said I; 'not till'-

Like a flash his face changed to a fury of hell; he threw down the crop with a crash, and tearing open his coat, dragged from his belt a most hideous curved knife. He raised this frightful weapon to strike me, his eyes glaring in the lantern-light like a beast's, and at that —God forgive me—I turned and ran with a yell of terror. He pursued me but a few yards, when he stopped with a kind of grunt, and retracing his steps down the corridor, locked himself in his private apartment at the far end.

I went back presently to Rose's room, whither I found Alice had already groped her way. I was prepared for I know not what catastrophe, but there was less damage done than we had feared. He had laid no hand on the girl; but he had terrified her within an inch of her life and something less than that of her reason. Her nerves had been too long on the rack, and at the first sound of his voice raised in anger her wits had fairly left her and she had screamed herself into a frenzy.

But I now felt—and I think with some justice—that this matter had reached a climax, and the next day when I saw Mr Robert I laid the whole tale before him. He was extraordinarily moved; his face grew whiter and whiter as I went on, and more and more terribly set, till at last he sprang to his feet

with a tremendous oath.

'Davy,' said he, 'I must see her, and at once. Bring her here this afternoon, or I will have

your life.'

I consented readily enough, thinking it an easy task; but when I gave her the news she only went very pale, and cried out against Heaven for dealing her the most cruel blow of all. It took all my persuasion to make her consent to see him, and when finally we had slipped out of the house and were well on our way and caught a first glimpse of him sitting on the broken dike, she gave a great gasp, and I thought she would have turned back even then. I had thought to see them rush into each other's arms; but instead they stood gazing as white as ghosts—he half-risen from his seat, and she hanging back as though she would fain make a bolt away even yet.

'Davy,' said he at last, 'run away.'

'No,' she said quickly. 'If Davy goes, I go too. He has been kinder to me than you have.'

He winced at that very painfully. 'You are

very hard, Rose,' said he.
'I think you have heard this morning,' said she, 'what has hardened me. That is what you left me to endure.'

'It need not have been so,' replied he slowly, but for yourself. And, in any case, by Heaven, it shall be so no longer, Rose!' he cried, springing up and throwing out his hands towards her. 'Wait but a few weeks till my duty is through, and then you shall come with me wherever on earth you will.

'You are a shade too late, Bob,' said she; 'I

am betrothed to some one else.'

At that I thought he would have fallen, for his face went quite dead, and he swallowed in

'In God's name,' he got out at last, 'who?'

'It concerns you little,' she said; 'but, if you will have it, to Patrick Cockburn.

The name seemed to pull him together again. Rose dear, said he, 'this is some nonsense. You cannot care for Cockburn.

'You are importinent,' said she. 'If the truth he told, I do not; but he can take me away from here, and that is all I care for.'

'Cockburn!' cried he. 'Oh, Rose, Rose, what

has Cockburn that I have not?

She took a very careful stock of him as he said this, and I well believe that it was an effort for her not to throw her arms round him and be done with it. He was not actually handsome, to be sure, but there was that in his face then which made it worth a second look and a third

'He has not your looks, Bob,' said she, still watching him, 'nor your youth. But he has one thing you have not, nor are like to have—a home for his wife. And he can take me away from here.'

'So can and will I!' cried Lechmere. 'Give

me but two weeks more.

'I cannot,' she said; 'indeed I cannot. I am too frightened. You do not understand; Davy did not understand; no man could understand. Men are not frightened like women; they can fight it down. But a woman's fear can be too big to fight. It eats one up; it becomes one's whole life; and in the end one must run away. No, Bob, I cannot and will not stay.'

He sat down again on the wall. 'Am I to have no chance?' he asked.

'You had your chance long ago,' said she very cruelly, 'and you chose to throw it back in my face. Can you complain?'

'Is that your last word?' he asked in a level

'Yes,' said she; 'I am going away with Cockburn the next time he comes—and I pray God it may be to-night.'

'I wish you happiness,' said he. 'Good-bye.'

Rose and I had gone some little distance, when, on a foolish impulse of consolation, I turned and ran back to where he still sat on the ruined

'Mr Robert,' I began, 'can I say'----

He looked at me with some of his father's passion in his eyes.

'She said you were kinder to her than I,' he said in a voice I scarcely knew. 'Get out of my sight ere I kill you!'

But I had gone but a few steps when he called after me. 'Come to-morrow morning,' he cried, 'and we shall get to more serious work than this.

By way of epilogue to this incident, let me add that Cockburn came to Laddo that evening, and that ere he went he asked Rose to be his wife—which he had not done before. I know not to this day how she got it out of him, but she contrived it somehow. But for some feminine reason, which it would ill-beseem me to guess, she did not then go away with him, but remained where she was, terror and all.

I was upon the knoll betimes the next morn-

ing, but for once there was no sign of Mr Robert. I waited in the usual place, while the sun climbed slowly up the heavens, touching out ever more brightly the flat lands on the promontory of Laddo and the dull rounded expanse of sea beyond, and was just falling into some perplexity whether to give way to annoyance or misgiving when my attention was diverted by a somewhat unusual circumstance.

Some little distance out to sea a strange ship had come up in the night—less strange in her appearance, which proclaimed her to be some sort of foreign brig, than in her actions. For some time after I first caught sight of her she lay to, fairly close-hauled and nearer in to the Ness than we were accustomed to see such craft; then on a sudden she hoisted sail, and beat up against the wind as though she would make for the May Island. Presently, however, she tacked off northwards, then stood out to sea, and finally, after a sweeping detour, got back to her original position. After about an hour this manœuvre was repeated; and then, it being full noon and very bright sunlight, my quick eyes caught sight of something else. There was a belt of stringy firwood between Laddo and the sea, and beyond this I saw my uncle heading away down to the Ness with his glass under his arm.

At this spectacle all my former curiosity as to his doings came back in a wave. I hesitated an instant with a curiously agreeable tremor of apprehension at my heart, and then, making up my mind to it, I ran at my best speed down the side of the hill, and so got into another of these haphazard straggles of timber. This carried me in a course very nearly parallel to that my uncle was taking, slightly converging upon it, and running to within a hundred yards of the cliffedge, the intervening space being taken up by

a rough incline covered with whin and scrub. I had run, as I say, at my best speed, but by the time I reached this open space my uncle had made the water's edge and was out of my

There was nothing for it but to creep along among the whins in the hope that I might come upon him, and so I presently did. Almost at the nearest point to the House of Laddo there ran into the land a small rectangular bay or creek, flanked by natural piers of flat rock, and culminating in a tiny beach of shingle. It was on one of these piers of rock that I now saw my uncle standing. He had been joined in the interval by another man, whom I made out to be Rintoul, and with whom he appeared to be in deep consultation. The creek was very deep, but at present the tide was low, and a long white frieze of barnacles showed along the rocks. Presently my uncle consulted his watch, and gesticulated towards the ship, which had by this time recommenced her evolutions; then, very shortly after, he went off, taking Rintoul with him.

I was determined to see this matter out, and at first minded to stay where I was; but, thinking it conceivable I might be missed, I returned by a detour to the house. The place was perfectly quiet for the remainder of the day, Rintoul going about his work, and my uncle closeted with his papers. Cockburn came for a time, which he spent wholly in seclusion with Rose, so that I concluded that in this part of my uncle's transactions he had no share. We were all got to bed early, and for two good hours nothing stirred. Then at last—it might be about eleven o'clock -I caught a slight bustle from the coach-house, and saw Rintoul's bent and goblin-like figure creeping to and fro with a lamp. After an interval I heard my uncle speaking in a low voice; and at last the lantern went bobbing and circling away like a will-o'-the-wisp in the direction of the sea.

I slipped out by my window, and found that the fog with which we had all day been threatened had blown up thick from the east and plunged us in a watery and impenetrable darkness. It was cruelly cold, and I was glad to run as fast as the mirk would allow me, with the result that in spite of my detour I had crept into the bushes right above the creek some five minutes before my uncle and Rintoul came

stumbling down the path.

Rintoul set down the lantern on a rock, and for some slight interval nothing further occurred; then, very suddenly, there came a hoarse voice, bawling something out of the fog. Rintoul made a trumpet of his hands, and shouted back something, alike unintelligible; and after some further like interchanges, a long, lean boat, manned by four men, shot out of the wall of mist and drew into the creek. My heart began to thump wildly; I know not what I expected to see, but I think there was no earthly horror for which I was not prepared. But in a moment they were all as busy as bees, pulling boxes from the boat, and setting them down with considerable clatter on the rocks; and at that the truth dawned on me, with a chill of disappointment-my uncle was no better and no worse than a common smuggler, his riches made by no more harrowing means. I know not whether it were mirth at the thought of this right hand of government and order being so employed, and of Rintoul's dreadful deeds, which cost him so many rackings and groanings, turning out to be merely the carrying of a few kegs of brandy, or whether it were exultation at the thought of the weapon I could now place in Mr Robert's hands, or whether it were merely the cold; at any rate, I gave a great start, and shook a large stone out of the rubble beside me. Down went this cursed boulder, leaping from rock to rock with the most fiendish din, and finally plunging, like a cannon-shot, into the deep water within ten yards of where they stood.

Their heads went up as one man, and as one man they pulled out some sort of weapon. But for the cold fear that kept me flat on my face I would have jumped up and run for it, and so without doubt should have lost my life. As it was, I lay in a kind of paralysis, while they stood in a little knot with their heads on one side listening—all save that very chicken-hearted pirate Rintoul, who was already at his prayers. Presently my uncle picked up the lantern, and, followed by a great black-haired giant from the boat, came deliberately to the end of the creek, and flashed the light on the bushes where I lay.

'A stray sheep,' said he at last.

'I'm none so sure o' that,' said the other.

'Put a shot through these bushes, then,' said my uncle.

'On the word, before I had time to move or think, the fellow cocked his great horse-pistol and let drive. The ball roared within three and let drive. inches of my head, and drove a splinter of whin into my left cheek; and at that a sort of sickness came over me, and everything went black.

I came back to my senses to find myself alone, with the dawn breaking coldly and dismally through the fog, the white lines of barnacles again showing in the creek, and the tide lapping slowly back. The wound in my cheek had bled considerably, and gave me much pain, and I was stiff with cold and wet, but I got somehow to my feet and began to make my way back to Laddo. At first the fear still had hold of me, and I felt sick and faint; but presently, as the blessed daylight grew stronger, my spirits revived. I had got through the night's work, and through it well; I seemed to hold my uncle in the hollow of my hand. I began to see myself again as the protagonist in the drama, and the saviour of all concerned.

(Continued on page 633,)

WITH NAPOLEON TO ST HELENA.

By A. FRANCIS STEUART.

AMONG a bundle of old papers entrusted to me a few days ago I came upon a small red book-of the kind which we now make 'weekly books' of, but which apparently cost three-andsix when bought in 1815, showing the high price and rarity of paper in former days-which is a record of a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, who had, as he would no doubt have expressed it, the good fortune of assisting to convey the Corsican Tyrant Boney' on his last voyage on H.M.S. Northumberland. The writer was Lieutenant Nelson Mills, R.N., and there is a romantic reason why this private journal was kept. A dearly loved cousin of the youthful lieutenant was Henrietta Moore, née Janssen,* a passionate hero-worshipper, with Napoleon as the object of her worship, and it was for her that the young naval officer kept the record, knowing that information about her hero's doings on his entrance to his last exile would give her pleasure and interest her greatly, but perhaps not knowing that the record supplies some facts wanting in the accounts of the lieutenant's superior officers, and that every little detail about the great man would be of future value.

The journal begins: 'August 7th, 1815.—Came on board General Napoleon Buonaparte (from H.M. ship Bellerophon). He was saluted on the quarterdeck by the marines of the ship under arms in the same manner as an English General.' He mentions his followers, the faithful General Bertrand and the Comte de Montholon, with their wives and children, and the rest of his suite by name, and adds that the ex-Emperor had 'twelve male and two female servants.'

Napoleon 'returned the salute by taking off his hat and bowing to all the officers who were He entered into conversation with Captain Beattie of the Marines respecting the length of time he had served, what actions he had been in, and whether he had ever been wounded. He replied that he had served many years, had been wounded, and was at the siege of Acre. Napoleon took hold of his left ear, and, gently pulling it, said, "Ah, ah / vous êtes un brave homme, brave homme /" He was very much pleased when introduced to the Admiral and shown all through his cabin, and then was, at his own request, introduced to the officers, and expressed himself 'much pleased with the discipline and regularity of the ship.' His dress is noted: 'a green uniform coat, with red facings, plain gold epaulets, white knee-breeches, shoe-buckles,

a high cocked hat with the tricoloured cockade; on his left breast was a large silver star, and below were the three different insignias suspended by three coloured ribbons.' The diarist gives the Emperor's conversation with Lord Lowther and Mr Littleton, who had accompanied the Admiral from Portsmouth; and, finding that Mr Littleton was a member of Parliament, the fallen potentate tried to 'pump' him about politics and the suicide of Mr Whitbread. At dinner 'he ate very hearty, but rose up soon, and came out to walk the quarterdeck. He again entered into conversation with Mr Littleton, by whom he sent a private message to the Prince Regent. He requested the band might play "Rule Britannia" and "God save the King," which was instantly complied with.' In fact, the Emperor was determined to make the best of things that day.

Next day sea-sickness kept Napoleon in his cabin most of the day, and his suite suffered severely, 'especially the ladies,' says our author, 'Madames Bertrand and Montholon;' and adds the scathing criticism: 'The former [née Dillon] is a very amiable and good woman, but the latter is quite the contrary.' This is only because the latter had two divorced husbands living!

On 9th August Napoleon was up and about. 'About eleven o'clock Buonaparte came out of his cabin and took a walk on the quarterdeck for about half-an-hour, conversing alternately with Admiral Cockburn and Sir George Byngham (Bingham) upon the loss of the battle of Waterloo, and attributed his loss in part to the new (and untried) Guard being dressed in the uniform of the Old Guard, and the fear in the army inspired by the sight of (as they thought) the Old Guard in full flight. It is strange that Sir George Cockburn in his diary does not mention this conversational theme. 'He retired to the Admiral's after-cabin to play at cards, of which he is very fond, although he always loses.' Later, the diarist mentions that Napoleon played only piquet and vingt-et-un.

On 10th August the Emperor spoke of his order to poison his men at Jaffa out of 'motives of humanity.' Next day (a mistake for 12th August), according to our writer, 'Buonaparte walked the deck in the forenoon, it being a fine day, attended by his two confidants Bertrand and Las Cas [Las Cases]. He takes very little notice of the others. . . . The midshipmen who were walking on the lee side of the deck attracted his notice, and he immediately crossed the deck to them, asking them if they could speak French, and if they had been in France. There was one amongst them who had been in prison at Verdun' (it is impossible to trace him, I fear), 'and had

^{*} Daughter of Sir Stephen Janssen, Bart., Lord Mayor of London, and wife of Colonel Lorenzo Moore of the Battle-axe Guard. It is by the kindness of her greatgrandson, Mr S. T. J. E. Budgen, of Ballindoney, that I am enabled to print these extracts.

seen him [Napoleon] when passing through that place at the head of his army on his way to Russia. He immediately said, "Cest un beau pays," and walked away, taking hold of one or two of us by the ear,' his favourite but uncom-

fortable enough sign of familiarity.

'August 12th [sic; really 13th].—Buonaparte did not appear on deck to-day, being unwell, but came to table for a short time. He does not eat his breakfast at the same time as the Admiral does, but has it by himself in his cabin; it generally consists of fowls, meat, and porter; he never touches tea in the morning. . . . This being Sunday, divine service was performed by the chaplain [the Rev. George Rennell]; but neither Napoleon nor any of his officers were present.' He walked with his confidents, however, 'who are always uncovered when in his presence; he seems to exact the same respect and obedience from them now as when an Emperor.' The writer then gives an intimate, if unpleasing, trait: 'He takes an amazing quantity of snuff of a very coarse sort; he keeps it in a large box in the shape of a chest, and spills twothirds of what he takes in one pinch.' But the diarist noted the ceaseless questions about navigation with which he plied Admiral Cockburn.

On the 14th Napoleon did not appear until after dinner, and then talked to Sir George Bingham about his 'firm intention' to have invaded England. He hoped to cause a revolution then in his favour, though 'he knew he had a great deal to encounter before he could accomplish his design.' We now learn one detail of the ship's life not given in the other accounts of the voyage. 'At six o'clock the ship's company's hammocks are piped down, and Napoleon is always standing with his back against the foremost gun on the quarterdeck, and four or five midshipmen always round him to keep the men from running against him.'

The next day was a special occasion. day was the anniversary of the once great Napoleon's birthday. He seems, if anything, a little more enlivened and gay than usual. His officers were all dressed, and paid him particular attention. At dinner the Admiral paid him a great many compliments.' The Admiral, in his account, says it was on this day that he was told about the projected invasion of England, on which subject Napoleon seems to have been by no means reticent. 'He walked more than ever, his officers attending him the whole time;' and playing cards at night, he won, for the first time during the voyage; 'the Admiral and those with whom he was playing were obliged to send out The Emperor frequently for more money.' naturally sat up rather later than usual.

On the 16th the Emperor rose late. After dinner he walked for an hour, and conversed with Sir George Bingham for a few minutes, 'taking a pinch or two of snuff,' and then 'pulled him by his whiskers and walked away to converse

with his two confidants. He took his old station against the gun, which seems to be his favourite place when on deck. Two of his servants got intoxicated and became very riotous. He requested they might be punished, and they were immediately put in irons.' They were told later that if they offended again they would receive the customary punishment.

On the 17th 'Buonaparte walked the deck after dinner, as usual taking quantities of snuff, and very often looking at the other vessels of the squadron through his opera-glass, which is a very handsome one (made in England), and which he always carries in his pocket. He is often very near falling (when the ship rolls heavily), being seemingly very weak in his legs, and was only narrowly prevented to-day by Maréchal Bertrand catching him in his arms, having been conversing together.'

The next day or the next again Napoleon's theme was the burning of Moscow—the commencement of his bad fortune—and the awfulness of the Russian campaign. He stoutly asseverated that all the Russian town-fires were caused by the Russians themselves, and this we now know to be true.

On the 19th Napoleon recurred to the story of his retreat from Russia, and on the 20th a fresh breeze again made him 'not very well.' The Moscow campaign was still the chief subject of his talk with the Admiral, and it is obvious it was the prevailing topic on his mind, and he talked of it to all his familiars in all its details. From this date the duties of the writer evidently became more acute, for he is forced to write: 'Not being able to get note of his different conversations [which passed between the Admiral and Napoleon] daily, I shall give you circumstance after circumstance as I can catch them, which he does con amore. But Napoleon's conversations with the Admiral can be better read in the latter's diary, printed as Napoleon's Last Voyage, in 1888.

Lieutenant Mills's diary only begins again on the 23rd September, when the ship 'crossed the Line,' and this is his account of that day: 'In the morning we prepared for the usual custom of shaving those who had not crossed the Line before. After those officers who belonged to the ship had undergone the operation (which is performed with a rusty, notched iron hoop), it came to the turn of Napoleon and suite. Buonaparte himself did not appear on deck, but begged permission of the Admiral to give Neptune and his gang (the people who perform the operation) one hundred napoleons in gold, which amounts to ninety pounds sterling; but this the Admiral objected to, it being in his opinion too much, but permitted him to give twenty napoleons as a compensation for not being shaved. Next came General Bertrand, with his children, to the place where the ceremony was being performed. also presented the men with several napoleons

for themselves, their wives, and children. The other French officers came in their turns, and also gave the seamen some money.'

Then comes the last entry, for the great voyage was over: 'On the evening of the 15th [really 16th] October 1815 we landed General Buonaparte on the island of St Helena. We put him on shore at seven in the evening, and disguised to prevent the populace from recognising him, as he detests nothing so much as being stared at. Coming in to the anchorage, he was walking the deck, and several times remarked how difficult a place it would be to take if well

fortified, shrugging his shoulders at the same

time, apparently at the little hope he could have of escaping from such a rock. The morning after he landed he rode up into the country with Sir George Byngham to a place called the Bryars, situated at the head of the valley in which the town stands, and about a mile and a half from James Town. He took such a liking to this place that he obtained permission to pitch a tent next to the door of the house which belongs to a Mr Balcombe, a merchant of St Helens, who resides there with his wife and two-daughters.'*

And so this 'Private Diary' ends just as 'the

Last Phase' had begun.

THE BARD'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF LOCHABER (A.D. 1663).

By an OLD ROYAL ENGINEER, Author of The Curse of Cluny.

There never was such a murder in Scotland, Though they were once very savage. . . . Such a wisfortune never befell Any chief under the sun.

IAIN LOM, Bard of Keppoch (A.D. 1669). (Translated from the Gaelic.)

TOURISTS, in making that delightful voyage in the comfortable saloon steamers through the romantic and beautiful scenery traversed by the Caledonian Canal and the chain of lakes that connect it from Fort William to Inverness, may have had their attention drawn to a monument which stands on the west bank of Loch Oich, about a mile south of the grand old ruins of Glengarry Castle. This monument stands over a well which is known throughout Lochaber as Tobar nan Ceana, meaning Well of the Heads. The apex of the memorial is surmounted by a sculptured device representing a hand grasping seven men's heads by the hair, with a Highland dirk slipped in between. On each of the four sides of the monument a short account of the reason for its erection is given in Latin, French, Gaelic, and English. The English version is as follows:

As a memorial of the ample and summary vengeance which, in the swift course of feudal justice inflicted by the orders of the Lord Macdonell and Aross, overtook the perpetrators of the foul murder of the Keppoch family, a branch of the powerful and illustrious clan of which his lordship was the chief, this monument is erected by Colonel Macdonell of Glengarry, XVII. Mac-Mhic Alaister, his successor and representative, in the year of our Lord 1812. The heads of the seven murderers were presented at the feet of the noble chief in Glengarry Castle, after having been washed in this spring, and ever since that event, which took place early in the sixteenth century, it has been known by the name of Tobar nan Ceann, or Well of the Heads.

As will be seen in the following, the record on the monument is not historically true, for it was the Bard of Keppoch, aided by Sir Alexander Macdonald, chief of the Macdonalds of Sleat, and not the chief of Glengarry, who caused the seven murderers to be brought to justice; and, instead of taking place early in the sixteenth century, it actually happened in the seventeenth—namely, September 1663.

The scene of the terrible internecine tragedy is in Glen Roy, situated in the wildest part of Lochaber, at the Castle of Keppoch, the residence of the chief of the Clan Macdonald of Keppoch, and is known in Highland history as the *Murt na Ceapaich*, or Murder of Keppoch.

John Macdonald, better known as Iain Lom, or Bare John, was the bard of the Clann Ronaill na Ceapaich, a sept of the great Clan Donald or Dughaill. He was the greatest of all the clan bards, and was considered a remarkable man in his day. Very little is known of his history beyond such oral account of his fame as is handed down throughout the Highland clans and the information recorded in his poems. From all that can be gathered, it tends to show that he was a wild, poetic enthusiast, who exercised great influence over the chiefs and clans in all the causes he wished to support, his poetic powers being of great service to aid and further the ends of his own party. Iain was known to be a man of education, as he was intended for a priest, and, like many of the Highland and Irish priests of his time, was educated in Spain, at the College of Valladolid, but was rusticated from that seminary for some grave act of indiscretion, and returned to the Highlands to rejoin his clan, where he became an important influence among the people of Lochaber and the western Highlands, more especially with the various clans and septs of the Dughaill (Macdonalds), by reason of his superior talents as a poet and a scholar.

^{*} This MS. was used by Miss Price in the Century Illustrated Magazine, September 1889, but without correction or comment.

Although a most zealous royalist, he managed to keep up an outward appearance of friendship with his enemies, and no man of his day was better acquainted with all the remote and wildest parts of the western Highlands. For his services to Montrose, rendered in the king's cause, he was made by him Gaelic Poet-Laureate to the king, and Montrose was often beholden to the bard for secret information. The murder of Keppoch, his chief, and the active part taken by the clan bard in avenging the deed, first brought his name into prominence beyond the borders of his own country, Lochaber.

Glen Roy in Lochaber was part of the territory presided over by the chief of Keppoch. In this glen in the autumn of 1870 we met an intelligent old Highlander of the Clan Macdonald of Keppoch who was a lineal descendant of a clansman who lived at the time of the tragedy (September 1663). This old 'indweller' conducted us over the whole of the district of Lochaber referred to by the bard in his Murt na Ceapaich ('Murder of Keppoch'). The incidents of this terrible family crime, as related to us, which certainly seem to be verified by the little information otherwise known or recorded, and are supported by the bard's poem written at the time, are as follows.

It was about the year 1650 that the chief of Keppoch died, leaving two sons. These boys were sent to France to be educated, and on their departure their widowed mother (who was a Lowland lady *) returned south to join her own kindred. It was necessary, owing to the chief's death and the minority of the youthful heir, to appoint a guardian, and some member of his family to act as chief. The gentlemen of the clan directed that his uncle should take over these responsibilities until such time as his nephew was of sufficient age to assume in his own right the command of his clan. This uncle had six sons, all arrived at maturity and warriors of the clan, who in consequence of their father's new position found their own social rank and condition greatly enhanced. At length, in due course of time, the day came when the young chief of Keppoch returned home to his Lochaber castle. His prolonged absence in France had so habituated his relatives to the pleasures of power that they were very reluctant to resign their position and its emoluments to their rightful chief and kinsman, and revert from being masters of the estate and clan to the simple occupancy of a farm and the ordinary rank of daoineuasail, or gentleman.

Where the rapid waters of the river Roy divide the hamlets of Bohuntin and Bohenie there springs up from the west bank of the river a small rocky knoll. In 1663 this must have been a wild and solitary spot, and there the uncle and his six sons agreed to meet in

order that they might secretly discuss the matter. Being all discontented with their sudden loss of power, they finally decided that they should take the oath on the skein dubh, or black dirk, that they would murder the young chief and his brother, and the seven be as one in the matter of the deed; that they would individually and collectively support each other to the end. To this day the knoll is known by the name of Torran na Mionn (the Hillock of the Oath).

It is said that the time fixed for carrying out the murders was hastened by the actions of the young chief himself, whose education had taught him views considered by his clan to be detrimental to their interests. He, for instance, censured cattle-lifting (and his whole clan lived by raiding), and condemned many other wild ways practised by them. However, be this as it may, the uncle and his sons, being invited to sup at Keppoch Castle, fell on their chief and his brother and murdered them. The uncle then assumed the rank of chief of the clan: and, although the fact of the murders was well known to the clansmen, the usurper being popular, and having during the years of temporary possession of power made the best use of his time to ingratiate himself with all the responsible members of the clan-who were chiefly ruthless warriors like himself, having no scruples where their own or their clan's interests were concerned, added to the fact that this sort of chief was in exact accordance with their clanusage and sympathy—they would on no account give the murderers up to justice. Under these conditions the matter might doubtless have been hushed up, so far as the clan and their neighbours were interested, had it not been for the untiring exertions of Isin Lom, the clan bard, demanding vengeance.

This old minstrel had foreseen what eventually happened, and had pleaded with the chief of Glengarry to prevent it; but the Lord Macdonell and Aross, the then chief of Glengarry, cared nothing for his murdered kinsmen, whose straightforward views were quite the reverse of his own. So, when the bard made known to Glengarry that the minds of the Keppoch clansmen were alienated from their lawful chief, and said he feared that serious trouble to his young chieftain would happen, Glengarry took no action; and from his subsequent apathy it is just probable that he may have been privy to the crime. After the murders Iain endeavoured to awaken his kindred Keppoch clansmen to a sense of their duty. Failing in this, he twice appealed to Glengarry, who declined to take vengeance. He then went up and down the country of the Macdonald clans singing the Murt na Ceapaich, but without avail; for if Glengarry, who was Keppoch's nearest neighbour and most powerful kinsman, had twice refused his aid when solicited, it was surely not wise for others to-

^{*} This lady was a daughter of Forrester of Kilboggie in Clackmannan.

intermeddle in the affairs of this celebrated branch of the great Clann Dùghaill.

The stern old bard, relying amid his difficulties on the justice of Heaven and the unshaken constancy of his own mind, determined at all hazards to have the murderers punished. In this sore strait he invoked the muse to his aid in order to provoke Glengarry for refusing his assistance. This song extolled the might, valour, and generosity of the chief of the Clan Macdonald of Sleat, and no bard knew better how to plead his cause with a high-spirited and chivalrous chieftain, as he says in his song, 'Sleat of the red hand, that never blenched in combat.'

Sir James Macdonald, sixteenth Baron of Sleat (1663), determined to take the matter in hand, and sent the bard to Edinburgh with a petition to the Lords of the Privy Council of Scotland, who issued 'a most ample commission of fire and sword to Sir James Macdonald, signed by the Duke of Hamilton, Marquise of Montrose, Earl of Eglinton, and other six of the Privy Council, with orders and full powers to pursue, apprehend, and bring in dead or alive all those lawless robbers and their abetters.'

The faithful old bard now concerted measures with the chief of Sleat for carrying out the edict of the Crown, 'his sagacious and welljudged suggestions meeting with Sleat's full A clansman was sent to North Uist, approval. with a message to Archibald Macdonald, an officer of the Clan Sleat, commissioning him to take a company of chosen men to the mainland and act under the bard's instructions. gentleman, 'who was Iain Lom's coadjutor in punishing the murderers of the lawful heirs of Keppoch, was an illegitimate son of Sir Alexander Macdonald, fifteenth Baron of Sleat. He was faithful, prudent, and active, and to him was confided such matters of importance as required sagacity, zeal, and bravery. He was educated at Edinburgh, and was a poet as well as a

When Lord Macdonell of Glengarry heard that the chief of Sleat was authorised by the Crown to take action, he determined (from no goodwill, but for fear that his prestige among the clans might suffer) to assist the bard with a party of his own men. The combined clansmen of Sleat and Glengarry were quartered in Glengarry Castle, and kept well under cover, so that no suspicion should arise to any observer on the opposite hills. When any clansman had occasion to quit the castle to draw water from the loch, he had to put on an old bonnet and plaid kept for that purpose. The reason for this is explained by the fact that ever since the murders the castle had been watched. Leiter Fearna, the hill on the opposite side of Loch Oich and facing Glengarry Castle, rises abruptly from the verge of its waters to a height of two thousand feet, and forms part of the continuous chain of

mountains enclosing the Great Glen of Scotland, Glen Albin. From the summit of this hill a fine commanding view of Glengarry Castle and its surrounding country is obtained; hence to the keen sight of the Highlander it formed a unique watch-tower. Here every day, it is said, for two long years, a sentinel was placed to keep watch on the castle from daylight to dusk by order of the chief of Keppoch. These sentinels one after another reported to their chief that 'there were no men at Glengarry Castle save one old man dressed in a plaid and bonnet, and that they were sure his lordship and his clan were away on some distant foray.

This Castle of Glengarry, where the bard and his clansmen were quartered, was a fortified residence, and was burnt down by the royal troops after the defeat of the clans at Culloden. It is now a magnificent ruin, 'that castellated palace which, beautiful and majestic in its decay, mirrors itself in Loch Oich.' Iain Lom had a confederate kinsman of the Keppoch clan, who informed him that the chief of Keppoch and his sons, believing that their crime had at last dropped out of memory and notice, were about to hold a great feast over the hour of their liberation from danger. On that night, when darkness set in, the bard, with his men, under command of Macdonald of Uist, embarked in a galley and rowed across Loch Oich. Ascending to the summit of the mountain, they crossed over the ridge of the watershed and came out at the head of Glen Roy. Silently and swiftly, with the bard as their guide, they pursued their course down the glen, and avoiding the hamlets and availing themselves where possible of the long level stretches of the celebrated parallel roads of Glen Roy, they at length arrived at the Castle of Keppoch. This ancient castle-of which no vestige now remains-stood immediately facing the junction of the rivers Roy and Spean on the west side. It was constructed on a special design, with a view to its owner's safety, and was honeycombed with secret passages, doors, and apertures for hasty exit in the hour of danger. Each point d'appui could tell its own tale of tactics and strategy, of a great outflanking of some enemy. When the whispered Gaelic equivalent for 'Let us go!' or 'Come on!' ('Rach troimh /' meaning 'Go through!') was passed it was enough, and the law officer or other foe found 'the proud bird of the mountain' was flown! The bard, being well acquainted with the castle, knew of these secret outlets, and directed Macdonald of Uist so to place his men as to cut off all possible means of escape. The attack was then made; the chief of Keppoch and his six sons, aided by some of their clansmen, stoutly resisted, killing and wounding several of the attacking party, and, refusing to be taken alive, were at last overpowered and slain. It is said that sixty lives were lost in this engagement.

The bard, having cut off the heads of the seven

murderers, carried them to Glengarry, and in passing the spring washed them in it before proceeding to Glengarry Castle to present them to Lord Macdonell, the chief of Glengarry. Hence the name of the well, *Tobar nan Ceann* (or the Well of the Heads), which the monument commemorates. The heads were then taken to Inverness and exhibited on the castle walls, as directed by the warrant of fire and sword.

The special services rendered to the Government by Sir James Macdonald of Sleat were acknowledged by the Lords of the Privy Council: 'Immediately thereafter, by order of the Privy Council, he got a letter of thanks from the Earl of Rothes, then Lord High Treasurer and Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, full of acknowledgment of the singular services he had done the country, and assuring him that it should not pass unrewarded, with many other clauses much to Sir James's honour. This letter is dated the 15th day of December 1665. Sir James died in 1678.'

Iain Lom, the Bard of Keppoch, lived through

the greater part of the reign of Charles the First, and died at a great age in the year 1709, in the reign of Queen Anne. He is buried on the Braes of Lochaber. A monument ten feet in height, in imitation of the ancient stones of Scotland, marks his last resting-place. In the early days of the nineteenth century, Captain Macdonald of Inverlair, a clansman of Keppoch and an officer in the 82nd Regiment, owing to some doubts having been expressed as to the truth of the poem written by the bard, caused the graves to be opened up, when it was found that the seven skeletons were minus their heads, thus confirming the account so impressively related in the Murt na Ceapaich by the poet.

To the thousands of tourists who must have passed this way and viewed the lovely scenery surrounding the monument and the stately ruins of Glengarry Castle—both standing on the silent banks of Loch Oich—we trust this true historical Highland story may serve to call up happy holiday memories blended with romantic thoughts of the wild and ruthless 'days of long ago.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NOVEL MILK AND BUTTER COOLER.

THE frugal housewife is only too painfully aware of the difficulties of preserving butter and milk during hot summer weather, and even in a sweltering kitchen. These two articles are particularly susceptible to deterioration and decomposition under such conditions, the butter attaining the consistency of oil, and in this state being wasteful to use; while the milk sours very quickly, especially if thundery weather prevails. An ice-box is the obvious solution of the problem, but the difficulty in procuring the necessary ice is the one drawback to this system. Recently there has appeared upon the market a simple apparatus which should make a strong appeal to the housewife. It is a cooler, either for milk or butter, and works upon the simplest cooling principles. There is an outer vessel of convenient shape, made of terra-cotta. This is Within is a second vessel made of glazed white earthenware, while the lid is of the same material. The inner vessel is considerably smaller than its container. All that is necessary is to place the milk or butter in the inner vessel, and sufficient cold water in the outer vessel nearly to fill the latter when the inner vessel is placed in position. The lid seals the vessel. Owing to the outer pot being porous, the water within gradually, though imperceptibly, oozes through to the outer surface. As the surrounding atmosphere plays upon the outer surface of the container the water is evaporated as rapidly as it exudes, and in this way the interior is insulated, because the heat cannot radiate to the

inner vessel. In fact, the temperature of the inner pot is lowered from ten to twenty degrees. The writer subjected the cooler to severe trials, leaving it exposed to a solar temperature of over ninety degrees for several hours. When examined, the butter within was found to be hard and solid, while the milk was several degrees lower in temperature than when placed in the vessel, and was perfectly sweet. Subsequent trials in a hot kitchen were equally striking. Owing to the fact that the apparatus comprises only three parts there is nothing to get out of order; while, as it is made of terra-cotta and earthenware, absolute cleanliness is assured. If one is able to obtain ice to fill the outer vessel therewith, the temperature of the contents may be lowered to an extreme degree, but cold water from the tap is quite as effective for everyday purposes. It is an ideal domestic cooler for tropical climes, and being made in various sizes it may be utilised for the preservation of many small articles of an extremely perishable nature.

A WIRELESS DIRECTION-FINDER.

Wireless telegraphy has accomplished remarkable achievements in matters pertaining to the saving of life at sea, but at times there is one handicap. A ship receives an urgent call for assistance from a distressed craft; but often the latter is unable to indicate its latitude and longitude, while similarly the vessel receiving the call has to verify its position before proceeding to the incapacitated craft. For some years past efforts have been made toward the perfection of a device which would automatically indicate the direction

from which the wireless signals were issuing, and which would enable the craft receiving the call to proceed to her distressed colleague immediately, and without the navigating officer being forced to work out the respective positions of the two ships. This end has now been achieved by means of the Marconi-Bellini-Tosi apparatus, which has been fitted to the Canadian Northern royal mail steamer Royal George, and which under the trying conditions experienced upon the Atlantic has proved wonderfully effective. By this means a liner, even in the thickest weather, is able to find her position without the aid of compass or sextant when she is within a radius of about fifty miles of a fixed wireless station or of another vessel, the position of which is known. In the foregoing tests the instrument was found to be accurate to a degree in determining the compass direction both of shore stations and stations upon other vessels. They were able to ascertain the compass position of Cape Race and other land points, and also to verify wireless signal directions from passing vessels which were from eighteen to sixty-eight miles away. Although Cape Race was enveloped in fog, that made no difference in the results. The Marconi apparatus has in and by itself worked wonders; but this latest device renders travel at sea still safer, and in the event of disaster would enable a rescuing ship to reach the scene of the accident in less time than would be the case were the ordinary wireless apparatus only in operation.

THE 'PERMUTIT' WATER-SOFTENING PROCESS.

Some months ago we drew attention in the 'Month' to the permutit process of water-soften-The West Cheshire Water Company has introduced the system at its Hooten waterworks, being the first water authority in this country to embrace the idea. Under an Act of Parliament the company is not permitted to supply water for public use with a hardness exceeding ten degrees according to the Clarke test; but the water derived from the boreholes showed a hardness of nineteen degrees. Consequently it was imperative to reduce the degree to statute limits. After a complete investigation of the various water-softening systems in vogue, the company decided to adopt the permutit method, and its enterprise has been attended with complete success. The base in this system is sodium, and the process comprises the exchange of the calcium and magnesium salts which are responsible for the hardness of the water by the permutit base. This is insoluble in water, and can be revived over and over again merely by the application of a solution of common salt, which reinstates the sodium and at the same time expels the lime and magnesia which have been picked up from the water. The Hooten plant is designed to handle a round million gallons of water daily, which is softened to zero, and then combined with an equal quantity of virgin water drawn from the wells, which has a hardness of nineteen degrees, so that the resultant water has a hardness of nine and a half degrees, which is half a degree below the statutory limitation, and in this condition it is driven into the public mains. The permutit system has found wide favour in Germany, and doubtless will be pressed into service extensively in these islands once its simplicity, economy, and efficiency become realised and appreciated. The Hooten plant requires the attention of only two men.

A NOVEL LOCK-KUT.

Slackening nuts are the bugbear of those who have anything to do with machinery, and many ingenious devices have been introduced to prevent a nut from slipping under vibration. The latest development of this form of ingenuity is both novel and effective, the locking action being effected by means of a pawl actuated by a spring. The pawl itself is pivoted in a slot, and has a sharpcornered heel which engages with the thread summits, thereby exerting an extremely tight grip, which increases as the efforts of the nut to release itself are augmented. Consequently the nut cannot slacken back. But if it is desired to release the nut, the application of the spanner forces the spring in such a way that the heel rises clear of the threads, thereby enabling the nut to be moved. The design of the nut enables it to be screwed on by means of the fingers, but no jar or vibration, no matter how severe or spasmodic, can exercise any effect upon it, because a jamming action is produced. Neither is it possible to put the nut on the wrong way. When the device first appeared it was feared that the nature of the design introduced an element of weakness into the nut; but elaborate tests have shown that invariably the bolt is weaker than the nut.

A STONE PRESERVATIVE.

The stone-destroying action of the atmosphere heavily saturated with smoke in our busy towns and cities is a matter of vital concern to those responsible for the maintenance of public buildings wrought in masonry. Numerous protective specifics have been evolved, some of which are eminently successful. Recently the attention of architects and engineers, who are perturbed by the ravages of weather and sulphurous smoke upon famous buildings, has become centred upon a new preservative which differs radically from its rivals in its composition and action. Cephasite, as it is called, is not a mere waterproofing medium, which only imparts a film of a nonporous character to the surface of the stone, but is an actual stone-hardener. When it is applied to the surface a chemical action immediately commences and continues indefinitely between the silica and the constituents of cephasite. result is that a soft or scaling stone becomes

converted into a hard mass which weather action continues to harden instead of disintegrating; yet the masonry retains its 'breathing' characteristics. The medium is slow in its action, from three to four weeks elapsing before actual action is revealed; but once the action commences, it continues for an indefinite period. The stones which have been treated therewith for a long time are intensely hard. In fact, stone of an original soft nature which was treated two years ago is now practically unbreakable. The resistance to sulphuric acid is perhaps the most remarkable feature of the preparation. Treated and untreated specimens of stone have been immersed in 10 per cent. solutions of this acid for one month—a very severe test. At the end of that time the untreated specimens were found to be 'perished,' while the treated specimens were as hard as they were previous to immersion, if not harder. Unless there be any iron in the stone, cephasite does not discolour the masonry. At the same time it imparts that weathered appearance which a good stone presents after it has been exposed to the weather for some time, and which contributes to the picturesque The preparation appearance of a building. may be applied to damp or dry stone, and in any kind of weather, while pressure is not necessary when dressing. It is a germicide, so that lichen and moss growths cannot establish a hold, being reduced to a fine carbon, which wind and rain easily remove. One gallon of the medium is adequate to treat from eighty to ninety square yards of surface, and as only one coat is required, its application is economical. Where the stone shows signs of pronounced decay three or more coats may be required to secure the requisite protection, according to the depth to which the decaying influences have penetrated. All powdering is hardened thereby; but if the stone is scaling, then the loose stone must be removed before treatment. The application is very simple. An ordinary sash-brush suffices-metal-bound brushes set up discoloration—and it is only necessary to observe that the stone absorbs the liquid and does not throw it off, as dry stone is apt to do. Even delicate carving may be treated therewith, the medium being applied by means of a vulcanite sprinkler.

A LIFE-SAVING CHAIR.

The marine catastrophe in the St Lawrence River has taught more than one valuable lesson, foremost among which may be mentioned the necessity for having upon the decks loose articles which, when sent adrift, are able to float, and thus provide some means of refuge to which immersed passengers may cling. The deck-chair is an obvious article of this type, which is indispensable upon the decks, but it possesses no life-saving characteristics. Had the unhappy liner been provided with chairs which were able to float and support a dozen or more people, the

death-roll might not have been so heavy. passengers were thrown so suddenly into the water that there was no time to don a life-belt, and, deprived of floating articles to which they could cling, they were drowned. Under these circumstances it seems as though buoyant deckchairs should be rendered compulsory. In the 'quidos' chair, for instance, instead of ordinary canvas being used for the seating, a cork and cellular construction is employed. chair drops into the water it floats quite easily, and may be even transformed into a raft. The material may be pulled round the frame of the chair in the manner of a roller towel; and, should exigencies permit, the release of a knot removes the cork section and stretches it out to a length of some twelve feet, forming a substantial raft capable of maintaining the combined weight of several people. It is a chair with life-saving possibilities which have been proved, and it should be used upon steamboats; but it is equally indispensable to houseboats and campingout parties. One cannot reasonably expect steamship companies to provide devices which may never be required; but at the same time a deck-chair which is invaluable in times of emergency seems worthy of adoption. It is more expensive than the ordinary deck-chair, but in matters of life and death the additional cost is unimportant.

THE SEASONING OF TIMBER BY ELECTRICITY.

Accelerating the process of nature in woodseasoning is a somewhat important issue, and in this direction considerable advance has taken place recently. One of the largest billiard-table manufacturers upon the Australian continent has practised electrical seasoning for many years past. An electric current is passed through the wood, the sap of which acts as a conductor. The duration of the treatment varies according to the length and thickness of the wood; but timber twelve feet in length by a foot wide can be seasoned in about eight hours, although it has to be stacked for a further four months or so to permit the remaining moisture to dry up. Against this, however, a period of four to five years is necessary under natural conditions, so that electrical agency has brought about a saving in time of some 90 per cent. One great advantage arising from electrical seasoning is that the losses from warping are considerably less as compared with natural seasoning. In fact, in this instance, warping losses are placed at 25 per cent. as compared with 10 per cent. under electrical seasoning. While application has only been conducted upon a limited scale, those using the process express their conviction that there is nothing against the treatment of large logs thereby, the governing factor being purely and simply one of power. It is stated also that the greener the timber the better the results. The process in this case has been applied essentially to blackwood, but mountain ash has been seasoned likewise with complete success. The French are devoting attention to the electrical seasoning of timber, and one recent method has proved eminently practicable.

AUSTRALIA AND THE FAR EAST.

Australian sentiment regarding the Farther East is not appreciated or even quite understood by the people of Great Britain. In the mothercountry the door of admission is open to every stranger, irrespective of colour or nationalitywhite or black, yellow or copper-coloured; and, in so far as racial purity is concerned, the situation of the British Isles, almost in the midst of the white races of the world, enables this to be done with comparative impunity. There is no danger of an overwhelming influx of coloured aliens, and the stay-at-home Briton is prone to take the view that similar conditions exist everywhere; but it is not so in Australasia. This farthest outpost of the British Empire is within easy steaming distance of the most puissant coloured races in the world, and to allow them the free right of entry would mean that a handful of whites would very soon be submerged by an irresistible tide of yellow undesirables. The Caucasian element would cease to be paramount, and the country would pass into the possession of a coloured race. This sentiment dates back to the earlier gold-digging days, when the Chinese competed so vigorously with the white man that the diggers of Lambing Flat drove them from the field. Then followed legislation excluding every coloured alien from Australia. That stopped the influx, except that a few stowaways still evade the vigilance of the authorities; but as every ship's captain who permits a coloured alien to land in Australia is fined a hundred pounds, the number is negligible. This legislation is meant to preserve the purity of the race, as well as to protect the white man from the unfair competition of a people whose standard of living is at a lower level; it is a policy which has been endorsed by every political party, and it has sunk so deeply into the national conscience that it will never be repealed except by force of arms. That is where the danger lies, for the proud Eastern races, already jealous of the trumpeted wealth of this partly unoccupied land, and thirsting for expansion, deeply resent this provocative drawing of the colour-line by a people who in themselves have not the numbers or the strength sufficient to defend themselves from aggression. Their national vanity has been wounded, and sooner or later their honour will be avenged at the point of the bayonet. Australian publicists and thinkers fully realise that at the present time the supremacy of the British navy is their only safeguard; but if the Empire were involved in war the way might be opened for an invasion from the East. It is to meet this contingency that preparations have

been made to build a small navy and to train the youth of the land to the use of arms. But Australia is not strong enough to build and man a great navy immediately or to provide an army fit to meet the disciplined troops of any Great Power, and in the meantime there is ever the Eastern shadow overhanging the land.

THE DESCENT OF THE RHONE.

A Consular Report on the district of Lyons, issued since the article on 'The Descent of the Rhone' contained in this month's Chambers's Journal (page 554) went to press, confirms the promise of a resumption of the passenger-steamer service from Lyons to Avignon referred to by the writer. Mr Consul E. Vicars states that, after protracted negotiations, the Lyons municipality has at last succeeded in definitely arranging for the financing of a regular summer passenger service on the Rhone. A new steamer, accommodating over a thousand persons, now makes the journey from Lyons to Avignon twice weekly (thrice, if the demand warrants it); the downward passage takes eight and a half hours, the upward about fourteen. The service was opened this summer, and much interest is being taken locally in its renewal.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE MAGDALEN: A CITY IDYLL.

PALE shade of vanished beauty, slain by sin!
Worn are her shoes, her garments old and thin.
Misfortune's plaything, pleasure's poorest toy,
Whose smile reflects no mirth, whose laugh no joy,
But the most bitter note the soul can know
Of broken-hearted woe.

Dare she recall, ere life's red stream grows cold,
The leafy lanes where youthful vows were told;
The words of love which passion could not speak
Save in fond kisses on her upturned cheek;
While in the woods the bird of love's sweet pain
Did to the moon complain?

Broke is the bridge for her returning feet, Joy's starlit way with thorns is now replete; Bitter, past all which thought or word could tell, Remembrance—deep as grim unfathomed hell— Lies now between her and Love's cottage door.

She can return no more!

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

By Andrew W. Arnold,

Author of The Attack on the Farm, Pepita, The Colonel's Murillo, Père Mumbart, &c.

CHAPTER I.

N the centre of the square a sharp voice rang out, 'Messieurs les savants, et les mulets, en carré s'il vous plait.' * As regards the mules, or the demi-savants, as the men bitterly called them, this was not an easy matter, for, apart from their natural obstinacy, laden as they were with scientific instruments and worn-out by fatigue, they were more troublesome than usual; but messieurs les savants showed remarkable quickness in obeying the order. It was about time they did, too, for on the horizon, with the sea behind, near an entrenched camp we saw masses of Arab cavalry, under that redoubtable leader Mourad Bey, evidently about to attack us. For the most part we were glad they were, for our sufferings since we left Alexandria had been so terrible from the awful heat and the want of water, to say nothing of the flies and the clouds of sand, that, whatever happened, we felt we could not be worse off.

There were only sixty of us Guides in the square, for we had lost many of our horses when they were disembarked, and the English had captured many transports. I, Jacques Kleinberg, considered myself, being a mere conscript, lucky to have a mount at all; nor should I had I not been servant to Captain Tocqueville, who commanded my squadron.

'Now the dance is going to begin, mes enfants,' said Maréchal de Logis Desdier, with a chuckle.

As our square was six deep, and we were inside, though it was my first battle I did not care if it did. On they came, those marvellous Arabs, hidden now and then as they descended some slight hollow. Though coming at full speed, they opened fire on us, and that, too, from such a range, owing to the long barrels of their guns, that we could not reply to it.

'Steady, mes enfants!' shouted General Menou, who commanded our square. 'Wait for them; take your time; fire low.'

For the first time in my life I learnt what the whistle of a bullet was like, and instinctively lowered my head, as did many another conscript, in spite of the chaff of the vieux moustaches.

'First rank, kneel; and second and third, fire!' suddenly cried the General.

What effect this had we could not tell, for the countless hoofs raised such clouds of sand, apart from the smoke of our own muskets. The fourth and fifth ranks had just time to pass their rifles to those in front, and these last to give our foes another volley, when, with loud cries of 'Allah!' they were right upon us. Like fiends incarnate they endeavoured to force their way into the square, some even trying to back their horses on to our bayonets. I had never before seen, or even dreamt of, such courage. No wonder Bonaparte said that with Mameluke cavalry and his own infantry he would conquer the world; for these fanatics had not the slightest fear of death; in fact, they welcomed it, for did not their creed teach them that if they fell in the service of Allah the most lovely houris were awaiting them? And if that did not make them fight, nothing would. But in spite of all they could do we stood firm.

The horses and bodies were heaped up in front, and this in itself formed an impediment; and, so far as our square was concerned, as we continued to fire into them, their efforts gradually slackened. Then the order was given to advance en échelon to bring us opposite to their camp, and then we halted; for again we saw clouds of dust, and once more we were attacked, but not with the same fury as before.

The square on the left flank was commanded by General Bonaparte himself. This had been attacked at the same time as ours. No sooner had the Arabs been driven off a second time than we saw cavalry issuing forth from that square under those two fiery leaders Murat and Junot.

Taking his cue from that, General Menou ordered us to follow their example. Probably I turned a trifle paler; I know some of the other conscripts did, for on our poor half-starved horses, which had been cramped up on board ship for five weeks, I did not see what chance we should have. However, as we galloped over the sand to the aid of Murat's men, who were

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^{*}This is the title of Philippoteau's celebrated picture depicting this incident in the battle of the Pyramids.

already engaged, I resolved I would sell my life as dearly as possible.

Seeing us advance, those who had just been driven off from our square, tired though their horses must have been, were rallied under a sheikh in a green turban (their sacred colour), and came straight for us. Our trompette sounded the charge, and we rushed forward. They fired at us as they came on, and a bullet must have struck my horse, for it stumbled and sent me right over its head, a regular somersault. I fell on my back, and for a few moments I was com-When I got my senses I saw pletely dazed. that my horse had risen and was following the others. In a number of isolated mêlées my comrades were fighting, and as I could do nothing I was about to retreat to an advancing square, when I saw a riderless horse emerge from a hollow. I recognised it at once, for, to my horror, I saw it was the beautiful black charger Roland, belonging to Captain de Tocqueville, who commanded my squadron. Day by day on board ship had I tended it. I ran toward it now, calling it by name, and at once the obedient creature came trotting up to me.

Another moment and I was on its back, and was about to join my comrades, when, and not till then, I actually found that I had lost my sword. True, I found both pistols loaded in the holster; still I hesitated, a sense of shame preventing me from riding back to the square. While I hesitated I heard a shout, a bullet whistled past my ear, and coming straight for me on his splendid Arab I saw the sheikh who had led the second charge against us. I will candidly admit that, being without my sword at that moment, my heart nearly came into my mouth. If I fled, I reckoned he would probably catch me, good as my horse was; so I resolved to wait for him where I was, which luckily was on the crest of a slight hollow. Heaven knows that I thought my last hour had come, and heartily wished myself back in Alsace.

On he came, his arm raised and his curved scimitar shining in the sun. Taking my time, I fired right at his chest, and he fell forward on his horse, which instantly stopped quite dead. In a moment I was off my steed. Only let me get his sword and I would fear no one; and, ma foi, what a sword it was! The hilt, with the exception of one fine sapphire on the top, was covered with uncut jewels. It was no easy matter to get it from his death-grip. On one finger, too, was a splendid diamond ring.

The sight of these gems, for a reason which I will explain afterwards, for a time almost turned my head. I thought of nothing else. Round his neck, hung by a thick gold chain and set as a charm, was a superb emerald, a stone valued more than any other by Mohammedans on account of its colour. I found on him, too, a small leather bag-purse full of gold coins, and another

larger one full of silver. This may take time to describe, but the whole incident took but a few minutes. Whether I should be reprimanded or not, I resolved to get back to the square with the splendid Arab I had captured. I had mounted the black charger, and was about to do this, when I heard a cry for help, and I saw my captain, whom I loved dearly, for he was always so kind, generous, and considerate, staggering toward me, his face streaming with blood.

I galloped up to him. He got his foot into the slipper-like stirrup of the Arab; but so weak was he that without my help he would never have got into the saddle, and when he was there

he quite collapsed.

'Courage, mon capitaine!' I said. ' Nous irons au pas;' and so we did a little way toward an advancing square, when I heard warning shouts in front of me; and, sacré bleu / if a body of Arabs was not racing in our direction on the right flank, rather in the rear! I only took one quick glance; whether there were many or not I could not tell—their shouts were enough for I saw it was a race for life; so, keeping a firm hold of the Arab's rein, I dug the spurs into my own steed, and tore ventre à terre over the baking sand. An Arab saddle is as comfortable as an arm-chair, and the captain, though hanging over the crupper of the horse, could not lose his Therefore I was not without hope, for I knew my pursuers would soon come within range of the square, which had now halted. knew this too, and accordingly they pulled up, for their losses had made them more cautious; and in another moment, amid cries of 'Bravo, Blanc Bec!' I and my charge were safe in the square. Here there were plenty of doctors, and I left the captain to their care. I was still wiping the perspiration from my face when a civilian offered to buy the Arab of me for one thousand francs, for this was before the regulations were made about captured horses, and each trooper was allowed to get what he

'Don't you sell for that,' said an old sergeant; and before the end of the day I received two thousand two hundred francs for it, and gave the sergeant two hundred for his good advice.

This is all I saw of the battle of the Pyramids; but, of all the many battles that I took part in during the campaign, I look back on that with the most pleasure. In fact, at the time, in spite of the overpowering heat and fatigue, I was quite intoxicated with delight, for the possession of the jewels was simply everything to me. My thoughts went far away to our little village of Drelheim, in the Vosges, where Bertha, daughter of Hans Reichardt, landlord of 'L'Échelle d'Or,' was waiting for me; and I reckoned, with the coup I had just made, that the lovely girl was already mine.

My brother Mark and I had been left orphans when I was ten and he was eight years old,

and were brought up after the death of our parents by an uncle and aunt. My mother came from Champagne; all her life she had spoken German like French. Thus from our cradle we learnt both languages, which turned

out a very good thing for us.

It was soon after the death of our parents that the Revolution broke out. Rogues, with the idea of filling their own pockets, tore all over the country urging people to burn the churches and châteaux, all in the name of 'Progress' and the 'Rights of Man.' These firebrands, however, with two exceptions, met with little success in our quiet, law-abiding district; but one of them, alas! was my uncle. He would never have been persuaded but for Hans Reichardt, who was a wheelwright then, and as cunning a rogue as ever lived, and who had great influence over Though married, these two 'sons of the people,' as they called themselves, set off to seek their fortunes. They were both splendid fighters. Reichardt became a sergeant, and my uncle a corporal. They hunted in couples, but Reichardt kept the bag. In two years they came back. My uncle was able thoroughly to stock his little farm, and Reichardt bought a fair amount of The latter became quite a leading man in the village, and was never tired of telling what could be done in the name of 'Progress' and the 'Rights of Man.' When the allies invaded France once more these two set off again. Alas! my uncle never came back. In his last letter he told my aunt that he had got enough money to buy the farm outright. When Reichardt returned, and my aunt claimed her husband's share, he told her that he and her husband had quarrelled a week before the latter's death, and he knew nothing about his money. To her dying day she never believed a word of this, but she could prove nothing, and had to submit. As for Reichardt, he bought land in all directions, and became landlord of 'L'Échelle d'Or,' the largest inn in the village.

But for the fact that my aunt and Reichardt's wife were schoolgirls together, and that she was actually Bertha's godmother, she would never have allowed me to have anything to do with them. From childhood Bertha and I had grown up side by side. My aunt Eliza was as fond of the beautiful girl as I was, and Bertha's mother was always my friend; and when I was eighteen, and had to go to be a soldier, Bertha promised, if her father would agree, that she would marry me; adding, with a kiss, 'If he does not agree, I promise you I won't marry any one else.'

But when I went to her father he took high ground, for he was a rich man now. 'I would as soon she should marry you,' said Reichardt, 'as any other lad in the village, but with the dot I can give her I must have an equivalent. There's plenty of time; she's not seventeen yet. I have taught you what "Progress" and the

"Rights of Man" mean; I have practised them myself. Now you go and do the same, and when you come back with your pockets full of money we will soon set the wedding-bells ringing."

Poor Bertha cried when I told her this. 'Have no fear, dear Jacques,' she sobbed, as I kissed her for the last time; 'whether you come back rich or poor, you may trust me as I trust

vou.'

The next two years were spent in the barracks. Being used to horses, and being fond of them, I elected to go into the cavalry. It takes three years to make a complete trooper. However, I took to my duties instinctively, and I made such progress that when the expedition was being got ready to embark for Egypt I was sent with the regiment to Toulon.

It was there I for the first time saw the famous General Bonaparte, who in the year 4 (1796) had done such wonders in Italy, and of whom all the world was talking. The conscripts, on account of the trying climate, were again undergoing a medical inspection. We were drawn up in line in the manège, and were standing half-stripped, awaiting our turn to be examined.

Suddenly the door opened. 'That's Bonaparte,' whispered a comrade standing near; 'the little one in front. That's Kléber on his right, and Junot and young Kellermann* behind. I know them, for I saw them at Dijon.'

I can see the future Emperor now, with a red sash round his waist, as he came along slapping his yellow boots with his riding-whip; his light-brown hair, worn long under his tricorne hat, with a three-sou cockade on it, falling over on his dark-blue Directoire coat.

'Parbleu, there are good ones among this lot! Where do they come from 'he asked of Colonel de Tocqueville.

'The bulk of them are from Alsace and Burgundy, mon Général,' he replied.

'Ah, Kleber,' the Emperor said, 'your countrymen can always be trusted.—Kellermann, you will be able to do something with these men.'

'Trust me for that,' said Kellermann.

Then the little General walked along the line, pinching our muscles and asking questions. It is impossible to describe the unlimited confidence all those who had served under him had in his power to lead them to victory. All had got the idea into their heads, though I don't know how it arose, that, though we were to land in Egypt, we were going on to India, where we should be able to pick up precious stones by handfuls. We had no knowledge where either of these countries was, but that did not trouble us. In the highest spirits, we embarked in May 1798. These, however, soon disappeared. Never shall

^{*} The future marshal, who was destined to become even more celebrated than his father, the victor of Valmy.

I forget that awful voyage, with four hundred of us crowded into a four-hundred-ton ship, with horses on the deck. What with storms, and being chased out of our course by the British, not to speak of the terrible heat as we approached the African coast, all the precious stones in the universe, we vowed, were not worth it. After many weeks, we arrived at Marabout on 2nd July.

We all thought, after our victory of the Pyramids, that when we reached Cairo we should be allowed to sack the town. But we were mistaken, for the General wished to make a good impression. He called all the sheikhs and rulers together, and quoting the Koran, told them he was going to save them from the Turks. He held grand reviews, and at one of them, when honours were distributed, for saving the life of Captain de Tocqueville, who was our colonel's nephew, I received a sword of honour.

As the captain's servant it fell to me to look after him till he recovered from his wound. He never forgot that he owed his life to me, and from that time, in spite of our different positions, we became almost like brothers. I told him all my hopes and fears; and he, I learnt, was also betrothed. The friendship thus begun has lasted all our lives. Thanks to his influence, my love of the service, my knowledge of French and German—for the words of command had to be given in both languages—and my splendid constitution, I found myself a maréchal de logis at the end of two years.

Fortune had, it will be seen, been good to me already; but even greater luck was in store for me. We happened to be at Cairo when Bonaparte took his sudden departure. Owing to some urgent family affairs, our colonel, not being able to return to France, got leave for Captain—or, rather, Major now—Tocqueville to do so. He was returning after seeing his nephew off, and had nearly reached the barracks, when he found he had not given him some important paper.

'Here, sergeant,' he said, 'follow me. You are the very man I want.'

We returned to his quarters.

'Take this paper, and at any cost get a boat and get on board,' he said, putting a handful of silver into my hand.

I left him. The squadron consisted of twofrigates and two small vessels. All was confusion on board, soldiers, civilians, and fussy old savants all asking questions; but I could not at first find the captain.

All this had taken some time, and to my horror, when I got on deck I found the ship was already under way. I begged and implored the officers to heave to, but without avail. In desperation I hurried down to the captain.

'So much the better,' he said. 'Î will make it all right. I will take care you don't suffer.

In fact, it is all for the best. I may not return, and you will be a trustworthy messenger to take some papers that I fancy the lawyers will desire to be sent to my uncle.'

I did not much like that prospect; but when I had got over my surprise, and thought of seeing Bertha again, I could hardly speak for pleasure. The General-in-Chief landed at Frejus on 12th October 1799; but our little ship had become separated from the others, and we landed the next day at Marseilles. The captain had taken a fancy to the fine diamond ring I had found on the sheikh, as he wished to give it to his fiancée, so we went to a jeweller's, who offered four thousand francs for it; but my captain promised to give me six thousand later on, and then we parted after he had told me to be at Marseilles that day month.

A week later, having reported myself at the depôt, and having—thanks to the captain—got three weeks' furlough, I found myself in the fine old city of Strasbourg, where I hastened to a worthy clockmaker named Klotz, in the Gutenburg Platz. I showed him the jewels from the sword-hilt and the quaint charm in its barbaric pure gold setting.

'This is not the place,' said the honest fellow, 'to sell such gems as these. As regards the uncut stones, they may or may not be of the first quality; you should take them to Amsterdam. The sapphire and emerald you had better take to Paris, there is a market for them there, but here there is none.'

I pressed him to say what he would give me.

'I cannot give you more than three thousand five hundred francs,' he replied; 'but in Paris you would certainly get double, and very likely ten thousand.'

So, after buying a few trinkets for Bertha and her mother and my aunt, I set off for Drelheim. It was a glorious autumn day. Ah, how my heart beat as the country got more and more familiar, and every mètre brought me nearer to Bertha! Soon, too, above the pines and golden beeches, I saw the spire of the little church, and behind it was the abode of my good aunt, whose farm was called the Church Farm. Soon, ascending the hill_close to the village, I saw some cows turning into a field. A tall girl dressed in black -and it was the colour that deceived me-stood shading her eyes and gazing in my direction. hastened on as she still remained standing, and then simultaneously we recognised each other; and she, light-footed as a fawn, came racing toward me.

'Ach, Jacques meiner Geliebter!' she cried, throwing her arms round my neck as I smothered her with kisses. 'Why, you are as brown as a nigger!' she said, standing at arm's-length for a moment; 'and you are a sergeant, too. Ach, I am happy!' and again her lips were pressed to mine.

'Come, Bertha dearest, let us sit in this field;' and, opening the gate, we sat down on the bank, I with my right arm round her waist, and her hand in mine. For a time we were too happy even to speak. I was so much fascinated by her mere presence that I could only gaze with admiration at her little shell-like ears and her perfect neck as white as snow.

'Himmel, what a lovely girl you've grown!' I cried at length. 'But tell me, ma chérie, why are you in black!' I did not recognise you at

first.'

Though a blonde, she had wonderfully lustrous brown eyes, a peculiarity which was unique in our village, and which added greatly to her beauty. Those large, soft eyes had been beaming with happiness till then; but at my words her lips quivered, the tears brimmed into them, and she leant her head on my breast, her whole frame shaking with sobs.

'Mother is dead,' she sobbed; 'she died before the hops were picked, nearly two months

ago.

I was so taken aback that I could not speak at first. I had hoped that her father would agree to our wedding at once, as I considered I had more than enough money; but I doubted it now, and I was certain of it a moment later. With a woman's quickness she seemed to have read my thoughts.

'No, dear Jacques; you must wait. When I rise in the morning I think of mother, and when I go to bed I cry myself to sleep. It is work, and only work, that does me good, because then I don't think. I am glad you've come; now I shall have you to think of; but I won't marry

you for a year.'

'But your mother would like you to be happy.'

'Oh yes; but don't ask me,' she protested.

I did my best to comfort her. 'See, dearest, what I have here. Look at these ear-rings I have got for you; and look at these ribbons—they will make such nice bows for your pig-tails.' Her silky tresses were so long that she could almost sit on them; and, drawing them in front, we tied the bows on them. Gradually she became more cheerful.

'We'll keep them,' she said. 'But now,' she continued, rising, 'you go on and see father. I will stay here a little, for if he sees my eyes are

red he will be angry.' So, kissing her again, I went on.

Smoking his pipe and looking the picture of contentment, Hans Reichardt stood in front of his door. He stared fixedly at me for a moment.

'Why, *Himmel*, Jacques Kleinburg, can it really be you! You've grown a fine fellow; and you're a *maréchal de logis*, too. That's a fine sword you've got. Come in, my friend; come in.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'that was given me by General

Bonaparte himself.'

'Well,' he said dryly, as we sat with a bottle of Niersteiner in front of us, 'did you get the chance of teaching the Egyptians what "Pregress" means?'

'I should think I did, for you said I should not marry Bertha without doing so. I have just seen her, poor girl! and there will be no weddingbells vet.'

'Never mind about that; I want to know to what extent you were able to teach those people

the "Rights of Man."'

I knew his avaricious nature, and I had not the least intention of letting him know how much I had got; but I produced the box with the emerald charm and the jewels from the sword, and I told him all that Klotz had told me, and that he would give me three thousand five hundred francs.

'Three thousand five hundred!' exclaimed Reichardt. 'That's not enough for Bertha.'

'Not enough?' I replied, quite taken aback. 'Not enough? Where will you find in this village a fellow who could find one thousand francs? The finest cow is not worth one hundred francs, and sheep are dear at ten francs. I could buy a farm and stock it well for her. What dot are you going to give her, then, that three thousand five hundred francs is not enough?'

'Her dot is my affair; we will talk business when you show me five thousand. Now do what Klotz says; go off to Paris to-morrow, and

don't take under ten thousand francs.'

'Go off to Paris to-morrow,' I repeated, 'after I've been away all these years?' and I had difficulty in keeping down my rising temper. 'Donnerwetter / I will see you further. I've come to see my aunt and Bertha, and I am going to do so.'

(Continued on page 649.)

ORCHID-HUNTING ON THE AMAZON.

By J. SALIS-SCHAWBE.

THE love of gardens and flowers has increased enormously of late years; and while it is only natural that the more hardy plants which will grow out of doors have received the most attention, yet delicate tropical blooms decorate the greenhouses and conservatories of the rich,

and are displayed in all their beauty in the flower-shops in ever-increasing quantities. At recent flower-shows the tent which has been most thronged has been the one where orchids have been exhibited. People are interested in orchids; there is something fascinating about

them. One hears of great sums being given for single rare plants; one thinks of adventures in far lands, of lonely deaths in distant forests; of plants like certain Cypripediums and Cattleyas reaching Europe in some stray consignment, and then their place of origin being lost again for a quarter of a century.

To some people of more matter-of-fact mind, that panacea or horrible bogy tariff reform is vividly conjured up, while from recent events at Kew it would seem that orchids are sometimes made the victims of political views; but perhaps this is 'merely the rage of the momentary mush-reom against the immortal, entrancing, and ex-

quisitely lovely orchid.'

Most orchids have now become acclimatised in European greenhouses, and are successfully divided and also grown from seed; yet from time to time it is desirable to import vigorous new stock, and there is always the chance of finding some new variety or natural hybrid. In the forests along the banks of the Amazon, and its great tributary the Rio Negro, many orchids are to be found; and Manaos, on the latter stream, just above the junction of these two mighty rivers, makes a good headquarters.

It is easy enough to get to Manaos—three weeks in a comfortable steamer from Liverpool, and one is there; but the difficulties on arrival are not easily coped with, and it was some time ere the canoes were ready. And now sailing, now rowing, a start was made among some islands in the Rio Negro—here, although more than a thousand miles from the mouth of the Amazon, eleven miles across.

One morning the canoes were paddled up a narrow waterway to an island lake, and were forced through the great leaves of the Victoria Regia water-lily until they came to ground on a praia of silver sand. Near by the lush rivergrass fringed the roots of enormous forest-trees; crocodiles gave hourse grunts as they slipped from log or rock into the water, and a sudden swirl and swish, with the glimpse of a shiny black back, marked where a river-cow, or manatee, was feeding. The Amazon forests are very difficult to penetrate, and the absence of game is very marked. Insect life, however, is present in extraordinary quantity, and day and night the creeping, buzzing, and shrilling never cease, and man as well as beast is subject to persistent attacks. Ants of many species, from large black ones (whose bite gives great pain and is followed by fever) to smaller red ones (who live in a curled-up leaf, and are aptly named fire-ants, so acute is their bite, luckily followed by no unpleasant consequences), are everywhere on the ground among the herbage and on the trees; while bees, wasps, and hornets dispute with motucas and other biting flies over the luckless intruder. Scorpions and huge spiders, as well as centipedes, are dislodged from every rotten treestump or heap of dried leaves; while snakes in some valleys are so numerous that one is content to see them scuttle away without further molestation.

Although the height of the river above the sea at this great distance from its mouth is very small, only about a thousand feet, and although its course throughout remains in equatorial regions, the trees and palms along its banks change very much in character every twenty or thirty miles, and there are never forests of one or two kinds of trees only.

Most trees occur at distances of one hundred and fifty yards or so, and in some cases at much greater distances. This makes the task of the orchid-hunter very difficult, for although most orchids do not confine themselves to one species of tree, yet the growth of certain trees favours the establishment of orchids; and after a good haul has been made from one such tree, instead of being able to despoil its neighbour, a laborious way has to be cut through the tangled forest growth until another orchid clump is seen.

Sometimes waterways can be found fringed with trees on which the mauve Cattleya grows, and then the work is much simplified, as one only has to canoe from tree to tree. The river rises sixty feet, so it is necessary to choose carefully the right time in order to avoid more arduous climbing than is inevitable even under the most favourable conditions. These islands, some fifty miles above the junction of the Amazon and Rio Negro, are a very good collecting-ground for orchids, as within a very small radius there are several changes of soil, and both terra firma and gapo, or flooded land, exist. A long stretch of Tabatinga clay soil is cut by a strip of sand, and this in turn gives way to black alluvial soil and A veritable orchid-hunters' paradise! Great trees with buttressed roots rise a hundred and more feet into the air; trees with rough, scaly skin like crocodile-hide alternate with smooth-stemmed palms, and all are entwined by huge creepers hanging in twisted ropes from branch to branch, and often throwing a cloud of purple or yellow blossom over their unwilling hosts. These great creepers cut into the bark, and here and there the gaunt gray arms of a dead forest giant show with what dire results. Smaller palms in endless variety, interspersed with broad-leaved banana-plants, tree-ferns, and dracænas, give a very tropical look to the undergrowth; while cacti with vivid blossoms sprawl from a decayed stump, and the ground itself is bright with caladiums, ferns, and mosses. A curious subdued light filters down through all this greenery; there is an odour of decay and dampness, and often a strange sense of expectancy. Apart from the shrilling of insects, to which the ear soon gets accustomed, a profound silence reigns for hours at a time, suddenly to be broken by the extraordinary call of a species of crane or the deep-throated note of a howling monkey. The sudden storms of wind, accompanied by torrential rain, often occurring in the afternoon, have but little effect in the depths of these forests. Above, the boughs may swing and roar in the wind, the leaves may be ripped off by the driven rain, but below only an added gloom and dampness is felt.

Passing from these dense jungles to a patch of sand a hundred yards across, we find the contrast to be very great. Only stunted trees and thorny bushes grow on the white sand, and the sun easily finds its way down, so that everything is a little sparse and dry. On the heaps of decaying leaves blown against the thorny scrub different Catasetums have established themselves, some with huge pseudo-bulbs, others with quite diminutive ones. One kind throws up a spike of female flowers like yellow bells, and also a delicate spray of male flowers, with jagged edges purple and black-and-white, that when visited by one of the larger insects shoot out a little bit of themselves as though a hidden spring had been released. It is amusing to touch these blossoms lightly with a bit of stick and see the curious mechanism work.

On the edge of these little sandy patches, before the forest has got too dense, Coryanthus orchids can be found. They are the most extraordinary of any of the Brazilian orchids, and are a little difficult to collect, as they grow at a height of some thirty feet from the ground on slender trees which often are exceedingly thorny and difficult and dangerous to climb, and they always have an ants' nest in their roots. These ants are peculiarly active, and inflict very painful bites. The limbs of these trees are often brittle, and will not bear the weight of a climber, while wasps choose them for hanging their papery nests. If one attempts to cut the tree down—a difficult job in the heavy heat—great leaves bind it to its neighbour, and one is no nearer one's goal. When once the orchid is got down the ants swarm out of its entwined roots over the pseudo-bulbs and leaves, and it is very difficult to handle. The best way is to tie a creeper to it and immerse it for an hour in a stream, by which method most of the ants can be got rid of. In its flowering-time five or six flowering spikes hang pendulous from the plant, some nine or ten inches long, and each has from three to six buds of a spotted, purplish hue. These swell and lighten in colour, and eventually burst open, disclosing one of Nature's most wonderful works. The upper part curls into two wings spotted with yellow, surmounting a helmet-shaped cap with two anthers, from the tips of which trickle slowly and continually the clear drops of a yellowish fluid into a cup below; a faint, agreeable odour is emitted, and the flower is visited by many insects, some of which sip the cup of nectar, drink deeper, fall in, and are drowned. But among its visitors, after it has been open for a few hours, metallic-blue bees appear in everincreasing numbers; and as long as the flowers

remain unfaded—some three or four days—these bees are constant visitors, taking care, however, to avoid the slowly dropping liquid. They are never seen hovering round other orchids or flowers, and disappear as soon as the Coryanthus has faded. They come from great distances to visit the flowers, follow canoes containing specimens right down the river, and even in little gardens shut in between the high tiled houses of Manaos the steely-blue bees appear as soon as the blossoms expand.

On the Amazon this orchid flowers three times a year, and does very well if put in a suitable place after it is brought from the forest; but it is said to be difficult to grow under glass, and to flower rarely in Europe. Penetrating farther into the forest, we see that the smoother-barked trees are free from orchids and parasites, but the remainder are covered with a dense growth . of all kinds of plants wherever a limb makes a convenient angle for a lodging-place. Great numbers of arboreal ferns creep along the branches, and a plant very like a pine-apple plant, with vivid scarlet leaves, and holding a pint or more of water, grows nearer the main trunks. Cacti, with long pale-green flowers and brilliant magenta fruit, hang down, mixed with creepers and parasites of similar nature to mistletoe, and quantities of orchids of all kinds. Moss and lichen, that link between marine and terrestrial plants, grow on the damper under-surface; and amidst all this riot of parasitic and arboreal growth, it needs a strong pair of field-glasses and a somewhat comprehensive knowledge of the local orchids to have a profitable day. In the denser forest the orchids grow at a great height, and the majority are of merely botanical interest, their flowers being insignificant, and it is no easy task to pick out the Cattleyas or Schomburgkias from the commoner kinds. Cattleyas are very local. Cattleya superba, with its fine mauve petals, grows usually at a height of some forty feet from the ground, and always near the waterways. It will occur frequently for some miles, and then be entirely absent—its place perhaps taken by Schomburgkia, which is tiresome to collect owing to its insect guardians. In one variety, which has long sprays of brown-and-white flowers, there is a small hole at the bottom of each pseudo-bulb, and in this a ferocious black ant has its abode, which rushes out and inflicts a painful bite on the despoiler; and as all the Schomburgkias establish themselves very firmly on their trees, and grow into very big clumps, their collection is no easy matter. Cattleyu Eldorado is rarer than Cattleya superba, and its pseudo-bulb has only one leaf; its flowers are very beautiful-pale mauve above or rosy pink, and its lip washed and splashed with yellow. One or two other rarer Cattleyas are to be found, and sometimes white ones, or white ones with a yellow lip; these are very rare and greatly prized. At the time when the river is still high

and the rainy season has not begun, most of these orchids are not in flower or bud; and so, owing to the height at which they grow, and the inextricable confusion of all sorts of parasitic growth with which they are entangled, a good knowledge of the plants themselves is essential. The white Cattleya plants, however, are indistinguishable from the more usual ones; consequently, unless one is lucky enough to find a specimen actually in flower, there are no means of picking out these rarities.

Oncidiums are fairly common; one variety has beautiful sprays of yellow blossoms thickly spotted with chocolate, and is easy to get, as it does not grow very high from the ground. Another Oncidium, Lanceolata, called *Orelho de burro*, or donkey's ear, from the shape of its handsome spotted leaves, has very minute pseudobulbs, and is in consequence difficult to transport to Europe. It has pretty spikes of deep-mauve flowers, shaped rather like butterflies.

One orchid, a brassicola, always grows in the hairy fibre surrounding the crown of a certain species of palm. Its long, thin stems, and grassy foliage with pink pendent bella, look incongruous below the feathery palm fronds, and maybe bunches of half-ripened nuts. With this exception, and one Catasetum, palms on the Amazon are never the hosts of orchids. Scuticaria—so called from its foliage hanging down several feet like long whips—has three or four broad flowers near the tree-trunk, but its long, grayishgreen, whip-like leaves give it a very distinctive

appearance.

Landing one day on a shelving, grass-grown slope of the Rio Negro, quite close to a waterway connecting it with the Amazon, the canoe pushed through a dense growth of floating bladderwort with blue and yellow flowers, to make fast to a dead stump near the water's edge. White cranes flapped lazily away, and in a Tucuman palm-tree a couple of brilliant red-and-yellow macaws were busily feeding before flying off, screeching at our approach. At a little distance from the bank a lake was left by the receding waters, and here turtles abounded, and crocodiles had remained to feed on the lush weeds and the many imprisoned fish. The sand showed the marks of crocodile-hide and turtle-shell, as well as the usual footprints, and here and there a trail could be seen where an enormous boaconstrictor had wound its sinuous way. Golden orioles flew from tree to tree, and in the more open parts lovely metallic butterflies flitted, now settling in little companies to drink at the wet sand at the lake's edge, now circling up into the greenery above. An enormous Bertholletia excelsa, the Brazil nut-tree, towered into the air, its large round pods just ripening, and a few blown down by a recent storm disclosing the beautifully packed nuts inside. A little farther on a tall silkcotton-tree with great buttressed sides was growing, bearing at an angle about sixty feet from the ground a great clump of orchids with drooping sprays of yellow flowers. The glasses revealed a thick tuft of single leaves and some dozen spikes of flowers. From the ground up to where the orchid was growing there were no branches, and the trunk with its uneven buttresses made it impossible to use a rope. The orchid was a very unusual one, and a magnificent specimen, and so the only thing to do was to cut the tree down. It seemed a pity to sacrifice a forest giant, but one could almost console one's self with the thought that, given suitable conditions, an orchid is practically immortal. It took two days to cut and saw the tree down, and what labour! In that still, tropical dampness one was often enough tempted to give up. perspiration wetted one's scant clothing, and tiny bees settled persistently, attracted apparently by the smell. Humming-birds quivered through the air, living jewels; but other life was kept away by sound of axe and saw. In the afternoon of the second day the tree

fell with a resounding crack of the last connecting fibres and a sudden crash; but, alas! great leaves prevented it from falling, and all our work seemed in vain. By climbing a neighbouring tree, infested by fire-ants, by means of a rope, the thickest binding creepers were severed, and by four o'clock the great trunk lay across some smaller trees in an accessible position. The orchid turned out to be a Peristeria, each separate flower of which looked like a hovering dove. It was a magnificent plant, and we were able to saw it away from the tree with much of its original growth undisturbed. Hanging from one of the longer sprays of flowers was a delicately woven humming-birds' nest, with two tiny eggs, which, suspended in their delicate swinging cradle, had not been broken in the series of heavy falls.

neighbouring tree proved a useless inducement.

The canoes were deeply laden, and it being a good season of the year for the orchids to arrive in Europe, a return was made to civilisation to enable the plants to be shipped. Many of them were sold by auction; but one or two of the finer Cattleyas, and the Peristeria which had taken so much time and trouble to obtain, adorn the collection of one of our famous private orchidgrowers. Some months ago I saw it in the full glory of its yellow flowers, and, under vastly different conditions, it brought back with a rush all the memories of trials and triumphs in the dim sizes of the Ameronian forcet.

But the parent birds were nowhere to be seen,

and hanging the nest at a similar altitude in a

dim aisles of the Amazonian forest.

THE HOUSE OF LADDO.

By CHARLES HILTON BROWN.

CHAPTER V.

AS you may well imagine, I had little enough sleep that morning, and was early out of my bed and up to the knoll; but long as I was in advance of my usual hour, Mr Robert was there before me. The fog still lay white and smothering on the land—and thicker still on the seaand I was quite close to the ruined dike before I saw him. He sprang up at my approach, and I saw that his face was pale and drawn, with the big, tired eyes of one who had slept little for some nights past.

'Davy,' cried he, with a gratifying pleasure at my appearance, 'I'm thankful to see you. The

time is now come.'

'What do you mean?' said I

'What I say,' returned he. 'The game is up; we have played our last card, and it has failed us. There has been some cross-work in high places I will not name. I have no time to say more; but I tell you frankly that my father has been too much for us. To-morrow we shall all be on our way to France or to the gallows.'

'Stop a minute,' said I, and I told him the events of the night. To my great vexation, he heard these with a marked impatience and a wandering attention, and in the end he struck

his hands together and stopped me.

This might have been all very well six months ago,' said he, 'and I suppose I should have known and used it then. As it is, it's worse than want. What could we do-a handful of persecuted outlaws, with a price on our heads and a sheriff's officer at our heels—ay, and close at our heels,

'But are you so sure!' I persisted, for I was chagrined to think my night's ordeal had gone

for nothing.

'You young fool!' he roared; 'do you suppose me the sort of man to give in before due time?' And then, seeing me humbled, 'Look here, Davy, you and I must hold together in this. Stand by me now, and I may be able to stand by you. Is it a bargain?'

'Command me,' said I.
'Good lad!' cried he. 'Now, listen. I shall have to tell you everything—which I think I safely can. Come, no speeches,' said he, holding up his hand as I was about to break into some fervent protestations of loyalty; 'we have no time for that, so we'll call it said. Now, do you know the farmhouse at Feathermuir?

I knew it very well, and said so. It was a lonely sort of place standing on the high hillside,

perhaps a mile and a half inland.

'Good,' said he. 'Well, in that place there lie about a score of us, and my father has worked against us to such purpose that if we lie there

much longer we are like to-morrow to lie in our graves.'

He looked round him with an expression of

great bitterness.

'And now comes this fog,' said he. 'I swear the very elements are in league against us. At this very moment there should be a French ship lying ready for us off the Ness, and if it were not for this thrice-cursed fog we should know for certain whether she were there or not. But, after all, it is of little moment; if she be there, we must get to her, fair or foul; and if she be not, we may get to our prayers. After dark to-night boats will put in for us, and into these boats, Davy, we must somehow get, or we are dead men.

'Where will they land ?' I asked.

'You should know,' replied he. 'Where but at the place you saw last night.'

'It should suit very well,' said I. 'And now

what must I do?'

'I will tell you,' said he. 'This business of the ship has been clumsily gone at, and I am ready to stake my life that my father will get some wind of it. He may even have it now. He is a terrible man, Davy, is Hangman Lechmere, and I think the devil is in him—that I should say such a thing of my own father. What you must do is to keep close watch over him this whole day, and if anything happens get yourself somehow up to the Feathermuir to give us warning. It will be neck or nothing then. Will you do it?'

'I swear I will!' cried I.

'Good lad!' said he again more cheerily. 'Now back to Laddo, and keep all your ears open; and if nothing happens, be at the crossroads at Ferlie after dark. You must be guide to half of them.

So back I went to Laddo in a most mighty state of self-importance, and scarce fit to contain myself. But, after all, I had no call to keep my ears on the stretch so very long; for I had not been back an hour when there came a terrific clatter of horse's hoofs through the westward fog, and Patrick Cockburn rode into the yard. He threw himself from his horse like a man possessed, and burst into the house; and a few minutes later I heard my uncle's voice raised in a sort of scream of anger. A door flew open, and he came thundering along the corridor, shouting and swearing as he ran.

'My own daughter!' he cried. 'My blind, miserable daughter! And I blamed the other! By Heaven, she shall pay for it! Oh, by the Lord, how she shall pay for it! Wait-wait;

let her only wait! The others first!'

He came to a halt in the lobby, and I heard him muttering there with Cockburn. Then

presently he ran to the door.

'Rintoul—Rintoul,' he shouted, 'saddle the roan this minute! I must to Cupar without delay.—The soldiers, Cockburn—the soldiers! It can be done!'

He dragged Cockburn off, back to his own room, talking feverishly, and at that my mind was made up. I would fain have stayed by Alice, for I trembled for her now that her brave secret was out; but I reflected that she was safe enough for the time being, whereas others who depended on me were not. I made no doubt my uncle had got wind of the whole business of the ship, and, as Mr Robert had said, it was neck or nothing now; and so I slipped out into the yard where the horse Cockburn had ridden so hard stood steaming with his head down. Rintoul was in the stable, bridling furiously, and with one good spring I was up and in the saddle. My notions of horsemanship were drawn from the occasional riding of raw hill-ponies on the Pentland slopes, but they stood me in wonderful stead. Cockburn's good steed went forward with a leap, and we cleared the yard with a clatter like the North Mail. A hundred yards away was a belt of fir, and we were half-way across the open ground to this when I heard my uncle's voice again behind me. I was too unsteady a horseman to look round; but I knew, as surely as if I saw, that he had thrown up a window in the back of the house and was going to shoot at me. A dreadful sickness came over me, I felt my heart sob in my throat, and I thought I should have fallen from the saddle long before the rifle crashed out. But the ball sang harmlessly over my head, and next minute we were into the fir-belt, and going helter-skelter through the mud for the Feathermuir.

I take it I must have contrived to hold my seat in the saddle, and that Cockburn's horse, spent though he was and hard ridden, won somehow up the long hill to the Feathermuir; but my wits were so scattered by my recent fear and by this close rush of events that my memory serves me little as to the details of that journey. Indeed, the first thing I can clearly recall is sitting in the long, low-roofed kitchen of the farmhouse with a number of strangers about me. They were fine-looking fellows almost to a man, carrying in their aspect and bearing the unmistakable evidences of gentle birth; some of them, moreover, had been much in the field, and bore honourable traces of their service-Murray of Ramsburn, with his arm in a aling; Weir of Spentles, with a bandaged head; and that Farquhar of Dinnie for whom Alice had such praise, with a long, new-healed scar running from eye to chin. I very clearly remember sitting, somewhat out of breath, in a hard wooden chair, and telling them my tale in little jerks and instalments. At the close Andrew Farquhar took paper and a quill, and ran up a few figures.

'If all goes well,' said he, 'we shall have the prettiest race to-night at the fall of dusk that has yet been seen in this country-side.'

'He can never get his soldiers over in time,' said some one.

'If he take the Arncroach road,' said Farquhar, 'he can do it, with something to spare; and I see no reason why he should use any other. The Butcher's men are devils at a march.'

'And if all goes ill?' observed Weir. 'Suppose there be no ship in yonder fog, after all?'

'Then God save Prince Charlie!' cried Murray with spirit; 'I ask no better name to fight for.'

'The ship will be there, sure enough,' said Farquhar. 'Dalmuir will not fail us, though the

day turn to night.'

Robert Lechmere during my narrative had remained somewhat apart, sunk in profound reflection. I fancy that, despite himself, his thoughts lay less with the present company than with Rose; and I know now that in that interval he was making up his mind to stay behind the others and serve her and Alice, willynilly, so far as he could. I dare say, too, he felt some shame that it was his father who had put them all to such concern. Be that as it may, when Farquhar took up the quill to figure out the times and distances, he had turned away to the open door, where on a clear day you could see away down the Lothian and Berwickshire coasts, and I know not how far besides. And now, on the heels of Murray's sentiment, he gave a sudden great shout.

'By the Lord, lads,' cried he, 'the fog's up, and the ship's off the Ness!'

In an instant there was such a rush for the doorway that I thought to be crushed flat in the press; but presently we were all outside and gaping seaward. The fog had thinned all round, and directly to seaward had lifted altogether, so that a great pencil of watery sunlight had broken through upon a mile-wide circle of gray sea. Plumb in the middle of this circle there lay a ship—evidently a foreigner of sorts—closehauled and motionless, exactly as the smugglers' brig had lain when I first sighted her, though a little farther from the land. We saw her none too clearly, and, owing to the strange play of the light, only with the ghostly effect of a reflection; while even as we looked there came a contrary clap of wind, and the fog settled down thick and solid as before. But what we had seen was enough to set us all laughing and talking like so many maniacs; and it was then, by the nonsense of their speech and the fervour of their actions, that one could tell how of late the strain had told on these men's nerves.

And now came almost the hardest trial of all—the wearing of the long afternoon hours, with

the moral certainty in one's head, first, that my uncle must be at the gates of Cupar; then that the bugles were calling out the Hanoverians; then that they must nearly have reached the Peat What made it all ten times worse was the knowledge that if we could but have signalled to the ship—as we conceivably might but for this disastrous fog-and so got in the boats before the appointed time, there was nothing to prevent our all going scot-free. For myself, I was all in a quiver of apprehension and excitement; but after their first rapture, these cool fellows planned and jested and gambled as though nothing unusual were afoot. The only man who betrayed by his bearing any uneasiness of heart was my cousin Robert; but his was a greater responsibility, and, moreover, he had another cause for gravity. But at last the light began to fail, rushlights were brought in, and finally, after a stiff dram all round, we crept out by twos and threes into the darkness.

It was just such another night as the last, cold and clammy with the sea-fog, and so thick that Mr Robert and I had to lay our heads together before we could settle how best to strike the Ferlie cross-roads. The farm lights were swallowed up before we had gone a score of yards, and we dared use none of our own, with the result that our progress was intolerably slow and halting. It was a tedious business for us, whose wits were all called upon to set a lead; and what it must have been for those who only groped blindly in the rear I cannot think. Robert Lechmere was sadly distraught, and I know that it was my news of Alice that had set him thinking. His plan had been to wait and persuade Rose somehow to make a bolt for it with him, inasmuch as he could not well jeopardise all his companions by asking them to delay longer—though, I make no doubt, they would gladly have done so; but, in common humanity, he could not leave Alice now, and it would be all but impossible to get her away. Amid such speculations he and I performed our office as guides, and by the most wearisome stages we got at length across the fields to the cross-roads, and thence I guided them down a long strip of young timber that gave us a line, and so into another, till presently our feet were upon rising ground, and we heard the splash and ripple of the calm sea upon the rocks.

At this moment there occurred one of those startling and theatrical changes which one comes to look for in such weather. There came a sudden keen gust from the east, and with that the mist rolled slowly away like a curtain, to show a most clear and perfect moon riding amidst the few wisps of vapour that raced like stragglers after the main body. We had struck the coast within a few yards of our intended destination, and I was just pluming myself on the excellent conduct I had given them, when Murray gave a kind of choking cry.

'God Almighty!' he screamed; 'the ship's gone!'

'Not gone,' said Farquhar, pointing seaward, 'but going.'

Like one man we followed his pointing finger, and, sure enough, just to the left of the glittering path of the moonlight, there was the ship standing out to sea with every stitch set. I know not whether it was the sight of her with her canvas spread, but on the instant the fell and deadening truth burst upon me.

'Sirs,' I cried, 'we have made the most frightful of errors! That is not your ship, and never was, but merely the smugglers' brig that has been waiting for the fog to clear!'

My words threw them all into a stony silence, in the midst of which there came to us from the land side the soul-stirring sound of horses' hoofs. We all wheeled round, and there was a considerable band of horsemen coming down the straight road by Laddo at a hard trot.

'The Hanoverians!' cried Weir. 'Scatter for your lives!'

'Devil a yard!' roared Murray. 'Stand fast for Charlie!'

'Amen!' cried Mr Robert. 'We are done either way. Stand fast!'

And then, like a prelude to the disaster, there happened a thing which I still see happening in my most evil dreams. The nearest horseman would be perhaps a hundred yards from us, when from out of the bushes in front of him there sprang up the figure of a girl, feeling blindly about with her hands, and evidently lost. It was Alice. I had told her of our plans, and down she had come on some errand of her ownperchance to give a God-speed to her brother, or to Andrew Farquhar, who had now to see her die. For the great galloping horse of this cursed trooper-I can scarce hold pen to write it-struck her full where she stood, and flung her rolling under his hoofs. She gave one choked cry, more of alarm, I think, than pain, and then she must have been blessedly killed on the instant. The whole thing may have taken at the most one minute; but may God defend me from such another!

And then in a clap, just as the first shot went off on either side, down came the fog again, leaving us to struggle, first in the murky twilight, and then in the blackness of the pit. Of the fight I can tell you little, and you must call up the reserves of your fancy to fill it out. There stand out the sensation of striking my cutlass into something soft that gave horridly under the blow; some one's ringing death-yell of agony; a great rushing and shouting and falling to and fro; some one saying the name of Hangman Lechmere; Mr Robert screaming in my ear to cut for it, and what I took for my own voice declaring I would stand; the horror of some one—Weir, I think—falling dead and bleeding across me, and

bearing me with him to the ground; and the dreadful and haunting face of a Hanoverian trooper split fiendishly from brow to chin. And then, to cut short this unholy rant, there came a loud and crashing blow upon my head from

some great thing—a hoof, as like as not—that sent me straightway into a blackness deeper even than that of this fell and murderous night.

(Continued on page 642.)

AN AMERICAN BIRD-WOMAN.

ANIMAL life is being studied to-day with so much enthusiasm, patience, and accuracy, and described with so much realism, that our friends in fur or feather are brought closer to us than ever before. Some write and endow them with almost human attributes, making it evident that men and women find in the woods the things they go there to seek. Others going with a gun, on sport intent, report them wild and shy. To the writer endowed with genius and tenderness, the habits and life-history of the lower animals, when woven into narrative, have often the charm of a human romance. To mention only a few authors who have excelled in this department of literature, we have Seton-Thompson, Jack London, C. G. D. Roberts, W. H. Hudson, and H. Fabre. An American lady, Mrs Gene Stratton-Porter-known all over the United States as the Bird Woman for her admirable camera and pen work in the delineation of birds and moths-also takes high place. She has endured more hardships in bird photography and secured better results than any other woman ever did, and has further developed her gifts and opportunities in stories which have had a wide popular appeal, and have given pleasure to millions.

All her life this Bird Woman has believed that she would be more at home in the woods than elsewhere, and now she is trying it. On her little estate of fifteen acres of wild woods, with primeval trees upon it, near Rome City, Indiana, she has reared a bungalow house, called Limberlost Cabin. The land runs down to a lake-shore; there is a spring, and a cleared hill for garden, orchard, and pasture. Here have been laid off red, white, pink, blue, lavender, and yellow flower-beds of an acre each, in the deep woods running down to the lake-shore, where wild-flowers of each colour named have been planted, beginning at water-growth at the lake, and running back so that each plant has its proper location; vines and wooden fences stand between the beds of flowers. Limberlost Cabin is situated in the middle of the yellow bed; it has eighteen big rooms and four fireplaces, two of which Mrs Porter practically built herself. One is of white glacier formation known as 'pudden stone,' the pebbles being red and blue; and in a big living-room there is one of field boulders split to show many colours and flecked with quartz crystals that sparkle like diamonds in the light. Limberlost Cabin is provided with private gas and electric light plant, waterworks, and telephone, and a good road. The windows in this house are built with broad, deep casements especially to furnish feeding-tables for the birds. Outside, the open porch has a cement floor on which in winter stand sheaves of wheat, apples, and cabbage and celery leaves; and on the broad sills are scattered chopped wheat, ground corn, and baked potatoes, and depending from a rope are raw meat bones and pieces of suet. There revel the chickadees, titmice, nut-hatches, sapsuckers, flickers, song-sparrows, jays, cardinals, and squirrels. A pair of coons inhabit one of the hollow trees, also a pair of big owls. All this seems a suitable environment for the author of The Harvester and The Song of the Cardinal.

Gene Stratton, the twelfth child of Mark Stratton (who came of British ancestry) and Mary Shellenberger, was born at a farm in Wabash County, Indiana, in 1868. In 1886 she married Charles Darwin Porter, president of the Bank of Geneva. There is one daughter by this marriage, who in turn has two daughters. stories of Mrs Stratton-Porter, especially Laddie, contain many autobiographical touches. With inborn genius, and overflowing tenderness for birds which showed itself as soon as she could run about, one of her earliest recollections is of finding a dead woodpecker lying on the grass near a cherry-tree. She picked up the bird, and her childish mind tried to grasp the idea of death. She threw the woodpecker into the air, only to watch it fall helpless at her feet. Stuffing its beak with green gooseberries was of no use. 'I don't think you would like to be shot because you were hungry and ate some cherries,' she said to her father, Mark Stratton, in that Wabash farm garden one day. Her father explained that he did not permit robins, orioles, or any songbird to be killed; but woodpeckers were not musical, and they took a great deal of fruit. She proposed that if he would stop the boys from shooting woodpeckers she would not herself eat another cherry, and her father agreed. But a kind mother broke the bargain.

Gene Stratton cared less for dolls and indoor play than being out of doors amongst her feathered friends. One day, in crossing the orchard, she heard the report of a gun, and saw a big bird swirling earthward. A large chicken-hawk was sitting back on its tail, with one wing extended, broken and bleeding. In the bird's eyes was a pitiful look of pain, fear, and defiance. Her father again raised his gun to fire. But she

sprang forward and sheltered the bird with her body, and narrowly escaped being shot, as the contents of the gun whizzed past her head, and the rush of air struck her face. 'Are you mad?' cried her father. 'I barely missed braining you.' She entreated her father for the life of the bird, and laid her hand upon it. The hawk, realising a friend, huddled against her for protection. She gained her point, and Mark Stratton allowed his daughter to keep the bird, and she fed it and nursed its broken wing in the wood-shed. When she asked her mother for powder to dust the wing and keep off flies the remark was made, 'What a little bird-woman you are!' In two weeks the hawk was well, and took food from her fingers. She became known as a friend of the birds, and every unfortunate caught in a reaping-machine on her father's farm, or hurt in any way, was brought to her to be doctored. No one taught her to care for them; her own natural genius and sympathy with the feathered tribe prompted her to such acts. She studied each case independently, and treated the hurts of the birds much as her mother did the children's wounds and bruises.

Next spring Mark Stratton made her heir to all the birds on the farm. 'He gave me,' she says, 'for my very own the birds with their flashing colour, their thrilling song, their beautiful eggs, their queer little babies.' So her life became full of interest for the sixty nests under her care. She would softly draw near a nest, imitating the call of the bird, and leave near the nest a little food the bird liked. She thus gained their confidence, and could stroke the backs of mothers while brooding. When sent to school she was at first rebellious until allowed to carry off nine of her pet birds along with her. After she had a house of her own she bred canaries and made pets of orioles and parrots, and when she played the piano or violin the birds set up a babel of song. The family parrot Major was the first trophy of her camera, and during her first season of bird-photography she spent two hundred pounds in equipment. Those who have studied her work in the illustrated edition of The Song of the Cardinal or Moths of the Limberlost know how charming it is. She says: 'I no longer needed to keep birds in my home in order to get all the pleasure to be had from them, for God had taught me that my gift endured, that all the birds everywhere were mine, and that the only way to know them right was to study them as they lived their life in the abandonment of perfect freedom.' Thus she secured the best results, and gave pictures of birds in moments of fear, anger, the full tide of song, bathing, or brooding. Her advice to other bird-students is to 'go slow, know birds and understand them, and remain in the woods until you have become so much a part of the daily life of the birds that they will be perfectly natural in your presence.

We are enabled to give an interesting sidelight on her first story, Freckles, through the courtesy of Mr John L. Grant of Utica, U.S.A., to whom the publishers had submitted the manuscript. After reading the story, Mr Grant, on returning the manuscript, strongly advised publication, backing up his words by an order for two hundred and fifty copies. Amongst those to whom a copy was sold was the wife of the late Professor Root of Hamilton College. The professor, a true naturalist, who had been ill, rejoiced in the book, and felt uplifted by the interest of the story and its nature pictures. He wrote as follows to Mr Grant: 'It is an exceedingly fine piece of work. The flavour of the swamp and the timber is not only in it, but comes out of it. In reading I almost felt my feet damp, and I looked lovingly at the spruce, the pines, and elms and ashes and poplars and hemlocks of my home. When one loves nature, how the beauty and delight of it creep into one's soul! And the Bird Woman is fine. It is fine to me because the humanity of it so permeates and informs the nature in it, while the nature takes hold of the human in it, teaches it, uplifts There is the chivalric spirit in it.' Like Sir Walter Scott in scouring the Borders in quest of ballads and legendary stories, Mrs Porter had been 'making herself' while she was for two years editor of the camera department of the periodical Recreation, two years on the natural history staff of Outing, and four years natural history specialist on another periodical. she came to write such books as The Song of the Cardinal, What I have done with Birds, Birds of the Bible, and Music of the Wild, she had strong natural genius and all this experience to draw upon.

During the past ten years Gene Stratton-Porter has written ten books, the sale of which has run into millions. They still keep on selling. The Girl of the Limberlost has had a sale of six hundred and fifty thousand in the United States alone. Of her latest, Laddie, a True-Blue Story, three hundred and twenty-five thousand copies were sold in six months, a feat which beats the sale of Uncle Tom's Cabin in a like period. Humour, realism, and close study of nature are apparent in all she has written. The home-life of an American family was never delineated with greater realism than in Laddie. In her country books she shows how health, wealth, culture, joy, and refinement may appertain to those who live on the land as she has done. Her own life and achievements prove this abundantly. The Limberlost Swamp in north-east Indiana, the scene of her work on birds and moths, has changed since she began her life-work. Commerce has destroyed it as a haunt for natural history specimens. It exists now only in ragged spots and patches. In its time she asked for no better hunting-ground for birds, moths, and flowers. It proved of unspeakable interest to herself; that interest and the knowledge gained thereby she has handed on to others. Without claiming to be a scientific naturalist, she has opened the eyes of thousands to what can be done with birds and moths; and when this mine was so far exhausted the interest was

transferred to the characters in her ever-delightful stories. Through these Mrs Stratton-Porter has given joy and pleasure to others, and through them have come fame and fortune to herself, while she has remained unspoiled, and continues as keen a nature student as ever.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

By ROBERT MACHRAY.

NO. I.

MR HENRY HAGGART, the old school-master, walked briskly down the lane, and his head just topped the hedge on each side. Beyond middle age, and inclined to stoutness, he yet carried himself very erect, as became a former officer of the Volunteers. There was a brave smile in his eyes and a touch of gaiety in his air as he moved along, humming a line from a favourite song, and swinging his cane to the melody. But his dark suit, well brushed, was a little shiny at the seams, and his silk hat, also well brushed, was somewhat noticeably past its first youth.

He was the headmaster and staff all-in-one of the Hogarth Square Academy, a higher-class private school for the children of the better-off folk in oor auld toon, who did not altogether approve of the brand of education provided by the Board. Time was when he had had an assistant, but that was gone by; it was a luxury he could no longer afford. He was not perhaps the best teacher in the world, but he had the best heart; as was said of another, it was almost a fault in him. He had never married, no doubt because he had taken on his shoulders—sometimes, when he was off guard, so to speak, you would see the stoop in them—a widowed sister and three orphaned nieces, the brood of a second sister; a heavy burden, but he never called it that.

As he stepped out that morning he was thinking of the eldest of those three nieces, a bright, eager, and clever girl, and it was his design that she should help him, and herself as well, by undertaking eventually 'the French and music.' With this object in view he was sending her to Paris; all the arrangements had been made, and she was leaving next day. The money had been a great difficulty, and still was so; but it had been overcome, partially at least. He was telling himself that he must be careful and economical. Dear man! not for a decade and more had he had a chance of being anything else. He'd manage it somehow! So Margaret -Maggie to everybody save himself-was going away to Paris on the morrow for a couple of years; it would be a hard struggle to keep her there so long, but it would be such a splendid thing for her! This was why there was that brave smile in his eyes.

At the bottom of the lane he was met by John Jamieson, a coachbuilder whose workshop was close at hand, and a local 'character' famous for his extraordinary ugliness and his 'faithful' dealing with friends as well as foes. Thus, when a certain lady of the neighbourhood once told him that he was the ugliest man she had ever seen, but, noting his instant resentment, immediately sought to pour balm into the wound by assuring him that she 'positively doted' on ugly men, he swiftly retaliated with a pointed, if ungallant, reference to the spareness of her figure: 'Weel, ma'am, ye ken beauty is but skin-deep, an' if we were a' flayed the fattest would be the fairest.'

As the schoolmaster drew near, Jamieson showed him a frowning face. Formidable at all times, that face, which a boy high up in the academy had pertly yet aptly described in an alliterative moment as a 'curiously corrugated and confounding countenance,' was daunting now. Jamieson looked as if he had been awaiting the other's coming—as if he were waylaying him to give him a bit of his mind—as was indeed the case. There was an attachment between the two men, and not of yesterday, for Jamieson had been a sergeant in Haggart's company of the old Volunteers. The schoolmaster smiled on him, but John's stern and menacing expression did not relax.

A bonny morning, Johnny, said Haggart pleasantly. 'How are you the day?'

'Oh, I'm weel enough, an' the mornin''s weel enough tae, Maister Haggart,' returned Jamieson ungraciously. 'But what's yon I'm hearin' aboot Miss Maggie?'

'That she is going away, John? Is that it?'
'Deed, an' it is! To Pay-ris, I'm tel't,
Maister Haggart; but, for my pairt, I canna an'
wunna believe it.'

'It's quite true, John. She leaves to-morrow. To finish her education, you know. It will be a grand thing for the lassie;' and the brave smile came into the old schoolmaster's eyes again.

'But Pay-ris, Maister Haggart!' exclaimed Jamieson in accents of horror, unfeigned and deep. 'Man, man, I won'er at ye! Puir Maggie! Man, do ye no' ken that's where they eat puddicks?'

NO. II.

OR auld toon lies in a sweet and soothing valley, shut in on the north and south by ranges of rounded, peakless hills like gigantic barrows, but open from west to east, as that is the course of the river flowing down to the sea. Pushful persons from the great, bustling city some seventeen miles away, fatuously impatient of its abiding peace, contemptuously call it 'Sleepy Hollow.' In truth it is a slumberous place; there is no strain, no stress, no feverish fret of business; it has never been, and never will be, a roaring mart of trade, though its weekly corn market was once of some importance, for it is the centre of as rich and fertile, if lovely and tranquil, a country as any in the world; but in these days of 'samples' the market has become a small affair. Its population barely remains stationary—tends, if anything, to decline, as most of its young people, exclaiming that there is 'nothing' in the auld toon, leave it for other scenes where life, they think, holds bigger chances. And God go with them!

But let no one scoff at oor auld toon. Granted that its beautiful setting is worthy of something finer, it is not without its points, and still plays a part in the general scheme of things. It has had a long and not inglorious history; a poet might say that mayhap it is of that it dreams, but the fact is that it is more than doubtful if the town ever thinks of it at all; its people cherish a strange but pleasing notion that they are singularly wide awake, and not in the least like men that dream. 'Tis a happy, contenting delusion. It was not always thus. Four or five hundred years ago the town, which was old even then, was almost too much 'in the movement.' In those times that meant war, with all its excursions and alarms. It was assaulted, besieged, stormed, ravished, burned, and not twice or thrice, yet it revived from its ashes; for centuries watchmen stood on its walls, and its streets rang with the cries of soldiers. Kings were born, lived, and were buried there; the site of their palace, vanished 'langsyne,' is now that of the county prison. Sic transit gloria !

Few ancient memorials of its chequered and romantic past are left to the auld toon, which to-day might be said to look old-fashioned rather than old, as a great part of it was rebuilt about the beginning of last century; but there are the church, partly in ruins, known as the 'ayb-by,' a bit of a castle once tenanted by Mary's Bothwell, and the bridge, with the 'hangman's hook' still protruding from its side, now estopped—the bridge, not the hook-from heavy traffic. The omnipresent feature of the town is its deepbrooding quiet, its freedom from hurry, its almost absolute repose, which make it an ideal retreat. To be sure, it has a few commercial enterprises in addition to the necessary shopsas, for instance, a flourmill, and a 'waukmill' which manufactures tweeds; but the two real industries of the town are lunatics and orphans. Both the orphanages and the large lunatic asylum lie on the north side of the place, on the lower slopes of the range of little hills that shut in the valley in that quarter; and the buildings are the best in the town.

The splendid orphanages, which are always full, owe their existence to the munificent charity of a man who made his money elsewhere. but who took a fancy to the quiet and peace of oor auld toon, and gave orders to build them there. They are for girls only, and almost any day you may see these young creatures in 'crocodile' processions demurely promenading the streets; here is 'nothing but well and fair.' The lunatic asylum, standing in its own spacious and beautiful grounds, is a very extensive institution, erected by the county, and looks far other than the sad and dolorous place it must be inside. It, too, is always full, and it has a considerable and efficient staff, including a chaplain, generally one of the ministers of the town. Service is held in the large hall on Sunday afternoons, and on one such occasion the Rev. Thomas Turnbull, minister of the first charge. In the congregation was Charles Smith, a townsman, whose madness alternated between his imagining himself Napoleon the Great and a posched egg. Could topsy-turvydom farther go? Before his malady had overtaken him he had had the reputation of being very 'near.' The clergyman knew Smith well, and spoke to him after the service.

When they had exchanged some remarks on various topics, Smith, who, the minister afterwards admitted, seemed perfectly sane that day, observed, 'They tell me, Maister Turnbull, that you're paid fifty pounds a year to come up here to preach to us dafties. Is't true, sir?'

'Yes, Charles, it's true.'

'Weel, sir, a' I ha'e to say, then, is that it's a clean waste o' guid siller. Man, we're no' worth it'—here Smith's voice suddenly fell to a tone which was meant to be low and confidential, but which was distinctly audible to many of the inmates—'nor are you.'

Chuckling, the minister often told the story against himself, christening it 'A Lucid Interval.'

NO. III.

THE village stands in, or, rather, by the side of, the path of that far-stretching highway which was formerly known as the Great North Road; indeed, the place has an air of holding itself aloof from it. Other villages, to say nothing of cities and towns, have been made by, and belong to, the Road, their main streets being no more than sections, long or short, of its course from north to south. But this village just touches it at an angle, reluctantly as it were, and may be said, almost without an effort of fancy,

thereafter to withdraw disdainfully, and as if it wanted to have as little to do with the Road as possible. The village is very ancient, perhaps more ancient than the Road-old as that is-and this might account for what looks like hauteur.

It is the bend of the river, however, that really gives the place that pose. There is a bridge; over it goes the Road, but the village stops on one side, with that appearance of having gone quite far enough, thank you, and of retiring in scorn from the adventure, in 'sich' company, you know! The hundred buildings or so of various sorts of which the village consists are strung in a double row along one bank of this bend of the stream; and from the other, with its edge of trees and wild-flowers in luxuriant profusion, there extends an enchanting prospect of fields and woodlands, like a great ordered garden, down to the sea. It is a sweet spot, beloved of artists for its beauty, its quaint houses, quiet and dreamy, its old Dutch commill on the haugh still at work after four centuries, and the modern mill, a thing of yesterday, yet already overtaken by disaster and in ruins, beside the roaring linn, which gives the place its name of Lyntown.

Standing not only on the Great North Road, but also on the main line of the railway, the village does not altogether lack some notes of modernity other than that supplied by the ruined mill, which by itself might be taken to suggest that madness lurked that way. There is the station, through which pass, mostly without stopping, some fifty trains a day; and there is a school recently erected according to the obdurate command of the Board of Education Department. Now and again a new house gets built, under the continuous fire of the criticisms of all the villagers, who make a sort of holiday out of it. These worthies, though unconscious of it, add a fresh charm to the place by their naïveté and old-worldliness. Lyntown breeds 'characters' by the score. It is in the morning, between eleven and twelve, that they show themselves in its single street, discuss their friends, do their shopping, and shake doubting heads over the fate of the nation.

One fair and shining forenoon Dr Carmichael, the only medico in the neighbourhood, walked up this street, with a nod, a smile, or a few remarks to those he met-he knew everybody, and everybody knew him; and presently he encountered Mrs Macintosh, a woman of middle age, whose husband was the village shoemaker. It was generally conceded that there was but one 'better man' in Lyntown than Macintosh, and that was his wife. But on this occasion, alas! the lady's face was flushed, her eyes watered, and her speech was indistinct-signs that Carmichael did not fail to observe.

'How are you to-day, Mrs Macintosh?' asked

'How are you was,,
he, looking gravely at her.
'No' sae weel as I wis yesterday, but better
than I wis in the nicht,' said Mrs Macintosh,
and hiccuping. 'I ha'e hed an

awfu' sinkin' kin' o' feelin' in the pit o' ma stummick this mornin', doctor, an' that's the truth, sure as d'aeth!'

'Ah! I know that sinking, Mrs Macintosh,' said Carmichael with a grimace. 'Take my

'Fowk are aye ready wi' that, doctor,' Mrs Macintosh interrupted him; 'but if ye'd tell me noo what to dae?' she asked, in what she thought was an insinuating manner. Here was a chance to get medical advice gratis; she was not too far gone to have that idea in her head.

'A few drops of essence of ginger,' said the

doctor grimly, 'and not a drop of alcohol!'
'Thank ye, doctor. You're a kindly crater,' returned Mrs Macintosh; and away she went, mightily pleased with herself.

A fortnight later, however, she got in a bill from Dr Carmichael for seven-and-six. Next day she met him in the street.

'How are you to-day?' inquired the doctor.
'What's the price o't? Will it be seven-andsax?' she asked bitingly. 'No, no, my man;
you'll get naething mair oot o' me. No, no not again! You an' your "Hoo are ye the day?" Not again—not again!' And she marched off, colours flying.

PLUSCARDEN ABBEY.

'Twas autumn in the quiet glen, Where still the lonely Abbey stands Forsaken, 'mid its ancient lands, With dreams of far-off times again.

A pensive sadness filled the air, And brooded o'er the silent vale; At times I thought the vesper bell Repeated still its call to prayer.

Ah no! the faintly ringing sound
Was pealing but in fancy's ear;
No more the echoes linger here,
No more they haunt the sacred ground.

A broken link in history's chain, A relic from the vanished past Upon our modern landscape cast, The solemn ruins still remain.

No hand can trace the faded lines, Or raise again the crumbling walls, Under the golden light that falls Where all around the ivy twines.

No voice can reach across the gloom That parts their distant age from ours, Who first upreared these falling towers, Or wake an answer from their tomb.

I lingered late within the vale, Watching the mystic hand of eve Slowly its sable curtain weave Until the deepening twilight fell.

So in the darker night of time All things grow dim; the shadow falls, In silence, on the mouldering walls Revered as sacred in their prime.



A CENTURY OF BRITISH RULE IN MALTA.

IN a previous article in Chambers's Journal (August 1913) a brief account was given of the famous island of Malta, and the relation of that little-known country to the British Government. Malta is not known as it should be to people at home; and as an indication of the susceptibility of the Maltese to British opinion, it may be mentioned that the article in question was reproduced in the Malta papers and very freely debated.

There is every evidence that the Home Government is alive to its responsibilities in the Mediterranean; and the possession of Malta is so absolutely essential to the maintenance of our position there that in the popular imagination it is a fortress, and nothing more. Outside the official class, to whom Malta simply means a change of station, there are few visitors to the place; and the tourist or traveller to India and the East, who is given but a few hours in the island, carries away merely the impression of its surpassing beauty and grim, almost unending, fortifications. But its two hundred thousand people are an intensely interesting study, and the patience with which they await a change in their political and economic circumstances is only equalled by their unswerving loyalty to the British Crown.

It is exactly one hundred years since Malta finally came under British domination, and the time is particularly appropriate for a review of our relations with this wonderful little people. The famous Knights of St John had surrendered to the French in 1798; but a revolt speedily followed, and, chiefly by British assistance, the French were driven out. It was then understood that Malta would be restored to the Knights; but this was never done, and as it was impossible for the Maltese to maintain their independence, the island was finally taken over by Great Britain in 1814. The Maltese, always a proud race, regard this as a 'self-cession' to Great Britain; and certainly the negotiations were conducted on that basis, Great Britain giving the most solemn promises that their ancient rights and liberties would be protected. The settled conditions that followed the permanent British occupation, and the immense sums which were spent upon the military and naval expansion of the island, brought about a period of great prosperity; but it was a prosperity economically unsound. The people, instead of becoming

producers and traders, expended their labour in work and services for the Government; and now that the demand for their labour has been so largely reduced, they are realising their helplessness. An end has come to this lavish Government expenditure; and with the developments of other ports of call in the Mediterranean, Malta has fallen on evil days. Wages have shrunk, and there is an alarming increase of poverty and unemployment. The industrial problem is insistent and serious; and in such circumstances it is not surprising that there has been a marked recrudescence of the demand for a further extension of local government.

This question of the Constitution is, after one hundred years of British rule, a matter of supreme importance to the Maltase. The commercial development of Malta, and the progress of the people in all that makes a modern nation, have been, perforce, largely sacrificed to the military exigencies of the island as an indispensable link in the chain of Empire, and we cannot regard the situation which has been created with indifference.

Prior to our occupation the Maltese had their Consiglio Popolare, or Popular Council. This we abolished, and it has never been restored in its entirety. Its history is one of which any people might be proud. This council was first established in A.D. 1090 by the Normans, who drove out the previous Arab holders of the island; and it maintained its continuity and independence through many centuries of vicissitudes. In 1887 the British Government revised the Council of Government it had established, and by giving the elected members a majority of the seats, restored the most characteristic feature of the old Popular Council. But dissension followed, principally upon the education question; and in 1903 another change was made by which the elected members were left in a minority, and consequently powerless. The facts of the present situation are that the elected members have no effective control over public administration, and that on questions of purely local interest the votes of the elected members are overwhelmed by the numerical majority of the permanent official members.

It can be readily conceded that in the present unfortunate circumstances of the island this is felt as a very real grievance, and the Maltese are Reserved. | September 12, 1914.

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practically unanimous in asking for the restoration of the Constitution of 1887. Since 1903, when the present Constitution was established, several general elections have taken place, and the elected members have either resigned after election, as a protest against the helplessness of their position, or the electorate has refused to send representatives to the council.

It is to be feared that the Maltese must continue for a time to exercise their marvellous gift of patience. The Home Government is immersed in affairs of such tremendous importance that it is unlikely the time of Parliament can be immediately spared for a consideration of the Maltese Constitution. But the facts of the case have only to be known to be appreciated, and there is no occasion for controversy. We owe a great debt to the Maltese. They have served us well. In Malta we have the Royal Malta Artillery, officered by Maltese, and possessing an honourable record of service. There is a local Division of Engineers and a serviceable regiment of Militia. They take their part in the defence of the island, and their support would be invaluable in time of war. The dockyard is practically manned by Maltese, and their services to the navy are not inconsiderable. They are all inspired by the strongest sentiments of attachment to the British Empire; and it is not unreasonable that they should be given, through their legitimate representatives, a real power over their local concerns. It should not be beyond the wit and resources of Government to meet their claims.

Malta must not be regarded solely as a fortress. It is the home of an active, industrious population, and its people deserve as full a measure of local government as is consonant with the maintenance of the island as a post of supreme strategic value. It is just how and where to reconcile the imperial and local claims that difficulties arise, and explain the hesitancy of the Home Government to concede to the full the popular demand.

But acquaintance with Maltese people and conditions inspires the belief that, given the opportunity, the people would rise to the level of their responsibilities. Their present circumstances have brought home to them the necessity of bestirring themselves if the island is to be rescued from the moral and economic bankruptcy which is threatening it. Emigration is a poor palliative for economic disorders, and the Maltese are not given to leaving their islands in any considerable numbers. Besides, the success of French colonisation in North Africa, and the establishment of the Italians in Tripoli and Cyrenaica, are tending further to restrict the area of Maltese emigration; and the Maltese have, as a rule, neither the physique nor the adaptability necessary for success in less temperate climes. But given the power to develop their undoubted resources, they could do much toward rehabilitation. An easy task confronts them in the direction of re-establishing their finances and developing the great commercial possibilities of Malta. Property escapes almost scatheless in Malta. There are no rates, no tax on incomes, houses, or land. There are no legacy or succession duties. Money could be readily found for public purposes, at the same time relieving the indirect taxation which falls so heavily upon the very poor. It will surprise most people to learn that a tax is still maintained of ten shillings on every quarter of wheat!

The means of raising a sufficiency of revenue are within easy reach; and if Maltese capitalists have been accused of timidity and lack of commercial enterprise, it must not be forgotten that they have had no effective voice in the revision of their own laws. Responsibility develops the best in individuals and a people; and if the Maltese are given the power to legislate for the betterment of the island, a return to comparative prosperity can be confidently anticipated.

THE HOUSE OF LADDO.

CHAPTER VI.

CAME back by degrees to my senses to the accompaniment of the continued beat and murmur of that same tide which had placidly run its course through all these dreadful happenings. At first the change was merely from darkness to light; then there leapt up before me with sudden clearness the broken face of the dead Hanoverian, with its uncouth grin of death. This horrid object was presently succeeded by a remembrance of Alice Lechmere falling under the horse's hoofs, and at that I sat up with a great shudder and took stock of my surroundings.

Still hearing the water, I had thought to find myself lying on the cliff-head where the fight had taken place; but I now perceived myself to | 'Tell me, how went it?'

be in a kind of cave, very low in the roof and floored with rounded stones. The full daylight outside—for the fog had now evidently lifted filtered in here reduced to a greenish twilight which set the damp rocks ashine; and by the general wetness of the place I judged we were none so far from the high-water mark. I had got thus far in my investigations, when a voice, booming curiously in that hollow place, inquired how I did; and wheeling round, I saw Robert Lechmere sitting on a large boulder in the doorway.

'I am better, I think,' said I, putting my hand to the rough cloth that bandaged my head.

'How could it go?' replied he dismally. 'There was but one end to it from the first. I much misdoubt if any but you and I are come alive out of that business. But for that fog, that cost us so dear, we should not be here.'

It dawned upon me with a curious qualm that I owed him my life; but he would not hear me

'Not yet,' said he. 'This is a thick wood, and we are far from out of it. I might have done better to leave you where you lay; it was the merest chance I came upon you and managed to creep away with you in the fog. This makes the game squarer between us, but we can say no more as yet.

I was putting him some question as to the fight, but he stopped me with a gesture of

intolerance

'Don't talk to me, Davy,' said he, 'if you would do me a kindness. Rest yourself. This night, because it is the last thing wanted, there 'll be a moon like the day, and we must be clear of

this cursed place before it is up.'

Of that dreary and interminable afternoon I can give no account. We scarce spoke a word to one another, he sitting dully on his boulder, sunk in an absolute despond; and I lying back on the roll of coats he had made me, wondering to what pass we should come next. At times the thought of Alice would clutch at my heart with the start and shock of a nightmare, and I should have been less even than a foolish boy had I not shed a few tears for the one human being who had ever been evenly kind to me. Then I was all for grief. And yet at this distance I am tempted to look on it almost as a dispensation of mercy; for I know not how we should have got her away, or how she could have settled in a new place; and at Laddo life held nothing for her but day after day of darkness, and the certain and terrible vengeance of that man of hell, her father. Mr Robert's thoughts during this time I dare not divine, but I fancy he had so many causes for grief that he could attend separately to none of them. He was in that most sorry of positions where a man looks back into a past where he has failed, and forward to a future wherein he can have no possible interest.

I suppose in the end I must have dozed, for Mr Robert's voice came to me at last with a shock of surprise, and, looking up, I found the cave had grown so dark that I could only see

him in silhouette.

'Now, Davy,' said he, 'I have a job for you.'

'Ready,' said I.

'It is now reasonably dark,' said he, 'and in a very short time we must start. I am beaten here for the time being, and there is no sense in not admitting it; but I mean to try to slip round to St Andrews, where I think I can lie up for a time, and perhaps get you clear altogether. Cockburn manages his business before I get back—why, then, I lose the little that's left me;

but I somehow doubt if he will. Do you always believe what women say, Davy?'

'I have been told to,' said I.

'Then give it up,' said he; 'it is a foolish habit. Anyway, in the meantime we can do without women, but we must have food. Can you get some?

'I can get some from the house,' said I; 'or I

can try.

'Good lad!' said he. 'I am glad now I picked you up. Off with you, and be seen by

But when I found myself in the cold air on the cliff-top, the fear, which excitement had so far kept down, came over me like a wave. I think it was not till then that I realised what might very well have happened; and it struck me as a very terrible and frightening thing that Davy Lechmere might at that very moment be lying somewhere cold and stiff and dead. I was not really a hero, but only a half-baked boy, and the thought set me shaking to such a degree that I was near flying back to Mr Robert to beg him to come a little of the way with me; but in the end I fought this craven feeling down, and presently I was creeping through the belt of trees on the east side of the House of Laddo.

The place lay as silent as the grave, not a light showing, and the great square block of the house looming up like some sleeping monster in the gloom. A steady and most mournful chanting came from the coach-house, and that nearly set me laughing in spite of all; for I knew it to be Rintoul possessed of his devil again, and exercising himself in torments over his share in the recent events. I was fain to have a peep at him; but deeming business of the first import, I went to work at the window of the room that had been mine. The thing went up easily enough, and in a very short space of time I had groped my way down into the blackness of the great larder. I had stowed about my person enough to provision a company, and was creeping my way back across the hall, when on a sudden the figure of a woman sprang out at me from the stairfoot.

'It is Davy!' she cried, and clapped a hand over my mouth to smother the cry I could not stop. 'No one is in; but make a noise and I will kill you!'

'Miss Rose,' said I, struggling in her grasp, 'you must please let me go at once.' For, indeed, she was the very last person I had any wish to

'Not till I am done with you,' said she fiercely. 'Tell me at once, where and how is—Robert!'

I told her in as few words as I could, and her

relief was almost painful to witness.
'Thank God!' she said when I had done. thought my folly had lost me all. There are times when one sees things clearly, Davy, and last night was one of them. Now take me to him.'

If I was stupid over this, you must bear in

mind that I had no experience of the ways of lovers, and that I bore the puzzling recollection of their last meeting still in my mind; and so I confess I hesitated here, wondering very much how this would fall in with Mr Robert's devices.

'What of Cockburn?' said I, which was about

the worst thing I could have said.

She stamped her foot. 'Cockburn!' cried she. 'The devil fly off with Cockburn! If you had lived through last night as I lived it, you would have forgotten that such as Cockburn ever existed. Come, take me quickly; we can't stand here all night.'

'You will take a very grave risk,' I began uneasily, and would have gone on to expound this to her very earnestly had she not, to my immense mortification, leant forward and dealt

me a sound box on the ear.

'You havering little fool,' said she, 'will you do as you are told, or must we stand here till to-morrow? Who do you suppose you are, to effer me your idiot advice? Let us out of this while we may, for, upon my word, if your head swells much more I think it will stick in the doorway.'

There was apparently nothing else for it, and so I led the way outside. Rintoul was still howling dismally, and I pictured him daubing away at one of the few remaining woodcuts in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, his short-sighted eyes straining and blinking in the poor light, and a protruding half-inch of tongue following every movement of his brush. The sound cheered us both mightily, and when we were clear of the wood Rose laid her hand kindly on my arm.

'I am sorry if I lost patience, Davy,' said she; 'but you were very exasperating.' And, indeed, at this distance of time, I can only agree with

her.

'I only thought of Mr Robert,' said I. 'I know not how pleased he will be with this.'

'No more do I,' said she, with a new ripple of amusement in her voice, 'and yet I am none so

terribly afraid.'

In the end I brought her to the cave-mouth, at which point I deemed it best to stroll for a little and mark what progress the tide made with its work. They were alone together for some little time, while the moon came lifting up lemonyellow out of the North Sea; and when at last Mr Robert called me back there was a new fire in his eyes, and in Rose's face there was no fear left of any kind.

'Now then, Davy, my lad,' said he, 'boot and saddle. We have lost too much time as it is, and here comes the lady moon stealing a march on us. So if you are ready, let us to it.'

'With all my heart,' said I.

'Very well, then,' said he. 'Our plans must now change. Well enough for you and me to go crawling round the rocks like a couple of freebooters; but the lady is used to a horse, and, by Gad, she shall have one! There are two in the stable at Laddo, and out they shall come.'

'It is safe enough,' said Rose. 'I have no fear of my guardian's return for a good two hours yet.'

'But,' said I, 'Rintoul ?'

'Rintoul!' cried Mr Robert with a great laugh. 'We shall deal with the good Rintoul.

Come, take the road.'

The house still lay dark and silent as before when we approached it, and even Rintoul's singing had stopped. For myself, I thought this enterprise very unnecessary and ill-judged, and could not for the life of me see why Rose could not have footed it well enough; but, as I have said, I was little versed in the ways of lovers. Mr Robert was seemingly designed to carry matters altogether with a high hand, for no sooner did he catch sight of Rintoul's bent form through the coach-house window than he threw open the door and cried, 'Rintoul, saddle me two horses.'

Rintoul fell back in his chair with a crash, and gaped as though he saw one risen from the dead—which I dare say he thought he did.

'Come, man,' said Mr Robert, 'it's not a ghost

Get to work at once.

But Rintoul was not so far gone as we had thought, and was like to have made a tragedy of it all; for suddenly a hard look came into his eyes, and springing nimbly enough to his feet, he snatched down a pistol from the wall. He backed to the far side of the little room, with his ugly teeth bared and a most dangerous look in his dull eyes.

'Ye canna get them,' said he dourly. 'Ye'll

get nae horse here the nicht.'

'Oh, but I will,' said Mr Robert steadily; 'and what is more, you will help me to saddle them.'

At that moment, as he took a step forward, Rintoul's pistol went off—I suspect by accident—and the charge went smashing into the door-post. Mr Robert's patience was at an end; he threw himself upon Rintoul, and, after a brief struggle, tore the pistol from him and threw it crashing into the grate.

into the grate.
'Now,' said he, 'help me to saddle these

horses.'

Rintoul's bravado seemed to have left him with the explosion of his weapon, and in a very short space of time the horses were ready. I led them out through the yard, while Mr Robert drove this most miserable of conspirators back into his coach-house and locked him in. Rose was already mounted, and Mr Robert had a foot in his stirrup, when a sudden cloud crossed his face.

'And now,' said he, 'what are we to do with Davy?'

I verily believe that since these new developments the thought of my future had never seriously presented itself to either of us. He had made sure, I suppose, that I should now stay, and I equally sure that I should go with him. It was a moment full of dreadful possibilities for me.

'Mr Robert,' I cried, 'take me with you!'
But at that Rose burst out, regarding me the
while almost with late.

'He cannot possibly come!' she cried. 'Two will be hard enough, but three'----

'Think of the boy, Rose,' said he.

'How can I think of any one but you?' she cried. 'I will not have you risk yourself for this wretched boy.—Davy, you will stay here, like a good lad.'

'I am sore tempted,' said he in perplexity.—
'Tell me, Davy, how will it go with you if I let

you stay?'

I suppose that had I been indeed a hero of the approved brand, or any fit person to recount these enterprises, I should have assured him of my safety, and begged him to go on his way. As it was, being no such thing, I cried out in despair, 'They will certainly kill me!'

'Then devil take me,' said he, 'if I stir a yard without you! Now, how are we to manage?'

'I can get a pony at the Feathermuir,' said I. 'Do you ride there slowly, and I will run.'

And here, were I given to such practices, I should undoubtedly halt and point a moral; for had selfishness carried the day, and had we not then gone to the Feathermuir, there would have been the saddest cause for regret; indeed, I much doubt if any one of us would be alive at this hour.

It would be about ten of the night when we reached this upland place, the moon now gloriously full and high, and all the flat of land and sea below as clear as day. Gilmour the farmer was not yet bedded, and promised another horse on the instant; but when he heard Mr Robert's plans a gravity came into his face, and he shook his head.

'Ye'll no' can do't,' said he, 'for it's no' t' be dune. There's king's men at every cross-road; an' ye never ken whaur ye'll meet ane next.'

an' ye never ken whaur ye'll meet ane next.'
'It shall be done somehow,' said Mr Robert.
'An' you saddled wi'a wumman an' a lad?' said Gilmour dourly. 'Nivver!'

We were revolving this depressing aspect of affairs, when on a sudden Gilmour's jaw dropped a clear inch, and he made a curious clicking noise in his throat. Without a word he left us and went into the house, returning presently with a huge brass-bound telescope.

'Lad,' said he grimly, 'I doot yer love-makin' has ta'en yer wits. What's yon i' the Forth?'

Like a flash Mr Robert snatched the glass from him. I know what he saw, for I had the next look; it was a big foreign-looking ship, lying within a mile of the Ness, close-hauled as the other had been, but larger, and clearly different. Even as we looked a tiny black speck drew away from the shadow of the hull, and we knew that a boat was pulling in to the shore.

'It's Dalmuir's ship this time,' said Mr Robert

in a strange voice, and fell to sobbing as though his heart were broken. Partly, I dare say, it was relief, and partly the thought of what this would have meant just twenty-four hours earlier.

If I were making a tale of this business, I should have wrought it out in a fine and breathless rush of incident. For instance, I might now have brought down my uncle upon us with his troopers, and maybe killed him off as the villain of the piece. For I observe those dramas which most attract, to finish with a full stage and a prodigal expenditure of human life. I am some tempted to do this even yet, and am only held back by the consideration that, having so far set down the truth, I may as well make a complete job of it, and not mix water with oil. For the truth-for which I crave your pardon-is that from the moment we left the Feathermuir nothing happened at all. We rode down to the Ferlie cross-roads at a cracking pace; and thence, sending Gilmour back with his own horse, and turning the others loose, we made out the rest of the way on foot, and were met without hitch or hindrance by a company of very kind and agreeable persons who had just landed from the boat.

And yet, if you share my curiosity, and are set on a final glimpse of my uncle, you shall have it even as I had it myself. For when we had come the length of Laddo, I slipped away from the other two in the dark, and crept in through the plantation on some idle impulse. The same fathomless silence still brooded over the place, with an added sense of emptiness as of a theatre from which players and audience have just scaled. There was an air of accomplishment about it, as though the very stone and lime and earth and trees were conscious that this play at least was over. But now in the window of my uncle's room on the ground floor was not blackness, but a dim orange-coloured oblong of light; and this it was that so stirred my old and unsatisfied interest in him as to lead me to slip away from Mr Robert and Rose, and to creep forward and peer into the chamber.

I know not what I had expected to see; some disorder, perhaps; at any rate some bustle or activity. I had pictured my uncle returning from scouring the county for us, travel-stained and worn, and scowling with murderous fury; I thought of him as biting his nails and writhing in his chair with impatience. I saw nothing of the kind. My uncle and Steenie sat at the table—the former facing me, the latter with his back to the window. They were poring over a litter of papers as of yore, apparently without interest or passion, as though the documents they handled were farm accounts or bills of lading, and not, as I make no doubt they were, so many death-warrants. Once, as I watched, my uncle raised his head and looked round him with that air of utter abstraction he had worn

when we first met, and I had time to note again his round, full-cheeked face, the almost comically bird-like poise of his head, his dull, weak, and filmy eyes. He looked the most harmless of men; and yet I think I was never more terribly afraid of him than at that moment. He had played his game against us, and he had won, as he had known from the first he would win; the game was over, and now he turned, without pride or passion, to another. His only daughter lay dead somewhere in that house, his ward had fled from under his roof, and his eldest son might be dead or alive, a wanderer or a captive; yet he only

reached for a clean pack, and cut for a fresh deal. Somehow I knew that he would no more lose the new game than he had lost the old; he was Hangman Lechmere, and a man who did not lose. A sickness took me at the sight of him, and I turned suddenly away and ran down after the others to the boat.

And then presently there was left of the Fife coast only a dark line of irregular rocks, flecked out here and there by the moonlight, with ghostly highlands hanging in the sky behind; and of the House of Laddo nothing visible at all.

THE END.

AN ENGLISH-GERMAN SPY IN RUSSIA.

By ALFRED J. LIVERSEDGE, A.M.I.C.E.

THE remarkable journalistic outburst which was seen not long ago in Germany in connection with the possibilities of war between that country and her great northern neighbour, the various spy incidents which have been recently recorded in the public prints, and the state of war which exists at this moment over a large portion of the continent of Europe may give point and interest to the following account of the writer's personal experiences during a recent visit to Russia. The narrative will illustrate the extraordinary degree of suspicion with which the simplest incidents and most ordinary circumstances may be regarded on the frontiers of some of our Continental neighbours.

For the sake of simplicity and directness, the narrative, which is a simple record of facts, without exaggeration or embellishment, is written in the first person singular. Perhaps, by way of premise, it ought to be said that the writer is an Englishman, or, at any rate, British. There is a large proportion of Scotch in his composition, but nothing about him particularly suggestive of Germany. Nevertheless he was arrested in Russia as a German spy, an experience which probably few Englishmen can have had.

My visit to Russia was purely one of business, made in the interests of a large Russian and British manufacturing concern. My destination was Reval, my route $vi\hat{a}$ Berlin and Riga. I crossed the German-Russian frontier late at night, turned out from the German train, and after an interval, which was spent in the restaurant, and made quite interesting by a gentleman who occupied a table next to mine, and ate a large bird cooked in a most appetising fashion, without making any particular use of his knife and fork, their places being taken by his fingers and a large napkin, I boarded the train which was to take me on to Riga.

I had with me a small kodak. During the journey through Germany the kodak was kept in the background and not used; but having entered into Russian territory, I, quite mis-

takenly, felt myself in perhaps less critical quarters, and did not suppose that I should run any risk in taking some pictures with the little instrument. Accordingly, in the early morning, after breakfast in the train, I got down at one of the railway stations, and proceeded to snap a picturesque group of peasants standing on the platform, all of whom appeared quite pleased to be taken. I was looking round for other subjects, when a gendarme came up and told me politely, in German, that it was forbidden to take photographs in the stations. I apologised, closed the camera, and climbed back to my com-The journey was a long and tedious partment. one, and while I attempted no more photographing in the stations, I took several snapshots along the line from the carriage window.

The train reached Riga a little before seven in the evening; there was nearly half-an-hour in which to join the connection, from the same station, to Reval. From the crowd of whitesmocked porters who boarded the train I got one who understood my German, and told him to take my luggage to the Reval train, and to call at the booking-office on the way. When passing through the barrier I noticed that a soldier, a sort of sergeant-looking person, spoke to my porter, but I did not attach any importance to the incident. Presently my man turned into what I supposed would prove to be the booking-office. Passing into a small room, where sat several military-looking persons, he deposited my luggage on the floor, took off his cap, and stood aside, while one of the officials shut the door behind 'Oh,' thought I, 'more customs; octroi, perhaps,' and proceeded to open my things, remarking aloud that I was very anxious to get No one answered, but my the Reval train. porter gave me a distinctly commiserating look and shrugged his shoulders. Presently the sergeant entered, and began to talk to my porter. The sergeant did not appear to know a word of either French or German, and my porter became interpreter. I shall always hold a great respect

for that porter; his German probably was not very good; I know that mine was not, but the man got along extremely well. By this time I was beginning to realise that I was in a way arrested, and asked to be put in communication with the British Consul. I was presently told that it was then too late; I could get him the next day; and when I explained that I was due in Reval the next day, all I got was a shrug from the sergeant, and another look of pity from my porter.

A telegram had been received stating that I had taken photographs in one of the railway stations. Had I taken any more since leaving Koshedary that morning? Was that the camera? I must surrender it. Had I any more photographs in my luggage? I had not; they could search. They did; and nothing being found among my clothing or in my dressing-bag, attention was concentrated on a large letter-case which I carried. This case contained rather a lot of papers; all were turned out and minutely examined.

What was I, and what was I doing in Russia? I was an engineer on professional business; there was my passport. The passport was most carefully examined, back and front, in a strong light. Would I sign my name on this sheet of paper? Passport and signature were taken off by the sergeant into an inner room. What was this paper about Staraya-Russa? Staraya-Russa is an ancient town in the interior, where my principals had a factory. The paper set out an analysis of the river-water of that town. How had I got that? Had some of the water been sent to England? What for? How did I get it? Who had sent it? I explained that the river-water was used in the steam-boilers of the factory, and owing to the large quantities of salts dissolved in it, gave a great deal of trouble in the boilers. An analysis had therefore been made to see if the water could not be rendered more suitable for use. For a considerable time this point was discussed by the officials among themselves. They evidently found the subject one of great interest. In the end—would I sign my name on this piece of paper? Analysis and signature were duly taken off into the private room.

Among my papers was a coloured drawing of an office desk. The sergeant got hold of this drawing upside-down, and, after worrying over it for some time, and discussing it with his colleagues, took it away, still upside-down, into the inner room. I believe he thought it was a plan of a fort. Presently he brought the drawing back, right side up, and very sheepishly put it into my case without a word to anybody.

What was this? Oh! that was the manuscript of a short story by a friend of mine which I had brought to read on the journey. Would I write my name on this sheet of paper? Story and signature were taken off to the private room.

Had I any more photographs in my pockets? I had—quite a number, of members of my family; here they were in my pocket-book. At this moment I got my first real fright. I had quite forgotten the circumstance, but in my pocketbook was a little coil of what looked like a very thick violin-string, but which was really cordite -of all things in the world. I confess that I shook a bit as I began to wonder how I should explain my possession of such a purely military substance as cordite. Fortunately the sergeant was satisfied with what I handed to him out of the book, and did not ask to have the pocketbook in his own hands. All my snapshots were minutely examined on both sides, all ways up, in a powerful light; after which they were taken into the private room. In a while, however, they were all brought back by a polite, little, superior officer, a gentleman, who bowed gravely, handed the photographs to me, bowed again, and then returned to his room.

What was this? And 'this' pretty well finished At first I did not know what it was. My kodak belonged to one of my daughters, and I carried it in the usual canvas case. In the case, unknown to me, was 'this'—a little black-backed penny notebook. I took it from the sergeant's hand, and then found what it was. It was a catalogue of snapshots which my daughter had taken at various times and places. The titles were such as 'Mamma and Laddie,' 'Arthur fishing on the Gryffe,' and so on. The last word in the book was 'Fitz;' and that settled it. It appeared that all my captors could read that word, and that it was about the only word in the book which they could understand; but it was sufficient. Who was Fitz? I explained that Fitz was nothing more than the family cat. Looks of deep intelligence passed from one to the other of the officials standing around. By this time a superior civilian official of the railway station had been summoned, and had assumed the rôle of interpreter. When I had explained who Fitz was, this person laughed most heartily; but not a flicker of a smile displaced the gravity which all the time rested on the countenances of the military persons—they knew better who Fitz was, as I was to learn later. Would I sign my name on this sheet of paper? Signature and little book followed my other property into the private room.

Of course, my train had long departed; it was getting late. What would I do for that night? Well, I must go to an hotel; I would go to the Hôtel de Rome. Yes! I could go there; and after a long consultation between the superior officer and the sergeant in the inner room, I was told that if I would return to that office the next day at two o'clock I might get some of my property back. Thus, after three hours' detention, I was allowed to go, minus camera, little memorandum book, and most of my papers.

Next morning, naturally, I called on the British Consul. The Consul was rather new to his post, and not quite sure of himself. He therefore handed me over to his deputy, the son of a highly respected former Consul who had recently retired. At the appointed time we were at the police station, where the polite little captain received us. All the explanations of the previous evening had to be gone over again; after which some of my papers were given to me, and we were told that if we returned at six o'clock that evening I might perhaps get the remainder. Then I learned that I was suspected of being a spy, and, moreover, a German spy. But I did not know German well, as they must have seen! Oh! that was all my art; I could speak it right enough if I would, and had understood it when I wished to do so. I had been reported from Koshedary, where I had taken the photograph, as a German. But my passport! That was probably the passport of some other person; and the object of getting me to sign my name so many times was to see if I would not forget myself and begin signing my real name—that is, of course, a German one. As to Fitz—the poor blameless pet of a modest household-Fitz was the name of some confederate, and the little penny memorandum book neither more nor less than a secret code.

At six o'clock we were again at the office, and, after a little further chat, the camera was given back to me, minus the film which had been in it; but the papers, including the 'secret code book,' would have to be sent on to headquarters at Wilna. The captain himself now believed in my bona fides, but the matter had been reported, and the district commandant would not take the responsibility of dealing with the affair himself; it must go on to headquarters. that, and thankful for what I had got, I had to be content, and proceeded to take my ticket for Reval and to board my train. I was not, however, to get away without another fright. Among the papers which had been retained was the manuscript story. I had shaken hands with my good friend the Vice-Consul, mounted to my compartment, and was standing at the open door at the end of the carriage, when I caught sight of the captain tearing towards me from the other end of the station, waving a paper in his hand. I felt sure I was about to be rearrested. The captain pushed his way through the crowd of people standing about, and sprang up on to the platform of the carriage as the train began to move. Handing me the paper he carried in his hand, he said breathlessly, 'Roman.' At the last moment he had taken upon himself to return to me the manuscript story. I hastily signed a receipt for the paper, shook hands again with the captain, and the polite little gentleman dropped to the platform as the train was moving out of the station.

I was not free yet, however. Turning to

enter the corridor, I found myself face to face with a soldier in full uniform, a rather handsome fellow, who, as I made to pass along, stood up at one side, smiled, and saluted me in the most respectful military fashion. There were two of them; they had a compartment near to mine, and whenever I entered the corridor, if neither of them was there already, one-generally the handsome one, who was the superior-almost instantly appeared, and remained about until I re-entered my compartment. Apparently by the instructions of the authorities, I had my compartment to myself. In good time I got my bed made up and retired, leaving the door of the compartment on the chain. I had just settled down comfortably, when the door was noiselessly opened as far as the chain would allow, and I saw, through the opening, the handsome soldier looking down upon me. Twice to my knowledge during the night was this proceeding repeated. The two soldiers descended with me at Reval the next morning.

That evening my friends took me to the theatre, where was being given, of all things, Charlie's Aunt in German. During an interval in the performance I descended to a very handsome foyer, where I walked about with the principal of my firm. Several times I saw what seemed a familiar face, but failed to identify it. As I was leaving the theatre, however, I saw this face again, and a slight smile upon it revealed it in a flash; it was the face of my handsome soldier, who was now in civilian dress. It saw me to my hotel. As I reached the top of the few steps at the entrance to the hotel, I turned to take a last look for the night at the outside world, and there, on the far side of the little square, was my friend carefully watching my proceedings. Every night while I remained in Reval was this attention accorded to me. Wherever I roamed—and I am very fond of roaming about the streets of any town new to me, particularly a Continental one, late at night -one or the other of the two soldiers, or policemen, always in civilian attire, would appear and see me to my hotel. When, after some days, I left Reval and travelled into the interior, these polite attentions ceased, or at any rate ceased to be noticeable to me.

A few days before I started on my return journey, I had just had luncheon with one of my directors, and the latter was glancing over a local daily newspaper, when he suddenly observed, 'Hello! here you are; they've got you at last!' He then read to me an account of the arrest of a real German spy which had been effected on the previous day. It appeared that the Russian authorities had been conscious for some time of a more than usual leakage of secret military information across the frontier, by way of the route over which I had travelled, and had been particularly keen to stop it. At last they had really secured

the principal agent, a genuine German spy. A confederate—a woman—had escaped only a few hours before the arrest of the chief actor.

It is, of course, quite easy to understand the great vigilance of the Russian authorities on these parts of their frontiers. The Baltic provinces of Russia, or at least the three lower ones, are in many respects very largely German; and Germany, as we know now, had everything in readiness for an invasion of those provinces, including great numbers of railway wheels and axles to convert their own carriages to suit the gauge of the Russian lines. While these provinces are not particularly rich in any respect, they would nevertheless, with their important

ports of Riga and Reval, make valuable and not unnatural additions to the German Empire. Hence the nervousness of the Russians lest any scrap of information as to their secret arrangements for the defence of these provinces should, accidentally or otherwise, become known across the frontier.

After some lapse of time, all my papers which had been retained, including the film from the camera, came back to me through the British Foreign Office, having, I trust, provided some amusement for that department of Russia's great military organisation at Wilna which looks after suspicious strangers who may cross the frontiers of that great empire.

THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

CHAPTER II.

PERHAPS Reichardt thought he had shown his hand too much, for he became more conciliatory, especially as at that moment Bertha came in.

'Now I must go up to see Aunt Elizabeth,' I said.

'And you can take Bertha with you,' he said; 'but mind you are back by ten.'

I thanked him for that, and wondered at his consideration. A straight path nearly opposite the inn led across a field, and went up through a wood, coming out near the church; so, as happy

as ever we could be, she and I set off.

'Oh, to think of your coming back like this,' said my dear old aunt, 'without any notice! What cakes, what pies, I would have made you!'

Ah, what a happy party we were as we sat round the fire and the curtains were drawn! With what wonder they listened to my battles, and all I had to tell; and with what surprise they saw the presents I had brought for them, that I had got at Strasbourg!

'These shawls and things are all too fine for

us,' said my aunt.

'Are they?' I said. 'Well, what do you think of these?' and I produced four gold watches.

'Oh Himmel' cried my aunt, in alarm, 'you must get rid of them somehow. Why, we shall all be murdered.' The tone of alarm in her voice threw Mark and me into fits of laughter.

'Who is going to know anything about it? You can hold your tongue, my darling, can't you?' I said to Bertha.

'I promise you I will,' she replied.

The hours passed so quickly that we had to hasten away to get back to the inn at ten; and if we did kiss each other as we went through the dark pine-wood, there was no harm in that.

The news of my arrival had spread like wildfire. I had wondered why Reichardt had told me I might take Bertha to my home; but he knew, of course, if I did, I must bring her back. The inn was packed, and Reichardt did a fine night's business, especially as I threw a louis on the table for my friends to drink my health. I was warmly welcomed, and besieged with questions about young General Bonaparte and about Egypt; and my sword of honour went round from hand to hand.

'What a pity, sergeant,' said Max Brendel, the blacksmith, 'that you were not here for the hop fête! It was later this year than usual. Ah, we did have a merry time!'

'I'm sorry too, my friends; but I promise you before I return we'll have a farewell supper and dance.'

Those were happy days indeed! Alas, they passed too quickly. Every morning I used to get up and help Bertha with her cows, and even with the churn; for, of course, the sooner she had done her work the more time we had to walk about together. Her father had no objection to this, so long as I came down to 'The Golden Ladder' of an evening, which I did with my brother after our aunt—who suffered terribly from rheumatism, and always went to bed at nine—had retired.

'Now, Jacques,' said Reichardt, 'you have only a few days left. What about the feast you said you would give? I must have time to prepare.'

'All right,' I said; 'but we can't get all the village into your new room'—for he had built a large one for fêtes, with, so my aunt maintained, her husband's money—'so we will have the feast for the elderly ones and the dance for the young ones. All you have got to do is to copy the hop feast, and I will pay you the next day; but I am going to spend my last evening with Bertha and aunt.'

So it was arranged to have the feast on the last evening but one. Our good pastor was kind enough to come down, and he sat on my right

hand and Bertha on my left. I even persuaded my aunt to come, though that was a very difficult matter, as she hated Reichardt so much.

All in their best clothes, Max Brendel the blacksmith (whose red, jovial face and white beard always reminded me of Bacchus), Père Gerbardt the gravedigger, Grunwald the carpenter, Pierre Schuster the Garde Champêtre, and all the elders of the village, with their wives, appeared at five o'clock to partake of my feast; and a very fine one it was, too, though so far as the food was concerned the good people always preferred the same things. So we began, after grace, with eels, very fine rich ones that were caught near the sewer by the bridge; these were followed by roast-pork, and then goose surrounded by gooseberries (which poor Frau Reichardt had prepared in her own inimitable way), and finally black pudding.

The Alsatians are naturally a serious people, and for the first hour or so hardly a word was spoken, in spite, too, of double *bocks*, which Reichardt took good care should be filled up;

but when the omelettes and the Hougeldorf, and the beautiful cakes smothered in cream that Bertha herself had made, and the apples soaked in butter appeared, then they began to relax; when Reichardt had put a bottle of Niersteiner in front of each one to drink my health, and also a pipe and a packet of tobacco, their eyes began to glisten; and when, at eight o'clock, the pastor proposed my health, why, you might have heard the 'Hochs!' up at the church. I am not much of a hand at a speech; but the very first thing I did was to tell them I owed nearly all my success to the pastor making me learn my letters; and then I told them on the spur of the moment that, but for the sad death of Bertha's mother, whose one wish was that I should marry her daughter-

to see how he liked it, but he never said a word—instead of a farewell supper they should have had a wedding-feast. 'But you wait, my friends,' I said, 'till'——
'You come back with your epaulettes,' shouted

and as I said this I looked straight at Reichardt

'Yes, with your epaulettes!' shouted the others.

my brother Mark.

'Then, my friends, you shall have a feast for a week. And now if you want to please me you will drink,' I continued, turning to Bertha, 'to the loveliest girl in Alsace.'

I had gained my object. Whatever tricks her father might play me in my absence, before every one he had to drink his daughter's health as my fiancée, and I chuckled to myself with delight.

As soon as the tables were cleared for the dancing the pastor and my aunt left, and so, alas! did Bertha.

'No, no, dear Jacques,' she said, 'you must not mind, but I am not going to dance. I

cannot make myself do it, though I know dear mother would not have minded. There are plenty of pretty girls—Adeline Brendel is the best; she will be my bride's-maid—and so you will enjoy yourself.' And as I had the pick of all the prettiest girls, I did, too; but, of course, her absence made a great difference.

The Comte de Freminart, who owned most of the land in the district, was still an emigré; but Madame la Comtesse and her two daughters had returned to the château. To our great surprise, just as in the old time before the Revolution, madame and the two young ladies came to our fête! Moreover, they allowed some of the valets de place and filles de service and de chambre to come too. The presence of the comtesse made us rather quiet at first; but I had the honour of a dance with each of the young comtesses. They both, as did the filles de chambre, for the matter of that, danced with such dainty grace, and withal were so lighthearted and merry, that it was quite a pleasure to see them; though they made all the others, encumbered with their sabots, appear clumsy and awkward.

At nine o'clock the dance began. We had two fiddlers. One was a very fine player from Strasbourg. Although he played too fast, I thought, when he was sober, he played like a fiend when he was not. Alas! he soon got too drunk, and fell off his tub. However, he played on the floor for a time, and then he went to sleep, so we dragged him out. After that we had to be content with one.

'Now,' said Reichardt to me, 'every one goes at half-past eleven, and as it is nearly that now, we will finish up with the "Cobbler's Daughter." What do you say to their having some punch? That will put some life into them.'

Of course his idea was to run up the bill; but as it would, I thought at the time, make very little difference, though I bitterly regretted it afterwards, I allowed the avaricious brute to persuade me, and I accordingly consented. In a very short time Reichardt returned with the punch in a stable bucket, and every one had a ladleful; but this did not suit the jovial blacksmith, and he went on his knees and took a fine draught.

Now this pretty dance, which in our district was known by the name of the 'Cobbler's Daughter' (though it has different names in Burgundy and Champagne), is all very well in the open, but it is not really suitable in a crowded room, as there is always a chance of collisions, so that it is necessary to mark the floor with chalk lines,

I had as a partner one of the *filles de chambre* who had come from the château, and who was extremely pretty; and Mark danced with Adeline Brendel, of whom he was very fond.

In the third and last figure, which is the most boisterous, four couples hold ropes of

flowers or hops in the centre of the room. After three sharp taps on the floor with your sabot, you bow to your partner, advance, take her round the waist, and galop sideways round the room, half the dancers going one way close to the wall, and half going the other way more in the centre, each lot being supposed to keep within a chalked line on the floor. Having gone right round till you get to the centre, you twist your partner round and let her go. If she is caught before she has run in and out between those in the centre holding the flowers, a kiss is the reward. Those holding the garlands take very good care she is caught, even if she is tripped up, as then she and her partner have to take their place in the centre, and release two of those who are holding the ropes, who in their turn join in the dance.

Now, in spite of his age, no one entered into the fun more than Max Brendel, the blacksmith; his wife, however, who was dancing on the other side of the room, thought that the jovial old fellow kissed his partner with unnecessary warmth as he caught her under the garlands. Perfectly furious, and leaving her own partner, she actually tried to get across the crowded room, and, of course, this upset everything, for in a moment she brought down one couple, and disconcerted two or three more. Caring nothing for that, the infuriated woman rushed at her husband, who, perfectly innocent of what was coming, was about to hold one of the ropes of flowers.

'You wicked old man,' she cried, 'I will teach you to kiss that hussy!'

'But it's all part of the dance!' expostulated the astonished blacksmith.

'Is it?' she cried; but, instead of attacking him, she flew at his partner, and both rolled on the floor, tripping up a couple, who fell on the top of them. I had seen nothing of this, as my back was turned to them.

'Voyez, voyez, ce diable aux jupes!' suddenly cried the fille de chambre, her bright eyes glistening with merriment. When I realised it I laughed till tears came down my cheeks; but at that moment a couple collided with me, and, being helpless from laughter, I soon found myself on the floor.

'Oh sergeant,' cried my lively partner, trying to pull me to my feet, 'you are droll! Do get up! Just one more turn;' and, catching hold of my belt, she pulled and pulled, and finally I got on to my legs again. But the half-hour struck, and Reichardt began blowing out the candles.

Now as long as I was in the room I was all right, but when I got into the open air it was different. I knew where I was to a certain extent, and what I was doing, which was more than a good many did. I could even appreciate the fun of seeing old Père Gerbardt, the grave-digger, groping his way holding on to some wooden railings, and coming to a stand where

they ended, fearing to trust to his own legs; but I felt that I required assistance, so I called for Mark, only to be told he had gone home. I took it that he had returned with Adeline Brendel, and consequently had gone by the road; so I thought I would go by the fields and the wood, especially as I saw the servants from the château on in front; but I had got hold of the post that supported the signboard, and I did not altogether feel inclined to leave it. However, I made an effort. I found I could walk very well, and followed the path exactly. Up and up I went till I got to the wood, and then I sat down and leant against a tree.

It was a glorious autumn night, without a cloud in the sky, and with a crescent moon just strong enough to show the surrounding country. Above me was the dark-blue vault of heaven; below, the little quiet hamlet, whose simple inmates were now seeking their sweet, innocent slumbers. No wonder that as I gazed on the lovely prospect I felt lifted into a higher sphere, for a holy calm had fallen on the silent landscape. Ah, what sublime thoughts came into my head! I was fascinated by the stars that shone like twinkling jewels in the ethereal space. I knew something about them, too, for a savant in Egypt, whose telescopes I had unpacked, had taught me; and, besides that, I had learnt something from the sailors on board ship. But never had I seen such constellations before, for it seemed to me that they were all shooting stars. I saw Mars chasing Venus all over the heavens; Jupiter, apparently jealous, was going after them; and Castor and Pollux, too, were not far off from them. How they all got into the same quarter at once appeared so strange! Even the North Star had got into the south, and was shining brightly just over the single spire of Strasbourg cathedral. This was very remarkable, and I did not feel equal to making it out. But, after all, what were the stars compared with the pale beauty of the moon? It was wonderful to think that it could be the same moon as I had seen in Egypt; it seemed so strange that it could be in two places at once. The soft influence of its pallid beauty made me quite sentimental. I thought of my own darling Bertha, sleeping gently, with doubtless its silvery rays falling on her silky tresses. I thought of the time when she would be my very own; and that naturally made me think of my jewels, for without these gems I had little chance of getting her father's consent. I always carried the box they were in about with me, and I took it from my pocket and fondly gazed at them, and then put it back. I had hardly done so, when, close to me, I heard a rustle—a distinct rustle. Yes, there was no doubt about it; so I sat up and listened. Instinctively I felt for my sword, for I thought that some one was after my jewels.

Again I heard a movement; and, what's more, I distinctly heard a sigh, a long-drawn-out sigh.

I looked and I saw something white; ay, and it moved! I had heard of ghosts being seen up in the churchyard on the hill, but never had I heard of their coming into the wood. Yet there was no doubt about this one. I looked once more; and, lo and behold! to my horror, if there were not two!

The perspiration broke out on Mon Dieu! my forehead. I was paralysed by fear, and my half-drawn sword fell from my nerveless hand into the scabbard. Again the white figures moved.

This was too much. I tried to get up, but my spurs stuck in the ground. I turned over quickly on all-fours; but in my agitation I tripped over my sword and fell on my face. I rose, frantic with fear, and tore up the hill. Twice I fell over the confounded beech-roots; but little I cared for that, for every moment I expected to feel claws in my neck; so I tore on till I got into the path and reached the stile, where I stopped breathless. The fright had evidently cleared my head. As nothing happened I began to feel myself again. I felt for my box. Yes, the jewels were safe. Every day I had postponed burying them, as my aunt was afraid to have them in the house. Feeling all right again, in an evil moment I said to myself, as all was quiet, 'Why should I not bury them now?'

Accordingly I determined to do so just fifteen paces down the path from the stile, and at the sixth tree from the path to the left. Taking long steps, I counted ein, zwei, drei, to the fünfzehnte. I found the tree, dug a hole and put the box in it, and placed a stone to mark the spot. I then commenced to carve an 'H' on the tree for 'Hier,' but had only made a down-stroke, when I cut my finger, dropped the knife, and went off home swearing. I put my finger, and for the matter of that my head as well, under the pump, and went to bed in my clothes. The next morning I woke as fresh as a lark, but two hours later than usual. I was sorry to be late, as I had meant to help Bertha with her cows.

'Wherever were you last night?' I said to Mark as soon as I saw him.

'Oh, I was very ill,' he replied. 'It was that cream on the top of the pork. Himmel/ I was bad, and I slept in Reichardt's stable with several others; but I did enjoy myself, and I would do the same again. But how did you get on?'

Then I rather foolishly told him of the fright I had had. A scared look of wonder came into his eyes at first, but this was soon followed by a

broad grin.

'Bah! Why, it was only old Gretchen. I put her in the lower field, and she must have got into the wood.'

'Nonsense! I tell you I saw two white

'You couldn't,' he answered. 'Rosalie is the only other white one, and she was in the yard with her calf.'

'Well, never mind that,' I replied sharply. 'Come with me. Now,' I said in a low voice as we got to the stile, 'aunt does not want those jewels in the house, and so I have buried them. I go to-morrow, and in case I never come back you must know where they are.'

We looked round cautiously, but there was

no one in sight.

'Fifteen mètres down the path. You see that?'

He nodded.

'Now,' I continued as I finished pacing it out, 'at the sixth tree to the left. It ought to be here; this is where I began to mark an "H" on the tree.'

We both looked for it, but could not see it. Then we again examined all the trees near. We began quietly, but gradually getting excited, we worked quicker, and finally, in blank despair, stared at each other.

'Good heavens!' I exclaimed savagely; 'suppose we've lost them! It's all your fault,' I continued, getting more and more angry, 'for having swilled such a quantity of that disgusting

'My fault,' he remonstrated, 'when it comes to seeing two ghosts instead of one old cow? I

should say it was your fault.'

'Well, it's no good talking,' I answered sharply; 'let's begin again;' and for an hour we did nothing but search the roots of the trees, but without avail.

For a short time I was almost stunned by my misfortune. At one blow I saw that I should not only lose Bertha, but that all my labours in Egypt on behalf of 'Progress,' 'Humanity,' and the 'Rights of Man' would come to nothing, and I must start life afresh.

Our good aunt thought us very quiet at our midday meal; but she put that down to my coming departure, and we did not undeceive her.

'Why, Jacques,' said Bertha when I got down to the inn, 'you never came to help me with the cows this morning. But what's the matter? You look worried.

'I overslept myself, dearest,' I replied; 'and as for being worried, that is only natural, as I

am leaving you.'

'I fear I shall be down-hearted when you are gone,' she said sadly.

'You must think of my coming back as a captain,' I said, laughing.

'He may be a colonel,' said her father, coming into the room with the bill for the supper in his hand; 'but he must satisfy me as to what amount of money he has.'

'But suppose,' I observed, 'that some one with six thousand francs came along, do you mean to say that he should marry Bertha if he wanted to?

'Decidedly,' he answered.

'Oh, would he?' I cried, with difficulty keeping down my wrath. 'Then you can tell him, and others will tell him, that Bertha will probably be a widow as soon as I do get back.'

Her father remained quiet, uncertain what to say, and finally gave me the bill. I paid it at once; but as I took the notes from my purse a couple of pearls rolled on to the table.

'Those are fine stones,' said Reichardt, opening

his eyes.

'Yes,' I replied casually. 'My captain says they are worth five hundred francs each. I found five of them one day on the body of a

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed, 'what did you do with the rest?'

'Enjoyed myself,' I answered.

'Look here,' he said; 'give me those two stones and the girl is yours.'

'I want that in black-and-white. Here's one,' I continued, eagerly giving it to him. 'You write it out before two witnesses, and then you shall have the other.'

'Done!' he said.

So I went and fetched Brendel the wheelwright and Gerbardt the gravedigger; and in a very short time I had the paper signed, stating that when I could produce five thousand francs Bertha Reichardt should be my wedded wife.

(Continued on page 659.)

OCTOBER BIRD LIFE.

By G. GRAHAM MURRAY.

AUTUMN has been portrayed as a 'season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,' and surely it is an apt description. There is a haunting sadness in the lingering beauty of October. The wonderful glory of the autumnal foliage reaches its height, and the colours of the woods seem to crown Nature's efforts ere winter enfolds all things in her grasp.

Once again the bird-lover knows the year is reaching its close, for October is, so to speak,

the 'term time' of so many birds:

Round our eaves in autumn, Swallows, as they flit, Give like yearly tenants Notices to quit.

Already it is many weeks since the sandpiper's plaintive and high-pitched whistle was heard on Tayside, whilst the swifts and sandmartins have long since taken their departure. The corn has been cut and the partridges are again strong on the wing, whilst the lordly pheasant has but a short time more of security

ere covert-shooting begins.

One of the conspicuous signs of autumn in the bird world is the assembly of certain birds into little parties. The starlings begin to 'pack' in earnest, flying over the fields in small companies which increase in numbers as the days decrease in length. Finches are also to be seen in companies which fly to and fro, and on Tayside there is usually an incursion of pied wagtails en route for more southern quarters. The cyster-catchers are moving toward the coast, whilst the swallows are preparing for their long journey to far southern climes. There is a general air of activity and briskness, for expiring summer and advancing winter are preparing to join hands.

During this month the autumn migrations of birds reach their greatest magnitude. Vast numbers of summer residents begin to move south from northern Europe, with the result that our country is flooded by successive rushes of migrants. In contradistinction to these departing birds of passage, there is also the arrival of great numbers of winter visitors which have selected the British Isles for their hiemal quarters. With the appearance of autumn and the disappearance of the standing corn, partridges form into larger coveys, becoming each day more wary and difficult to approach. It is not easy to estimate the pace at which a driven partridge will fly, particularly with the wind at its back; but as one watches the rapid skimming flight of these birds one realises how strong they are on the wing.

The woodcock may be found any day in the woods, resting after his arduous journey from Sweden; whilst those of his brethren which nested with us have now joined the rush of

migrants, and are proceeding southward.

Chaffinches and linnets are flocking on the open stubble, and the golden plover have come down from the high ground. There is perhaps nothing more charming to watch than the wonderful aerial evolutions of these neat little birds. With what precision do they wheel and turn, whilst they utter their plaintive, piping whistle, and swish overhead into the next parish! To the Lowlander, the coming of the golden plover is one of the ornithological treats of autumn.

But perhaps the chief feature of October is the settling down of the different birds into their winter quarters, and the local movements of our so-called residential species. Nearly all birds indulge in a certain amount of travelling, be it only of a local nature; the thrushes and finches all move from place to place, as do also the linnets and even the tits. October is the time for these small journeyings, when so many little birds cross over the march, their places being filled by their congeners from the next county. The long-tailed tits form into parties along with other small birds and scour the countryside; whilst the skylark, ... ho is a real overseas traveller, will be joining in the autumnal journey south.

In the garden the robin sings sweetly as he 'eyes the delver's toil;' the tiny wren gives vent to his amazing little volume of song, and ever and anon the tree-creeper flits up the stem of the trees.

Song-thrushes are to be seen in plentiful numbers, whilst redwings and fieldfares usually arrive toward the end of the month from their summer quarters in northern Europe. These latter birds (which belong to the family of thrushes) pass the winter with us, and may be seen until the spring months reappear, when once again they wend their way far northward; for neither fieldfares nor redwings have so far ever been known to nest in Britain.

By October the wild duck are strong on the wing, and may be seen flighting every evening; later in the year the severe weather will bring in many rarer species; but at present there can be no more charming sight than a 'mist o' duck,' as they fly in on a bright moonlight October What music there is in the swish of night. the wild ducks' wings as the flock passes high overhead, adhering to the V formation of flighta music which is only equalled by the honking of the passing wild geese! Strolling over the stubble, one puts up a stray covey of partridges, which whir away at a great pace, whilst a little regiment of starlings wheel over one's head. Parties of siskins and linnets may be seen, and close to the farm-steading one meets a mixed company of sparrows, finches, and yellow-hammers. In the woods the wood-pigeon are feasting on the beech-nuts, and patrol the countryside in flocks. With what speed and vigour do these birds fly, and how difficult it is to approach them!

The gambols of a little party of long-tailed tits are pleasant to watch; these dear little birds have such a charming undulatory flight as they dip

> To and fro And high and low,

ere they finally disappear from one's view.

Truly autumn is a season of mists and mysteries; there is such a sense of fascination in the lifting of the mist, the childish feeling of wonderment as to what is hidden beneath the soft gray folds of an autumn afternoon.

In the other gardens,
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail.

Pleasant summer over,
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Are these not les plaisirs d'automne, plaisirs qui passent si vite?

THE AMAZING ARGENTINE.

As the nineteenth century has seen the enormous development of North America, so I believe that the twentieth will see the great development of South America.—ROOSEVELT.

SINCE an article appeared in these pages in 1911 upon 'Progress in the Argentine' things have still been advancing in that great country. To increase public knowledge many books have been published, one of the best of which is by Mr John Foster Fraser, a wellknown and capable journalist, who records in a volume, The Amazing Argentine (Cassell), impressions and hands on information gathered during a visit. A shrewd, acute, and honest observer, he does not shrink from setting down unpalatable truths; on the whole he is exceedingly fair and just in his estimates. A man who cares to invest from ten to twenty thousand pounds in a cattle-ranch, we are told, can still do well to-day. The case is mentioned of an Irish labourer who became a great stock-raiser, and who died worth four millions sterling. A Scottish farmer who had failed at home, and paid his creditors three shillings in the pound, went to South America, engaged in stock-breeding, returned in ten years, and paid in full every one of his creditors. In good years the estanciero may make 30 per cent. on his capital; he thinks he is doing fairly well if he makes 20 per cent. They want the best of everything, and so a i

breeder astonishes us by paying seven thousand pounds for a pedigree bull. A sale of a herd of sixteen shorthorn bulls in 1913 brought sixteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-six pounds. The Argentine more than rivals Canada and Australia in productiveness, and sends us huge quantities of chilled and frozen beef and mutton, wheat, and maize. It is the largest individual contributor to our food-supply, in value about thirty-five million pounds annually. As Mr Fraser realised its wealth and productiveness he sighed that it was not a British colony.

This great development has followed upon the investment of some five hundred millions of British capital there, three hundred millions of which went into railways, without which progress would have been impossible. The roads are as bad as may be, or non-existent; but railways have been well engineered by British brains. Some two hundred and ninety million acres of land still await development. In spite of what is apparent of immoral conditions prevailing, Mr Fraser says if he had a son with commercial ambitions he would set him to learn Spanish, and send him to the Argentine. The people he calls shallow, yet keen, alert, pagan, courteous, ostentatious, incompetent in practical affairs. The women are graceful until lack of exercise and overeating make them stout. The girls are

modest, with a habit of daubing their faces with powder. This mixed race of Spanish and Indian stock has been supplemented by French, Italians, British, Germans, and other nationalities attracted by the golden magnet. To Mr Fraser it all seemed very wonderful. The confusion, the barbarism, the love of beauty, the display of dollars, the influx of invested gold, the coming of the immigrant, the whirl of business, the big deals, the gambling, the making of fortunes and the losing of fortunes, dazzle the mind.

Buenos Aires is called the Paris of South America, where luxury, money-making, and flamboyant display prevail. In another sense it has been called the London, and Rosario the Liverpool, of the country. The amazing growth in less than a hundred years may be seen at once by turning to such a book as Sir Francis Head's very graphic Rough Notes of his journeys through the pampas in 1826, where he says he enjoyed as beautiful and salubrious an atmosphere as the most healthy parts of Greece and Italy, without being subject to malaria. There is much that is revolting in his description of a Buenos Aires cemetery, and how the cattle were then killed. Some of his stories of Indians of the pampas rival those of Mayne Reid. Quite a truthful modern book, of sixty years later, is E. F. Knight's Cruise of the Falcon, which relates his experiences on the Parana and Paraguay rivers, and of a ride across the pampas to Tucu-

The population of the Argentine has doubled since 1895, and is now over seven millions, and there are some three hundred thousand immigrants annually. There are four towns with universities - Buenos Aires, La Plata, Tucuman, and Cordoba; only 42 per cent. of the children go to school. The population of Buenos Aires is nearly a million and a half, and the other towns in the order of importance are Rosario (with about two hundred and thirty thousand), Cordoba, Tucuman, Bahia Blanca, and Mendoza. Of the seven hundred and ninetyfour newspapers, seven hundred and twenty-two are in Spanish; La Prensa, with an unrivalled cable service, is one of the best-informed journals in the world, and possesses noble buildings in Buenos Aires, having luxurious suites of rooms The imports in 1912 amounted to inside. seventy-six millions sterling, and the exports to ninety-five millions. But, with all its commercial activity, it is a land without ideals except those of money-making, and religion is at a discount.

Like every other visitor, Mr Fraser found Buenos Aires weirdly fascinating, but a very expensive town to live in. A clerk here, in order to live on the same scale as in London, requires three times his former salary. What is called a modest lunch may cost ten shillings, a bottle of beer two shillings, and a cigar worth smoking may cost three shillings and sixpence.

The danger of the silting up of the Parana is mentioned, which would destroy this busy shipping port as well as that of Rosario. It is a town of wide plazas and narrow, congested streets, imposing banks, shipping-offices, skyscrapers, shops as big as those in London, and restaurants as good, with hotels on the Parisian model. The crowded traffic has led to the construction of underground electric trams. Central Argentine Railway has built for itself a new station. There are abundance of expensive motor-cars to be seen in this city of gaiety and luxury. A suburb, Palermo, Mr Fraser calls a combination of Hyde Park and the Bois de Boulogne, while the Grand Stand there is finer than anything in England. Mr Fraser travelled in the train with Government officials between Buenos Aires and La Plata, the capital of the province, fifty miles away. It was a fine train, and the luncheon-car was bigger and the food better than on English lines. Nobody does any work in Government offices in the morning.

While the Argentine women are among the best mothers in the world, there is none of the good fellowship among young men and women characteristic of English life. For a man and a woman to take a walk together would shock the proprieties. While suggestive plays are barred, there are objectionable kinematograph plays for men only.

Rosario, about two hundred miles from Buenos Aires, comes next to that town in importance and keen commercial activity. Its population in 1870 was twenty-one thousand; it is now two hundred and thirty thousand. The railway works of the Central Argentine are in the suburbs, and Mr Fraser prophesies great expansion for the town, when, with extended railway connection between the Argentine, Brazil, and Bolivia, it will be an important railway junction. There are electric trams, big offices, huge goods-sheds, and wharves where wheat, maize, and linseed are loaded into the waiting steamers. The English suburb of Fisherton has a golf-course; other healthy growing suburbs are Funes and Alberdi. Mendoza, at the roots of the mountains on the way to the transandine tunnel, healthiest of all the towns, is where our author would choose to live. It has eight hundred and seventy-three wine-shops for its seventy thousand inhabitants, and its wealth lies in the vineyards. It possesses Besides the vine, the a school for viticulture. fig and cherry grow freely, and Mr Fraser suggests this place as a possible sphere of fruitfarming for discontented Englishmen. place reminded him a little of Salt Lake City.

Tucuman has a school for arboriculture and sugar-making, and is in the centre of the sugarcane district. It was here that the independence of the Republic was proclaimed in 1810, when the overlordship of Spain was repudiated; and in a house within a house is shown the room where was held Argentina's first parliament.

Tucuman claims to have the most beautiful women in South America; it has imposing houses, hotels and restaurants, tramcars, and electric light. Around the town are twenty-five sugar-mills, and thus the Argentine is now quite capable of producing all the sugar it requires. Cordoba, with its old-time languorous atmosphere, is in the centre of the wheat area, and has eighty churches to its eighty thousand Here are a university and the inhabitants. Government Observatory. As the oldest city in the Argentine, Cordoba regards itself as the aristocratic centre of the Republic. It possesses a shoe-factory and several good newspapers. Thence our author had a pleasant excursion to Alta Gracia, a fine village in the hills, with a first-rate mountain hotel and golf-course. The Central Argentine Railway car in which the journey was taken is described: 'There was a pleasant sitting-room, with big easy-chairs and a real English open fireplace. There were three bedrooms, not the cribbed, cabined, confined cabins we have in our "sleepers" at home, and there was the luxury of a bathroom. There was a kitchen, a chef, and a sprightly waiter. The whole car was lit by electricity. So we sat down to dinner: half-a-dozen courses as excellent as can be served at a London restaurant which looks after its reputation. We filled the coach with our tobacco-smoke, we told our best stories, we exchanged yarns about things which had befallen us in distant parts of the worldin Siberia and Australia, Peru and Havana, the Soudan and California—for here the corners of the earth were met in a side-tracked private car in the lee of a pretty holiday village in the middle of Argentina.'

Bahia Blanca, some three hundred and fifty miles south of Buenos Aires, is third among the commercial towns, and has grown with mushroom-like rapidity since the coming of the railways. It is a great shipping port. Mar del Plata is the fashionable bathing-resort, two hundred and fifty miles from Buenos Aires. The Bovril Company have about one hundred and fifty thousand cattle on their estates in Entre Rios and Santa Fé, and between eighty thousand and one hundred thousand animals are annually slaughtered at Santa Elena. Nearly a quarter of a million beasts are slaughtered in Entre Rios every year.

Of the railways, the Central Argentine is one of the most up-to-date lines in the world, with a length of rolling stock which, if placed in a continuous line, would extend to a distance of one hundred and forty-three miles, six hundred passenger-coaches carrying twenty million passengers annually. The Buenos Aires and Pacific strikes westward across the continent for those who wish to cross the Andes to Valparaiso. The Great Southern runs to Bahia Blanca, then west to Neuquén. An extension thence to the Chilian frontier is in progress. The company is carrying

out extensive irrigation works in Neuquén territory, 'which, when completed, will convert the valleys of the upper Rio Negro and Rio Neuquén, hitherto one of the least productive, into one of the most fertile regions in the world.' Each train carries a letter-box, and the mails are conveyed for nothing. On board, in case of emergencies, are a medicine-chest, stretcher, and a bicycle to run for help if required. Every car is disinfected once a month, and all bedding and mattresses are subjected to scientific disinfection. As regards special cars, the Argentine railways reminded Mr Fraser of those in Russia and the United States. There is a buffet-car on all long-distance trains, and dormitory coaches on all night trains. Not only have the railways tapped the sources of agricultural wealth and linked up towns and villages, but incidentally they have brought fortunes to individuals. The case is mentioned of a man who thirty years before bought a piece of land for one thousand six hundred pounds, and sold it to a railway company for over two hundred thousand pounds.

The Argentine is said to possess eight million horses, twenty-eight million cattle, and about sixtymillion sheep; while it holds the first place in the quantity of frozen meat exported. Over eleven millions sterling are invested in freezing-plants. The best lands are given up to wheat, maize, and oats; while the alfalfa, grown for fodder, has proved a gold-mine to the cattle-breeder, and fattens the cattle, which are left out all the year. The Government has afforded every assistance in fighting the scourges of locusts and drought. Early in 1914 there were reports of serious financial stringency, and the ruin of some crops by unfavourable weather; but the country has wonderful recuperative power, and if the political situation remains stable it may deserve the name of the 'Amazing Argentine' for generations to

BLUE DUSK: SOUTH AFRICA.

When the blue dusk with daylight clings Upon a terrace in the South, I sit, and gaze on distant things.

The clouds are golden eagle wings
Poised high above the sun's red mouth.
An unseen cricket chorus sings.

The mountains are a line of kings Robed royally, and set in state. A church-bell in the hollow rings.

The wood of gum-trees lightly swings, The moon slips up, a silver plate. The wood of gum-trees lightly swings.

Oh unplumbed mystery of things!
Of sun and breath, of dark, of death!

Out yonder, look! the day grows late, God wipes the red from His sky slate, And blurs with blue all worldly things. NITA H. PADWICK.



PRAWNING AND PRAWNERS.

By L. B. THOBURN-CLARKE.

THERE is almost a weird fascination about prawning in the early dawn of a September morning. The sea is still held enslaved in the embrace of a silver-gray mist, while the white cliffs tower, grim and mysterious, above one. Underfoot the brown wrack covers the rocks, making walking in the uncertain light a matter of difficulty. For this reason, the Old Prawner and I usually followed the chalked and marked foot-track over the Downs, close to the edge of the cliffs, always used by the coastguard. Though marked by big blocks of chalk, it was none too easy to find the way in the still, weird hour of dawning.

The distant bark of a dog or the tinkle of a sheep-bell alone broke the silence of the sleeping Downs. It was so still that the noise of our footsteps seemed almost crudely riotous. The Old Prawner walked stolidly ahead of me, his collection of 'jins' and poles jingling gently in time to his steps. He was in no mood for talking, and merely grunted a response to my ques-

tions.

Dawn was silvering the sea as we scrambled down to Hope Gap. I could just make out the outlines of the village some one had tried to establish, the ridges of green turf looking like the faint outline of an old Roman camp. Catching hold of the chain, we slithered rather than climbed down through the narrow Gap on to the shingle below. A wide fringe of wrack-covered rocks lay in front of us, appearing grim and black against the pearly gray of the mist-shrouded We cautiously felt our way over sea beyond. The wrack crushed under our feet, and the rocks underneath were wet and slippery with the falling tide. Crabs and innumerable sea things squirmed away as we dug our pointed poles in the cracks and crannies of the rocks to keep ourselves from falling. Even then, unaccustomed to the rocks, I made many a false step, and only saved myself with difficulty from slipping into a deep pool or the narrow waterways called gullies, through which the waves swirled and eddied.

It was about an hour and a half before the tide would be dead out, and during this time and the hour and a half after the tide had commenced to flow, the prawns would be 'on the feed' and ready to take our bait as often as we liked to sink the 'jins.' It was spring-tide, and the rocks were uncovered for a long distance out, so we walked to the farthest rocky point above the sea surface; and, standing with the waves flowing over our feet, we prepared to sink our 'jins' in

the gullies between the rocks.

The 'jins' are made of various sizes, those most commonly used ranging from eight to fourteen inches in diameter. Ours were the latter size, and we had four apiece. 'Jins' are deep nets fastened to a circle of stout iron wire heavy enough to sink the 'jins.' The net portion is about seven inches deep, or a little more, the bait being fastened in with two wooden skewers pointed at one end, flattened and split at the other. The split end is fixed into the mesh of the 'jin,' and the bait secured from slipping. Thin cord is tied across the top of the 'jins' to form a loose handle, and a long piece of the same cord is fastened to the centre of the handle, the other end being attached to a large cork float which is needed to show where the 'jin' is sunk, as the rapidly falling tide soon changes the aspect of the rocks as more and more are uncovered.

The sinking of the 'jins' requires some care. The cork float is held in the hand, and the hook of the pole pressed against the cord until the 'jin' dangles straight above the spot where it is to be sunk. It is then gently lowered into posi-This proceeding is carried out with each until all are set ready for the prawns to come and be caught. The first 'jin' is baited with a savoury fish-bone in order to catch 'jackavels,' which love a 'high' morsel. These unfortunate swimming crabs are used for baiting lobster-pots, prawning 'jins,' and the many nets used by the fishermen around the coast; they are voracious feeders, and once they clutch hold of food, they will almost allow themselves to be torn to pieces before they will let go. When I drew up my 'jin' there were four, two inside and two out, all clinging tightly to the fish-bone. I secured the four easily, and a few minutes later their crushed corpses were skewered into my 'jins,' and were catching prawns at the bottom of a swirling gully.

The manner of raising the 'jins' is much the same as that employed in lowering them; but it has to be quickly and steadily done, or the prawns will jerk themselves away long before the 'jin'

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reaches the surface of the sea. The pole keeps the 'jin' straight and steady. The Old Prawner entreated me to return all the little ones to the sea again, retaining only the big ones. 'How could folk expect to get plenty of prawns year after year when they killed all the little ones?' Seeing the force of his argument, I returned all the small prawns to the sea, while the big ones were consigned to a canvas bag, like a workman's tool-pocket, that I wore slung around my waist.

As we alternately hauled up and set our 'jins' we saw the sun come up, tinting the cliffs with rose, gold, and purple. There is nothing to equal the cliffs at sunset or sunrise. Looking across the Cuckmere Haven toward Birling Gap and Beachy Head, I thought that the Seven Sisters. with their deep indents of brownish green, had never looked more strikingly beautiful, and I had seen them at many times—mist-laden with the haze of a rainy day, storm-racked, with the lightning quivering on their chalky faces, bathed in the glow of a midday sun, but never quite as they looked that morning, appearing rose-tinted over the mists of the still sleeping sea. The seagulls awoke and flew screeching from the ledges of the cliffs. A fisherman drew his brown lobsterpots from a green-gray sea, fast turning to silver; and in the distance brown-sailed fishing-boats made the best of their way to the nearest port.

The Old Prawner gazed at me, his Sussex blue eyes questioning my eager watching of the dawning, his wrinkled sunburnt face puckered into a humorous smile. I had often tried to coax him to tell me of the old, old days when smuggling was the 'legitimate' employment of every Sussex man. He had always evaded my questions, for the 'silly' Sussex man is a difficult man to draw. Unlike the Devon man, he will not talk of the smuggling days, though he will tell you regretfully that money is not near so plentiful as it used to be in the days of his father. I saw a story lurking in the Old Prawner's brain, but I gazed resolutely away, and thought of those 'good old times' when the mariner said a special prayer as he passed the Sussex cliffs, with their companies of 'shags' who lured men and good ships to their doom. The Old Prawner smiled grimly, and, as if replying to my thoughts, said the cliffs were just made for the swinging of lanterns. A man lying on the edge of the cliff could lower one at the end of a rope, and make it appear as if a ship were riding at anchor where there were only rock and shingle. The wrecker's harvest would be ready for his hand before morning dawned.

Once the Old Prawner's tongue was loosened, he was ready enough to tell me tales of his father; of the grim jest of the headless ghost that haunted the road and kept inquisitive folk away—only the 'night folk' who knew the secret were not afraid; of the parson who, when a wreck came on shore, and his congregation stampeded, entreated them to let him start fair. This same parson went to

bed, nailing a notice to the church door saying he was too ill to hold the Sunday services; the real reason being that the smugglers had hidden their barrels of brandy in the church, knowing the preventive men would not search the sacred edifice for the spoil. The same person is also said to have read the burial service over a corpse composed of lace, silk, and gloves, while the preventive men were searching the houses of the suspected men. A coffin was a favourite hidingplace for smuggled goods, as many a good cargo found its way from Cuckmere to Lewes in a coffin carried by the sorrowing mourners over the ridges of the Downs. The vaults in the churchyards belonging to churches whose parsons were content to keep their mouths shut, and accept without comment the mysterious presents of spirits, &c., laid on their doorsteps at night, were also useful depositories for smuggled goods.

When the revenue cutters were too hot in the chase after a smuggler's smack, the latter would secure an anchor to the barrels of brandy and throw them overboard, trusting that the winter storms would bring the anchored spirit on shore. A few years ago some of this anchored spirit was washed up on the beach. The barrels were encrusted with seaweed and shells, but the spirit was still good. The find was kept a dead secret, but the foolish finders drank so deeply of the raw spirit that the doctor had his work cut out to save their lives. At times treasure trove is found among the rocks. Only the day before the Old Prawner's son had scooped up a guinea with his prawning-lade, and it looked as bright and fresh as though it had only just been minted, instead of having lain at the bottom of the sea for over a hundred years.

The Old Prawner's father had once discovered a good treasure trove. It was long before the groynes had been built, and when wrecks were sometimes washed up. The capstan of an old wreck had lain nearly buried under the shingle that formed the 'nine folds of the beach' for more years than any one could remember. It was so solid and heavy that no one had been industrious enough to hew it to pieces for firewood; so it had lain there, sometimes washed almost bare by the shifting shingle, sometimes almost covered. terribly hard winter, when things were very bad in the little town, and wood was scarce, the Prawner's father decided he would chop up the capstan for firewood. He chopped and dug deeper and deeper into the shingle as he hewed out the wood until he had made a hole deep enough to cover himself. Then, just as he had flung out the last piece of the capstan, he saw a glittering pile of golden guineas. He was hurriedly gathering them up, fearful of any one demanding a share, when a harsh voice told him to hand some over. He thought it was the police, but found it was one of his own mates; so, making the best of a bad job, he handed up half of what was lying on the ground, saying nothing, however, of what was already safe in his pocket.

That evening he accidentally overheard some persons say that they would ask for a share or else tell the police; so he quietly slipped out of the town, and went to visit some relatives, until the treesure had been disposed of, and his friends

had forgotten the finding.

In those good old days the pursuit of prawns vered a multitude of sins. The prawner often covered a multitude of sins. acted as a sentry for the smugglers, and the big lades of the shrimpers were convenient to use as scoops to rake up the 'drowned gold' that had been 'spilled' from wrecks. In a quaint old print representing the 'discovery' (the washing up of the wreck) of the Nympha Americana at Birling Gap in 1749, the wreckers are represented as fishing for gold with the big shrimpinglades. This print is amusing, as it shows all the incidents that occurred at the scene of the wreck -the man falling over the cliff, and another who was shot falling dead, and the conflicts between the wreckers and the riding officers. Two French privateers are firing upon the battery, which is replying; while scattered along the beach are the men who were killed by drinking raw spirit, 'sixty roamers, wreckers, and idle and dissolute folk from the country around' having been killed by their indulgence in the fiery spirit washed up with the wreck.

The tide was already flowing in, and the prawns no longer came to our 'jins;' so we hauled them up. The Old Prawner had a goodly number; but I, being perhaps too interested in his stories, had captured only fifty. We walked back across the Downs, the old man showing me the spot where the last large crop of barrels had been landed within the memory of men who were not above their fourscore and ten; and, by the twinkle in his own eye, I think he could remember a bit about it. The crop was to have been landed at Bishopstone, but the preventive men were on the alert; so the barrels were hauled up the cliff at Puck Church Parlour, and carried safely away to Lewes.

He didn't hold with wrecking, but smuggling was another matter; it was only cheating the Government a bit. Then he laughed and told me that wrecking was in the blood. Some years ago a ship came on shore laden with something in sacks. No one knew what it was. It was black and powdery; and at last the men who were salving the cargo could stand it no longer, so they carefully 'ullaged' a sack as it was descending. Alas! the black powdery stuff flew everywhere, borne on the strong breeze that was blowing. The men were sorry for themselves, as they were smothered with the stuff, which resembled lampblack. It was days before they got rid of the taste and smell of it. Yes, wrecking was in the blood, and he wouldn't answer for a cargo if it were left unprotected during the night; though, of course, no one knew who did the deed, as all the folk were honest, and would never think of stealing anything on shore; but when it came from the sea it was different, somehow.

After making arrangements for the evening's prawning, when it would be possible to walk around the shore under the cliffs, we parted, the Old Prawner going back to his home. As he crossed the Steyne I heard him chuckling to himself softly over the plight of the men who had 'ullaged' that awful black stuff.

THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

CHAPTER III.

I LEFT the three men drinking, and took Bertha home, stopping every now and then to kiss her, so great was my delight; in fact, I quite forgot all about the loss of the jewels. Fortunately my anxiety about them was soon dispelled, for on returning, just as I reached the house, Mark drew me aside.

'I have got them!' he exclaimed.
'Himmel' I exclaimed, 'however did you do it?'

'Easily enough. I sat on the stile and pondered over the matter. You said you went fifteen metres. Now it follows,' he added slyly, 'as you saw double in the matter of the cows, that you walked double. So I stepped out thirty paces, took a turn to the left, looked round when I thought I was about the twelfth tree, and almost at once I saw the mark on one of them, and the knife at the foot of it; and,' he concluded, giving me the box, 'here they are.'

I wrung his hand in gratitude, and promised, when I went through Strasbourg the next day, to buy him a fine English gun. Then we set to work and buried the box under a large stone by our well.

The next morning, though I started at six, all the village turned out to see me off, and many were the good wishes I received. While I was sad at parting with Bertha, still, with her father's paper with the signature of the two witnesses, I set forth full of hope.

I duly arrived at Marseilles, where I found the captain on the appointed day. He was in

the most exuberant spirits.

'Everything, you can tell my uncle, has gone off all right. I am going to leave the service. I am going to marry his ward. She has come into property in Belgium worth a million francs. I am to become a partner in the bank of her uncles, Roeder Brothers, at Strasbourg, and we have taken a house not far to the south of

the city. These papers,' he continued, 'will explain everything. Now, take great care of them, and on the day that I hear you have safely delivered them five thousand francs shall

be placed to your credit in the bank.

A month later I landed at Suez, and, as it turned out, my second sojourn in Egypt, from the point of view of what Reichardt called 'Progress,' turned out to be more successful than my first, for the colonel was so delighted with the news I brought him that he made me a maréchal de logis-en-chef.

Reichardt had asked me to make inquiries about his nephew, named Jean Boursot, in the 33rd; which I did, and soon after I arrived I found him in hospital at Cairo, half-dead from fever.

'Has he sent me any money?' said the poor wretch, who was so weak that he could not knock the flies off his face. 'Because he's got plenty, and I was robbed, when I was too ill

to help myself, of every sou I had.'

I took a great liking to him at once, owing to his remarkable likeness to Bertha. I gave him some money, also some to those who were supposed to look after him, and promised to come and see him soon; though I really hardly expected to see him alive again. However, he did recover, and he always said it was owing to me.

After Kléber's great victory at Heliopolis, in which my regiment took part, we were quartered at Cairo, where that great General was assassinated in June 1800. Kléber was a born administrator, stern with all cowardly creatures, but always just. He was succeeded by Menou, a man altogether unworthy of such a post; hot and cold by turns, he treated the natives unmercifully one moment, and tried to conciliate them the next. Those Easterns only respect a man as

they fear him.

It happened just after the assassination, when the city was under the strictest martial law, and Menou was in one of his fierce moods, that a sergeant to whom I had rendered a service during an émeute one night in a low quarter of the city came to me, and said he had been told by a private in his regiment named Dellier that the palace of a certain bey—who had been mixed up with the murder of the General, and had fledwas quite deserted, though full of untold riches; and suggested that we three should keep this information to ourselves, and try that night to get into it. I thought at once of Bertha, and willingly consented.

The moon was at its full, and when we got into the garden it seemed as though we had tumbled into fairyland; but we did not trouble to waste our time admiring the beauties of the place. The inmates had evidently fled in the greatest haste, leaving lovely prayer-rugs, some of them of silk, and satin and cashmere robes scattered about; while scimitars and silvermounted pistols were hanging on the walls.

But we wanted something better than these,

and hurried on to the women's quarters. In the harem we thought we might get some jewels. Soon we found ourselves in a small chamber with a gilded roof, from which a fine silver lamp was hanging. Silks and satins were piled up, and we turned them over eagerly, but nothing in the way of gold, silver, or jewels could we find. 'We will have that lamp down, anyway,' remarked the sergeant with an oath. We looked all round the wall to find the chain that lowered it when it was lighted, but could not find one. I was by far the tallest of the three, so we dragged a divan underneath, and I mounted it.

'Give me your gun,' I said to Dellier, with the intention of knocking the whole thing down with the butt; but still I could not quite reach it. 'Hand me up that cushion,' I said, pointing to one on a divan. The sergeant took it up. An exclamation of delight came from his lips, for he caught the gleam of a jewel which had fallen from the neck of some beauty, and had got in between the mattress and the gilded woodwork. In a moment he had drawn out a splendid necklace of thirty-two pearls, all graduated from the We had agreed to share equally, but the middle pearl was such a large one that it must have weighed nearly fifty grains; so we drew lots for it, and the sergeant won, Dellier and I each taking the next two. After that we divided the pearls equally. We were so delighted with our luck that we did not trouble any more about the lamp that night, though within a week we got it and everything else of value.

It was a month later that the sergeant, Dellier, and I were in a café one night, watching some dancing girls, when Dellier happened to say that he had sold one of his pearls to a well-known Greek named Pontiades for two hundred francs. Now both the sergeant and I had also sold one to him, and we had only got one hundred francs. We thought Dellier must have sold one of the largest pearls, but he said it was really the smallest one he had.

'Parbleu / we'll see about that,' said the sergeant angrily; 'he will either have to give us back the pearls or pay us the same price.—Allons, Kleinberg; and you come too, Dellier.'

The Greek's shop, we found, was shut up, for it was getting late; but there was a passage at the side, with a door. We were knocking at this,

when the fellow came up the passage.

'Here, you rogue, you are the very man I want,' said the sergeant, and told him the reason. Without a word the Greek turned and ran for We followed, and Dellier had almost got his bayonet into him, when he turned and shot the poor private dead; but the sergeant at once shot the Greek through the back.

Bending down, we found a belt round Pontiades' waist simply crammed with rings, gold snuff-

boxes—ay, and money all in gold.

'We will divide this afterwards,' said the

sergeant; and he continued, 'We may as well take with us whatever poor Dellier has got.'

On Dellier we found the ten pearls and about three thousand francs. Then we threw the bodies over the wall into the Greek's garden, and decamped. The moon was shining as bright as day, so when we got into a quiet place we divided all that we found on the Greek, and later what Dellier had had, as we could not find out anything about his family. This amounted to five pearls and fifteen hundred francs each.

It was about this time that I received a letter from my brother (one of the very few that got through the British blockade) that caused me a great deal of uneasiness. Reichardt, he said, had married again. His wife, it appeared, was the sister of a rich Strasbourg brewer named Detzler. She was young and pretty, but a perfect idiot. Moreover, on the strength of her money, she gave herself airs. Poor Bertha was greatly distressed at the advent of her new stepmother; but this was not the worst news, for I learnt that the latter's brother, struck by Bertha's great beauty, soon began to pay his attentions to her. All the village, knowing she was betrothed to me, was talking about it. However, Mark, who was nearly as big and strong as myself, soon put a stop to this, as he told Detzler he would break every bone in his body unless he desisted; in fact, Mark frightened him out of his life. But I was yet to learn that the coward had not given up his plans to capture my fiancée.

Though I was angry with this fellow, I was more so with Reichardt for allowing such a thing to take place, and I wrote and told him so very plainly. It was a few months after this that in a skirmish my horse was killed, and in falling I broke my left arm. Unfortunately it was not an ordinary fracture, for it affected the nerves of the limb in such a way that for many weeks I

could not raise my arm higher than my chest; consequently I could not mount a horse; the doctors were doubtful whether I ever should. Thus I was hors de combat. As I was now, owing to the great mortality among our men, the senior non-commissioned officer among those who had originally come out, this was a terrible blow.

It was during my enforced idleness at Cairo that Jean Boursot found me out. 'I have been waiting to see you for weeks,' he said. 'I have a letter from my uncle that you ought to see. I cannot understand it.'

Taking it from his pocket, he read: "Send me word as soon as you can that Sergeant Kleinberg is dead. Say fever, wounds, anything you like; and, when I see you, you shall have thirty thalers."

I took the letter mechanically. I read and What rascally plan this villain had re-read it. got in his head I could not imagine; in fact, for a time I was impotent with rage. For showing me the letter, which he allowed me to keep, I insisted on Boursot accepting the equivalent of thirty thalers; though the worthy follow was loath to do so, as he said I had saved his life. He had written to his uncle, knowing nothing of my accident, saying that I was quite well; so his uncle, whatever his object was, could not pretend I was dead. I knew, alas! how few letters ever reached their destination, so not a ship sailed but I sent letters by her on the chance of one reaching the village. Though I found a certain relief in doing this, I was consumed with anger and jealousy, brought about by the knowledge that I was hundreds of leagues away from Bertha, who was really helpless. From that moment I resolved, as I had a good excuse, to leave the service, and I got a surgeon to make out the papers.

(Continued on page 676.)

POETS AND PENMEN WHO HAVE SOLDIERED.

By Captain OWEN WHEELER, Author of The Story of Our Army, The War Office Past and Present, &c.

AS it would be difficult to avoid some allusion in the course of this sketch to that hackneyed estimate of the relative might of the sword and of the pen, the writer thinks it will be a relief to readers, as well as to himself, to make the allusion, and have done with it, in his opening paragraph. As a matter of fact, his object in putting together the following notes has nothing whatever to do with the specific efficiency, comparative or individual, of either of the weapons in question. He is merely concerned to show how both have been wielded by several men of some, and here and there of great, eminence in English literature. The story, such as it is, does not pretend to be complete, nor is it very convincing. No Briton has excelled to the extent, for instance, that Julius Cæsar did both

as a soldier and a writer. But, as will be shown, apart from the considerable number of British soldiers who have displayed a very pretty literary talent—with these no attempt will be made to deal in this article—there is a good handful of civilian writers who have worn swords and, in some instances, fought in battles. If now and then the military connections have been rather thin, it may be urged that there is no need to take the matter very seriously. The point, if there is a point, is, rather, that in no instance was any one of the writers about to be mentioned any the worse for having dabbled in the profession of arms, and that occasionally the circumstance that he did so may have helped him to strike a truer note or leave a clearer mark than he otherwise might have done.

First on our list comes Geoffrey Chaucer, who is known to have taken part in Edward III.'s French campaign of 1359, which ended rather fruitlessly the following year in the Treaty of Bretigny. Chaucer was then probably about nineteen, and had served previously for two or three years in the household of the king's third son, Prince Lionel. It was probably in Prince Lionel's suite that Chaucer went to the wars, and it was doubtless in one of the foraging operations of which the campaign was largely composed that he was taken prisoner in Brittany. Luckily the tariff for youngsters of his estate—he was not, it will be remembered, of noble birth, but the son of a vintner with a shop in Thames Street, London—was not high, and in March 1360 he was ransomed, the king disbursing for the purpose the sum of sixteen pounds, or thirteen shillings and fourpence less, as one biographer remarks, than His Majesty gave on another occasion for a horse. According to one account, Chancer again went campaigning in 1369. It is on record that Henry de Wakefield advanced him ten pounds in that year for expenses 'in the wars;' but the allusion is rather obscure, and, in any case, the poet does not seem to have distinguished himself any more than he did in his Whether to Chaucer's moderearlier service. ately warlike experiences we owe any part of the delightful description of the 'verray parfit gentil Knight' in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales is, of course, uncertain. But it is pleasant to think it may be so. Further, we may be sure that Chaucer, even though he may not have been a first-class soldier, was a cheery and popular one; for, though later he lived the life of a recluse, he was never an ascetic, but loved pleasant society, and, as he himself admits, 'his abstinence was but little.

From Chaucer it is a long step to Sir Philip Sidney, and the interval between their military records is not only wide in the matter of time. Sidney may be reckoned, according to contemporary standards, quite a distinguished military man, although, as a matter of fact, he does not seem to have soldiered actively before the campaign of 1585-86, in which he met his death. That he was an accomplished man-at-arms is certain, and he was specially prominent in the great tournament of 1581 held in the tilt-yard at Whitehall, on the site of which the Horse Guards was afterwards built. Also, in 1583 we hear of his being nominated, at the age of twenty-nine, a 'general of horse.' In November 1585 Sidney, with some difficulty, persuaded Queen Elizabeth to allow him to take part in the expedition under the Earl of Leicester to the Low Countries. Flushing having been surrendered, Sidney was made governor of that important town, and later doubled the appointment with the colonelcy of the Zealand Horse. He seems to have preferred his duties in the latter capacity, and to have made a strong bid for

active employment with the main body of the army, from which on one occasion Leicester was constrained to order him back to his post at Flushing. When the attack on Zutphen was arranged, Sidney insisted on joining the force as a volunteer, and, as every schoolboy knows, was mortally wounded, dying some four weeks afterwards. The tale of his giving up his drink of water to a wounded soldier is too familiar to need repetition. But it may be mentioned that before the battle he had, with quixotic generosity of purpose, discarded some of his armour because a comrade-in-arms had come into the field badly equipped, and he would not fight except on even terms with his friend.

Sir Walter Raleigh was a much more experienced soldier than Sidney, but we find only scanty records of his military services, which, again, are largely overshadowed by his naval exploits. Apart from such fighting on land as was included in his various expeditions, he is known to have served in 1569 on the Continent as a volunteer in the Huguenot army, and to have been present at Jarnac and Moncontour. He also took part in the operations in Ireland in 1580–81.

The military experiences of another great Elizabethan, Ben Jonson, are also rather obscure, as well as being somewhat insignificant. Employed in the yard of his step-father, who was a bricklayer, the future great dramatist ran away about 1591 to Flanders, where the English troops were fighting with Spain, and served for a time as a private soldier. It is recorded that in the course of the campaign he challenged one of the enemy to single combat and slew him—which is quite the sort of thing we should expect of a young Ben Jonson temporarily cast for the part of a fighting soldier.

In the dappled period of the great Civil War there were two poets, one on each side, who took up arms-George Wither, and Sir John Denham, the author of Cooper's Hill. Wither had had some previous military experience, for in 1639 he had served as a captain of horse in Charles I.'s expedition against the Covenanters. This does not seem to have improved his sense of loyalty to his sovereign, for in 1642 we find him selling such property as he possessed and raising a troop of horse for Parliament. On his colour he had the motto, 'Pro rege, lege, grege.' Impressed by his display of military ardour, Parliament in October 1642 made Wither captain and commander of Farnham Castle. But he was no soldier, and allowed himself to be persuaded to evacuate his post, with the result that he was soon afterwards captured by a troop of Royalist Things would have gone hardly with him but for the intervention of Sir John Denham, who pleaded that if Wither were shot, he, Denham, would be left to be reckoned the worst poet in England. Wither accordingly escaped, and later rose to the rank of major, but was

subsequently discredited, and deprived of his official status in 1644.

Sir John Denham may have accounted himself a better poet than George Wither, but he was equally incompetent as a soldier. Farnham Castle, after its evacuation by Wither, was occupied by the Royalists, and Denham, who, when the war broke out, had been High-Sheriff of Surrey, was appointed governor. But he was easily driven out by the Parliamentary general, Sir John Walker, and in December 1642 was sent as a prisoner to London. He was subsequently released, and rejoined the Court at Oxford, but did not apparently seek any further military distinction.

The half-dozen writers already mentioned all soldiered more or less in the field. Richard Steele did not do so, but must still be credited with a distinct, if not at all distinguished, military career. In 1694, having left Merton College, Oxford, without taking a degree, he enlisted in the second troop of Life Guards, which was then entirely composed of men of birth and breeding. In fact, in those days commands to this corps used to be prefaced by the words, 'Gentlemen of the Life Guards.' the following year Lord Cutts, colonel of the Coldstream Regiment, now the Coldstream Guards, took Steele into his household, and subsequently gave him a commission in his corps. In 1700 we hear of Captain Steele in various connections, notably as one of the principals in a duel, which made a greater impression upon him than might have been expected in the case of such a gay and careless individual. The production of The Christian Hero in 1701 caused Steele, who had hitherto been reckoned the best of boon companions, to be looked on as rather a dull dog, and he became unpopular in his regiment. In 1702 he transferred himself to a new regiment raised by Lord Lucas, and must shortly afterwards have left the army to pursue with such marked distinction the literary career for which he was so much better fitted than he evidently was for serious soldiering.

John Wilkes was more of a politician than a literary man, but the North Briton gives him a claim to consideration in the latter capacity, and we can hardly exclude him from our list on the ground that his only connection with the army was through the Militia, since in the latter half of the eighteenth century service in the Old Constitutional Force meant quite serious soldiering. In March 1759, in view of the threatened French invasion, the force was embodied for permanent duty. The regiment to which Wilkes belonged was the Bucks Militia, and in 1762 he was in command of it at Southampton under Lord Effingham. He carried his politics into his soldiering, and fell foul over one of the articles in the North Briton with Lord Talbot, who was colonel of the Glamorganshire Militia, and demanded to know

whether Wilkes had written the article in question. Wilkes declined to say, but offered to give Lord Talbot the 'satisfaction becoming a gentleman.' A duel ensued, and shots were exchanged without effect. Wilkes then walked up to Talbot and avowed the authorship of the papers. Talbot responded that he harboured no resentment, and the two adjourned to a neighbouring inn and drank a bottle of claret together. But Wilkes had made other enemies by his political writings, and in May 1763 he was removed from the command of his regiment.

At Southampton Wilkes met Edward Gibbon, the historian, who was then captain of the Grenadier company of the South Hants Militia, and whose military career has been described by Colonel Holden in a very interesting article in a defunct magazine. Gibbon had joined the Militia with his father in 1759, and at one time had been so pleased with his new mode of life that he seriously contemplated a transfer to the regular army. But in time the wish for a purely military career wore off, and in the end the monotony of the annual trainings caused Gibbon to sever his connection with the army after a total service of eleven years. In that period, however, he took his duties very seriously, displayed considerable aptitude, and acquired an appreciation of military details which served him in good stead when he came to settle down to the literary work of his life. At a later epoch he wrote that the discipline and evolution of a modern battalion had given him a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion, and that the captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers had not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire. During the time of the embodiment of his own regiment, from 1760 to December 1762, he displayed remarkable keenness, and acted as adjutant in addition to commanding the Grenadier com-At the close of the period of embodiment he was promoted major, and eight years afterwards was given the command of the regiment, which, however, he quickly resigned.

Such a 'totally incapable horseman' as Samuel Taylor Coleridge always was ought never to have thought of entering a cavalry regiment, yet it was in the 15th Dragoons that this wayward individual enlisted when he fled from Cambridge to London in 1793. The name he gave was Silas Tomkyn Comberbach or Comberbatch, and when he joined his regiment at Reading he probably found his new life hard enough at first to make him regret the step he had taken. But he won favour with his comrades in the ranks by writing their letters and tending them in hospital, and the officers seem to have taken kindly notice of him. There is a story that he was employed as a mess waiter, and that one day he ventured to correct a classical quotation made by some one at the table. According to another, he met a Cambridge friend who recognised him as a former promising scholar. Either

one or the other circumstance led to his being discharged in 1794 after only a brief spell of military life, which apparently had little or no effect upon him either as a writer or a man.

In most of the preceding cases the terms of military service recorded were comparatively But William Cobbett served for eight years in a line regiment, in which he enlisted in 1783 at the age of twenty-one, and consolidated his connection with the army by marrying a soldier's daughter. As a recruit at Chatham he devoted himself with extraordinary assiduity to mastering the rules of grammar and to the study of English classics, with the result that he obtained early promotion and was given constant employment in clerkly duties. After serving his term with his regiment in Nova Scotia, he obtained an honourable discharge in 1791. Life in the ranks of the British army in those days was very hard, and the men saw little of their pay. Cobbett himself speaks of the difficulty he had in saving a halfpenny which he proposed to spend on a red herring as an addition to his scanty breakfast. But, alas! the halfpenny was stolen, and Cobbett admits that on discovering his loss he burst into tears. After leaving the

rarmy he charged certain officers with having misappropriated regimental funds, but failed to prove his case. He also supported the movement for an increase of the soldier's pay by writing, or assisting to write, The Soldier's Friend. Later, in 1809, he took part in the campaign against the Duke of York for alleged connivance in the Mary Ann Clarke scandals. Finally, it was a trenchant article on military flogging in Cobbett's Political Register that caused his prosecution by Government, with the result that in 1810 he was fined one thousand pounds and imprisoned for two years.

The above list might no doubt be expanded, more especially by the inclusion of several contemporary writers who have been connected with the army. But it is fairly representative, and may be the more acceptable as it deals with names the mention of which does not as a rule convey any distinct military association. In any case, it will suffice to show that, putting aside the genuine literary distinction which some soldiers have achieved, there have been other alliances of the pen with the sword, attended in some instances by interesting and not unsatisfactory results.

RAWSON'S OPAL-MINE.

By ROBERT M. MACDONALD.

PART I.

BUNDEROO is a hot, dusty township in the back blocks of Queensland. It consists of five hotels, three stores, a post-office, and a cemetery. There are also a number of bark huts, humpies, and bush shades. The population—which is constantly fluctuating, owing to the fact that the nearest hospital and prison are in Googoolgi, twenty miles away—is composed of opal-miners, sheep-shearers, bar-attendants, loafers, one gem-buyer, and a postmaster. To give it full credit, there are in addition five ladies (they own the hotels), four Chinamen, three aboriginals, an Afghan, and a nondescript. Some people might still add a police-trooper, a doctor, a lawyer, a Justice of the Peace, a surveyor, a watch-repairer, and a blacksmith; but as all these have already been enumerated in the person of the postmaster, the actual population would not be increased by their inclusion. The chief man in the town was the gem-buyer. He was an extremely patriotic Briton, bearing the name of Moses Macpherson. He ruled with a high hand and a cheque-book, and advertised in the Googoolgi Watchman—a single sheet of saloon announcements, with an occasional item of belated news, price sixpence—that he would buy opal, opal claims, the men who owned them, with drinks for all who had dealings with him. No man could boast that he ever got the better

of Moses; although one half-drunk miner named Rawson, it was alleged by some, had almost done so in the hoary past. This man, after being swindled in an opal deal, had insinuated that Moses had borrowed the latter half of his name, and when the gem-buyer appealed to the police-trooper, the postmaster, the blacksmith, the watch-mender, the doctor, the surveyor, the lawyer, and the J.P., the miner had thrashed them all. True, the J.P. had got him deported afterwards, and only that fact prevented the aforesaid miner from claiming full honours.

One sultry afternoon, when, according to Dirty Peter, the temperature was one hundred and fifteen degrees in his water-bag, the coach from Googoolgi, the railway terminus, deposited a passenger at Bunderoo. Such an event was unusual, for those of Bunderoo's citizens who were set free in Googoolgi walked back if they couldn't steal a horse. Naturally, therefore, all the population rolled out from the five hotels to see who had been able to afford a coach passage.

But the man was an entire stranger. Only Moses himself thought he had seen him before somewhere; but as Moses always had a faint recollection of any one who might possibly turn out to be of any importance, only those who were very thirsty made any comment on his wonderful memory. The stranger became the centre of

interest at once. Clearly he was a member of the Federal Parliament, or a famous author come out from England to write about the simple sons of the bush; else he was a travelling insurance agent. He was tall and clean shaven. His dress was a thing to dream of, as Shandy Bill remarked to Long Tom. It was a weird and wonderful piece of work, the like of which the majority of those present had never seen before. In fact, it was the Sydney city man's orthodox garb, and was as incongruous as a Bunderoo man's very simple attire would have been in George Street, Sydney.

The crowd surged round, and commented freely in choice vernacular on the visitor's appearance. They also speculated intelligently and tersely as to who he was, his business in Bunderoo, and the nature of his antecedents. Then the object of their curiosity spoke, and a hush fell over all. His voice was of a quality unknown to them. They knew what was said; but the words were spoken so quietly, so leisurely, and with a round-off that brought forth a murmur of admiration. 'Good-afternoon—er—gentlemen. Is this the —er—place where you find opal?'

'Lor'!' muttered Long Tom, 'it's the fellow we saw in the picture in last week's *Bulletin*. He's a new chum who hasn't cut his back-teeth

yet.'

'There has been some opal found near here,' said Moses guardedly. 'Do you wish to puy some nice stones?'

'No. I wish or to find some Con you tell

'No; I wish—er—to find some. Can you tell me where to look for them?'

'Anoder dead-proke fool from Sydney or Melbourne,' Moses commented, turning away.

'Tell him vere he'll find opal, poys.'

'We will!' shouted several, and all the others laughed. This gorgeous new chum was the softest thing they had ever seen in the flesh. All followed him into the Hotel Cecil, a galvanised-iron erection famous far and near for the potency of the liquids it kept, and watched him partake of some food. He did not seem to mind in the slightest, and only raised his eyebrows slightly when the postmaster sat down beside him, with the original observation that it was a warm day.

'Is this—er—really warm for this part of the world?' the stranger asked, trying to rearrange his collar, which was now a sodden rag with perspiration. He looked inquiringly at the man

of many parts as he spoke.

'Well, no; the real hot weather doesn't begin till after Christmas; most of the boys are lying up till then, because this weather is too cold.'

'Dear me!' ejaculated the verdant one; 'I am sure I shall not—er—like any more heat than this'

'I'd haul off my coat if I were you,' the post-master suggested kindly; 'and I'll lend you a soft shirt if you like.'

'Oh, I'll manage all right, thank you. If you

would—er—kindly inform me where the opal is, I think I should like to walk over and—er—get some.'

'Lor'!' gasped the onlookers as one man. Then they gave utterance to several other

expressions, also unanimously.

'Excuse me,' said the postmaster, rising, 'I've got to pull a tooth for Cheery Charlie. You're just a bit too much for me.' He walked away, and the new chum gazed after him surprisedly.

'Don't mind him, Mr New Chum,' spoke Shandy Bill sympathetically; 'he has no manners, an' never had, 'cos he 's so much sense.'

'No, don't mind him,' echoed Dirty Peter. 'Come an' we'll show you where the opal grows. It isn't far, and you can be back for tea.'

The stranger arose at once, and, picking up his suit-case, followed the men out into the street. They led him across the creek and over a sandy plain, until they reached some camps where men were working. The procession had grown as they went along, but some of the men had taken turn about at carrying his suit-case. All the miners left their work to gaze at the new arrival; and when Shandy Bill informed them that the owner of the suit-case had come out to get some opal before tea, they laughed a bit, but agreed that there was any amount of opal in the vicinity if a fellow liked to look for it.

'That is—er—what I came here to do,' the new chum said. 'Just tell me the best place,

and I shall start-er-at once.'

'That's what I call real grit,' commented a tall miner known as Fighting Harry. 'If all you loafers had half as much in you, you might do some good.'

'Come off,' growled Shandy Bill. 'It's this new chum we want to see finding opal. I think that hill up there is a mighty good place.'

'You bet your last week's whiskers it is!' cried another miner; 'but it means deep sinking.'

'Dear me! have you to—er—dig for opal?' queried the gem-seeker. 'I haven't brought any tools with me.'

'Don't let that worry you,' said Fighting Harry. 'We can spare you all you'll need; but you can't very well get down to opal to-night, you know; the opal-bearing level is at least twenty feet under the surface.'

'Oh, I'll get there in time,' drawled the exquisitely dressed one. 'Many thanks—er—for

telling me.'

'Don't mention it,' chorused the crowd; and a few minutes later the stranger had started to sink a shaft on top of the slight elevation known as the 'Hill.' The men stayed by him till sundown, giving wonderful advice, and offering many suggestions as to the easiest method of sinking a shaft; but they were certainly somewhat surprised when they saw the force of his pick-strokes. He seemed to be gifted with abnormal strength.

'Ain't you coming back for some grub,

mister?' Shandy Bill asked at length. 'You

can get on looking for opal to-morrow."

'I think—er—I shall continue during the night,' the tireless worker answered. 'It will be cooler then, and I really am not hungry.' And despite everything that was said, he continued to work; and eventually the miners, shearers, and loafers returned to their various headquarters, marvelling greatly that such a fool as this weirdly dressed new chum could live.

That individual, however, as soon as the crowd had departed, stripped off his stiff shirt and worked with redoubled energy, and long after dark the men of the nearest camp heard his mighty pick-strokes resounding through the sultry

night air.

'It isn't quite playing the game, mates,' one of the men remarked to his comrades as they sat round the cheery camp-fire and discussed the event of the day. 'That fool of a new chum will peg out if he keeps slogging on like what he is doing; and we know he'll never strike opal where he is, even if he sinks down to old Britain. I move we stop him, and ask him to join our little crowd. I'll bet he's hard up, but is too proud to say it.'

'That's all right, Disgrace,' said Fighting Harry thoughtfully; 'but he's a blamed idiot, and has got to be taught a lesson. I rather like him, and I'm glad we've got him out of the hands of the town loafers. Still, a fellow who thinks he can come out here and find opal on the surface is fair game. When he gets tired sinking to the other side of the world, we'll take him on.'

Next day all the town turned out to have a look at the new chum, including three of the ladies, Moses Macpherson, and the police-trooper, &c. Most of the loafers gave advice, the ladies gave sympathy, and Moses magnanimously said he would buy all the opal that came from the new chum's shaft at ten pounds an ounce. This was a remarkable offer, seeing that Moses had never yet given more than two pounds ten shillings per ounce for any opal, although doubtless his reselling price was another matter. But the new chum only smiled; he was now almost hidden in the hole he had made, and he ate his crust of bread when lunch-time came, supremely indifferent to his surroundings.

'Poor fellow!' said Mrs Murphy to Moses.
'Shure, an' he moinds me of ould Murphy when
he was aloive, so poor, handsome, an' proud. Is
it thrue that there cyan't be any opal where he

is worrokin'?'

'If there is, I'll puy it for ten times what it is vorth,' the patriotic Scot replied. 'Ah, Mrs Murphy, don't you preak your leetle heart for him; just think of me, and remember I too am handsome and rich and ready to gif you my all'——

'Shure, an' I don't doubt ye, Mr Macpherson,' returned the widow. 'I heard ye were inquirin' what profits my hotel made'——

'Mein honour, no, Mrs Murphy! I vant you, not the hotel.'

Just then the Disgrace stepped up to the new chum, and all heard his words. 'Look here, mate,' he said, 'I'm only a no-good beggar at the best, I know; but you'll never get opal in that hole. You'd better chuck it.'

'An' come up to my place an' get a decent feed,' added Mrs Murphy. 'You cyan make money by buyin' opal, but not by findin' it.'

'Er—I thank you both,' said the simple miner; 'but I know I shall find a lot of opal here. I—er—dreamt that it is just under me now.'

'But a mighty long way under,' rejoined the Disgrace. 'All the same, if you want to dig a hole I'll help you to stick up a windlass, an' I'll come over from my own shaft at odd times an' haul your mullock.'

Some inaudible reply was made, and soon after the people dispersed; the Disgrace, however, remaining to assist in erecting a borrowed

windlass over the shaft.

That night most of the men of the town and the surrounding camps were gathered in Mrs Murphy's hotel to buy up the assets of Melbourne Mike, in the hope of paying the fine inflicted upon him in Googoolgi by some fool of a magistrate for some little act of playfulness; that is, he had in a moment of abstraction or hilarity set fire to the doctor's house. The trooper, the lawyer, the postmaster, &c. had given evidence against him; and if the damage wasn't paid, the alternative was prison. Hence the sale of his effects on his behalf by his comrades. Good prices had been realised for most things—his blanket, his rifle, his cooking utensils, his tools, his dog, and his claim; but no one seemed to want his horse. It was an 'outlaw;' no man had ever ridden it, although many had tried. Mike himself had bought it one day after a circular tour of the hotels, and consequently he couldn't know that he was acquiring a quadruped of no use to him. But its powers of speed were undoubted, if that meant anything.

'Buck up, boys!' cried Long Tom, who was officiating. 'Surely some of you can find use for a high-spirited animal that knows no master?'

'No fear!' laughed Shandy Bill. 'I don't mind planking down a sovereign for poor old Melbourne Mike, but I ain't wanting his horse.'
'I'll give five pounds!' The voice was re-

'I'll give five pounds!' The voice was recognised by all, and laughter prolonged and hearty resounded during the next few minutes.

'I don't know that it's a fair thing to take your offer, old man,' said Long Tom. 'You'd best go back an' keep lookin' for opal.'

'But I want that horse,' expostulated the new chum from the edge of the crowd. 'I can pay—

er-the five pounds.'

'We don't doubt you on that point,' said Long Tom; 'but, you see, this horse is an outlaw, an' not even Fighting Harry can ride it. Now we are white men here, an' we don't want to take a fellow down even if he is a silly new chum who looks for opals on the top of a ridge.'

'I offer five pounds for that horse' the stranger drawled. 'I saw it outside, and I—er—like it.' Oh, all right,' said Long Tom.—'I am offered five pounds, boys. Any advance on five pounds?'

'We ought to advance the price of a funeral,' laughed Shandy Bill, 'for we'll have to plant the new chum when he tries to ride his horse.'

But the smiling individual got the horse, notwithstanding the attempts made by some of the miners to show him his purchase was worthless. When the sale was over, and the men had lined up three-deep at the 'fountain'—fountain is a colloquialism—the new chum approached Fighting Harry, and after inviting him to name the particular brand of 'stagger-juice' he preferred, said casually, 'The opal-levels are not deep in these parts?'

'No,' answered Harry, 'not very, where most people are working; but I fear you'll have to

dig deep enough.'

'I don't think so. Er—by the way, what is about the value of this kind of stuff?' He handed Harry a piece of absolutely first-class opal.

Harry swore, rubbed his eyes, had another drink, and looked again. 'By thunder!' he

ejaculated, 'that is the best piece of stuff I have ever seen. Where did you get it?'

The new chum smiled his usual innocent smile. 'I dreamt I should get opal soon,' he said, 'but I didn't know it would be of value.'

'Howling dingoes! did that come from your claim?' Harry was certainly excited.

'Dear me! I am sorry,' said the horse-buyer, withdrawing his specimen. 'I didn't know I

was doing wrong in looking for opal.'

Harry gasped, swore, had another drink, and then turned to address Shandy Bill. He spoke fluently and fervently for some minutes, and Shandy answered equally intelligently. Fighting Harry turned to invite the new chum to join him in a thirst-quencher, that person had disappeared; and later investigation brought to light that he had gone out to his own camp, pulling his untamed purchase behind him. Before another hour had passed the news that the silly new chum had struck first-class opal in his shaft was known to every unit in Bunderoo's population; and when it transpired that Mulga Mike, Dirty Peter, Tommy the Kangaroo, and several other notables had also seen the specimen of the mine's product, the excitement grew to fever-heat.

(Continued on page 681.)

RAILWAY PASSENGERS AND THEIR LUGGAGE.

By J. G. HAMILTON-GRIERSON.

THERE is no event in one's life, however ordinary, to which the law does not apply. The mere fact of purchasing a railway-ticket and entering a train involves a series of legal consequences of which the traveller is, as a rule, in complete ignorance. It is with some of these consequences that this paper proposes to deal, the examples in every instance being taken from actual cases which have been before British courts of law.

Railway companies, being common carriers, are bound to accept any person who offers himself for conveyance, and so high a price is set on the safety of human life that the utmost care and diligence are demanded in the carriage of passengers, any accident fairly attributable to the negligence of the company forming a basis for a good claim of damages. While this is so, they cannot be held responsible for accidents resulting from defects in their lines or carriages, or for other circumstances which no amount of caution or foresight would have revealed; so, where a train was snowed up, and a passenger contracted a severe illness through being exposed to excessive cold, no claim was allowed against the company. Nor, again, are they accountable for the behaviour of their passengers, unless there was good ground for suspicion at the outset; they cannot answer for robberies or assaults committed on their lines; and where, in one case, a passenger received injuries from the explosion of bombs which had been brought into a carriage, the company were freed from liability, as having been under no obligation to contemplate such an occurrence.

Likewise, they are obliged to provide safe means of entrance and exit to and from their carriages and platforms. There have been many cases where trains have stopped short of, or run past, the platform, and passengers, thinking that the proper place for alighting had been reached, have been injured. If the misunderstanding has arisen through the fault of the company, by not giving any warning, or by the name of the station being shouted out, so as to invite the passengers to alight, or by the station being insufficiently lit, damages may be recovered; but not so if the passenger stepped out the moment the train ceased to move, without any reasonable ground for supposing that it had arrived at the platform. If one attempts to enter or alight from a train while it is still in motion, no blame attaches to the company for any resulting accident.

Fatalities have frequently occurred through intending passengers being thrown on to the line by reason of the platform being overcrowded; in such cases the company again

escape, unless it can be shown that a greater number of people were permitted to enter the station than the officials could possibly cope In this connection it may be noted that where one is injured in an attempt to save the life of another who is in danger, as actually occurred in the case of a man leaping in front of a train to save the life of a child who was on the line, the company may be made responsible. American and English jurists favour this view, holding that the effort to preserve human life is a universal obligation of such importance that any one risking his life in the fulfilment of such an obligation is entitled to compensation. tish jurists, however, incline to hold to a maxim of their law which states that any one who voluntarily runs into danger takes the risks of being injured upon himself.

Railway companies are also bound to maintain their premises in a safe condition. In one case an action for damages was successfully brought against a company by a passenger who slipped on a piece of ice on the platform and broke a limb; and it has even been argued that a person who falls by treading on a piece of orange-peel may successfully sue the company for carelessness in failing to sweep the platform properly.

While it is the duty of companies to provide safe entrances and exits, their duty does not extend to seeing passengers safely out of their premises; so, where a porter took a drunken passenger out of the train and left him lying on the platform, the company were held not to have been responsible for his subsequently falling on the line and being run over. On the other hand, if members of the public are permitted within the station, the company must take reasonable precautions for their protection. Thus, on one occasion when a person was seeing a friend off, he was knocked down by a carriage door which had been left open; the company had to pay damages, as he was lawfully on the platform, and the railway officials had failed in their duty to see that all the doors were closed before the The same rule applies where train started. accidents occur to passengers who lean out of the window during the journey, unless, of course, they have been tampering with the door-handle, or have been guilty of some reckless act; for, after all, windows are made to let in light and air and not to be leant upon, and people must to some extent be presumed to know how to take care of themselves. So, where a passenger tried to shut the door of a carriage which flew open while the train was travelling at a high rate of speed, and was thrown out in his endeavour, he alone was held to blame for his injuries; and similarly an old lady who, on putting her head out of the window, was struck by a mail-bag suspended from the carriage roof, and died in consequence, was said to have contributed to her death by her own negligent act.

There is a long series of cases in which

passengers have got into serious trouble through travelling without a ticket or with a wrong It is quite legal for the company's officials not only to eject, but actually to arrest, such passengers, for by taking a ticket one is held to agree tacitly to the by-laws of the company, which usually give their officials such authority. Thus attempts to travel in a firstclass carriage with a third-class ticket, or with the return half of a ticket marked 'not transferable 'and acquired from the original purchaser, or with a week-end, tourist, or season ticket after it has expired, are all attempts to defraud the company, for which one may have to pay not only the excess fare, but the penalty attached to the particular offence, and a refusal to comply with the official's demand entitles him to remove the passenger from his place by force.

It should also be noticed that though the fare to two successive stations is the same, excess must be paid if one travels beyond the destination printed on the ticket, as the contract with the company ended there; and since no one is entitled to travel except under contract with the company, the offender is a mere trespasser, liable to fine and ejection. But where a passenger has lost the return half of his ticket, he cannot legally be ejected, because he has a contract with the company, though he cannot prove it at the time.

for a journey partly over the line of another company are the contracting company, and are liable for mishaps to passengers and their luggage, not only on the company's own line, but on that of the other company, who, for the purposes of the through-ticket, are considered their servants.

Again, the company who issue a through-ticket

With regard to a company's right of summary ejection, a curious case occurred in Scotland a few years ago. A passenger had gathered all the tickets in the carriage and handed them to the collector. On examination, one of the tickets was found to be defective. The official thereupon called on the passenger to make good the defect, and on his refusing to do so, forcibly removed him from the carriage. The court held that a person who collects tickets in this way from his fellow-passengers and gives them to the official does not thereby incur responsibility of any kind, and on that ground found him entitled to damages for illegal ejection.

There have also been a great many decisions by the courts as to the legal position of passengers whose luggage has been either lost or damaged. In the first place, before the company can be made liable, the luggage must be properly entrusted to their control, and they must accept custody. To leave it on the platform or to label it one's self is not enough; it must be expressly placed under the care of a railway official. Once it is thus accepted, the company are bound to take charge of it until the journey is finally completed and delivery taken of it at the place to which it has been booked. The mere throw-

ing of the luggage out of the train on to the platform, where it may be confused with the luggage of other passengers, does not constitute delivery; the owner must actually claim it, within a reasonable time, and if it is handed over to a porter who undertakes to bring it to a conveyance at the station entrance, the company's liability continues until he has placed it on the vehicle. Luggage that is taken into the compartment beside the passenger is thereby taken out of the company's control, and they have no responsibility towards it.

One must remember, too, that under their by-laws companies undertake to carry luggage of only a certain weight and size with the passenger free of charge, and that it is only personal luggage, such as is required for one's own convenience and necessity, that is so carried. For what does not fall under this description there is an extra charge, and if this is not paid the safe carriage of the luggage is not ensured. It is most important to remember this, for if there is packed in a portmanteau anything that is not of the nature of personal luggage, no claim can be made on the company for its loss, for it is just against such occurrences that the companies seek to protect themselves. The following are examples of what the courts have decided not to be 'personal luggage: 'paintings, groceries, legal documents, an invalid-chair, a bicycle, a rocking-horse, bank-notes, furniture, household goods, and merchandise of any kind. So, where a passenger lost luggage containing one hundred and eighty-eight gold and ten silver watches, valued at one thousand eight hundred and ninety pounds, he was allowed to recover nothing, because he had treated these as personal luggage instead of as merchandise; and a master who sent his servants on ahead by an early train with his luggage obtained no compensation for its loss, as it was not the personal luggage of the passengers with whom it had travelled.

Again, by the Carriers Act of 1830, railway companies are not answerable for the loss or damage of goods of a certain class, over the value of ten pounds, unless their value is declared and an extra charge paid. The specified goods are mainly articles small in bulk but large in value, such as jewellery, coins, hand-made lace, or fragile objects, such as glass or china. The company may, however, waive their rights if the contents of the luggage are made known to them, and are accepted without the additional payment being demanded.

In the same way, on leaving luggage at the Left-Luggage Office, it should be noticed that the conditions of deposit are printed on the ticket issued, and that by the acceptance of the ticket one is held to agree to these conditions, which are, again, mainly to the effect of limiting the company's liability for the value of the

goods deposited.

Railway companies, too, are always careful not to guarantee the punctuality of their trains, and if one misses a connection through a train being late, one has no claim against the company, for all they promise is that such a connection exists, and that they will do their best to ensure the trains starting and arriving at the hours stated in their time-tables.

It is thus seen how readily one engages in contracts of the very existence of which one may be totally unaware. Railway companies are now so protected by statutes and by-laws that damages can seldom be recovered unless negligence or misconduct or some felonious act can be proved against the company or their officials. One would do well, therefore, to read the conditions printed in time-tables and on tickets, and to study the regulations of companies, in order to ascertain to what it is one is accustomed to agree, tacitly and unconsciously, every time one undertakes a journey by train.

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

By Captain P. T. ETHERTON, F.R.G.S.

NORTHWARD of the great mountain barrier which divides India from Central Asia lie the Pamirs, that region of awe-inspiring immensity fitly termed the 'Roof of the World,' lying as it does at an average elevation of thirteen thousand feet above the sea-level. The Pamirs, forming the nucleus of the Central Asian highland system uniting the Himalayas and the Thian Shan with the Hindu Kush, are a region which attracted much attention some years ago. The 'Roof of the World' is no tableland, but rather a mighty mass of lofty, high-pitched ridges and gables, with narrow valleys, hollows, or leads between. Such soil as there is has been formed by the detritus of avalanche-swept shale and

gravel, and it is amongst these interminable leads of the world's roof the natives subsist by herding a few flocks.

Both from a political and sporting point of view the Pamirs have attracted much attention, though their military value is a negligible quantity. What, it may be asked, was the origin of the Pamirs? The term signifies an upland plain, and embraces the whole of the mountainous region of this remote corner of Central Asia. Their exact origin rests somewhat in obscurity; but authorities on the subject explain them as ancient glacier-beds and moraine which were brought down from the mountains, and which the streams have been unable to carry away.

The total area of the Pamirs is about twenty-five thousand square miles, the greater portion being within Russian jurisdiction. The Taghdumbash Pamir, situated within the boundaries of China, is the only one now available to European travellers, since the Russian Pamirs were closed to foreigners some years ago, a rule Russia rigorously enforces by keeping jealous watch and ward.

The chief object of interest attaching to this bleak and inhospitable land is the *Ovis poli*, whose horns form one of the finest trophies in the sportsman's collection. This grand sheep, the largest of its class, being the size of a donkey, carries long curved horns which impart to it a majestic appearance. The existence of *Ovis poli* was first made known to the world by that famous traveller Marco Polo, who traversed the Pamirs more than six hundred years ago, and from whom the animal derives its name.

The people met with are the nomad Kirghiz, a tribe distributed over Central Asia, whose origin has been subject to considerable speculation. Mention is made of them in Chinese annals as far back as the ninth century A.D.; whilst it has been surmised that they may have been part of the army of Alexander the Great when that famous monarch passed through Central Asia from his invasion of India. In religion the Kirghiz are Mohammedan, albeit they cannot be regarded as strict followers of the Prophet. Their type of feature is distinctly Mongolian, with almond-shaped eyes and prominent cheekbones. In stature they are about the middle height, with thickset frames adapted to withstand the rigours of a climate noted for its severity. As in the case of the Tibetans, they pay scant attention to the old adage that cleanliness is next to godliness, soap and water being practically unknown quantities with them where ablutions are concerned.

The dress of the Kirghiz consists of sheepskin coats and trousers, with leather knee-boots. On the head is worn a fur cap which can be pulled down over the ears. The women dress in a similar manner, with the exception that coats lined with cotton-wool are worn. Their head-dress is peculiar in that it comprises a large square turban of white cloth, those of the wealthier classes being adorned with gold embroidery.

The Kirghiz gain a scanty subsistence by herding their flocks on the bleak uplands of the Pamirs; and during the winter, when the snow and intense cold render life on the higher ground impossible, they retire to the valleys, some of them migrating to the Afghan Pamirs, where the high winds sweep the pasturages bare of snow, affording a meagre grazing. The nomads possess large herds of sheep of a species peculiar to the highlands of Asia. This is the dumba or fat-tailed sheep, an animal, as the name implies, possessing a large tail hanging well down in the

shape of a pear. The fat in the tail is reputed to sustain life when the pasturages are snowed over in winter or the sheep are otherwise unable to find sufficient nourishment. This fatty appendage imparts a curious aspect to the sheep, more especially when running, as it has a 'wobbly' motion that prevents rapid movement.

The habitations of the Kirghiz are the yurts or khirgas constructed of felt on a circular wooden framework, with an opening in the centre at the top to let out smoke. The interior is carpeted with rugs and numdahs, and in the case of the wealthier Kirghiz is hung with embroidered cloths and trappings, imparting a pleasing and artistic effect.

The fuel in use on the Pamirs is yak or camel dung, which emits a pungent but not offensive odour. There is another kind of fuel known as burtsa, a stunted scrub, the roots of which are inflammable, and make an excellent substitute for wood. It is plentiful along the valleys, and collected by the Kirghiz for winter use.

The main articles of diet of the nomads comprise milk, cream, and mutton; while their chief beast of burden is the yak, an animal which is able to live at great elevations and endure intense cold, but which dies in the slightest heat. The yak is a member of the genus ox, his peculiarities being long hair on the body and shoulders, and a big tuft of hair on the tail. He is indigenous to Tibet and the Pamir region of Asia, where the high altitudes are eminently suitable to his constitution. The yak carries his head downward, and this has given rise to a quaint belief amongst the Kirghiz that many centuries ago two yaks wandered on the bleak uplands in company, until one day one of them disappeared, and was never seen again. The survivor wandered far and wide in search of his brother yak, keeping his nose to the ground in the endeavour to pick up the scent; and hence, according to the Kirghiz, the reason for the yak always holding his head downward. These animals are wonderfully sure-footed, and are capable of negotiating ground where it is scarcely possible to find a footing.

The cold on the Pamirs is extreme, at times assuming a rigour that renders life there the reverse of pleasant, with usually a wind resembling such a hurricane as one encounters off Cape Horn in December. Here it is indeed a case of the survival of the fittest, for only the strongest constitution can withstand the Arctic severity of the long winter months.

Ovis poli, the largest of all the wild sheep, is the blue ribbon of mountain sport, a good pair of horns attaining a length of sixty inches and upwards, the record head being one of seventy-five inches. Lying along the valleys and on the slopes of the Pamirs one sees many old horns of poli, silent witnesses to the devastation caused by wolves and the hunting Kirghiz. One day, when out shooting, I came on the scene of a

former Kirghiz drive, counting over sixty heads, some of which would have constituted magnificent trophies. The drives in which the Kirghiz indulge take place in winter, when, the snow being deep and soft, the poli are more easily run down. Drives are conducted somewhat on the following lines. A point is selected, generally a narrow 'nek' or ravine, where low stone sangars are constructed, behind which the Kirghiz marksmen take up their position. The poli are then rounded up by dogs, and manœuvred to make them converge on the 'nek,' through which the majority pass in headlong flight. This is the Kirghiz opportunity for slaughter, an opportunity of which he takes full advantage, usually bagging several poli. The object of these drives is to secure a supply of skins to make boots and clothes, whilst the meat is smoked and stored for consumption during the summer. Wild dogs also infest the Pamirs, and to their ravages the diminution in the numbers of poli is largely due.

Of the region lying beyond the Pamirs some account may prove of interest. Having penetrated the great glacier passes of the Kuen Lun Mountains, fringing the eastern confines of the Pamirs, the traveller reaches the summit of the barrier which stands between him and the plains of Chinese Tartary. From an altitude of nearly twenty thousand feet a grand view unfolds itself. Toward the Pamirs it is a display of snow-capped heights, with great spurs running out parallel to the main range, the valleys and ravines in between being lined along their lowest levels with a thin silvery thread denoting a rushing torrent flowing from its glacier-bed above. Turning to the east, and looking over that portion embracing the plains of Chinese Turkestan, is seen a chaos of lower mountains, and beyond them a level horizon bounding what appears to be a distant sea. These are the deserts of ancient Tartary, and that blue haze conceals towns and provinces which are invested with a halo of romance, and which have, more particularly in recent years, given rise to questions of

deep political import.

With the descent from the Pamirs the hardships of the journey decrease, but its interest and romance increase daily. Strange peoples are encountered who live their lives far away in the heart of Asia, unmoved by the turmoil of the outer world, and oblivious of the mighty march of civilisation and the marvels it brings To them the meanest thing is in its wake. a nine days' wonder, and the passing of the Feringhi from regions beyond their ken is the event of a lifetime; no Parliaments occupy their attention; no Press sways their opinions; no suffragettes exhibit their importunities. With them the struggle for existence is reduced to a minimum, and, content in their humble surroundings, they heed not the passing of empires

and the onward march of progress.

Thus one reaches Yarkand—a walled city in a desert plain-through an imposing gateway in the mud wall some thirty feet high, along the top of which it is possible to drive two carriages abreast. Notable at the gateways of Chinese cities are prisoners condemned for various offences. A common sight is the canque, a heavy square board fastened round the neck, and varying in weight from thirty to fifty pounds. The unfortunate individual undergoing this punishment must perforce carry this formidable instrument during the whole period of his sentence, making sleep a difficulty and life for the time being a torture. Often when thus exposed he is the butt for the jeers and missiles of passers-by. At another of the gateways a striking example of the drastic methods adopted by Celestial justiciars was afforded. There were two malefactors, incorrigible thieves, it appeared, who had become notorious and a source of considerable trouble in the city. To put an end to their practices and prevent their getting about, their ankles had been slit, a knife having been thrust through and the tendons cut. Thus they were crippled for life, and an effectual stop put to their evil-doing, a warning not likely to be without its effect on other would-be male-

The governor of Yarkand is a Chinese of high rank, and the official call on him which one pays is remarkable for the curious customs and observances with which it is associated. A mounted escort precedes one to the yamen, or official residence, to announce the coming, and on arrival at the courtyard one goes through numerous gateways, and then dismounts. After one has passed on to a raised dais more gates are thrown open in succession, and, preceded by a Chinese holding aloft the visiting-card—a long strip of red paper with one's name inscribed thereon in Chinese characters—one reaches the inner courtyard. Here stands the governor, waiting to greet his guest; and then more doorways are passed through to the reception-room, where a chair is placed on each side of a small table laden with sweetmeats and other delicacies. The conversation is then carried on through interpreters, which is a rather wearisome mode of procedure. On the occasion of my visit the governor, or amban, inquired if I had experienced any hardships on the road. I replied that I had, but that the pleasure of coming to Yarkand and meeting him had entirely obliterated them from my memory. He said London must indeed be a gorgeous city; and I answered that it could not be compared with Pekin—a subtle and certainly ambiguous compliment. He thought England was a mighty country, with which remark I mentally agreed; though my reply was to the effect that China was a paradise on earth. He inquired as to the reasons for my indulging in poli shooting on the Pamirs, asking if I converted the horns into medicine, this, in

his opinion, being the only possible use they could be put to. Being obviously dissatisfied with my reply, he then inquired if I had been sent into this distant land of mountains and shikar to learn how to shoot!

During my stay in Yarkand the amban gave a banquet in my honour, and the quality and quantity of the entertainment were proportionate to the great man's dignity. The dinner started at one o'clock with two courses, but these were only a preliminary canter. A short interval supervened, and then we resumed the repast, this time in earnest, the feast lasting until six o'clock. It was a fearful ordeal, course succeeding course until I lost all count after twentyfive. There were sharks' fins, bamboo-shoots and bamboo-roots, pigeons' eggs preserved in chalk, stags' tendons, lotus-seeds, boiled duck (which was served in a dish of beautiful workmanship, the bird being made to appear as though swimming on the water), liver of all kinds, and a host of weird and strange comestibles that might well have appalled a stomach of iron. I suffered the whole programme, even to tackling a sea-slug with as many legs as a centipede. To have passed this delicacy would have been an offence to his Excellency's susceptibilities; so, steeling myself, I swallowed the ghastly thing, and thus The acme of politeness saved the situation. at a Chinese banquet is for the host and others to single out any choice morsels on their own plates, or from the table, and deposit them on the plate of the principal guest. As I had the doubtful honour of fulfilling that rôle, every one proceeded to bombard me with questionable titbits, much to my embarrassment.

Some strange tricks were played at this Chinese banquet, one of them being to hand round a lighted match placed in the end of a matchbox, the unfortunate guest in whose hand the match goes out having to quaff brandy, the results in some cases being highly exciting. Then one of the guests, yelling something in Chinese, will extend three or four fingers to another, who responds by thrusting his hand across the table with a similar yell that sounds like the crack of doom, the loser in this fast and furious game also having to quaff brandy. An old gray-bearded military officer who sat on my right excelled at this pastime, and I imagine lengthy experience in this connection obviated easy defeat.

At six o'clock the amban announced that as, so far, we had not enjoyed anything substantial, he proposed giving us a spread; upon which bowls of meat and rice were brought in, the Chinese guests, whose capacity seemed unlimited, doing ample justice to them. At the close of this Gargantuan repast all present took their departure, one of the customs at a Chinese dinner being for the guests to leave immediately after the function. So, having bade adieu to every one, I mounted my charger and rode away,

after an experience the memories of which will long remain.

During my stay in Yarkand I had an opportunity of seeing something of the Chinese garrison. The troops were of all ages from sixteen to sixty; their armament was decidedly antiquated, some being provided with Tower muskets, blunderbusses, and spears, whilst one man carried a battle-axe! The total strength of the garrison is, I believe, returned at five hundred men, but the actual strength was under a hundred. In this land of sin and corruption every one robs and cheats, and those who are not past-masters in the art of bribery stand no chance in the competition for posts. There is the case of a certain amban whose defalcations were enormous, he having, amongst other things, maintained a force of five hundred men on his books as the strength of the local garrison, and continued to draw pay, rations, and equipment for this number, when in reality he kept but forty-two. This lasted for twelve years, at the end of which he must have been passing rich. Finally, matters reached such a stage that he was dismissed, and ordered to give explanations to the Governor-General. This must have been effected to their mutual satisfaction, for he is now back in his former post. I was informed that shortly before my arrival at Yarkand the officer in charge of the troops had been directed from Pekin to submit a report on the musketry training of the troops under his command. He therefore paraded the garrison in the courtyard of his yamen, where the gallant soldiery blazed off their ammunition in the air, the while his Excellency sat down and smoked the pipe of peace. At the close of this instructive course of training the latest idea in musketry returns was sent in, with an indent for more ammunition!

Despite the general corruption, China appears desirous of consolidating her power. Since the Russo-Japanese war she is awakening to a sense of her responsibilities and the latent strength she possesses, and is doing much to purify the system of administration.

A MESSAGE.

WHEN all the world is wrapped in autumn mist, When autumn winds are blowing as they list, And fallen leaves are deep along the lane;

When in the west the last red streak of day Is blazoned on a sullen ground of gray,
Flinging a dreary gleam upon the plain;

And when you miss my voice and presence most—When thought of me has, like a solemn ghost,
Crept on your mood of mingled joy and pain—

Then let this message all your life enhance:
Though sad the falling of the autumn rain,
Though we are swept apart by circumstance,
Yet spring—yet spring and I shall come again.
ERIC DEXTER.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

O, God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts.

THE other evening, when in fancy the roaring of cannon and the crackling of the riflefire of miles of infantry across the water destroyed our peace and made a vague, a tremulous uneasiness, we turned over the pages of a little work prepared in the French some years ago by Madame Marie Dronsart upon the life and efforts of Prince Bismarck, and a passage was reached in which we discovered the Chancellor of blood and iron in such a mood of melancholic reflection as sometimes seized him in his later years. decades had gone by since the German victory over the French, when Bismarck was deeply thoughtful one night at Varzin. Alarm and horror grew in his remembering conscience. He was sitting near the fire after dinner, and as he looked into the flames, feeding them in an idle, disconsolate way with fir-cones, he murmured, as he had often done before, that all his tremendous deeds and political activities had gained for him little contentment and even less friend-Nobody liked him for what he had done. He had not, for all his effort, gained the happiness of himself or of his family or of any one else. One of his companions suggested that, after all, he had made the happiness of a great nation. Bismarck answered, 'Yes; but the misfortune of how many? Had it not been for me three great wars would not have taken place; eighty thousand men would not have perished; fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, widows would not have been plunged into grief and mourning. I have settled all that with my Creator; but I have gained little or no joy from all my work.' At such a moment, and at others that followed it, when he endured humiliations from the young Emperor, who had dreams-foolish dreamsthat were beyond his own practical mind, and arrogantly dismissed him, it was possible to be sorry for even the callous Bismarck, who was known to wonder what Germany would be in the next generation, whether the greatness and security he had given her would remain so strong and firm twenty years after-now.

So it seemed that the remembrance of those eighty thousand slain rankled in the conscience of the aging Bismarck. What, then, of the No. 200.—Vol. IV.

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Kaiser Wilhelm, who has so lightly and wantonly made his war against the best part of the world? In the Bismarckian times armies were little things, mere boxes of soldiers, compared with what they are to-day. It was a very great battle that took place at Waterloo, and mighty enough were the issues that were involved; but ten times the number of soldiers have been arrayed against each other in France and Belgium lately. A few fields and a farm-house and a wood or two were once enough for the greatest battles, but now a frontage of something near two hundred miles is needed for the war game of a Kaiser. Two million men or more are brought to face each other at the instance of a demented Hohenzollern. The eighty thousand slain that Bismarck lamented may, alas! be multiplied many times in the appalling conflict that the Emperor William, in his whim, has brought about. Wars of old were innocent pastimes in comparison with the horrors that are perpetrated now. Once it seemed that life had some value even when enemies met in battle. One recalls the early barbarians. methods were simple, and they were blunt. They were savage and cruel perhaps, and yet was there not a certain human spirit and system in their methods? They were cunning—yes; but they seemed to feel imposed upon them by Nature an immovable limitation to the principle that all is fair in love and war. Since the decline of hand-to-hand fighting through the development of long-range gunnery and the possibility of shooting at an enemy and killing him though he be out of vision some miles away, what we may call-and in no light and foolish spirit either—the sport of war has declined also. In the old days warriors played the game. They met in armour on a field of battle, and they fought in the great spirit of those who were playing the most terrible of games. There was enmity enough; the feeling of hatred was as high as ever it was; there were duels to the death. But with the circumscribing of the area, the limitation of the forces engaged, the clashing of steel with steel, the simplicity of methods and weapons, and the lack of that intense organisation and scientific development which have been attached to warfare in these latter days, the human sporting spirit, the sense of the

SEPTEMBER 26, 1914.

game being played, was still a strength, and making an allowance for the weaknesses and the bad instincts of human nature, which may never be entirely suppressed, they were a faint justifi-cation for the wars. We must confess, as we look back along that blood-stained road upon which the poor world has travelled since its birth, that long road of event and disaster and progress with zons for the milestones, and see upon the far horizon of knowledge and imagination the early savages and the body-stained barbarians, there is something to admire in them -more than we had thought-and not a little to envy. Those primal fellows played the game. In that they were but as animals, and warred much as the most intelligent quadrupeds might have done; they kept close to Nature, and those who do so, being natural, are not in the ultimate judgment to be considered as utterly blameful. On and on along this road, past son and son, the world, with its wonders, its increasing organisation, and its fast-developing nerves, has come to this terrifying present. Man, as we understand, is far more civilised than ever before. He has learned more; he has discovered more; he has probed more. With hot irons he has dragged from the earth its most sacred secrets; he has ripped open the bodies of beasts, and, with all science to aid him, has seemed to challenge the Creator in a search for the very secret of life itself. Nature he has fought at every turn. He has flown higher and farther and faster than the birds; the biggest fish of the sea in their own true element are stupid things in comparison with him when he goes to work beneath the waves, and, wrapped in lightning, roams below the mightiest ships. Science has made a new discovery every day, and at once it has been applied to warfare. The aeroplane, the submarine, the wireless messages—oh! everything, each discovery and all of them, must go to the departments of war for this use in the killing of the people. Science, and science alone, with its servant, engineering, has brought us to such an awful pass of over-civilisation, over-development, and fearfully organised and elaborated war-system that, considering now the full account, the profit and loss in the great balance-sheet of humanity, we must feel we have paid out too much—the price of discovery has been too great.

Some of us have been gazing lately on a strange picture that has been presented to us as that of a German siege-gun. It is a reproduction from a photograph, and to the thoughtful mind must be considered the most revolting picture of a piece of machinery that has ever been presented. The heart sickens at the sight of it. Until we looked on this picture, it was not imagined that any piece of machinery, a thing of tubes and wheels so beautifully made and put together by man, could be really revolting. In mere machinery there cannot be much that is

beautiful. There is little of art in nails and screws and cogged wheels. But in the intricacy and ingenuity of a mechanical thing there is at all events something to admire. The cleverness of man is suggested, and most machinery is for industrial purposes, and therefore to the advantage of life. It is very material, but it is most convenient. At its worst, it is a little ugly. No pleasurable emotion is stirred in us as we contemplate a traction-engine. But nearly alone among machinery, even war machinery, this German siege-gun is the very negation of all that is humanly right. It is not only that the true function of machinery is the making of convenience and the facilitating of the speed of life, but here we have the most hellish ingenuity expended for the wholesale destruction of man and all his works as gathered together in his towns and cities; and it is as if for once a Power that is above all men and war had determined that the horror of the thing should not be disguised by smooth steel and delicately fitted wheels, as is done in other instruments of warfare, but that its utter monstrosity should be stamped indelibly upon its countenance. I have been almost pleasantly interested in seeing crackling experiments made with a Maxim-gun, so neat and delicate is it; and I have seen a nobility, a glory of dignity and strength, in the grand guns that send their shattering broadsides from our men-ofwar. But these German siege-guns are in their very appearance outside all human mechanical decency and respectability. Two high, gaping, forbidding tubes pointing upwards to the sky, a mass of complicated cogs and handles below them, two giant wheels for traction purposes, and the gruesomeness of the construction much enhanced by the flapping, clattering, clanking floor that each wheel carries for itself round about its periphery, so that this monster may writhe itself through the fields of golden corn, and a long and ugly tail of steel-this, with vice and evil and loathsomeness stamped upon every inch of its horrible construction, is the German siege-gun—the alligator, the boa-constrictor of machinery. But I think I would rather have an alligator in my garden than a German siegegun, even though the siege-gun were my own. If I have here seemed to dwell overmuch on one piece of modern armament, which happens to be German, when there are many dealing out death more liberally and speedily in this war, it is not because it is German, the thing of the enemy -and, indeed, in effectiveness it may, like so many other German instruments of battle, be a comparatively mild and pussy-cat sort of thing after all—but because of its outward impressive ness, and because in appearance it seems to stand out as an ultimate achievement and application of science and mechanics. Our science and discovery have brought us through many eras to this! Our chemists have experimented in the laboratories, our mechanics have laboured in the

workshops, and day and night our inventors have squeezed their imagination dry, and clawed into the bosom of Nature for another scrap of secret, to produce at the finish the German siege-gun, which is meant to destroy men and all their possessions, their homes, their belongings, their treasures, and their works of art, and to leave nothing behind but a charred and blackened mass of bones, the most awful mockery in the world, a revolting exposure to the blue skies of heaven above them.

Let us go back to the Kaiser and his Germans, this dangerous monarch of Europe who to satisfy ambitious whim would dare an experiment that involved the risk of his empire, the devastation of a continent, the upset of a world, the fighting of millions, and the destruction of appreciable parts of millions. All this is not war. Real war, as we have suggested, has some of the natural sporting attributes of games, and in ages gone it has encouraged the best attributes of manhood; it has uplifted peoples in their spirit. But this conflict, along a frontage of hundreds of miles, of millions of helmeted Teutons, ignorant of whom or where they fight, is not a war. It has not that dignity. Slender as may be the virtues of battles, this European carnage has on the German side not even the slenderest for a saving grace. There is only one description of it. It is the most awful bloody murder that has ever been perpetrated. No accidental disaster on sea or land, no destructive visitation upon the earth of Nature in a vengeful mood, can compare in the awfulness of results with this Kaiser-slaughter. Napoleon was ruthless enough, but he loved the game of war, and he played it like the accomplished master. This Prussian madman, conceiving that in the modern way of doing all things greater than ever before, and determined to war on a grander scale than Napoleon, overlooked many things, and among them that war has limitations, and that in battles of millions there is not war but murder, the simple and useless sacrifice of human life. Marshal Saxe, speaking of armies and the possibilities of generalship in battle, once said, 'Beyond forty thousand I am out of my element.' The Kaiser, this stupid Hohenzollern, obsessed as he has been from his very childhood with a gross exaggeration of the war spirit, has been out of his element all the time in this modern world, and never so much as now, when his time is ending. What an absurdity is the Hohenzollern in the twentieth century! What an irritating reflection on the common-sense of the world!

It is because this impossible monarch conceived that the destiny of the earth was a military spectacle of fire and sword, trumpets and carnage, such as would evoke the admiration of the universe, that the world is now stopped. One suspects that this royal Prussian shuns the

reflection that his earliest ancestors did not come down to earth with the sword in their hands from heaven itself. But the truth—and the curious truth, seeing the overwhelming sway the Kaiser has exerted on the German people-is that the origin of the Hohenzollerns was nothing more than paltry, and only the madness of their conceit and their stupendous presumption in claiming alliance with the Deity in the furtherance of their schemes have held them in their place. Eight hundred years ago the Hohenzollerns, living in southern Germany, taking their name from the place where they dwelt, were of no more account than any other family of no pretensions and achievement. Then came Conrad of Hohenzollern, who did some good service to the Emperor Frederick, called Barbarossa, married a feudal heiress, and became partly by right of marriage and partly by imperial favour hereditary governor of Nuremberg. Three hun-dred years later the family received promotion by Frederick of Hohenzollern being given a high place in imperial favour, receiving the title of Marquis of Brandenberg, and being allotted the task of defending the north-eastern frontier for the Emperor. And from that time these Hohenzollerns have increased in their pretensions and arrogance and their domination of the German people, whom now they have at last led to ruin. In the latest of the Hohenzollerns the accumulating instinct of war, and the madness of belief in a military offensive and defensive alliance with Providence, reaches beyond its limit, and makes ruin with its excess. It is a sad thing for the Kaiser and his unhappy country that his family obsession ripened to its utmost when Germany should be most agreeable to it. If, in the end, science, as is suggested, has turned on the world for its unhappiness and destruction, Germany is the Mecca of modern science. Science stands for materialism, and the modern Germans are the most utterly materialistic people in the world, as they are the greatest in the laboratories and the philosophical schools. But science is not culture, and no greater mistake was ever made than in the description of the modern Germans as a cultured people. In the past their land has been the home of abounding genius. Art and music have bloomed in it most gloriously. Rhineland gave not to a state but to the world the incomparable majesty of the music of Beethoven. Mendelssohn and Wagner, as much magnificent as opposite, raised the artistic rank of Germany in the pre-Kaiser Wilhelm days. True, there are artists and musicians in Germany now, masters of high rank and people of exquisite taste. But as a nation it is not what it was of old. As it has abandoned itself to the plague of science, its inner culture, its soul refinement, has been weakened. Grossness and materialism have cankered it, and now, in a mad fury, it has leapt to an attempted murder of the world. Forces have been at work in many parts of the world for a long time past

that have been conducive to this war. In Britain there have been such forces. We, who, in the best of peaceful faith, have built ships of war because others have done likewise, are not entirely guiltless in the reckoning of the cause. But we and others feared the utmost outrage conceivable against the human race, and shrank from it in horror. Most of Europe, armed to the teeth as it was, would have spared the history of the earth from this appalling murder, unthinkable in its proportions. In times of peace we will spend days and weeks in the most careful trial of some

poor fool who has killed another, and is not entirely without excuse for doing so. King's Counsel will argue, judges will sum up, and juries will most carefully decide. Not the German people, but the military autocracy of Germany, led by the Kaiser, has gone forward to the murder of tens of thousands, and to the perpetration of the most horrible atrocities and cruelties, with the plain motives of lust for blood and conquest. What is to be the end of this Hohenzollern? He and Prince Bismarck may have a pretty meeting in the shades.

THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

CHAPTER IV.

ARMED with the surgeon's certificate, once I could get out of Egypt I knew I should be all right. Months and months went by; but at last the war came to an end in May 1802, and we sailed for La belle France, and arrived there after a three weeks' voyage. This voyage had such a beneficial effect on my health that my arm was hardly any source of trouble to me, and I began to fear whether I should be able to make the doctors believe that I was no longer fit for service; this, however, I may say here, I was easily able to do.

When we got to the depot we found a great number of conscripts there. Almost the first I met was Franz Brendel, the blacksmith's son. The young fellow stared open-mouthed at me, as though I were a ghost. 'Donnerwetter' he exclaimed as he saluted, 'is it, can it be, Sergeant

Kleinberg?'

'Of course it is. Why should it not be? And who the deuce are you?' I answered.

'But Reichardt got a letter from Egypt,' he said, after he had told me who he was, 'saying you were dead, and that was a year ago.'

'And what business was that of his? What

reason had he to spread that lie?'

'What business? Well, he is au pied du mur. He sold some pearls you gave him, and speculated in hops with the money he got for them. He made a lot of money at first; but he speculated again, and lost all he had made and a great deal more. He had to go for help to his wife's brother, but that person said he would assist him only on condition that he should marry Bertha. She, gentle as she is, would not consent. Then the letter came, and the poor girl, who was wretched at home, consented to marry him after a year. That time, I should say, is about up. She may be married by now; if not, she will be very soon.'

In a flash I saw the whole diabolical scheme,

In a flash I saw the whole diabolical scheme, and as I realised the depths of Reichardt's villainy I could not trust myself to speak for a little time.

'Come to my quarters,' I said as soon as I had got over the shock.

When we were there Franz Brendel gave me fuller particulars, and he also told me that Mark was going to marry his sister Adeline, and that he himself was going to marry Susanne Reichardt when he could satisfy her father that he had sufficient money. Of course I naturally was interested in all this, but the world seemed to swim round. The thought that perhaps, after all, Bertha was married possessed me. I was consumed with anger. If she was married, Heaven help her father and her husband, for they would get no mercy from me, if I were shot for it. I should have left, in any case, the following day, as I had to take some papers from the colonel to Major de Tocqueville; but I went to the colonel and told him everything, and he gave me permission to start at once.

We had passed Besançon, and were approaching Belfort, slackening our pace going up a hill, when I saw four soldiers in front of us; and, much to my pleasure, one of them was Boursot, who was returning to Metz. He gladly accepted a lift. I was as glad to see him as he was to see me, for we had plenty to tell each other. He, of course, knew nothing of Reichardt's treachery, and, like me, feared that I should arrive too late to prevent the wedding.

Major de Tocqueville welcomed me warmly, and, of course, we had a great deal to talk about. He wanted to know all about his uncle, the regiment, and the battles I had taken part in. I showed him all the jewels I had got, including the fifteen pearls. These latter he showed to his wife. She was a beautiful brunette, and, being very rich, wished to buy them at once. But as none of us had any idea of their true value, the major gave me a letter to a famous jeweller in Paris, saying his wife would give me 20 per cent. more than his price; thus we should both gain, as the jeweller would want at least a profit of 50 per cent. The major would have liked me to stay all night at his home; but I told him Boursot was waiting, and he saw my anxiety to get to Strasbourg. So he arranged that he would be at the bank when it opened the next morning at nine, and give me the five thousand francs, and then I could tear off to Drelheim immediately. We only just managed to reach the city ere the gates closed.

I stayed at a small posting inn called the 'Adler.' I knew the landlord well, and he knew, of course, that I was to be married to Bertha.

'Ma foi!' he exclaimed as soon as ever he saw me, 'can it really be you? Why, we all thought you were killed months ago. You are only just in time; you will only just do it.'

'What do you mean?' I asked in a sinking

voice

'Why, the wedding is to take place to-morrow,' he replied, 'and the gates are closed now, and they won't be open till six to-morrow morning.'

'Where does that rogue Detzler live'—Come on, Boursot. I will give him the greatest hiding

he ever had in his life.

The landlord fetched a stout riding-whip, and we all three started; but the old housekeeper at Detzler's told us that her master had gone to Drelheim, and that the brewery would be closed the next day, as the men were all going to the wedding. Not finding Detzler was a bitter disappointment; but I consoled myself with the knowledge that I should soon get level with him, and so we returned to the inn and arranged that Boursot should set off at six the next morning to tell Reichardt I was coming.

At an early hour the carriage was ready, and I wrote two notes, one to Mark and another to the pastor, and arranged that the lad who drove should leave Boursot at the inn, then drive on at once to deliver the letters, and Boursot would follow him. To ensure quickness I gave the lad a louis, and promised him another if he fulfilled

his mission.

I engaged another carriage, and chose good horses, and after a substantial breakfast I went round to the bank. At nine o'clock, temps militaire, the major's beautiful calèche drove up. In a few words I told him the dilemma I was in.

'Allons!' he cried as we hurried into the bank. 'There,' he said as he gave me five one-thousand-franc notes (or, rather, their equivalent in thalers); 'and that's for interest,' he added, putting down some more for one hundred francs each. 'You will be in time; but hurry up, and good luck to you; and if I can I will come over

myself for the wedding-breakfast.'

'Thirty thalers if we do it in time,' I said to the post-boy after I had thanked the good major, and the next minute we were off. We drove quickly along the narrow streets of the old town, but, mon Dieu! once we were through the gate we simply tore, for the road was nice and level, and the first league was done well under a quarter of an hour; then it got more uneven as we approached the mountains. But the post-boy knew his business and his horses, and I was quite content as we finished the second league. There was

not quite a league between us and the village now; but, alas! the way was all uphill. More and more familiar became the country. I knew the names of those who lived on the farms and in the cottages, I beheld the woods where I had sought for birds'-nests as a boy, and soon I saw the golden cock shining on the little church amid the pines, and then I saw the village.

I had thought it was not a good thing to depend entirely on Boursot; and I was right, for this is what happened. Arriving at the 'Golden Ladder,' he found Reichardt, the bridegroom, and many of his friends, all arrayed in their best clothes, smoking and drinking. The information that I was coming fell like a bombshell among them, and for a moment they were speechless. It meant almost as much to Reichardt as to Detzler, as the former was up to his neck in debt to him. He was the first to find his head. He had not been a soldier for nothing.

'Oh, he will be here, will he?' he said; and, seeing his opportunity, he threw himself on Boursot. 'Now, my lads' he cried, 'into the cellar with him; we'll keep him there till the parson has done his work.'

Against so many, and taken at a disadvantage, poor Boursot had no chance, and into the cellar he was thrown.

'Now,' said Reichardt, 'four of you go down the road, and if you have any pluck you will stop the carriage, pull Kleinberg out, and bind him.'

Detzler, delighted at this arrangement, promised to reward the men well. Thus, at a moment when my thoughts were far, far away from any danger, four men armed with sticks and bludgeons suddenly rushed out from behind the hedge, shouting to the post-boy to stop. Carrying so many jewels and valuables, I always had two pistols on me ready loaded. 'Is Kleinberg there?' shouted one of them, seizing the horses' heads, while another opened the door.

'Yes, he is,' I shouted, as I shot the nearest through the arm. This reply was so quick and so unexpected that the others hesitated, and gave me the chance of hitting another in the leg.

'You devils!' I cried, seizing my sword and springing out, 'do you want any more?' But they had had enough. Two of them ran like rabbits, leaving one of their confederates groaning in the road and the other swearing by the hedge.

Without troubling more about them, I told the lad to hurry on; and soon, just by the 'Golden Ladder,' which was all decorated with garlands of flowers, and had even bouquets suspended on the signpost, I saw Mark, who knew nothing of what had occurred, awaiting me.

'It's all right,' he cried. 'They have all gone up to the church; but I have seen the pastor, and the wedding won't take place.'

In another moment he was seated beside me, and we were hurrying on.

'But where is Boursot?' I asked.

'Boursot? I know nothing about him,' said Mark. 'I expect Reichardt must have bribed him to keep quiet.'

'No, you don't know Boursot,' I said; 'nothing

will make me believe that.'

Still, at the time, it all seemed very extraordinary, and I thanked my stars that I had not

relied entirely on him.

'Here we are!' cried Mark, and in another moment we were in the little church, which was crammed full. I was reassured at once, for I saw that the pastor had not got his gown on. Up by the chancel I saw my darling Bertha all in white, with a fellow beside her. Followed by Mark, I hurried up the aisle. The pastor saw me, Bertha turned and gave a cry, and in a second her arms were round my neck. One look was enough for the bridegroom. He bolted through the vestry. Bertha was clinging to me, and I could not follow him. 'Catch him!' I oried to Mark, and in a moment, like a grayhound, he was after the fugitive. The whole church was in a commotion. Reichardt's wife, as soon as she saw her brother fly, gave a shriek and went into hysterics.

'Oh, God has heard my prayers!' cried Bertha. 'Aunt said He would never desert me.' The poor girl was trembling all over, and as

white as a sheet.

The sight of her distress angered me, and I turned savagely to her father. 'You'—

turned savagely to her father. 'You'—
But the pastor stopped me. 'Remember you are in God's house. Come into the vestry.'
So I took Bertha, and, followed by Reichardt,

So I took Bertha, and, followed by Reichardt, Susanne, Adeline Brendel, and the chief guests, we all went in there.

'I thought you were dead,' said Reichardt.
'My nephew in the 33rd said in his letter'----

'It's a lie, and you know it, Hans Reichardt! You know you have seen him this very morning,' I answered. 'Besides, here is your own letter asking him to say so,' I continued, producing it, and giving it to the pastor.

'Let us see Boursot's letter,' cried those

around us.

'Mein Gott /' cried Reichardt, turning pale.

'This is horrible!' said the pastor. 'Why, I might have married them.'

All eyes were turned on Reichardt; and as for Bertha, poor girl! the colour came into her cheeks with shame.

With an effort, however, the rogue determined to brazen it out. 'I am the bride's father, and before this marriage shall take place,' he said, turning to me, 'you must produce five thousand francs.'

'That's easy enough,' I answered, and I produced the notes; 'and if you had wanted fifty thousand, I reckon I could find it.'

Old Brendel the blacksmith would not come to the wedding, because he did not like it. He knew how wretched Bertha had been all the time; but, hearing of my arrival, he now turned up in his shirt-sleeves, and on hearing my last statement he could not hide his delight.

'Very well,' said Reichardt, 'let the wedding

go on.'

'There's no hurry,' I answered, for in truth the shock had been too great, and Bertha was half-fainting.

'Listen, meine Geliebt,' I said to her tenderly.
'Wait for a week if you like;' and her bride's-maids and every one told her the same.

'No, no,' she murmured. 'I have been in purgatory for months; let's get it over. Take me away, Jacques; let me get away from here.'

I looked at the pastor.

'Very well, my child,' he said gently to her,

'let us proceed.'

He had just put on his gown, when Mark, with a broken cane in his hand, burst in. He was so flushed and breathless that he could hardly speak. 'I got him. I caught him at last down by the "Golden Ladder," and I broke this stick on his back.'

'Where is he?' I asked with a laugh.

'Goodness knows. They have sent for a doctor.'

I almost felt sorry for Detzler, because, after all, he was not so much of a rogue as Reichardt.

We got through the service somehow. I said 'Ja' in the proper place, I suppose, but I did not know much about it. Then we returned to the vestry and signed the register, and I pressed a hundred france into the pastor's hand; and ere the good, simple man could get over his surprise I took Bertha to the carriage. She was still trembling.

'Oh Jacques,' she sobbed, 'whatever must you think of me? But father told every one that

you were killed.'

I reassured her, and kissed her tears away.

'Oh, look at those lovely horses!' she cried as we approached the inn; and, sure enough, I recognised the major's carriage.

'Well, sergeant,' he exclaimed merrily, 'you see I have come to the wedding after all.' He was in boisterous spirits, but he soon saw that something was amiss, and I told him everything.

Even as I was speaking they were bringing the two men I had wounded into the house.

It was a splendid breakfast, for the brewer had given Reichardt carte blanche. But a gloom hung over everything. Upstairs Reichardt's wife was in hysterics, which did not cease till she realised that no one took any notice, least of all her husband, who was like a bear with a sore head because he feared that he would not be paid for the breakfast. However, nothing could for long damp the major's spirits. He proposed my health, and chaffed the girls, and really put a little life into the proceedings; but, for all that, Bertha was uneasy. She looked very beautiful

in her fine white silk dress, which the brewer had paid for and insisted on her wearing; but it was hateful to her.

'Jacques,' she whispered, 'I am going to put on my Sunday clothes. I can't bear this finery. Then let us go anywhere you like to get away from here.'

The fact of it was the poor girl was afraid of

her rogue of a father.

'All right, ma chérie,' I answered. And soon afterwards we started for Paris, though we took ten days to get there, for time was nothing to us. When we did arrive we got a letter from Mark, who informed us that Reichardt, after taking all the valuables his wife possessed, had disappeared the day after the wedding; and I may add that we never heard anything more of him. My pearls and other jewels realised nearly

one hundred and fifty thousand francs. With part of this money I bought, besides some fine hopfields, the old farm, where we resided with Aunt Elizabeth as long as she lived. I also bought the 'Golden Ladder' for Mark, who soon after our return married old Brendel's daughter, much to her father's delight, as shoeing horses is warm work, and he was able to assuage his thirst with nothing to pay. My own wedding had not taken place under the happiest circumstances, but I was determined that that should not be the case with Mark's. The festivities lasted a week, and from that day to this the whole district declared that there never had been such a wedding before or since, and till some of my own children are married I don't suppose there ever will be such another.

THE END

GERMAN OFFICERS AT WILHELMSHAVEN.

By LUKE HARRUNEY.

SOME time ago the writer spent a winter at Wilhelmshaven as teacher of English to the naval officers, so that the names and characters of many of those who are now fighting against our own navy are familiar to him. German naval officers all know more or less English; and my task was merely to perfect them in their reading, and to see that they spoke our tongue correctly.

When they had finished their course with me many of these officers applied for a certificate of proficiency, armed with which extra pay was granted them in order that they might reside for some months and qualify for the post of dolmetscher, or interpreter, to which extra pay is attached. But the number of those making this application to me was certainly in excess of the number of posts vacant; and since my return to England I have often read with amusement of the arrest of German spies over here. Even when these latter have not been drawn from the same class as my quondam pupils, I have never for a moment doubted that they were at the back of the spies all the time. Many a nice young German gentleman, staying for a holiday in the Isle of Wight or elsewhere, has, I am convinced, carried back with him plans or other details that the spies risked so much to obtain. British authorities were for a long time supine to this process of obtaining information, and it is only quite recently that they have become aware of what has been going on.

The only wonder is that we have not been at war with Germany long before this. Even at Wilhelmshaven, where the officers were most courteous in every way to the writer, there never was the slightest concealment of the fact that the German navy had been brought to such a high pitch of preparation for war simply and

solely to oust Great Britain from her position of mistress of the seas; and this idea was expressed in rancous tones of dislike by civilians.

When I first arrived in the town I stayed en pension with a German lady, who, I afterwards found, charged me nearly double the amount she obtained from her other pensionnaires. Her great idea was that the German fleet should give us the coup de grâce when we were at war with some other country. One day she asked me what we should do if Russia sent a great army to England to attack London. 'Send a fleet to Moscow!' I replied, with the result that she actually shook her fist at me. So I consulted one of my officer-pupils, who advised me to take rooms and live as he himself did. I followed his advice, and for nearly six months copied the habits of a German bachelor, with results that I have always looked back upon with pleasure. For two pounds a month—payments are always made monthly in Germany-I hired two excellent rooms, with attendance, of a kind that I could not have obtained at home for treble the money. My meals I arranged in German fashion, contenting myself with a cup of coffee and a roll and butter in the morning, and with tea-a great deal of tea from Kiau-Tchau is drunk at Wilhelmshaven-and a kieler bückling (cold smoked bloater), raw ham, sliced sausage, &c., in the evening. For my dinner, which was at midday, I had an abonnement, or subscription, at a local hotel for its table d'hôte. This cost one mark (a shilling) a day, payable, together with the amount due for beer or wine and a tip to the waiter, at the end of each month. This kind of arrangement is universal throughout Germany; and, except in the larger towns, it is rare indeed for an abonnement to cost more than a mark a day, even though the ordinary charge

for a table d'hôte is usually a mark and a half, or even more. For this sum, soup, three courses, and a cup of coffee were given; and I think that nothing so cheap and good is obtainable anywhere else in the world. Of course, some of the dishes were extraordinary, and such as the ordinary tourist does not encounter; and the unusual way in which stewed fruit of all kinds is eaten with roast beef or mutton is not attractive to foreigners. And I shall never forget that my Christmas dinner—it was a pouring-wet daywound up with vanilla ices, served up as an extra treat in lieu of our national plum-pudding. On New Year's Day a band was hired for the occasion, and the meal comprised the great German dainty in the way of fish—carp au bleu. French was never to be seen on the menu-cards, which, in consequence, were difficult to translate.

After my evening tea-supper I used to go to a café and read the Times, which was taken in there, as well as some forty or fifty German papers and magazines. Sometimes I found an antagonist with whom to play a game of chess, and often I took a hand in a game of skaat, an excellent card-game which many people consider better than whist. Skaat is a national game, and has been honoured by a monumental fountain in the town of its origin—Saxe-Altenburg—the summit of which is crowned by a group of the four knaves (the highest trumps) contending together for the mastery.

German officers, I found, were 'sticks,' as a rule, and not easy to get on with, though there were some good fellows among them. This did not arise entirely from the fact that they are all terribly absorbed in their own calling, and nervously eager that their navy and themselves should be respected, but chiefly from the absence of a common ground upon which to meet them. They do not indulge in games. Skittles and lawn-tennis, played on a gravel court—the nature of the soil precludes a lawn-were the only exceptions; and of other outside interests they had none. Some are musical; and one I contrived to fascinate with 'Sally in our Alley.' All the others were obsessed with the 'coming-war' idea. Even my most especial friend, with whom I used to go for walks—one who had an English mother-could not conceal his Anglophobia. He spoke regretfully one day of the fact that we had not gone to war with Russia over the North Sea incident. When I asked him why, he candidly acknowledged that if we had done so, his own navy would have at once joined Russia and France against us—the one ideal alliance from the German point of view.

Some of my readers may know Niemann's The Coming Conquest of England, a book which, under its German title of Der Welt-krieg, or 'World's War,' describes the downfall of Britain at the hands of these three allies, and the resulting appropriation by Germany of Australia,

South Africa, and many other British possessions. This book was conspicuously in evidence in every bookseller's shop in Wilhelmshaven when I was there, some time after its publication; and those with whom it was then so popular must now find food for thought in the fact that, now that the 'World's War' is really taking place, Britain's position has changed to that of Germany. Perhaps they are now asking themselves what will become of their own Australasian and African colonies.

The writer was often asked whether it would not be better for Rotterdam and Antwerp to be in German hands rather than in those of Holland and Belgium, if only from the point of view of the resulting increase of their trade. Nothing is more common than for these two great ports to be marked down as future German appanages. It is this appalling lack of reticence about their aims and plans that has made the Germans to be so cordially detested all over Europe; for it must be remembered that this kind of talk is infinitely more irritating to a Dutchman or a

Belgian than to a Briton.

Many people are inclined to cast all the blame for the present war upon the German Emperor. Such an accusation is wrong and unfair. A certain amount of blame must fall upon him, if only because he is the head of the officer class; but it is unjust to represent him as the evil genius of his nation. Personally, megalomania apart, he is an amiable and a generous man. He is, it is true, the creator of the German navy, and without his fostering care it would never have attained its present formidable No figure is more familiar in strength. Wilhelmshaven, and no one more enthusiastically acclaimed there, than Kaiser Wilhelm II. Twice did he visit the town when I was there, and on each occasion he made the most minute inspection of all the works in hand, scattering the praises and the presents, of which he is so lavish, everywhere. There is hardly an officer whom he does not know. But when all is said, it is the officer caste, of whom he is the chief, that has sedulously instilled the idea into the German nation that a war with Britain was a supreme necessity for German trade. An immense pamphlet-literature connected with the subject has grown up, and travellers in any of the German coast-towns will remember that the titles of many of them involve the idea of a covert threat against our own country. More often than not German naval officers are the authors of these 'paper-pellets,' as they used to be called in seventeenth-century England.

It is hardly possible for the untravelled Briton to realise how this officer caste dominates Germany. Poor and proud, whether high-born or not (they are rarely drawn from the ranks), with the right to draw their swords upon any mere civilian who affronts them, they are hardly ever to be seen out of uniform. When they fall out among themselves, duels of the most savage kind not infrequently result, and they exact the most exaggerated deference from all those over whom they are in authority. A simple seaman who encounters an officer in the streets must halt at once, clap his hands to his sides, and stand at attention until the officer has passed. In the principal restaurant in Wilhelmshaven the burly warrant-officer at supper with his friends must drop his knife and fork, rise, and stand until the young sub-lieutenant who has chanced to enter has passed by, or graciously waves to him to sit down again. The slightest infraction of discipline is visited with severe penalties, and the kriegsgerichtsrat, or naval judge, has always plenty to do.

Any officer passing another officer always salutes him, whether he knows him or not. When I accompanied my naval friends on their walks I found that while it was de rigueur for

me to raise my hat when my friend saluted a brother-officer, I must on no account do so when a mere warrant-officer saluted my friend. German punctilio is strict on such points.

Officers and men alike work hard, and opportunities for relaxation are few. The Carnival is It is whispered the only occasion for frivolity. that even the Kaiser himself delights in witnessing the frolics that then take place in the officers' casino. Certain it is that the game of 'hot cockles' is not unknown on his own imperial yacht, and he does not object to an occasional practical joke.

Before I went away my pupils sent for champagne (German champagne, it goes without saying), and in German fashion solemnly pledged my health and wished me prosperity with much clinking of glasses. I fear that many of the faces I recollect so well will never be seen by

RAWSON'S OPAL-MINE.

PART II.

NEXT day was Sunday, a fact hitherto of no special significance to any one, as the saloons were always open, and the weekly wash was by no means a lengthy affair. But now the disadvantages of having a Sunday were appreciated to a remarkable degree. The law of the Commonwealth of Australia and of the State of Queensland said that no claims pegged out on Sunday would be valid, and thus the entire population of Bunderoo was forced to waste nerve-tissue and its ready money in waiting until Monday to peg out claims adjoining the new chum's. All had suddenly remembered the adage that it is the unexpected that invariably happens, and some even recollected instances when opal had been found where it was absolutely impossible, according to all known laws, that it could exist. A few loafers went further, and asserted that they had felt quite certain that the new chum would strike opal on the Hill, because opal was always found where it shouldn't be; and that, anyhow, those who followed opal-mining as a profession never knew anything.

The excitement increased all day, and when the story went round that a syndicate had been formed to buy the new chum's claim the loafers worked themselves into such a state that extra assistance had to be employed at the bars. But Moses Macpherson had not wasted his time. He had driven out to see the new chum during the day, and seen the sample of the wonderful opal, although his request to see the bottom of the shaft had been smilingly, politely, but emphatically refused.

'But I vill buy your opal,' remonstrated Moses.

'I don't think I wish to sell any, the fortunate owner answered thoughtfully. 'I like opal '-

'I vill puy your claim, den.'

'Oh, I don't mind that very much. I can go a little bit away and take up another claim.'

Moses could hardly repress a laugh at the man's ignorance. Well he knew that the fact of striking opal at one point was no guarantee that it existed elsewhere. The sample that the new chum showed was worth almost any figure per ounce, and Moses had decided that he simply must have it all.

But the ignorant one finally decided he would not part with his claim just then. 'I will do some more work, and think over-er-the matter,' he said; and, after wasting much eloquence, Moses drove back to town for lunch. During the afternoon he heard of the proposed syndicate, and the doctor had to be called in for him. He came in the guise of the blacksmith, explaining that he was overworked in that line making tools for the new syndicate. He treated Moses successfully, however; and at sundown the latter again drove out to the famous new chum's mine.

'I am in a hurry,' he said when the new chum climbed out of his shaft to see who his visitor was, 'unt I vant to know once for all if you vill sell your opal or your mine.'
'What offer do you make me?' asked the

'I vill gif five pounds for every ounce you haf of de kind you showed me.

'Thanks-er-I prefer to keep it.'

'Den vat do you vant for your mine? You can easily go and find anoder one.'

'I think a thousand pounds would pay me well enough for this one.

'A thousand pounds!' gasped Moses. 'It is

your mine I vant, not Queensland.'

'Good-evening, then. I'm going down to work some more.

'Shtay! Let me go down and see vat your

show is like,' Moses cried.

'Oh, I don't mind; but let me warn you that I know the ways of gem-buyers, and if you go too near my opals I will-er-thrash you.

'Mein gracious! are you shpeaking to me?'

gasped Moses.

'Yes; you are the only buyer—er—here, are you not?'

'Ha! ha! you are fond of a joke,' Moses laughed, his face purple with anger, but his cupidity in no way lessened. 'I vill touch

nodink.

The new chum must have been very silly or he would have known that Moses could not be treated with much disrespect with impunity. But, bottling his rage, Moses climbed down the shaft after the owner. He would get even before long. At the bottom of the shaft it was as dark as could be, and the new chum lit a candle and flashed it around, showing to full advantage the nature of his find. Moses sat down on the ground with an exclamation of piety. Such a display of opal he had never seen before. It scintillated in the walls of the little pocket gouged out at the bottom, in ever-changing colours. It blinded him with its iridescent splendour. All varieties were there—red, green, orange, blue, and blends of colours he did not previously know existed. As the new chum flashed his candle the gems blazed out as if alive, and myriads of points of variegated fire shot athwart their surfaces.

'Mein Gott!' Moses exclaimed feebly, 'I vill

gif you five hundred pounds.'

'Er-I have no doubt; but that is not my

price.'

'One thousand, then; but I am ruined!' cried Moses, starting up and grasping at the fiery mass

of gems.

The new chum pushed him back upon the ground. 'You must not touch,' he said. 'This is my property. My price is twelve hundred now.

Moses groaned. 'But you said'-— he began. 'Yes, I know; but—er—I have changed my mind. Get out now. I'm tired of you, and other people are coming here to-night.'

'I vill gif the twelve hundred!' screamed

'All right; hand it over. You see I-er-

know your tribe.'

'My cheque-book is in the hotel. I vill pay you in town ven you come in.' Moses was frantic. The opals in sight looked value for anything.

'I don't know that I should take your cheque

at all,' the miner mused. 'I am giving a mine for a piece of paper.'

'Vich can be turned into gold at the bank in

Googoolgi to-morrow morning.

'Maybe. In any case, I shall-er-risk it. I'll come in to-morrow and-er-collect it.' The innocent one appeared to be thinking.

So was Moses. 'No, no; come now,' he cried.

'I vish to close the deal at once.'

'I exceedingly regret I can't go into town now,' the new chum said, after more thought. 'You see-er-I wish to look for-er-another claim to-night. I give you my word, however, that I shall-er-present myself at your hotel at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and hand you a written-er-transfer of this mine in return for your cheque.'

Moses was afraid that the new chum might again change his mind when the local syndicate approached him; but as he knew all its members were susceptible to certain inducements which he could offer at the bars, he consoled himself with the thought that it was not at all probable they would visit the new chum that night. But a sudden fear assailed him when he got out on the surface again.

'How am I to know,' he asked, 'that you vill not remove all the opals showing through the

night?' He was certainly anxious.

'I don't-er-really know,' the new chum drawled. 'I do not intend going down my shaft again to-night; but you can easily, I presume, employ—er—one of your satellites to watch the claim. If I or any one else goes below, he can inform you; and if he goes down, I shall-ershoot him.' There was no dubiety about the new chum's words; and Moses, after making arrange-

ments accordingly, went back to town.

At eight next morning the stranger joined Moses at the breakfast-table in Mrs Murphy's hotel, received his cheque, and handed over a written transfer of his claim. He was now a sort of hero in the eyes of the populace who had not yet gone out to stake off claims; and when he invited all to imbibe their pleasure at his expense, his popularity was unbounded. It was, therefore, with mingled feelings the people regarded things when, after Moses had departed to take over his property, without even having glanced at the signature on the transfer, the new chum prepared to mount his notorious horse, which the Disgrace had brought round saddled and bridled. They thought the new chum was suffering a little from swelled head, and several told him that although he had found opal, he might easily end his earthly career a few seconds after he had mounted Melbourne Mike's horse.

'Oh, I think I can ride him,' the new chum drawled; 'at least, I will try, for I must be at the bank in Googoolgi-er-when it opens. I have important business there.

'Then leave me your coat, old man,' the Dis-

grace requested. 'I'd like to remember you

after you are planted.

'I had forgotten,' the new chum answered, pulling off the elaborate garment. 'It is yours Mr-er-Disgrace; and if I don't come back, you can also take my suit-case, and all that it-ercontains. Now help me up, please.'

The Disgrace gave him a 'leg up' into the saddle, and the crowd retreated as far as possible. The untamable steed bucked, tried to stand on his head, rolled over, and generally did his best to justify his name; but his rider didn't seem to be unduly inconvenienced. Perhaps he didn't

know enough to be aware of his danger.

'Ah, Mr Disgrace,' he remarked coolly, as the horse rested, 'you might oblige me by giving Mr Macpherson this letter when he comes back. I had nearly—er—overlooked it.' He handed down an envelope addressed to the gem-buyer, and next moment was heading for Googoolgi like a 'greased streak of lightning,' as was afterwards remarked. When the dust raised obscured him from view, the gaping crowd looked at each other, swore, and turned in to slake their thirst at the Disgrace's invitation. While they were still doing so Moses reeled into the hotel, and fell upon the floor. The doctor was at once summoned from the next hotel; but when Moses saw him he cried, 'No, no! It is the troopers I vant.'

The doctor ran out, and came back with a helmet on his head. 'I must caution you,' he said, 'that anything you say may be used against you.'

'Shtop him! Shtop him!' screamed Moses.

'He has schwindled me '-

'I see it is the J.P. you want,' observed the trooper. 'But who has swindled you, anyhow?'

'The new chum! He has ruined me. Shtop him! Shoot him! Oh, mein Gott!' Moses rolled over and gasped for breath.

'Talking about the new chum,' said the Disgrace casually, 'he left this note for you, Moses.'

'Open it,' ordered the J.P., and a second later the contents were known. They were not much. A single line in pencil said: 'With Rawson's compliments. We are square now.'

Moses groaned, kicked, swore, and finally struggled to his feet. 'Shtop him!' he yelled. 'A hundred pounds to the man who shtops him

before he gets into the bank!'

'Can't do it, old man,' said the trooper, &c. 'He's pretty near Googoolgi now, if his neck isn't broken. His horse can give points in speed to anything on feet hereabouts.

'What do you want to stop him for, anyhow?' asked the Disgrace. 'You've got his claim all

right.'

'His claim!' Moses screamed. 'He has got my cheque. He is no new chum'-

'Well, ain't the claim worth it?' asked Shandy Bill. 'It was jammed full of first-class opal.'

'Opal!' wailed Moses. 'Oh yes, it vas filled with first-class opal—beautiful green and red opal stuck in the valls everywere; but it was all made of broken bottles!'

Every one now remembered Rawson, the daredevil rider and miner, who had sworn to get even with Moses, and it was a week before the various camps ceased celebrating.

THE END.

AUSTRIA AT SERAJEVO: THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

By PERCY CROSS STANDING.

T was at the close of the Russo-Turkish struggle, and as an immediate outcome of the Berlin Congress, that Austria first determined upon the occupation of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Turkey, exhausted and humiliated after her crushing defeat by Russia, had no alternative but to acquiesce in this occupation of the Danubian provinces by an Austro-Hungarian army; nevertheless the Sultan and his advisors could not be expected to jump for joy at the prospect. But, said the terms of an Austro-Hungarian proclamation addressed to the peoples of the two provinces, 'the Emperor and King could no longer look on and see violence and discontent reigning in the vicinity of his territories, distrust and misery knocking at the frontiers of his states. In the counsels of the peoples it was unanimously resolved that Austria-Hungary should restore the peace and welfare so long missed. The Emperor and King knows your troubles, and wishes your good. Under his powerful sceptre many peoples dwell together,

each one speaking his own tongue. He rules over the votaries of many religions, and each one is free to profess his own faith.

The astute Count Andrassy acted as the mouthpiece of the Dual Monarchy during these delicate, not to say critical, events of 1876-78. The House of Hapsburg had put its hand to the plough, and the legions of the Emperor Francis Joseph were launched into Bosnia and Herzegovina immediately after the 'findings' of the Berlin Congress decreed that such an occupation was to take place. The Austrian commander-inchief was the General Baron Philippovitch, who in an Order of the Day advised his troops not to count upon a mere picnic. He was not going to lead them 'on a triumphal march, but to hard work undertaken in the service of humanity and civilisation.'

And what was the immediate effect of this diplomatic move in Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, and in Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina! In the former picturesque but intensely polyglot city one Hadji Loja called upon the Mussulman population to rise a hundred thousand strong against the Austrian intruders. At Mostar a bloodthirsty 'popular' outbreak resulted in the slaying of the Mufti and the nomination of an Ulema as governor. Certainly no country could be better suited to the familiar tactics of guerilla warfare than those rocky gorges and defiles, and the local leaders promptly prepared an elaborate resistance. The Austrian advance moved simultaneously into Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Archduke John Salvator's division crossing the Save at Brod on July 29, 1878. On August 4-5 the fiery insurgent chieftains gave battle to the army of occupation at a day's march from Mostar, which was entered by the Austrian forces at nightfall. At this point the opposition was somewhat half-hearted, as the Turkish garrison of the city did not co-operate to any serious extent with the partisan force.

But it was far otherwise in Bosnia, where Hadji Loja had got his resistance calculated on a much better and bigger basis, and where it was believed that Ottoman gold and influence had been freely used to inflame the popular passions. On 1st August Philippovitch's chief of the staff, Captain Milinkovitch, met with a prolonged opposition at Maglai, a town well placed for defence in a rocky defile on the right bank of the Bosna. Milinkovitch had a small force of hussars with him, and this handful were handled with terrible roughness by a large body of Mohammedans who were well fortified. 'There was no by-road except up steep hills,' said a Vienna newspaper's account of the transaction. 'It was terrible to see the horsemen, when in the narrow lane, shot down, and, falling from dying horses, blocking the road against those who were follow-Into this confused mass of men and horses a cross-fire was poured from all sides.' Eventually the demoralised troopers, thoroughly defeated, got back to the Austrian headquarters, whence a day or two later the whole army marched out to inflict summary chastisement upon the mountaineers. It was the last stand of a warlike and fanatical people, and though it could only end in one way, the resistance while it lasted was of the most heroic kind.

Hadji Loja, the Mussulmans' fierce and hardy leader in this warfare, is described as having been 'the tallest man in Bosnia.' He went barefooted both in summer and winter, and, such was the extent of his religious fanaticism, during the 'Ramazan' period he stripped himself almost naked. In time of peace he followed the calling of a mendicant, and when excited by his racial and Mohammedan prejudices he would kill any Christian who crossed his path. Truly a powerful asset to a cause such as that to which he had pledged himself.

Maglai fell into Austrian hands by August 8, but not without some severe fighting, in the course of which General Philippovitch himself

had a narrow escape. It was seen that a number of Turkish regular troops were fighting side by side with the Bosnian mountaineers, but such of these regulars as were taken prisoners hastened to explain that they had no choice in the matter, but had been forced to fight by the insurrectionary government. In this really sharp handto-hand fighting the defending force lost some five hundred killed and wounded, and the conflict lasted until dusk. It ended in the occupation of Zepce as well as Maglai by the Austrians, who found their difficulties greatly enhanced by the tempestuous weather, intense heat-several of the soldiers dying of sunstroke—the awkward country to be fought over, and the bitter animosity of the inhabitants. It was believed that the insurgents had one hundred thousand men under arms. They were generally well armed and equipped, they had several mountain-guns, and their mollahs went about among them preaching the 'jehad' or Holy War.

The Emperor Francis Joseph and his advisers were doubtless somewhat nonplussed by the strength and persistence of the enemy, but it was determined to reinforce General Philippovitch very heavily. On August 8, in fact, the 7th Austrian Division was worsted by a force of five thousand insurgents, and the 20th Division had to fight for its very existence. The Duke of Würtemberg's division fared somewhat better, forcing the enemy's entrenched position between Travnik and Serajevo after three days' obstinate conflict; yet by the middle of August the Austrian casualties amounted to almost a thousand in killed, wounded, and missing. The emperor-king 'was both surprised and distressed at the resistance offered to his troops, for he had been under the impression that they would be received with enthusiasm by the Bosnian population. The truth is that he had believed what he desired to believe, and the awakening was of that rough and painful kind which is the usual termination of such misleading dreams.' Next the insurgents were forced at the bayonet's point out of the fortified position of Han-Belalovac, but again at the cost of much loss of life. The crux of the fighting was now to come in the onslaught upon the Bosnian capital, General Philippovitch's force having in the meantime been raised to the great strength of nearly one hundred and thirty thousand of all arms.

Serajevo, or 'Bosna-Seraï,' had been powerfully prepared for defence. Its outworks bristled with armed men and heavy guns, the key of the position being the Saluting or Yellow Battery. At 6.30 A.M. on August 19 the 13th Army Corps advanced to the assault under a withering fusillade. By 10.30 the 46th Infantry had stormed the Saluting Battery with the bayonet, but it was three hours later ere the Austrians could force their way into the town itself. Even then, from the windows of all the houses, from

the very hospital itself, a tremendous fire was maintained. After the entry, martial law was at once proclaimed by the conquerors. persons found with arms in their hands were to be summarily put to death, and it is to be feared that in a few instances this order was acted upon too literally. As illustrating the reigning spirit of savagery and fanaticism, a Serajevo leader named Hadji Jamarkovic was led out to be shot, but before he reached the appointed place he managed to snatch a rifle from his escort and fire it among the crowd. Of the large number of prisoners taken at Serajevo, fifty-five officers and eight hundred and thirty regular Turkish soldiers were removed under guard to Brod. It was stated by the Austrian Generalissimo that in about a week some six thousand insurgent rifles had been 'collected.'

It says something for the tenacity of the Bosnian defence generally that in September the strength of the Austro-Hungarian host had been raised to two hundred and eight thousand men, with thirty-six thousand horses and four hundred and eighty guns, or something approximating to our own army's strength in the theatre of war in South Africa when this country was subjugating the Boers. It may sound a little like 'breaking a butterfly,' but those hardy mountaineers simply revelled in a fight. In some instances the defence was aided by Turkish regular troops, notably that of the town of Bihac, which had eventually to be taken by assault by General Zach.

At the same time, the reduction of Serajevo was not without its moral effect, and by the close of September General Philippovitch found himself able to report to Vienna the almost total subjugation of these unhappy and blood-drenched provinces. Councils took place at Vienna for the formation of a code of laws for the future government of the fresh acquisition, and large numbers of the native population, Mohammedans included, flocked back into Serajevo and the other towns in order to place themselves under Austrian protection. The Sublime Porte confirmed and strengthened this by issuing a manifesto both repudiating and deprecating the recent prolonged and bitter resistance to the Austrian arms on the part of the humbled Bosnians and Herzegovinians.

Such were, in a nutshell, the dramatic and sanguinary events attendant upon the Dual Monarchy's original acquisition of these troublesome territories upwards of thirty years ago. Whether the game has been worth the candle is another matter altogether. Servia, then just emancipated with the assistance of her powerful patron and ally, Russia, looked sullenly on, but The awful sequel which could do nothing. came so swiftly and suddenly during the summer of 1914, in the shocking and indefensible assassination of the Austrian heir-apparent and his consort while sojourning in this self-same illomened city of Serajevo, was even then, maybe, seething in the minds of the disillusioned and jealous Servian agitators.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN AUTOMATIC HYGIENIC OPEN-AIR SEAT.

THE ordinary type of outdoor seat is a source of considerable danger to physical health. It is exposed to all the variations of the weather, so that the user is liable to contract rheumatism and other similar complaints arising from dampness. In order to remove this disability, a new type of open-air seat, which possesses many interesting features, has been placed on the market. When not in use, the seat is folded vertically and is housed beneath a canopy, so that complete protection from weather, dust, and other objectionable matter is obtained. The seat is automatic in its action. Directly it is vacated the seat flies up into a closed position. The seats are disposed in units, the frame carrying the canopy being mounted upon wheels to ensure portability while at the same time the seats can be turned round to the most comfortable position. Another distinctive feature is the open character of the materials of which they are made. The construction is carried out in such a way as to ensure a free and constant current of air through every part, so that the nuisance of dust, germs, or insects is reduced to the minimum. The scats are of substantial construction, and are made from materials which are naturally suited to outdoor conditions. The operating mechanism is of the simplest character, so that the liability to break-down is remote, while maintenance expenses are practically nil. The seats are especially adapted for use in pleasure-gardens, sanatoria, hospitals, and convalescent homes, as well as in open spaces, parks, railway stations, or private grounds.

FIRELESS LOCOMOTIVES.

There are many industrial occupations where the conditions are extremely dangerous, thereby rendering the question of economic intermovement of materials somewhat difficult. The transportation of materials in explosive depots is an interesting illustration of this problem. The issue has been solved, however, in a great measure by recourse to fireless locomotives. As the designation implies, the locomotives conform to the general design, but are not provided with a fire or heating device of any kind. Instead there is a reservoir or boiler, which is filled partly

with water and partly with high-pressure steam. The latter is pumped into the boiler from a steam-raising station outside the danger-zone, to which the locomotive is taken from time to time. The construction of this type of locomotive has been brought to a high standard of perfection in Germany, the leading locomotive manufacturing firms specialising in this class of engine; while certain American manufacturers also have devoted their energies to the same problem. In Great Britain the possibilities of this form of transportation have been appreciated, and are receiv-The Admiralty recently ing greater attention. acquired a locomotive of this type for use in the explosive danger-zones. The engine is able to run for several hours upon one charge of steam, and, owing to the system of heat insulation adopted, the locomotive may be left standing for a period of twelve hours in the open air without appreciable loss of energy. The engine is easy to handle; in fact, it is operated in exactly the same manner as the ordinary locomotive, except that firing is eliminated. The control is precisely similar. Not only is the engine fireless, but all the rubbing faces, such as the brake-blocks and the impact-points represented by the buffers, are rendered sparkless by the use of special facing These engines have been extensively materials. adopted in dangerous mines where access to the workings is provided by gradients instead of shafts.

THE AUDRIFFEN REFRIGERATING MACHINE.

Several months ago attention was drawn in 'The Month' to the exceedingly simple and novel refrigerating-machine which had been devised by a French inventor named Audriffen. Since then certain improvements have been effected, and the completed machine aroused considerable attention at the recent Royal Agricultural Show. The refrigerator consists essentially of two vessels, one being a spheroidal condenser, while the other is a cylindrical evaporator. The two are connected by a hollow shaft. The condenser is immersed in the cooling medium, while the evaporator is similarly immersed in the liquid to be cooled. There is an air-compressor working upon the ordinary cycle, and the arrangement is such that while the condenser and evaporator are revolved by an outside drivingpulley, the compressor itself is kept in a vertical position. The gas after compression passes into the condenser, which revolves in the cooling medium, composed of brine or some other similar liquid. Here the heat of the gas is extracted, and its temperature lowered to such a degree as to bring about liquefaction. The liquid gas now flows through the hollow pipe into the evaporator. This vessel is revolved simultaneously with the condenser, but through the liquid to be cooled. Entering the evaporator, the gas extracts the heat from the liquid to be cooled, but in so doing becomes reconverted to its vapour state. In this latter form it returns once more through a second pipe to the compressor, where it is recompressed and reliquefied by the cooling solution in the condenser, then passes again into the evaporator, and returns in the gaseous condition to the compressor. The cycle is continuous, the gas which is alternately liquefied and reconverted to vapour being unable to escape, because the whole of the working parts are completely enclosed and hermetically sealed. It is one of the most interesting and novel refrigerating systems which have ever been devised, and it is extremely effective. The plant occupies little space, and the liquid to be cooled may be reduced to any desired temperature within a very short time and at a low cost.

STERILISING MILK BY ELECTRICITY.

The provision of a supply of germ-proof milk for the rearing of the young is acknowledged to be one of the most pressing problems of the day. The city of Liverpool is at present using an electrical system which has been found to be highly successful, and a large plant is now in operation at the Corporation milk depot. The practicability of sterilising milk by electricity was tried for the first time in 1911, but the results were disappointing. However, the authorities continued their lines of investigation, and have now perfected a system which meets all requirements What is known as a lethal tube is successfully. used, and from experience it is shown that while the milk may not be completely sterilised, yet all dangerous bacteria are removed or rendered innocuous. The present plant is able to deal with one hundred to one hundred and twentyfive gallons of milk daily, which is distributed in three thousand bottles. Although the milk is rendered perfectly free from diseasegerms by the electrical treatment, the grave risk of recontamination from contact with the bottles and during handling arose. To overcome this disability, the shape of the bottle was changed to facilitate thorough cleansing, while a simple bottling apparatus and the ordinary cork have been adopted. Milk treated in this manner and kept under proper conditions will retain its sweetness for three or four days, or even longer if all precautions against after-contamination are practised. The success of the experiments at Liverpool, together with the simplicity of the apparatus, should go a long way toward the solution of a difficult problem, and should be available to the health departments of other cities.

THE ELECTRICAL FARM.

Strenuous efforts are being made to emphasise electricity as an indispensable handmaid for all work upon a farm. At the recent agricultural show held in Christiania an interesting model farm conducted on this principle constituted a prominent feature. The energy for this farm

was supposed to come from a small waterfall in the vicinity, which had been duly harnessed. The healthy crops in the fields had been raised upon fertilisers electrically manufactured. The farm-house and all the outbuildings were electrically lighted, an electrical stove was in the kitchen, while every heating and cooking operation was conducted by electricity. The selfsame agent was utilised also for producing unlimited quantities of hot water. Knives, boots, and culinary utensils were cleaned by its means; while coffee was ground, bread was cut, and juice-pressing machines were likewise oper-Electric radiators heated every room, and the farmer was supplied with a device for heating his shaving-water in the bedroom; while his wife was provided with electrically heated curling-tongs. In the scullery small motors drove the washing-machine and turned scrubber and mangle; while currents of hot air supplied by electrical agency dried the clothes, and an electric iron completed the laundry operations. Workshops were fitted with electrically driven tools; the food for the stock was prepared by electricity; while even grooming and sheep-shearing were carried out with electrically driven implements. The cows were milked by electric machines, and the incubators were electrically heated.

A BOOK ABOUT TWENTY-ONE THOUSAND NOTABLE AMERICANS.

In our volume for 1912 there was a notice of the seventh issue of a really useful and indispensable book, of which the eighth issue is now to hand, entitled, Who's Who in America, a Biographical Dictionary of Notable Living Men and Women of the United States, edited by A. N. Marquis (Chicago: Marquis & Co.; London: Stanley, Paul, & Co.). While on somewhat similar lines to our own Who's Who, it has several original features of its own. Notices are given of the best-known men and women of the United States, whether living in America or in any other part of the world. This new issue has four thousand four hundred and twenty-six sketches which have not previously appeared. It has grown since 1899 from a volume of eight hundred and twenty-seven pages, with eight thousand six hundred and two notices, to one of two thousand nine hundred and twenty pages, with twenty-one thousand four hundred and fifty-nine notices. A change in political parties accounts for the insertion of many new names. The book supplies brief, crisp, personal sketches of every living American whose position or achievements make his personality of general interest, and gives those facts about them which the intelligent inquirer wishes to know. The states which have contributed the largest number of subjects in order of importance are New York (three thousand three hundred and twenty-two), and, in a descending scale, Massachusetts (one thousand nine hundred and seventy-eight), Penn-

sylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Connecticut. We notice that Mr Roosevelt has now twenty-five volumes to his credit; his political and big game exploits are duly noted, and his visit to South America is mentioned, but not his discovery of the Duvida River, or River of Doubt. President Woodrow Wilson, of Scottish and Irish ancestry, is credited with ten volumes dealing with political, biographical, and historical subjects. Mr James Wilson, the ex-Secretary of Agriculture, migrated from the west of Scotland with his parents in 1851. Andrew Carnegie's benefactions are set down as exceeding thirty-five millions sterling. Mr W. Dean Howells has now over sixty volumes to his credit, and we hear from another source that he is writing his autobiography. Mr Howells has himself edited eight volumes of Choice Autobiography, with essays on each. Mr S. S. McClure, a well-known publisher, founder of McClure's Magazine, who was born in County Antrim in 1857, has also written a volume of Recollections.

SYDNEY HARBOUR AND HOBART.

To our May (1914) issue Mr F. A. W. Gisborne contributed a paper entitled 'Hobert: the Future Deep-Water Port of the Australian Commonwealth.' This seaport he described as rivalling the natural beauty of Sydney Harbour and Rio de Janeiro, and as excelling both in suitability for the purposes of commerce. The natural beauty of Hobart and its environs attracts each summer thousands of tourists. He prophesied that in times not far distant it would be known as the great aorta of Australian maritime trade, and the first landing-place in the Antipodes of thousands of the Commonwealth's future citizens. This article has naturally awakened criticism in New South Wales, and has not passed unchallenged. Mr H. P. Curtis, solicitor, Sydney, writes that some of the statements regarding Sydney Harbour are not in accordance with facts. At the same time, he expresses no desire to detract from the merits of the seaport of Hobart. He says that undoubtedly it has an excellent deepwater harbour, though somewhat distant from the busy hub. Mr Curtis contradicts Mr Gisborne's statement that the depth of water at the entrance of Sydney Harbour is twenty-seven feet at low-tide, and thirty-one feet at high-tide. The depth at low-tide in June 1913 was between forty and sixty feet, with no ocean waves whatever. The deepest-draught ships in the world could navigate safely in and out. The White Star steamer the Ceramic, drawing thirty-four and a half feet, has berthed at a wharf in Sydney, and no vessel has ever been turned away. In regard to Mr Gisborne's statement that the Sow and Pigs Reef is an obstruction across the entrance which would cost two millions sterling to remove, Mr Curtis says that the reef is some distance inside the Heads, and at right angles to an imaginary line connecting them.

between, and not across, the channels, sheltered by cliffs three hundred feet high. It separates what will ultimately become the incoming and outgoing channels, and forms a fine natural base for a light for shipping. The bottom, consisting of sand, has been deepened, and can be further deepened to any extent demanded by the traffic. There is a scheme of wharf extension about Darling Harbour, and similar work can be put in hand at many other places round Port Jackson as occasion arises. Improvements are made to keep pace with the increased patronage the port is receiving. Mr Curtis says, 'If the harbour, as Mr Gisborne asserts, has already fallen behind, no one else seems to have noticed it; but so far from this being the case, the business of the port of Sydney has doubled in ten years.'

EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF MUSEUMS.

Lord Sudeley, F.R.S., in addressing a gathering of one thousand five hundred London school teachers on 'The Public Utility of Museums, Picture Galleries, &c.,' said that in the museums they had a means of infusing the new blood that was wanted in education. In 1911 the system of having popular guides to give short lectures was started in the British Museum, and the Natural History Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum had since followed suit, with the result that sixty thousand eager students had availed themselves of this opportunity. The London County Council have agreed that the teachers must act as guides to the children, and it was indispensable that they should first obtain the necessary knowledge from the lecturers of the museums themselves. This was being done. They had the sympathy of Mr Pease, the Minister for Education, who wrote to Lord Sudeley saying that the reports from his inspectors were unanimous in emphasising the value derived by the children from these visits when properly conducted. In 1913 there were nine hundred and forty-seven thousand visitors at the British Museum, compared with seven hundred and fiftyfour thousand in 1911; while the sale of catalogues and post-cards brought in one thousand five hundred pounds, as compared with five hundred pounds two years before. This enormous increase was believed to be due principally to the interest and pleasure which the guide system had created in the Museum. It may be added that a series of public lectures by experts in each department of the Edinburgh Royal Scottish Museum has been attended by a gratifying measure of success. Popular lectures on painting and painters at the Edinburgh National Gallery of Paintings have been equally well appreciated.

RADIUMISING THE SOIL.

The discovery of radium has excited the wonder and interest not only of chemists but also

of thousands of people to whom the mysteries of chemistry are little known. What is radium? Science replies, 'An element.' The scientist and the 'man in the street' stand amazed at its wondrous powers: is it 'incarnate electricity'? Such seems a poetical, if somewhat unscientific, description of this extraordinary substance. The columns of the daily press have informed the public of the uses of radium in medicine and surgical operations, and now the effects of radium on plant life have introduced a new era in the science of agriculture. In a recent lecture before the Royal Society of Arts, Mr T. Thorne Baker described the results of plant-growing in soil that had been made very slightly radio-active; experiments on the Continent confirmed these results. Radishes were obtained nearly five times as large as those grown in ordinary soil at the same time. The expense of radium has hitherto stood in the way of a general adoption of this radiumising process; but the recent discovery by Messieurs Detaille and Lafayaise of Paris, and Professor Scammell, M.S.C.I., of West View, Hadleigh, Essex, of a low-priced radium-bearing product places the process of radiumising the soil within the reach of agriculturists all over the world, with results of untold benefit to humanity. An increased output of fruits, vegetables, and cereals can now be obtained of the annual value of many millions of pounds, and this money, being kept in Great Britain instead of being paid away abroad, will run like a refreshing stream all over the countryside. This radium-bearing substance, 'lignaite,' can be obtained in fine powder, at a cost of only a few shillings a ton, from natural deposits in many parts of Great Britain and France; and the discoverers of this material are sending full details of the best methods of using it to all agriculturists who apply to them. The struggle of mankind for increased supplies of food-stuffs is now more strenuous than ever before; each and every country is slowly but surely increasing the consumption of its own products, a factor of overwhelming importance to Great Britain, the great importer of produce from all parts of the world; and an increased home production is a problem of the greatest gravity to all of us. Chemistry has now come to the aid of agriculture, and assists us to solve this problem.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-atamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE COMMAND OF THE SEA.

By W. D. GRAY.

CHAPTER I.

'LUCK,' said Captain Vincent, half-aloud—'luck's a rum thing, when you think about it. A devilish rum thing.'

Having given utterance to this profound thought, he chewed the end of his black cigar

and gazed meditatively at the sea.

The long, sweltering day was drawing to a close, and the short tropic twilight was approaching on swift wings. The bay of San Juan was a sheet of hammered gold under the rays of the setting sun, and the town of San Juan glowed like a jewel as the light struck full upon it. The captain eyed it thoughtfully. Beautiful enough it seemed, that little city, with its white houses, its greenery, and the great, dark-blue mountains beyond it. But Captain Vincent was not of a very romantic temperament, and, moreover, he was aware that on closer acquaintance

its glamour faded.

Once, some hundreds of years ago, San Juan had indeed been a place of romance. It had known the hot, feverish life of the Spanish-American empire; upon this port the gold-trains had converged; upon the placid waters of the bay the plate-ships had floated at anchor, to carry immense fortunes below the horizon, returning the next year to find fresh fortunes awaiting them. Spanish cavaliers, fiery, eager soldiers, had pushed out from here into the unknown to seek for El Dorado, and to find only fever and death. This bay had seen Drake's ships, had heard the thunder of English cannon and the cheers of English seamen. A hundred years later Morgan and his crew of fiends had swooped down upon it, had plundered and tortured for three days and nights, and had finally sent it flaming up to heaven.

But now San Juan seemed dull and stagnant. There was a strange, decayed look about it—a breath, a faint whisper of that great Spanish empire which had once overshadowed the New World. On the rising ground beyond the town were still to be seen green mounds, which had once been the Spanish governor's great mansion; and farther back other mounds, half-hidden amidst the trees, were all that were left of the big barrack-like structures where the gold-trains and their mules found shelter while they waited

for the plate-ships to arrive.

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At this time San Juan was the chief, indeed the only, city of the great and free republic of Almaceda, whose fame has doubtless reached you. If not, the loss is yours. Though, indeed, if you ask me outright in what consists the fame of Almaceda, I must reply that—well, that there you have me. In revolutions, perhaps—or bananas! Bananas especially; they are what might be called Almaceda's strong suit. And then Almaceda had a navy. Not, it must be confessed, one of the great navies of the world; it came on the last page of the Naval Annuals under the heading 'Minor Naval Powers, and unfeeling editors dismissed it in some four lines. Still, undoubtedly it was a navy. It consisted of three vessels. Two of them were old iron gunboats, built on the Thames in the early eighties, whose engines complained clamorously if they were ever made to revolve. But the third ship was a vessel any Power might have been proud to possess. She was a fine modern cruiser of four thousand tons, built by the great Elswick yard only three years ago, and purchased by Almaceda, with borrowed money, in a fit of splendid extravagance. She could do her twenty-one knots when her stokers did their duty; she carried an eight-inch gun forward and another aft, and four six-inch guns on each broadside, besides smaller quick-firers. She was manned by a crew of three hundred and As she lay at anchor in San Juan fifty men. bay she had the aspect of a beautiful yacht. Finally, she was called the Mendoza, and Captain Vincent was her commander.

The captain was leaning over the rail of the chart-house this hot evening, surveying his ship as she lay beneath him, and taking the air. He was a big, tall man, with a swarthy face and a small, pointed, black beard. Indeed, but for his size and something aggressive and hard in his whole attitude, he might have been taken for a native of Almaceda. He was dressed in a smart white uniform, profusely decorated with gold lace. Gold lace adorned the band of his peaked cap; gold lace slashed his white sleeves to the elbow; gold lace, of a dazzling quality, travelled down his trousers. There was no false modesty about the naval uniform of Almaceda. Sometimes Captain Vincent would grin at himself in

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the glass when he dressed, but latterly he had come to accept these glories as only his due.

His luck, as he put it, had been in. A captain in the British merchant service, but cursed with an irresistible love of wandering, for twenty years or more he had led an adventurous life. And he had come to be fairly well known in a certain circle. At times he commanded the ordinary tramp of sea commerce, when he could get nothing else; but revolutions, gun-runnings, doubtful salvage cases were what he would have called his special lines. He had come to Almaceda some six months before. Why he came there no man knew. He had arrived by the monthly steamer from Kingston, Jamaica. And now he commanded the Mendoza. What lay between; how he had ingratiated himself with the President of the republic and that lesser light, the Minister of Marine; whether his knowledge of Spanish and his irresistible and vigorous personality had imposed itself upon them-all this must be a matter of conjecture. It was known that he had superintended the repair of the Mendoza; she had been lying in dock on his arrival, with a hole in her bows, where her previous captain had spiked her on a rock. Possibly the President considered that this might happen again if a native of Almaceda remained in command. At any rate, by some means or other, Captain Vincent became the commander of a modern cruiser.

Since then he had not wasted his time. He had picked up a couple of Englishmen of his own kidney—one an engineer, and the other a gray-haired, stalwart man named Fenning, who had served twelve years in the Royal Navy, and whom the captain made boatswain of the Mendoza. - Save for these, he had done his work alone. But he had taken things seriously, and his broken but vigorous Spanish had helped him. He had even bought naval books, he who never read a page if he could help it, and pored painfully over technical works and the volumes of Mahan and Corbett. And he had had his reward; his dark, active sailors were men made over again; they sprang to his orders; they were emulous to serve him; and though he had never cared much for Dagos, he appreciated their smartness. There was, perhaps, one small flaw, one speck upon this great man's character. The captain suffered from a quenchless thirst. The wine of the country, aquardiente, did not appeal to him much, and he was unhappy until he had written to Jamaica for a certain brand of whisky. The captain, however, was a man of method; he only exceeded the limit when on shore, and on shipboard his drink was water.

He sat down on a camp-stool as the lights began to twinkle in San Juan, and puffed at his cigar. There were a few other ships anchored in the bay, the nearest being a rusty British tramp-steamer of a desolating ugliness. The captain looked at her and smiled grimly.

'Yes,' he muttered complacently. 'Yes, by George! my luck is in. A year ago I was in charge of a tin tank like that, from Cardiff to Bilbao.'

He looked up and down the Mendoza's decks, taking in each detail lovingly-her fine lines, her two tall buff funnels, her trim boats, her guns, the white-clad figures of some of her crew lounging on the forecastle.

'A fine ship!' he said. 'A fine ship! And yet I sometimes wish she flew the old red duster instead of that yellow rag. Well, I suppose, you can't have-Hallo! what's up?'

The tramp-steamer was lowering a boat, which

presently began to row towards the Mendoza. Captain Vincent eyed it in some surprise. 'What do they want with us?' he said. 'And who's that chap in the stern sheets? Seems to me I know him.

He waited on the chart-house roof until the boat came alongside and a man ran up the ladder. He was heard inquiring for the captain, speaking loudly and slowly, as Englishmen do when they wish to make the foolish foreigner understand them.

'I want the captain,' said the voice. 'The captain—el capitan—Captain Vincent. You understand me—comprenny?

'By George!' muttered Vincent excitedly, and ran down the ladder to the quarter-deck. A short, thick-set individual stood there, facing the Almacedan lieutenant on duty. The captain strode forward with outstretched hand.

'I thought I knew your voice,' he said heartily.

'It is Jack Collins, isn't it?'

The Englishman turned round sharply. 'Hallo, old son!' he cried; 'I've found you, have I! How are you, eh?

'I'm all right,' replied Vincent. 'Glad to see you, old man. How did you find me out?'

'Chap I met on shore told me this ship was commanded by a Captain Vincent,' said the other. 'And when he described you, I was sure it was my old pal. Gad! you're a devil of a swell; I like your rig-out.'

The captain smiled a little confusedly, for he felt that the lieutenant was taking the whole 'Come along down to my cabin,' he scene in. said loudly, 'and let's hear the news.

The man named Collins followed him, and they entered the cabin together.

'What's it to be?' asked the captain briefly,

ringing for his steward.

'Whisky for me, thanks,' said Collins carelessly. 'My word! you've got a good job here, old man. This is a bit better than carting coals from Swansea to the Baltic, eh?'

'Yes,' said Vincent curtly; 'yes it is.'

The steward entered, and the captain filled a single glass.

'Same old game Collins eyed it with a grin. with you, eh?' he said. 'Don't drink on your

ship, but make up for it on shore.'

'That's so,' answered the captain, with a slight frown. He did not care to hear his little 'Have a cigar?' weakness commented upon. he added.

'Thanks,' said the other. 'Well, here's happy days.' He tossed off the drink, and set the glass down sharply. He was a clean-shaven, brownfaced man, apparently of about Vincent's own There was something morose and brooding about his aspect—something which did not seem natural to him, for his clear eyes expressed only good-heartedness and a certain reckless humour. He put his peaked cap on the table and looked about him with a kind of gloomy envy.

'Well,' said Captain Vincent cheerfully, 'you haven't told me how you're getting along. Are you in charge of that steamer yonder?

'In charge of her?' repeated the other harshly.

'No; I'm her chief mate.'

'But you've a master's certificate,' said the captain, 'and you've been commanding ships for years.'

'Ay, that's right!' said Collins with a short laugh. 'But you've got to take what you can get these days.

One of Heldsworth's boats, isn't she?' asked

'One of Heldsworth's blistered tanks,' said Collins vindictively. 'She is. The Vulcan is And a devil of a time I'm having on her. My owners are swine. The crew are the sweepings of the streets, and the skipper's worse than both of 'em put together. Oh! it's a sweet life. I can't stand much more of it. I could do with a job like yours, my boy.

'Yes,' said the captain with a certain con-raint. 'It's not a bad berth; but I've had straint.

to work hard, all the same.'

'I dare say,' said Collins. 'Anyway, you look the complete naval officer now. But it's

the sort of thing I could do, I believe.'

Captain Vincent nodded, and refilled his friend's glass. 'You and I have done some things in our time, Jack,' he said. ''Member those old days, gun-running in Cuba? And you were seeing life in the Russo-Jap war, weren't vou? Took a cargo into Port Arthur during the blockade, or something ?'

'Yes, I did,' answered his friend. 'Cargo of picric acid at that. If the Japs had caught me I'd have been a goner. But it was better than this slave-driving game.' He sighed again, and

lit his cigar.

'Where are you bound to from here?' asked the captain.

'Down the coast to Quibo,' said Collins-'another of your tin-pot republics—and then home.'

The captain smiled. 'Quibo may be a tin-pot republic, he said; but Almaceda's a great country, my lad, and its President is my pet particular pal.

Collins stood up and reached for his cap. 'Very fine for you,' he said enviously. I think I shall punch my skipper on the nose, and clear out when we get to Quibo. I tell you he's a jewel; insults me before the men, and has other jolly little habits as well. However, I didn't come here to whine about myself. I must be going.'

'Let's show you round the ship first,' said

Vincent eagerly. 'She's worth seeing.'

The other laughed a little bitterly. on, Admiral Cochrane,' he said, half-mockingly. 'Lord! though, I wish I had your chance.'

Captain Vincent made no reply to this, but preceded his friend out of the cabin, and they began their tour of inspection. The captain was an enthusiast, and Collins, whether he wanted it or not, was given a very thorough view of the Mendoza. He saw her engine-room, her gunhouses, her six-inch battery, her lower-deck flats and living accommodation; he was presented to two or three of her smiling, dark-eyed officers; he took stock of her sailors and stokers; and finally, after greeting Fenning, the ex-naval man, he was led on to her quarter-deck again.

'Well,' said Captain Vincent proudly, 'she's

a smart ship, isn't she?'

Collins shook hands silently. 'She is,' he answered simply. 'Old man, I congratulate you. It's the sort of thing I've always-but never mind that. I must get back to my own blooming steam-yacht. So long, and good luck to you. We'll meet again some day-when things are a bit different with me, I hope.

'We will,' said the captain cheerily. long; and keep your hands off your skipper if you can. That sort of thing doesn't pay, as a rule.'

Collins made no reply, but sprang down the ladder to his boat. Captain Vincent stood watching until the little craft had vanished in the quick-coming darkness, which now hid the Vulcan from sight. Then, with a little shake of the head, he turned on his heel and went down to his cabin once more.

(Continued on page 706.)

FOUND IN MY HAVERSACK.

By IGNOTUS.

IT is a source of much regret, now that Emancipation Day for me in the Service has dawned and passed, affording such financial aid as His Majesty's Paymaster-General may be pleased to | cording all the humorous incidents occurring and

allow me in my retirement, that I did not avail myself during my years of soldiering of the opportunities that presented themselves for reunexpected situations arising in the course of duty or pleasure. Nevertheless, certain features of bygone years stand out clear-cut; and, having exchanged the trade of swashbuckler for that of ink-slinger—for so my friends delicately put it—I find it easier than I at first anticipated to remember past times.

The private soldier—known as Thomas Atkins to the British public for many years past, owing to the War Office selecting the name at random for a specimen page of accounts—sympathetically studied, affords many opportunities of quiet enjoyment. The delightful way in which, having entered the barrack gate, he sloughs his previous status with his clothes, and affects to look down on 'civvies' (civilians), as he calls them, blissfully regardless of the fact that they are his paymasters, has always amused me, no less than his cherished delusion, immediately upon landing in a foreign country, that he is a linguist. Be it India, Burma, or South Africa, or, as at present, a European country, Tommy never troubles himself to learn the language; but, picking up here and there a word, he interlards his acquirements with his native tongue, and finally crowns his achievements by affecting a pitiful contempt for the unfortunate native who fails to understand him! I remember well hearing one morning, in South Africa, a confused noise outside my quarters, and, looking out to ascertain the cause, I discovered Private Fitzpatrick, whose knowledge of the Kafir tongue was limited to one word, lapa, meaning 'there,' instructing a native in the vernacular to help him in carrying a big box across the square. The instruction was somewhat after this wise. Fitzpatrick, finding the box too big for him to carry alone, shouted to the Kafir, "Ere, chum, give us a 'and.' The Kafir naturally stood still. He was then gently walked to the box to the accompaniment of 'Pick it up, mate, lapa up.' By dint of the native's hands being forcibly clasped round the box he was made to understand; whereupon, the white man at one end and the black at the other, the box slowly travelled towards my quarters. On its arrival, what brought me to the door was the sound of 'Lapa down, mate; put it down,' followed by Fitz's end being dropped bang, while the native clung like death to his end till firmly dragged away. It is self-reliance such as this that has made us the nation we are.

Tommy has a very pretty wit, exercised most scathingly on the peculiarities of such officers as fail to win his approval, and not even sparing those he likes; while to his comrades he is mordant. Unfortunately the exigencies of discipline generally prevent an officer from hearing his barrack-room nickname, unless quite by accident it comes out in conversation with a trusted N.C.O. (one of a grand body of men) or in similar subterranean fashion; but it may be taken for granted that 90 per cent. of the officers

in a regiment have a nickname, and it fits them à merveille.

As an illustration, I may cite the case of an officer named Anstruther, who came to my battalion, and being a very keen, smart, capable man, insisted on the utmost efficiency in his company. The floors of his barrack-rooms did not please him, and he ordered them to be scrubbed once a week; and, since this work is done by Tommy on his knees, for the rest of his service the officer was known in the battalion as Andscrubber, a delicate play on his name as well as an allusion to the instrument employed.

The reticence noted above naturally enough does not characterise Tommy's association with his equals; and on manœuvres or route marching, when the command 'March at ease!' loosened aching tongues, I have hugged myself with quiet enjoyment at the sallies and chaff that went on behind my back. It should perhaps be explained here that the order 'March at ease!' gives the men permission to talk, smoke, and carry their arms as they please, provided they keep their dressing and step.

I was particularly amused on one occasion when the men in the section of fours just behind me began to brag of their occupations prior to enlistment, each man seeking to outdo the other. Two had already had a try, when the third man, a heavy, clumsy fellow, and the most unlikely figure imaginable, volunteered the information that he had been a jockey. There was a moment's silence, which No. 4 interrupted with the comment that that must have been the time he had heard of, when they 'use ter 'ave donkey-races at 'Urst Park.' The succeeding roar of laughter drowned the unfortunate victim's denial.

Let it not be imagined, however, that all the humour is in the barrack-room, and none in the officers' mess. Such indeed is not the case, as anybody fortunate enough to have lived in close association with young officers can testify. The wit there is equally keen, and opportunity occasionally admits of its very serviceable exercise. The following yarn is in my opinion well worthy of record, though it did not happen in my battalion, being related to me by an officer whom I met at a school of instruction, and who I should imagine had a good deal to do with it.

When his battalion was quartered in Ireland, an officer asked for and obtained a few days' leave to go off to an inaccessible bog for some snipe-shooting. Gaily he departed, found the sport all that he had expected—lucky man!—and, with a happy blend of gratitude and foresight, sent to the battalion a handsome present of birds. The mess was very pleased, and wired back at once to thank him. In due course a letter arrived from the absent sportsman explaining that while he was delighted to hear the birds had arrived safely and were appreciated, he hoped they would not wire again unless for a matter of urgency, since, owing to the inaccess-

ibility of his shooting quarters, he had had to pay three shillings and sixpence porterage on their telegram of thanks. Distressed to learn of the annoyance to which he had been subjected through their action, the mess decided to apologise, and forthwith wired back: 'Sorry!'

The mention of shooting always suggests to me fishing—why, I do not know, except that directly the shooting is over fishing begins in most of the Irish rivers and lakes—and that brings to my mind an irresistibly humorous incident that happened to a fisherman on the Dovey in North Wales when I was staying there. The river had not been in very good ply, or he was not a very skilled fisherman; I forget which, but I incline to the latter theory.

Anyhow, when he had tried in turn nearly every fly in his book, he at length got fast in a good fish, and after he had played it well for some time, the salmon came to the top of the water, beat, and the gillie was enabled to gaff it and lift it ashore. The fisherman was at the moment standing on a grassy mound about three feet sheer above the water, and at once took the fly out of the fish's mouth, the gillie of course withdrawing the gaff. Mightily pleased with himself, the fisherman pulled out his flask, and both men poured a bountiful libation to Bacchus, while they admired the fish, lying like a silver bar on the grass. Suddenly, gasping for breath as fish do when out of the water, the salmon curled up till its head and tail touched, and before it could be stopped had tumbled off the bank and was back in the water.

Moral: never neglect to knock your fish on

the head before pouring libations!

To use Tommy's pet expression, 'One word leads to another;' and talking of fish reminds me of an amusing fish yarn, the hero of which was a great friend of mine, formerly in a very distinguished corps, and now resident in the most charming county in England. This vague description will offend nobody, and still enable me to retain my opinion unchallenged.

Before going further, it is necessary to say that English people living abroad often find that the best way to punish native servants for trifling mistakes, generally due to carelessness, is to fine them. After he has been warned once or twice, the infliction of a fine corresponding to one or two pence from a man's wages makes an impression on his memory that nothing else can do, and is infinitely to be preferred to beating him. Even fining, however, can be abused, as a well-known Indian story testifies—namely, that of a subaltern who, being sued by his servant for ten rupees deficit of wages due, set up the defence that, far from his owing ten rupees, the man owed him five, since his fines for last month came to fifteen rupees! All this by the way.

My friend who, through the death of a relative, came into a delightful property found when he succeeded that it was in a very dilapi-

dated state in many respects, and he had to spend several thousands of pounds in getting it again into order. Amongst other things, the drive from the lodge gates to the house had sunk some two feet below the level of the grass on either side, and a great many cartloads of broken bricks and rubbish had to be laid down before the gravel could be put on to bring it up to the proper level. The main drive leads past the side of the house to the servants' quarters and stables; and, as it had to be used by all the tradespeople, my friend warned them that while it was under repair all horses must proceed only at a walk in the demesne grounds to avoid scoring the road surface still further.

Bueno !

One morning in February, after a rather bad night, the Major looked out of his dressing-room window, and, to his annoyance, saw the local fishmonger with a smart cob scoring the gravel inches deep as he proceeded at a fast trot towards the kitchen. Up went the window, and out leant the Major, his habits of the East still strong upon him. 'D—— you, sir, what the devil do you mean by trotting up my drive when I told you to walk?' he shouted. 'I'll fine you a herring.'

Nothing daunted, the sporting fishmonger looked up, smiled, and shouted back, 'All right, Major, take it off the bill; precious glad it isn't a salmon, that's all;' and, without pulling up, he disappeared round the corner. The significance of his remark will be better appreciated when I say that most of the rivers were just opening, and salmon was anything-you-like a

pound.

An illuminating instance of the ignorance regarding the British uniform occurred during the army manœuvres near Oxford a year or two ago.

The old city was the headquarters of the foreign military attachés officially accredited during the manœuvres; and, wishing to do honour to the gallant strangers in their midst, the authorities of a certain college asked them to dinner. They accepted the invitation, duly arrived in a body, and were received by the chairman of the entertainment committee, who, on the first officer entering the anteroom, shook him courteously by the hand and begged that he might be informed in what army the officer had the honour to serve. Unfortunately, in his desire to do honour, the chairman had failed to acquaint himself with the uniforms of his own country, the first to enter being one of the British officers to whom the care of the foreign delegates had been confided!

The extraordinary strides that the British nation has made towards sobriety in recent years are noticeable to any observer, and nowhere has drunkenness decreased more than in the Service. This is not to be wondered at when we remember that the change occurs through impressing upon the rising generation

the advantages of moderation; and, since the rising generation in turn feeds the ranks of the Service, its influence in the course of a very few years is bound to be felt. Whether the pendulum is not swinging a bit too far in the other direction, and a man is better for a pint of beer at midday instead of a bottle of 'pop,' is a point on which opinions differ; but doubtless, with our national spirit of compromise, we shall erelong strike the happy medium, and regard with equal dislike the red-faced drunkard and the whey-faced fanatical abstainer.

The abstainer at any rate could not have afforded the amusement I once saw created in an Irish militia regiment by an over-indulgence in 'porther.' The regiment had been dismissed drill at half-past twelve, and had to parade again at two P.M. for 'fatigue'—that is, work of any arduous nature, such as coal-carrying or loading

When the men paraded at two P.M., having had dinner and time to visit the canteen, Private Murphy was hopelessly drunk, and discovered

himself as follows.

On the bugle sounding, the men walked on to the parade-ground in a mass and fell in, in two ranks, Murphy being shepherded by two pals, who stood one on each side of him. order was given to number down from the right. One of the pals stood No. 10 on parade, then came Murphy (No. 11), and then the other pal, No. 12. Murphy being too drunk to articulate, No. 10 shouted Murphy's number for himnamely, eleven—and it passed unnoticed.

The order was then given to 'form fours'that is, to get into ranks of four men, preparatory to marching off. The method of executing this manœuvre is for all even-numbered men to take a pace to the rear; and, as there was no help for it, Nos. 10 and 12 stepped to the rear, leaving Murphy unsupported, who at once disclosed the situation by falling flat on his face. At first sight he appeared to have a fit; but when it was found that it was only a case of 'dhrunk,' he was picked up and conveyed to the guardroom, to await the dawn of the morrow ushering in the high justice, the middle, and the low.

A most amusing comment on a situation was that made by the witty wife of a friend of mine, in a garrison abroad, on her husband's performance in winning the monthly golf medal. For some reason, which I now forget, the cards handed in on this occasion were few; but amongst them was that of Major H., the lady's husband, who had only recently taken up golf, of which he was enamoured, though, needless to say, he was not a star performer. His score was high, but so was his handicap; and as the other cards handed in showed very bad scores, Major H. quite unexpectedly and much to his delight found himself the winner of the monthly medal. He quickly apprised his wife of his good fortune; and she, with a twinkle in her eye, summed up the situation very neatly in the words, 'Disgraced, my dear boy; but, thank goodness, not beaten.

It will no doubt generally be recalled what unusual efforts were made to render the Jubilee and the Diamond Jubilee of our late beloved Queen not only historic but instructive to the ordinary stay-at-home citizen by bringing to England from all corners of the globe small detachments of our native forces, which added greatly to the brilliant effect of the various ceremonies.

On these two occasions, particularly the latter, many residents abroad came 'home' to see England and do honour to their sovereign; and, to the credit of the English people be it said, the Colonials one and all were received with the most open-hearted hospitality and fêted and entertained to their hearts' content. Some of these visitors were white, others black, and yet a third section showed a blend of both colours; but no difference was thereby made in their reception, and it is not going too far to say that the welcome given them did much to knit the

bonds of Empire closer.

In a colony I knew abroad, one of the residents, who had returned greatly elated with the reception he had received, and was determined that nothing should be left to the imagination of the stay-at-home members of the local club, proceeded to weary them, day in, day out, with accounts of his experiences: how he had dined with the Duke of This, lunched with Lord That, and stayed at the country house of Sir Somebody This monologue threatened to be-Something. come an intolerable nuisance, till it was unexpectedly put a stop to one day by the returned traveller asking an English planter whether he, too, had a royal time whenever he went home, knowing full well that the man addressed had

'No,' said the bored planter; 'I haven't, and shall I tell you why?' Without waiting for a reply he continued, 'Because, when I go home, I go as a plain English gentleman; but when you go home you go as a bally curiosity!'

Thereafter the annoyance ceased.

I wonder whether it has ever occurred to the authorities to make use of cold water in dispersing crowds. At the time of the coal and railway strikes in 1911 and 1912, when much bad blood was shown, and incidentally shed, the same result—that is, dispersion of mobs intent on mischief—could have been far more quickly and easily achieved by ordering out a few fire-engines and turning the hose on the rioters, without leaving any ill-feeling behind. Cold water has an extraordinarily quietening effect on the most aggressive, and when it is delivered from a hose played by a skilful fireman nothing can stand against it; the crowd must dissolve into its constituent elements, and the ridicule that will unfailingly greet the victims from those who

bave fortunately escaped the jet will go far to prevent the reassembling of similar mobs.

I am moved to this suggestion by the remembrance of what I once saw at Haiti, in the West Indies. Haiti is, so far as I know, one of the only two negro republics in the world, Liberia being the other, and the insolence of the negroes to white men must be seen to be believed. No white man, so far as my recollection serves me, can hold land in Haiti unless he is married to a negress; cannibalism used to prevail; and, for other reasons into which it is needless to enter here, the tourist generally gives it a wide berth if his steamer happens to touch there.

On this occasion we had dropped anchor in the roadstead, and after the doctor had given the ship a clean bill of health the lighters waiting in the stream came alongside to ferry ashore some merchandise we had on board. The goods were to be unloaded into the lighters of one particular firm; but notwithstanding this a few private lighters hovered like vultures near by, hoping to get a share of the carrying charges. Time and again the chief officer ordered them to sheer off, and they grumblingly obeyed; but one particularly daring fellow, watching his opportunity, worked his barge alongside with his great sweep, and actually made fast to the ship's side with his ropes. Foul abuse was the only response to the chief officer's orders to cast loose and drop astern, coupled with a threat that he intended to stay there till he got his share of the cargo.

This could not be borne, as the man was taking up the room of the lighters which were entitled to come alongside; so the officer quietly turned to a quartermaster and ordered him to rig a hose. Once more the fellow was told to go, and refused; whereupon the chief officer, without taking his eyes off the lighter, shouted, 'Let drive, quarter-

master!' and a stream of cold sea-water met the man full in the face, knocking him off the thwart into the bottom of his barge and following him to and fro till he could only gasp for breath. If I close my eyes I can see the scene now! The hose was then turned off, and the fellow given another chance to go, when, without a word, he cast loose his painter and floated away with the tide. The wetting was nothing, for no native of that type wears more than a pair of thin cotton trousers, a shirt, and a battered straw hat, and in that country one can hardly catch cold; but he had learned a lesson of the resourceful power of the white man that would be likely to stand him in good stead for the rest of his life.

Though it was hardly so disagreeable as the bargee's awakening, I had a very unpleasant surprise one evening soon after I joined my regiment in the West Indies. I was playing billiards with a brother-officer after dinner, when something fell plop on the floor from the barn-like rafters of the roof, just missing my face by inches. I looked, and, to my disgust, saw a small, most repulsive-looking reptile squirming on the floor.

One of our majors, sitting on the couch, got up and said, 'Now you had better take your first good look at a scorpion; and beware of them in future, for they are not nice beasts.' So saying, he put his foot lightly on the horror, which immediately curled its tail backward on to his boot and tried to sting him before it was crushed out of existence, and a man called to remove it. The poisonous sting of these reptiles can make a very nasty mess of a man's head or face, as many know to their cost; and they are particularly fond of getting into the rafters of old buildings such as that mess, to bask, I suppose, in the warmth striking upward from the lamps.

AN AFFAIR BETWEEN THREE.

By Colin C. Palmerston.

PART I.

JACK DUGGAN was the hook-tender for Side No. 2 in camp No. 12 of the Bridge Creek Logging Company. Twelve years before he had been the hook-tender on the same Side No. 2—though the camp then had been No. 1, and it had been the first year of the Bridge Creek Company's operation in that part of the country.

For the benefit of those who have never had cause to become acquainted with the terms of logging, it might be explained that a hook-tender is the foreman of a 'donkey' crew, and that a 'donkey' crew is one complete unit for the removal of logs from where they have fallen to earth to the 'flats' or 'sets' or cars upon which they are hauled to the boom in the river some

forty miles from where they lay. The hooktender is a man thoroughly acquainted with all the finest details of the operation, from the falling of the timber to its loading, and, as a general rule, would be able to step in and fill the vacancy of any position or job that might be wanting a man, even to the running of the engines (large two-drum machines built on the lines of a hoisting-engine, except that the logs are dragged along the ground instead of being lifted into the air).

When we say that Jack Duggan was a hooktender we make no reservations; for, besides having all the necessary knowledge of his position, he had as well the knowledge of men; he had the energy to use this knowledge from the time the whistle blew in the morning until the time it whistled them off at night; and, furthermore, he was a giant of a man, who would have been able, had the occasion demanded, thoroughly to man-handle any one of his crew, a rough lot at the best. But the very fact that he was never called upon to use the physical force with which nature had endowed him was perhaps the reason of his supreme usefulness to the company, for Jack's crew was always the same from spring until fall—after perhaps a new man or two had been weeded out on account of laziness. His very sternness seemed to bring Jack popularity with the best class of men in the woods, and things ran so smoothly that the only use he ever found for his great deep voice was in calling to the signal 'punk,' or in summoning the sniper for an occasional undersnipe (the bevel chopped around the front end of a log that it might run through the 'road' smoothly and without injury to the timber), or, when they were changing line to the new road, to call that the haul-back was pulled up to the 'main' with a lusty shout of 'Line!' Finally, Jack was the top notch 'hooker' in the company's employ, and in consequence received the highest pay of them all, and was also allowed, with his crew, a bonus whenever the weekly scale ran above a certain mark.

But the logger's usual life of travel and romance had not been entirely neglected by Jack in tending hook for the Bridge Creek Company. There had been days—in fact, years—before he had commenced work for them, when he had wandered about like the rest of his class, and had piled up large 'stakes' during the summer, only to dissipate them in but a few nights' debauchery in town. He had roamed from one camp to another, using the slightest pretext as an excuse to quit and start for the next camp in his line of travel. In this manner he had covered the entire area of the logging world of North America, with the exception of the hardwood forests of the east and the cypress of the south. Throughout the pine districts of Idaho and Montana, the fir and cedar of western Canada, Oregon, and Washington, the sugar pine of southern Oregon, California, and Mexico, and the redwood in California again—he had known them all; knew the methods of getting them out. And along with this he had accumulated a thorough knowledge of the tender-loin districts of all the large cities within or adjacent to the timber-belt. Furthermore, on account of his size and his ability to give a good account of himself in any kind of job or fight that might come to hand, his name was ever remembered in the places he had passed through as one of the biggest, the hardiest, the grittiest, and most devil-may-care spirits of his class.

But at the bottom of it all Jack had had a mental element in his make-up that was to bring

him out of this wandering period, the only reservation being that it required a woman to make him acquainted with this element.

We shall not dwell upon the affair, since Jack had lost very ungracefully to a camp foreman for the simple reason that the woman had been blessed with a sense of calculation, and the foreman was a man who had hoarded his earnings for some years, while Jack was but little more than out of debt to the commissary of the camp wherein he had started to work a short time before. However, the matter had made a deep and lasting impression upon him, and he had made up his mind never to be caught short a second time. Not that he so much regretted the loss of the woman, but merely that he hated to be beaten.

A little later he had taken the position with the Bridge Creek Company, with whom he had since remained. They had presented him with a small cabin for himself, so that he might not be forced to spend all but his working hours in the crowded and not too sweetly odoured bunkhouses, and this isolation as much as anything had impressed upon him the fact that he was lonely; but, even so, he cared little for the company of his fellows after work was over, and spent the most of his spare time in studying his daily paper and in little household duties that were to be done about the cabin. So it had gone on year after year as he had grown older, quieter, and more stern, until the coming of Alvin Johnson, whistle-punk.

Not that Alvin's entrance into camp was heralded by any particular notice or comment, for the lad was the acme of meekness and unobtrusiveness, and, furthermore, had not the slightest idea of logging, its operation, or its purposes. He was a waif and a physical incompetent, drifted out from the slums of a city where he had been badly treated throughout the entire course of his ill-starred existence. He had asked the superintendent for work before venturing into the hills (the superintendent having happened to be at the lower end of the logging road at the time); and that ex-logger, one of the shrewdest, coldest, and yet fairest in the business, feeling a glow of pity for the misshapen form before him, acknowledged to himself that there might be something the lad could do.

It was the superintendent's secret pride that no one ever knew whether he was joking or in earnest, and it was through the clever intermingling of the two that he generally managed to pay the smallest wages of any one in that part of the country, and at the same time run one of the largest and most up-to-date camps. No one had ever been able to 'bluff' him into an increase of pay through the hint of his leaving, for he never considered it even worth while to ask why the man was going. As a rule he would nod his head cheerfully at the

announcement, and reply, 'Yours truly,' as though it were an everyday occurrence with him; and it was.

When Alvin came up to ask for work, the superintendent saw at a glance that the lad was not capable of undertaking any but the lightest of tasks, though with the same glance he noted that this was not the ordinary type of tramp. He decided to draw him out.

'Ever been in a logging camp?' he asked brusquely.

'No, sir.'

'They're a bad sort of a place for a lad like you.'

'Yes, sir.'

'You gotta be tougher'n the devil if you ever want to be a logger.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Do you think you could stay with 'er if I give you a job?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, then, climb on to that speeder, and I'll give you a job makin' music on a steam-whistle.' Then he noticed the violin-case the lad carried, and added, 'Looks like you're born to music, anyway—eh?'

'Yes, sir.'

'I believe if I told him to go to hell, he'd say, "Yes, sir," mused the superintendent as they sped away up the grade against the wind, with the unmuffled engines of the speeder barking like an intermittent volley of small cannon.

In camp the superintendent personally effected an introduction of the boy to the foreman, as otherwise that gentleman, also an ex-logger, but with more brutality and less generosity than his superior, would have been very apt to think slightingly of the lad's capacity for work, and it is certain that he could have served no other purpose in a logging-camp.

The result of it all was that Alvin was sent to fill the recently vacated position of whistlepunk, or the manipulator of the whistle wire, for

Jack's crew at No. 2 landing.

Now Jack had seen nothing of the lad's arrival with the superintendent, and it would have made but little difference if he had, for the one factor demanded at No. 2 was efficiency, and it seemed doubtful whether Alvin could supply the demand even in the position of whistle-punk. But the foreman had sent him, and there was no alternative but to give him a chance.

Even greater became Jack's uncertainty when he learned that the lad had not the slightest idea of signals; but he showed him how to stand with the wire over his shoulder so that he might gain the greatest possible leverage in pulling down with his hands to blow the whistle on the donkey-engine some fifteen hundred to two thousand feet away. It cut Alvin's shoulder frightfully, and his bare fingers soon began to ache from the cramped holding of the small

steel wire; but Jack had told him the meaning of the signals, and as the crew called he pulled as best he could, suffering in silence. It was the stoicism of the poverty-stricken, the abused, and the hungry, for a pain in the hand and shoulder must be endured so that the emptiness of the stomach may be filled thereby.

The following morning Alvin had a pad for his shoulder (a potato-sack folded several times), so that the wire would cut no more; also gloves, in order that his fingers might be protected at the same time; and the signals went so much better and faster that Jack found little to complain of, and finally almost forgot the new whistle-punk entirely.

But this was not true of the remainder of the crew, as they had reason to know him better and better as time went on. Jack's ignorance was due to the fact that he lived apart, and thus was not always aware of what was going

on in the bunk-houses.

Mitchell, the commissary-man and time-keeper, had come to know the lad first of all—that is, to learn his unusual qualities other than his puny appearance—and his knowledge was due to the fact that Alvin had come into camp without a 'sugan' or blankets of his own, and therefore had nothing to sleep in. The company provided no more than the bunks and springs.

He applied to Mitchell to get the required articles from the commissary; but as it was not the custom of the company to deal out goods until the applicant had put in enough time to offset the value of the goods received, Alvin learned that he had not as yet paid his monthly hospital fee of one dollar and his bed rent of

fifty cents.

Mitchell informed him of the rules, and then turned to the next customer, for he had been in the camp so long that he had been called upon to quote the above rule no less than a thousand times. At first he had sometimes relied upon the integrity of the applicant, but experience had taught him that this was a losing policy, and he therefore discarded it altogether. However, he saw that the lad was not the usual run of logger—penniless from a recent debauch. He noticed the large, soft eyes of a sixteen-year-old boy set so strangely in the pinched, starved face of an old man, and other things that made him wonder—for Mitchell was an observer of men—and he made up his mind that he would see that the lad had a place to sleep and bedclothes to sleep in.

He finished waiting upon his customer, and was about to address a question to Alvin, when it was discovered that the boy had slipped silently out of the office and was gone; but while Mitchell was debating with himself as to the advisability of calling him back the lad returned, bearing under his arm the battered black violin-case, which, without ceremony, he

placed upon the counter.

'Will ye take this for me sugans till I get the time comin' to pay ye?' he said.

Mitchell was curious about the lad, and that probably accounts for his unusual action toward

'Let's see your fiddle.'

The boy opened the case, and disclosed the violin wrapped carefully in an old piece of silk rather soiled with age and use, unwrapped the silk, and held the instrument towards Mitchell. But the latter did not seem to desire the possession of it.

'Can you play?' he asked.

'Oh, a little.

'Go ahead!'

Alvin looked at the time-keeper strangely, for this was an unusual course of procedure for one bargaining for bedding, and Alvin had been warned beforehand by the men of the bunkhouse in which he had found a vacant bunk that he would have difficulty in gaining a concession from that office.

Mitchell was the mystery of the camp, and had been so ever since his arrival there; no more to the men, however, than to the company itself, the foreman, the superintendent, and the general manager, for the simple reason that he never did quite what an ordinary person would be expected to do. No one had ever known him intimately, for the reason that the only personal expression ever allowed to escape his lips was one of the sharpest scepticism, and because, during the period of the camp's activity, he had never been known to associate with a soul. He was civil to the foreman, and with the superintendent even went so far as to deal in his own kind of humour; but to the remainder of the camp he was a closed door. Immediately the clock announced eight-thirty in the evening he shut up the office and retired to his own cabin, where he pursued some sort of reading or study until late in the night; no one ever knew how late, for his light was always the last one in camp to be extinguished.

Once the superintendent, who was a curious little man, inquired as to the nature of his evenings' occupation; but Mitchell had replied that he was just doing a little reading, and the superintendent had judged forthwith that it was considered none of his affair—which he admitted to himself it was not-and so there was nothing

further said upon the subject.

Mitchell, by the by, was the only man in camp outside of Jack Duggan's immediate crew in whom that gentleman ever took any permanent sort of interest; this interest, however,

being due to a long-nourished dislike.

At times, when Jack, with a view to attracting Mitchell's attention to himself, had complained of the quality of the goods he purchased from the commissary, or of the amount of his cheque for the month, Mitchell had merely looked at him coldly, as was his custom, and replied,

'Take it or leave it, just as you like;' or, in the case of the cheque, 'Speak to Mr Manning about it to-morrow'—Mr Manning was the superintendent—and then turned to his next customer, as though the matter made not the slightest difference to him whatever.

With another man Jack might have sought a quarrel on these occasions; but with Mitchellthough he knew the lean form of the man could not for a moment stand up against him-there was always the fear of the sharp wit that never failed to bring embarrassment to its object, and at the same time never left its promulgator open

for a personal quarrel.

Once inside that little cabin of Mitchell's, one would have found a revelation like suddenly piercing through the outer shell of the man and beholding his mind, his visions, and his soul; none of the loggers, at least, had ever entered his sanctum, and so had never beheld the array of books along the wall, the large table in the centre of the room covered with magazines and journals of a more conservative order, the pictures upon the walls, small and inexpensive, but tasteful and well chosen. At one end of the room, by the bed that was used as a couch during the day, was a rug that had been kept clean. There were also a victrola and a cabinet of records, a music-stand, a violin-case, a table with a typewriter upon it, and numerous collections of notes, hung in clips to the wall above the table. Throughout all there was an atmosphere of thought, taste, appreciation of the truly beautiful; one of the few habitations in the woods—at least the commercial woods—that expressed within its walls what the beauty of nature expressed without.

Strangely, too, no one but the scaler, who was allowed to invade this sacred domain, had ever heard the sound of the victrols or of the violin, due largely to the fact that they had never been played upon until after the men were asleep, and that Mitchell's cabin was set some distance apart from the remainder of the camp. But still it remained that there were these things so truly indicative of character that had never been discovered, but which might explain why Mitchell was curious to know if the lad could play.

True, there were many men who came into the camp with their different musical instruments, men who could play after a fashion, mostly dance-music of a purely rustic order; but there was that which the time-keeper read in Alvin's face and eyes promising something far beyond the ordinary, and he was desirous of hearing its expression.

The lad tuned the instrument carefully, though with a certain easy dexterity that showed him to be thoroughly accustomed to the practice, and looked rather shyly at his prospective listener, as though trying to puzzle out what type of music would please him best.

'What'd ye like to hear?' he asked.

'Music,' answered Mitchell plainly.

Alvin could not quite assure himself that this man meant what he said, for he was accustomed to the tastes of most of the class with whom he had come in contact—one of the crudest popularity. But he decided to take Mitchell at his word, and with half-closed eyes, his body swaying to the rhythm of the piece, he struck into a Russian dance, a strange, weird melody that vibrated with an undercurrent of evil forewarned.

Mitchell watched the lad, his thin, emaciated frame, upon which the ragged, ill-fitting clothes hung as loosely as those of a carelessly made scarecrow. His hair was of the tawny, ungovernable description seen in many of the descendants of the Vikings, his features thin and pinched, his neck scraggy. But while he played all these things were forgotten, and the eyes alone seemed to breathe the fire and spirit of his soul.

His playing on the whole was rough, and the technique crude, but the pitch was absolutely true and the tempo perfect. Furthermore, there was that vibrancy to the bowing and strength to the touch that is born in the heart of the musician, not cultivated through practice alone.

Two or three times during the playing the lad looked up into the eyes of the listener, and those eyes seemed to be understanding, though one could never be certain. The features were as immobile as those of a sphinx.

When the tune was finished, it was noticed that one of the loggers had heard the music and strayed in to listen. He seemed to realise that it was music of an unusual order, for he immediately inquired whether the musician could play the 'Irish Washerwoman,' which the musician, always anxious to use his instrument for the pleasure of others, proceeded to play with the utmost ease and abandon, as though he had played it a thousand times—which undoubtedly he had.

One might have noticed the trace of a smile in Mitchell's eyes as he turned to the back of the office to get the required bedding. The bedding, by the by, he placed upon the counter, indicating to Alvin that he might take it.

The lad, after having wrapped up his instrument, replaced it in the case, and passed it across the counter toward Mitchell; but the latter waved it back.

'Never mind the fiddle, son; you might need it for a pillow,' he said; and then to the rest of the company that had gathered suddenly from out of the night in answer to perhaps the best-known piece of music of the American logging-camp, 'Clear out now, you fellows; it's time to close up the office.'

All agreed that he was queer; that there never seemed to be any normal reason for what he

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FOUR EAST COAST 'NORTHERN LIGHTS.'

By ARTHUR O. COOKE.

FOR those who live south of the Tweed, and even possibly for some of Scottish birth, it may be necessary to explain those picturesque The 'Northern high-sounding final words. Lights'-lighthouses, lightships, beacons-are all such as stand around the coast of Scotland and the Isle of Man, and are ruled over by the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses. Board, as do the Trinity for England and the Irish Lights Commission for the little sister, the distressful isle, work under Board of Trade control; but, subject to that high authority, each Board conducts its business and regulates the management of its lights and lightkeepers in its own peculiar way.

Most people know a lighthouse when they see it, and are more or less aware that the life lived on a 'rock' tower by its keepers must be lonely and monotonous. There, save for one person in ten thousand, knowledge ends; and yet few subjects are more fascinating than lighthouses and lightships, and few better repay the trouble of inquiry.

Much enlightenment to those curious in the matter may be found in the exhaustive and voluminous Report of the Royal Commission

on British Lighthouses which sat in 1908. There, for instance, the Englishman will learn, perhaps not without surprise, that Scotland has around her coast more lighthouses than has her sister of the south. The intricate, deeply indented nature of the west coast of Scotland largely accounts for this. On the other hand, Scotland possesses only one 'attended' light-vessel, while England has over fifty of these craft; a fact at once explained by the almost total absence of large sandbanks from the Scottish

Some differences of management between the English and the Scottish lighthouse Boards may first be noticed briefly here. English lighthouse-keepers, as also the crews of lightships, spend two months at their isolated post of duty, followed by a month's 'relief' on shore. Both lighthouses and lightships are 'relieved' by steamers from the shore once every month. This applies only to 'rock' lighthouses; such, that is, as are situated on a reef or isolated rock, or on an island uninhabited by others than the lighthouse staff. 'Shore' lighthouses, of course, require no such periodical relief.

A Scottish lightkeeper spends six weeks on his

rock or island, then two weeks on shore. The 'relief' thus necessarily takes place every fortnight; and this fortnightly relief of every isolated Northern Light is carried out by the almost incredibly small number of four steamers. The headquarters of two of these is Granton, while the others have their home at Oban and

Stromness respectively.

In Scotland, as in England, four lightkeepers are attached to a rock light; three are on duty, while the fourth, each man in turn, enjoys his spell ashore. In England the services of a 'super' are required every third month, otherwise each keeper would not get his one month out of three on shore. These 'supers,' young men who have recently joined the service, spend their first year or two in relieving sick or absent keepers before being appointed to a settled post. On Scottish lights, where each man is ashore one fortnight out of four, 'relief' works automatically, and 'supers' are unknown; 'occasional' keepers are employed to take the place of absent or disabled men.

Two other differences of method call for notice. Rock lightkeepers in Scotland keep a three-hour 'watch,' those of the English service keeping one of four hours, as on board a ship. each English keeper receives for every day that he is on his rock a money allowance in addition to his wages, and with this he finds himself in He has liberty to spend it as he likes, and may dine daily on champagne and truffles—if he can! The Scottish lightkeepers have the same daily sum expended for them by their Board.

With regard to these differences of system, doubtless much may be said on both sides; the pros and cons of each would take too long to argue here. But the investigations of the 1908 commission brought to light the fact that the working of the Northern Lighthouse Board was the most economical of the three; and this in spite of a fortnightly 'relief,' given by only four steamers to the whole of Scotland and the Isle of Man.

The report, interesting as it is, yet taught the writer of this paper little that he did not know before. Not only has he visited each one of the four Northern Lights about to be described, but upon one of them he made a fortnight's stay, having already spent a week upon a famous English tower. The Northern Lighthouses which seem good specimens from which to learn a little of the methods necessary to maintain from sunset until sunrise the long chain of warning beacons round our coast are those upon the Isle of May, Fidra, the Bass, and the world-famous Inchcape, or Bell Rock, a 'light' the very name of which should make all Scottish hearts beat high with

Of these four lights, that on the Isle of May has, for the possible inquirer, the great advantage of being easily accessible from shore. All through the summer months excursion steamers land their passengers upon the long, low rocky

island several times a week; and only an order from the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses is needed for admission to the lighthouse tower.

It is in some ways the most interesting, and yet in others the least so, of all the lighthouses that we have seen. It is a little too magnificent and too unique to give a wholly satisfactory specimen of lighthouse life; for the illuminant employed is electricity, giving a light of some six million candle-power, by far the most powerful of all Scottish lights; and the electric power for the light, together with the mechanism for the working of the fog-horn, needs a staff of seven men. There are two lightkeepers, three engineers, and two more men; one of these last being chiefly occupied with superintending the hauling up from landing-stage to store of the large supplies of coal consumed, a work done by the island horse. Dogs, too, are on the island, and gardens, fowls, and even a golf-course—all the amenities

The keepers need them, for 'relief' in its full sense comes only once a year. Having their wives and families beside them, they are looked upon as being 'at home,' and get no respite but an annual fortnight's holiday on shore. The two lightkeepers, like the keepers of 'shore' lighthouses, keep an alternate four-hour 'watch,' one 'on,' the other 'off.' No wonder, to our mind at least, that a 'rock' keeper said not long ago, 'Thank you, no island life for me! Give me a good rock station, with my six weeks on and fortnight off.' Still, keepers must needs go where they are sent.

The lantern of the May is a group-flashing and revolving one, giving four flashes shown in quick succession, followed by several seconds of obscurity; the whole period of flashes and succeeding darkness lasting thirty seconds Different indeed was the light shown for close upon two centuries—from 1636 to 1816—from the old tower standing fifty yards away, the glare often obscured by smoke of coal burnt in a 'choffer' on the tower's top. This light was probably the first to be exhibited upon the Scottish coast.

'What of the children on May Island and sewhere?' some reader asks. When they elsewhere?' some reader asks. attain school age they must be sent to the mainland for education, and the Lighthouse Board makes an allowance towards their maintenance ashore.

Fidra, again, is somewhat like the Isle of May; but with a difference, and on an infinitely smaller scale. The tiny island, lying some three miles to the westward of North Berwick, has accommodation for the keepers' families. But its light is given by the simple and old-fashioned method of wick-lamps; there is no fog-horn no electric power. Therefore two keepers are sufficient for the lighthouse needs. They keep four-hour watches, go ashore a fortnight in the year, and live as do the keepers on the Isle of May. In one respect, indeed, they are more favoured than their fellows of the larger isle. Each Sunday during summer, weather permitting, comes the 'lighthouse boatman' from 'North Berwick, and a keeper (his wife also if she chooses) goes ashore to church, being brought back in the afternoon. This Sunday visit gives any one who cares to do so an opportunity to land for half-an-hour on the island; there are seats vacant and to spare—for a consideration—in the boatman's sturdy craft.

The tower on Fidra is, we think, the one unwhitewashed lighthouse on the British Isles; the owner's mansion faces the island from the shore, and this was made a stipulation in allowing the lighthouse to be built. The keepers' quarters, too, are built as inconspicuously as possible. To each his taste; for our own part we can conceive few better ornaments for a lone island than a

snowy lighthouse tower.

Fidra, as also the May Island, has a creek which forms a safe, commodious harbour for the relieving steamer's boat. The creek, indeed, well-nigh cuts Fidra in two parts. On its one side there stands the jutting Castle Rock, a fine square mass. The main part of the island has a natural arch, well seen when one is passing it on the north side. On Fidra, as upon the May, are the ruins of a religious house.

Eastward, five miles away, stands 'Bass amid the waters,' with its lighthouse built in 1902. Here, though the mighty rock is covered with some six or seven acres of short turf, we are approaching nearer to true lighthouse life. There are no wives or children, no 'homes,' here; only the tower, the adjoining quarters for the keepers, and the engine-room. The Bass is in every respect a 'rock' station, having four men attached to it.

The lighthouse stands above the ruins of the old fortress on the rock's south side, facing Tantallon Castle on the cliffs two miles away. There are two landing-places, one with a little quay and a long flight of steps immediately below the tower, the other in a natural creek a little to the east. No matter at which port he goes ashore, the visitor will pass between the crumbling walls and underneath the mouldering gateways of the ancient keep. Here Lauderdale immured his Covenanting prisoners in the seventeenth century; among them Alexander Peden and (strange company for him and others of his kind) a curate of the Church of England and a Roman Catholic priest. Here, too, in 1691, came prisoners of a different sort—determined Jacobites, who rose one day and overpowered the small garrison, and then held out for three whole years against besieging ships. One learns with no regret that such a gallant little band at length capitulated upon honourable terms.

Interesting though such ancient history of the Bass may be, to ornithologists its chief delights are of the present, for it is a well-known haunt

of solan geese. Whether the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses considered this when sending to the rock the present principal keeper of the light we cannot say; fortunately for his own tastes, and also for the information of the Scottish public, he is well known as an observer of sea-birds. Not a week passes but he sends some news ashore—the doings of the rock's chief inhabitants themselves, the presence of some migrant or some rare winged visitor. These solan geese, or gannets, of the Bass are at the breeding season worth travelling far to see.

The tower's lantern gives a revolving and group-flashing light, showing six flashes in a group. It is lit by oil, as are most modern lighthouses not fitted with electric light; or, to be exact, oil vapour is burnt in an incandescent mantle, the oil being forced up to a heated vaporiser by compressed air. Compressed air, too, it is which sounds the fog-horn standing high upon the cliff on the rock's northern side, the air being carried to the horn through a long line of pipes. The horn is situated where it is of most utility to ships at sea; but almost the whole thickness of the rock is interposed between it and the engine-room, and it would be impossible for the keeper upon duty in the latter place to catch the sound of its deep, bellowing note. To obviate this defect, a telephone connects the horn and the engine-room, and by this means the keeper knows that all is working well.

Were we on board the steamer making a 'relief' a run of two-and-twenty miles would lie before us from the Bass to the Bell Rock, a tower in many ways more interesting than any other on our coasts. The famous Eddystone of Smeaton has been taken down; rather, indeed, because its rock foundations were discovered to be perishing than owing to any fault in Smeaton's honest work. Within the last three-quarters of a century the splendid lighthouses of Skerryvore and of Dhuheartach have arisen in the west to brave the wild Atlantic gales. But Stevenson's old tower on the Bell Rock reef stands all unyielding and unchanged to-day after a hundred years and more of battle against wind and sea. Save for the addition of some modern fittings and an incandescent light, it is unaltered and unsuperseded, staunch and useful still as when, upon the 1st of February 1811, its bright light first flashed across the sea. It is indeed a very veteran-shall we say the Grand Old Man of lighthouse towers?

And here the keepers live the lighthouse life in all its full intensity of loneliness and isolation from their kind. No golf-course here, as on the Isle of May; this is no Fidra, with a lively watering-place in view two miles away, no Bass on which to wander during idle hours. The Bell Rock reef is, it is true, laid bare to the extent of a few acres at low tide, but even in calm weather not always sufficiently so to form a promenade. And at high water some twelve

feet of ocean rolls across the reef, hiding the spreading bell-shaped structure of the tower's base. At such a moment, on a day of calm, there often seems indeed to be 'no stir in the air, no stir on the sea;' yet through the calm will sometimes come a roller which, in passing, strikes the tower with a sudden blow as of a thunder-clap, and makes its massive fabric shake.

Is there a good foundation for the story of the abbot and his bell? Probably not; each in its turn those pleasant legends of our childhood are being proved by critics to be myths. Stevenson noticed that one small portion of the reef was of a bell-like shape, and judged that this might be the reason of the name. As to 'Inchcape,' that doubtless means the 'inch' or island of the neighbouring Redhead Point, a little to the north. But happily the men who toiled for four long years upon the reef a century since were not so critical; they gave each bare or tangle-covered ledge its name, and so we see to-day the Abbot's Rock and Ralph the Rover's Ledge, with twenty more.

The tower, though comparatively small beside such as the present Eddystone and Skerryvore, is very comfortably fitted up. A general lighthouse plan of modern times is to allow the inner surface of the walls to rest in all its bare simplicity of stone, unpainted and unlined in any way, partly to avoid expenditure of paint and cleaning, partly also as a safeguard against fire. But the inner walls of the Bell Rock are painted, and the kitchen panelled half-way up its height. The 'library,' a room intended for the use of engineers and other such officials as may have occasion to remain a night or even a few hours on the rock, is, save as to actual size, a magnificent apartmenthand-painted ceiling, handsome carved oak furniture, some interesting curiosities, and a marble bust and tablet to the builder of the tower.

Electric bells connect the bedrooms with the little kitchen, and the light-room with them both. A hand-pump raises up oil from the iron gangway where 'relief' boats land to cisterns in the store, thence daily to the 'containers' in the light-room. Nothing is wanting that can aid the men in doing their duty or that can in any manner add a little to the comfort of their lonely lives.

The light shown is a single white flash alternating with a red, the period covered by the flashes and the intervening darkness being one minute. It is interesting to note that the red flash is obtained, not by the use of coloured glass for prisms and bull's-eyes, but by the interposing of a very thin red sheet of glass; and even this thin sheet is only coloured for a small portion of its thickness. The reason for this is the large amount of light—no less than 60 per cent.—lost by the interposition of red glass. A large proportion of the great revolving 'drum' or lens is occupied by reflecting prisms concentrated on the portion giving the red flash. The fog-signal is explosive.

The keepers and their families live in a 'barrack' at Arbroath, eleven miles away, though they are carried to and from their duty by the Granton steamer, as are those of other east coast lights. Granted bright sunshine, each day sees them signalling by heliograph to the 'shore' keeper at Arbroath; after the official message of 'All's Well,' the conversation often takes a more or less facetious turn!

Such are the posts of duty of some Scottish light-keepers—men in great measure lost to public sight, who keep their watch when others sleep, who often, as on Skerryvore, are dragged at each 'relief' through blinding surf to reach or leave their work; soldiers of a small gallant army guarding the fleets of Britain from the perils of her coast.

THE CAMPHOR MONOPOLY.

By Romney.

INDUSTRIAL history contains few more interesting studies than that of the failure of the Japanese attempt to corner camphor. Its history is little known except to the chemist and to the industrialist, and of these it is probable that not many understand the international importance of the rapid rise in the price of camphor after the Russo-Japanese war; yet few events caused the Governments of the world more serious anxiety, a fact to which the large expenditure upon secret-service work and chemical investigation in this connection bears witness.

Ten years ago the world enjoyed two varieties of camphor. There was Borneo camphor, the purer quality, of which comparatively small quantities were produced, and which was used mainly for medicinal purposes. In addition to

this there was the coarser common camphor of commerce, whose use had increased enormously since the discovery of its employment in making celluloid by the Englishman Parkes in 1858, and since it had been employed as an indispensable ingredient in the manufacture of smokeless explosives.

Camphor is extracted by distillation from the camphor laurel (Cinnamomum Camphora), a tree which flourishes in Japan, Formosa, parts of southern China, Cochin-China, and Java, but whose preference for Japan and Formosa is shown by the fact that in 1905 over 90 per cent. of the world's supply came from those islands. In that year the total export of the Japanese Empire (the most of which came from Formosa) amounted to over six million pounds. The Japanese, who

annexed the island after the Chinese war, made the sale of camphor a Government monopoly in They seem to have done so at first without any clear intention of making a 'corner.' Rather would their action appear to have been determined by the increasing deforestation of the island, a problem which had troubled the Chinese before them, for we find that in 1720 no less than two hundred persons were decapitated for disobeying an edict against felling trees, as the traditional Chinese method of distilling camphor from the wood of the trunk necessitated felling the whole tree, with the result that the island was becoming rapidly denuded. The laurels still flourished in the interior; but this was owing to the presence of the aborigines, who were in constant rebellion against both Chinese and Japanese rule, and who in 1898, the year of the establishment of the monopoly, killed no fewer than six hundred and thirty-five persons in their raids. Such was the constant interference of these barbarians with the industry that in 1885, when one of their fiercest rebellions occurred, the quantity of camphor exported fell to the nominal figure of four hundred pounds.

This the Japanese proceeded to remedy. The commercial side of the industry was regulated by entrusting the selling agency to an English firm. Producers, on the other hand, were compelled to sell to the Government under the direst penalties, and a large police force was organised to prevent illicit dealing. This force was composed of fifteen hundred armed Formosans, under about fifty Japanese, and the methods of dealing with the subject population were not more gentle than the ways of such forces usually are. The plantations of camphor laurels were encircled by live wires, upon which the innocent perished with the guilty, in common ignorance of the danger. At the same time, military expeditions were sent into the interior to punish the aborigines for their contumely, and to tap regions which had hitherto been rendered inaccessible. of these measures were doubtless unavoidable in the interests of peace and commerce; but, over and above this, there are tales of atrocities which equal anything reported from the Congo. Fifty years of superficial civilisation have not altered the Japanese nature, except when it is necessary to conciliate European opinion; and the exploitation of Korea is a very good clue to what goes on behind the veil in Formosa. In the words of a Japanese author, 'a certain writer does not exaggerate when he says that a few pounds of camphor, which looks so much like snow, represent so many drops of human blood.'

It appears to have been after the Russian war that the Japanese Government first awoke to the possibilities of their practical monopoly. 'As the production of camphor is practically limited to Formosa and Japan, we now control the supply of the world,' wrote Yosaboro Takekoshi in 1905. Synthetic camphor had already made its appear-

ance in 1903, but at a prohibitive price. formula discovered by the German Komppa required the oil of turpentine, which in itself is scarce, and becoming scarcer. It was accordingly hoped by the Japanese that they would be able to force up the price to a figure limited, of course, by the possibilities of synthetic camphor, but still high enough. 'We cannot,' said Takekoshi, 'permanently monopolise the industry;' but it was hoped to derive sufficient profit from a transient monopoly to finance some of Japan's naval schemes, and to relieve the very heavy taxation which oppressed the country after the war. It was realised that the camphor laurel would flourish elsewhere than in Japan and Formosa. But the Japanese seem to have been inspired with unjustified confidence in the security of the moment by the traditional methods of the Chinese distillers; for it was a dogma among the Chinese that trees could not be felled with profit for distillation until they had stood for fifty years, and it apparently did not occur to the Japanese to question this belief, which, if correct, would have meant a fifty years' monopoly to themselves, even if the laurels could be cultivated elsewhere. They seem accordingly to have been confident of their power to squeeze the world for a considerable period, and to retain in their hands the monopoly of an ingredient indispensable in the manufacture of explosives. They did not, therefore, hesitate to raise the price of the article some 70 per cent., and to ensure their own supplies by stimulating reafforestation. In 1906 they planted three hundred and forty-six thousand trees; in 1907, one million three hundred thousand; in 1908, four million eight hundred and thirty thousand; in 1909, five million and sixty thousand. The work of harrying the aborigines was redoubled. Unfortunately for the Japanese, their energy only served to call attention to their monopoly, and to nerve the world to efforts to nullify it-efforts which were very soon to be successful.

Most Governments, and particularly those of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. devoted themselves resolutely, if unostentatiously, to experiments in producing camphor. Americans, in particular, feared a monopoly of their Asiatic rivals in an article of military necessity, and their Department of Agriculture, by every means in its power, fostered experiments in growing camphor-trees. Seeds were procured from Formosa by secret agents-not without trouble, for the Japanese were watchful—and efforts at culture were made by the British in Ceylon, by the French in the Midi and in Madagascar, by the Germans at Anani in German East Africa, and by the United States in Texas and Florida. In 1907 the camphor acreage in Ceylon increased from one hundred and forty-two acres to one thousand one hundred and six. was also found that the laurel flourished in Italy, and, lastly, but most important of all, in Jamaica.

Jamaica has always been renowned for its production of essential oils. It now has another advantage over Formosa in the cheapness of its labour-supply. Negroes can be obtained at one shilling a day. The Japanese are reported to be paying as much as four shillings a day in Formosa—why, it is hard to say, unless it has been found that with a lower rate of wages the monopoly is not secure against betrayal. The difference speaks for itself.

But since, even in the most favourable circumstances, some ten years are required for trees to attain their maturity, all this would not of itself have procured immediate relief if the world had been content to go on believing with the Chinese and Formosans that the precious drug could not be extracted with profit from trees that have stood for less than half a century. However, it was soon discovered that the Celestials had as little reason for this superstition as for many In Florida and Texas excellent results were obtained from trees of five years' growth. Some enterprising individuals went further, and reaped the young shrubs when three feet high by means of a machine similar to that used in reaping corn. The experiment was successful. Finally, an astonishing discovery was made which gave the coup de grâce to the moribund monopoly.

The story runs as follows; it is impossible to verify it, but it is highly probable, and there is no doubt of the solid results. It illustrates what is going on daily in the industrial world. A German chemist analysed the wood of the camphor laurel, and discovered that it yielded ·61 per cent. of camphor. With this many men would have remained content; the Chinese, for example, had remained content with far less for many thousands of years. But the German, being patient and methodical, went on to analyse the twigs. He found that these yielded 1.05 per cent. He then proceeded to the green leaves, which gave 2.37 per cent., and to the dried leaves, which yielded 2.52 per cent. The dead leaves showed a fall to 1.39 per cent. It was also discovered that the leaves can be gathered without injury to the tree.

The commercial moral is obvious. It is easier to harvest leaves than to fell and chop up trees. Even if the yield was not greater, it would still be more profitable, for the tree which is stripped will bear again in a year's time, while for the tree that is felled another requires to be replanted and allowed to grow. Add to this the fact that, as we have already seen, the price of labour in Jamaica is only a quarter of what is paid in Formosa, and it will become obvious that the days of the Japanese monopoly were numbered. So far, the German chemist had been most successful; but a certain impracticability prevented him from putting his discovery to immediate commercial use. In addition, he registered it in America. Now there exist in America quite a number of persons who

make a steady income by adapting impracticable German patents to American requirements—a fact which speaks volumes as to the character of the two peoples. One of these, noticing the German's patent, lost no time in travelling to Jamaica, where he put the discovery to practical use, with the assistance of an old-established planter. Since the Japanese have remained unable to introduce the improved methods into Formosa—probably because of the native obstinacy of the inhabitants, who adhere blindly to traditional methods—the corner is broken. It only remains to be seen whether the camphor laurel will permanently flourish in Jamaica, or whether, like Cannabis Indica, it will alter its characteristics after a prolonged sojourn in the new soil.

It may be mentioned that military students have remarked a similar minute attention to detail, accompanied by a want of breadth of intellect and inability to depart from recognised models, in the Japanese conduct of the recent war. The history of the camphor monopoly is comforting to those Europeans who are disposed to exaggerate the Asiatic revival at the cost of their own just and long-established reputation.

ESTRANGED FROM LIFE.

As in some dim and ancient glass
That mirrors forth a shadowy world,
Strange hurrying crowds before me pass
With banners gay unfurled—
A world with joy and gladness rife.
The leader with triumphant eyes,
An unsheathed sword in his right hand,
Points on to future victories
In an unseen, enchanted land—
I stand alone, estranged from life.

I catch the tumult of a war,
The trumpets blare unceasingly,
And through a narrow gate ajar
Soft echoes fall unmeaningly.
Mingling with shouts of hate and strife
Low honeyed words of tenderness
Falter through tones now sharp, now keen,
Vague as some gentle, soft caress
That memory tells us might have been—
Alone I stand, estranged from life.

Pursuers follow beckoning fame,
And snatch at bubbles blown in space,
Foolish as in some childish game
Played with sad eyes and anxious face
By one who once has felt the knife.
Familiar sounds haunt my dull ear,
Though nothing stirs my silent heart,
Something is lost of peace and fear,
Some tender grace, some bitter smart—
I stand alone, estranged from life.

The cumbrous trammels of the flesh
Forbid the soaring spirit's flight,
Though far away as through a mesh
Dull ears still catch the clash of fight,
But lost the thrill of drum and life.
Vanished the meanings rich and grand,
The battle on enchanted ground,
The sword drops from my nerveless hand
While carelessly I look around
And stand estranged from life.

BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.



HILL-TOWNS OF PROVENCE.

By MARY GRAEME.

DURING the course of his reign Charlemagne, by royal decree, restored to Bérenger, Bishop of Marseilles, the town of Seillans, which had been stolen by the Moors and had suffered many things at the hand of Italian hordes.

In early days the houses clustered round the Chapel of Notre Dame de l'Ormeau, on the wide, sunny plain lying between the Basses Alpes and

the spurs of the Estérel.

Perhaps the sweet influence of the Monks of the Lérins affected the people, or the piety of the good Fathers of the Abbey of St Victor at Marseilles, under whose care and jurisdiction Whatever the reason, they seem to they lived. have been religiously and devoutly disposed. While they were gathered at Our Lady of the Elm to celebrate the fête of some saint, their faith must have been sorely tried when the Saracens descended on the village, and from the plains of Lombardy armed men who stole their goods and burned their houses, and they, returning, found only smoke and flame and desolation. frightened people took refuge in the forests till order came and hope revived. Emerging from the woods, and discovering a strong tower already built on a rock commanding the valley, they chose this spot, and began to encircle the crag on the warm southern slope with their new home, surrounding it with powerful ramparts Much of this can still be and strong gates. seen, washed by the rain and mellowed by the sun of eight or nine centuries, massive ruined walls covered with ivy and moss, walls that have done good work in their time.

This little hill-town of steep, winding streets and tawny, weather-beaten roofs is the Seillans the wanderer will find to-day; the houses in the plain exist no more. Only, from time to time the labourers find a tomb where the great Mother Earth held some of these men of old, or a graven stone, or an urn, the last gift to a lonely traveller. And Our Lady of the Elm still

watches from her place.

The religious festival of La Bravade—still held in Provence, in which men take part, walking in the procession in uniform and carrying arms-originated from this early disaster. Had they, on that far-off day, been armed and ready, they might at the first alarm have saved their home and their property. Now peace !

reigns. The people no longer watch the valley for the glint of steel or listen for the galloping of horses; their thoughts are turned to industry. The gathering and the pressing of olives in the flat baskets plaited to contain the ripe fruit, the quantity of oil they can squeeze through the loosely woven straw, and the quality and flavour of the same fill their mind. Then the tasting on a bit of toasted bread dipped in oil, sprinkled with salt, and just touched with garlic. rustide this is called, and a savoury morsel it

is, with a fresh, nutty flavour.

When the last drop of oil has been extracted from the olive-pulp the crushed stones (grignons) make an excellent fuel. Still here and there in Provence one comes across beautiful tall jars wherein some household or monastery kept its store of oil; those from an abbey usually have the sign and seal of the Order marked on the side. Near the oil-press masses of cork bark brought down from the woods are piled close to a building where corks of every size and quality are sorted, cut, pared, and rounded. finished, the corks are poured into a grooved machine holding a certain number. A hundred or a thousand, according to the order, can thus be counted in a few moments.

In a neighbouring house excellent honey may be bought—honey with the flavour one would expect from bees with such opportunities, such fragrant hills of wild thyme, myrtle, rosemary, and honeysuckle from which to compound their

wares

Thirty years ago the charming and clever young Marquise de Rostaing came to visit her land in the south. To help the people and to utilise the rich earth that she saw would speedily make a garden, she planted flowers instead On the hill above the village, roses, of trees. jasmine, violets, and jonquils divide the berges where once the olives grew. She hired experts to teach the art of distilling the essence from flowers. Now the parfumeric de Seillans rivals that of Grasse, and the kind lady who has brought about this prosperity has taken the chief prizes at all the exhibitions in Europe. Thanks, also, to the untiring efforts of this lover of beauty and antiquity, the Saracen Gate at Seillans has been saved from destruction, and classed among the historical monuments of France.

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OCTOBER 10, 1914.

It is a pretty sight to watch the farandole danced in the twilight, to hear the ancient music of fife and drum, and to see the procession, with twinkling lanterns, winding through the narrow streets up to this pointed archway of the Moors.

Not far from Seillans is the small town of Brignolles, the life of whose curé Victor Hugo so much admired that he drew from him the portrait of his good bishop, Monseigneur Myriel, in Les Misérables. Wheat and tares were, nevertheless, mixed in the neighbourhood of Brignolles, as elsewhere in this world. Notwithstanding the fact that the Order was composed of the oldest and noblest names of Provence, the doings of the nuns in the Convent of La Celle were peculiar. As a French writer observes, le Malin passed that way, and certainly the devil had reason to be proud of his handiwork. Their turbulence reached such a point that the community was removed to Aix, and Anne of Austria and Mazarin were requested to come and restore peace and propriety among the Dames de la Celle-with which request they complied. The same French writer remarks that the ways of Providence are past finding out. Truly, neither Anne nor Mazarin is exactly the source to which one would have turned for inspiration on the subject of schools and families.

At Barjols there is great rejoicing on the 17th January, the fête of their Bishop St Marcel, a holy man of the fifth century. Service on the vigil is followed by, so to speak, the tuning of the fiddles and a mild dress rehearsal. Next day, after a High Mass, at which every man, woman, and child in the town is present, the chants turn to a dancing measure, and immediately the whole congregation is pirouetting, the choir-boys holding up their cassocks the better to join in the dance. Then suddenly the music ceases, and the people go forth to end the day with feasting; and an ox is roasted whole in the street. When this is finished the fête of les tripettes is over. But why the memory of a saintly man who lived fourteen hundred years

ago should be celebrated by jigs and beefsteak is more than difficult to say.

All these little towns of Provence, basking on the warm southern slopes of the low Alps like autumnal fruits, ruddy and brown and ever ripening in the hot sun, have an ancient charm. What a rush of air comes over the wide plain, where wars and rumours of wars have been drowned in oil and wine! The great bottles, like giant melons, that one sees cased in straw in the vine districts had a curious beginning. 'La Reino Jeanno,' as she is called of the people, was driving through her land of Provence. At Trans her wagon broke down, and while it was mending she asked what was to be seen in Trans. 'Nothing, madame,' they answered. 'Here we only make bottles for the wine.' 'I should like to see them made,' said Jeanne. The most expert glass-blower was called; and he, to do honour to the queen and to Trans, blew so hard that the bottle swelled to six times its ordinary size. In memory of that day these great bottles are still made, and have ever since been called 'Dame Jeannes.' Perhaps our old English measure 'demi-john' is related to 'Dame Jeanne.

Provence is a pleasant country to wander in, not only for the solitary beauty of the valleys, the quiet paths among the oak-trees, with here and there the blue, curling smoke of the charcoalburners and the lovely murmur of the water; but here Nature, and the Great Power that lies behind Nature, are together placed before one's eyes. By the way there are many shrines; and as one looks up, the little mountain chapels stand fast in the mists and the winds like staunch souls undismayed by ill-fortune. Governments come and go, but still sprigs of rosemary and wild anemones are laid before country altars; vines are tended and olives crushed; the people dance and sing, and eat thrushes stuffed with juniper. May the land of Provence long remain, as of old, the land of the troubadours, blue, sunny, and bewitching.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA.

CHAPTER II.

ON another hot evening some three weeks later Captain Vincent was walking across the queer little naval dockyard on his way to his lodgings in San Juan. The Mendoza had returned from a cruise only that morning; the captain was looking forward to reading the sixweeks' old English papers, and he was also somewhat thirsty. As he left the dockyard gate, however, and began to stride down the broad, tree-shaded road leading to the town, a magnificently attired official greeted him and handed him a letter.

It was from none other than the illustrious

President of the republic himself—a flowery missive, begging the captain to call upon him without loss of time.

Captain Vincent growled in his beard, for he was not very pleased. 'The yellow-faced blighter don't give you much peace,' he muttered. 'Very well,' he said aloud. 'Give his Excellency my compliments, and say I will wait upon him immediately.'

Half-an-hour later he was ushered into the big, cool, white room where President Cisneros sat alone at his desk. The President was a middle-aged, lean man, with a thin, clean-shaven

face and long, lank, black hair. His small black eyes were very bright, and he seemed to distrust their brightness, for he seldom looked one in the face. He was a man of some polish and attainments, had travelled, and knew the cities of Europe; in fact, he grew almost rhapsodical when speaking of Paris, which was the true city of his dreams. He must, indeed, have had a touch of genius about him, for he had now held his office for over two years, a thing unprecedented in all the glorious history of Almaceda.

He greeted Captain Vincent charmingly, pressed him into a chair, poured out wine for him, and handed him a box of excellent cigars.

'Thank you, sir; thank you,' said the captain, a little flattered at this courtesy. 'I hope I

haven't kept you waiting?'

'By no means, my dear captain,' said the President in excellent English—'by no means. It is I who should apologise. You only arrived at San Juan to-day, I believe!'

'That's so,' said Captain Vincent, sipping his wine with gusto. 'We've been on a cruise,

you know.

'Precisely,' said President Cisneros, beaming on him as on a long-lost brother. 'And how is our beautiful Mendoza, captain?'

'She's all right, sir,' said Vincent. 'In firstclass order, though I say it. Ready for any-

'Excellent, my friend,' cooed the President; 'excellent.' He lay back in his chair and lighted a cigar. Captain Vincent poured himself out another glass of wine unasked. He really felt he needed it.

'I have sent for you, my friend,' Cisneros went on, 'to have some private conversation with you on a rather important matter. Before I begin, I must ask you to give me your word that you will—how do you say it?—keep it to yourself-keep it secret absolutely, you under-

'Right you are, sir,' said the captain airily.

'I give you my word on that.'

For a moment the President looked him in the face. 'Thank you,' he said. 'Ah! it is at such times that I am so glad to deal with one of your great nation. "Word of an Englishman," as they used to say in Spain. Do we not all know what that means?

Captain Vincent bowed awkwardly and drank some more wine. 'You're right, old cock,' he murmured in his beard. 'If I were one of your own half-breed lot now it 'ud be different.' He had the grace to keep his rather truculent patriotism to himself, however. 'Well, sir,' he said aloud, 'I do know how to keep my mouth shut; and I am at your orders.

President Cisneros seemed rather at a loss as to how he should begin his important conversation. His black eyes wandered vaguely round the big empty room, and he put straight some papers on his desk. 'You have been with us | there, in Germany, it would appear they have

some six months now, captain,' he said abruptly. 'Have you ever given much consideration towhat is the proper phrase —to the internal affairs of this country?'

'No, sir,' replied the captain, in a rather sur-'Not much, I confess. I know prised tone. that we are always pretty hard up for money.'

'True,' said the President, frowning. 'That is one of my difficulties. And there are others which, I will own to you, are becoming acute.'

'Sorry to hear it,' said Vincent heartily.

'You've treated me very well, sir.'

'My country-The other glanced at him again. men,' he said slowly-'they are not stable, not constant, like you Englishmen. They desire change; they are restless—excitable. For two years I have held my position here in the face of much opposition. And now they are beginning to make outcries against me; they tell me I should retire, and they even threaten to force me to retire. You have heard of this, captain? he added quickly.

'No, sir,' answered Vincent frankly. 'I fear I have not taken much notice of your politics.

Didn't seem to be any business of mine.

'Yet it might come to be, my friend,' said the President darkly. 'Listen. There is a man, one Pedro Lopez, who is the principal mover in this agitation. It would appear that this'—he hesitated for a word—'that this damn scoundrel, as you say, is aspiring to my position. He has many friends; he is getting more. . . . In a word, my dear captain, this unhappy country is threatened with a revolution, such as we have had to deplore many times in our past history.'

The captain whistled, and then smiled. 'Well, you're right there, sir,' he said. 'I've always heard that the position of President here is what Mr Chucks would call "precarious and not

at all permanent."'

'Mr Shucks?' repeated Cisneros, question-

ingly.
'He's a character in an English novel called Peter Simple,' explained the captain.

'Ah! I'm not well read in your fiction, captain,' said the President, smiling. that of France I am more familiar.'

'Yes,' said Captain Vincent dryly; 'no doubt, sir. But I interrupted you. You were saying you thought there would be a row.

The other's face darkened again. 'Truly,' he said. 'What you would call "devil of a row." But I have a plan to prevent it, my friend. Yes, I will keep my position despite that halfcaste scum Lopez, who boasts of his Castilian ancestors. It is amusing, his impertinence . . . eh! my friend?'

'Very,' said the captain. 'But what do you

propose to do, sir?

Again the President's eyes wandered round the room. 'I have been studying the affairs of Europe,' he said, after a pause. 'Now, over Socialists and others who agitate and demand greater share in the government of the country. And it seems that when they grow too loud the German Government seeks to divert the attention of the people, and makes them patriotic by quarrelling with another nation, or pretending to do so. So they did in Morocco, you will remember. It seems to me to be clever. People forget to quarrel with themselves when they are angry with another country. Is it not so, my dear friend?

The President's dear friend looked at him with mingled surprise and respect. 'Why, yes, sir,' he said slowly. 'No doubt it's so, though

it never struck me before.'

Cisneros smiled at him again. 'You see, I have to think about such questions,' he said simply. 'Now I propose to divert the attention of my so excitable countrymen. The occasion is ready to our hands, captain. I shall quarrel with the republic of Quibo.'

'The devil you will!' exclaimed the captain. 'Well, you're a cool hand, sir. Do you mean

you will make war?'

'I do, my friend,' said the President gravely.
'I shall make a glorious and successful war, and so save my country from revolution.'

Captain Vincent chuckled. 'Well, I'm blowed!' he said in an admiring voice. 'But

suppose Quibo licked you?'

'They will not beat us, captain,' said the other proudly. 'We can put five thousand good soldiers in the field against their three thousand. And you, captain, with our navy—you will blockade their coast and establish what I think you call the command of the sea.'

'Oh! will I?' said the captain blankly.
'You don't say!' He drank another glass of

wine somewhat hastily.

'Assuredly,' said the President with composure.
'That is what I wished to talk of with you more particularly, my friend. You will not fail us, I'm sure.'

Captain Vincent sat upright in his chair, his calmness recovered. 'Very good of you, sir,' he said briskly; 'but let's go into details. All this tosh about command of the sea, and so on, is a bit above my head. What I've got to do is to take out the *Mendoza* and fight them. That's it, isn't it?'

'Why, yes, captain,' said Cisneros, smiling.

'Well, then,' Captain Vincent went on, 'let's see. I've told you the *Mendoza* is all right. She can make her speed, her men know their business, and she's in good order—ready for sea in twenty-four hours. But those two old gunboats of ours—the *Independencia* and the *Constitution*—I tell you frankly, sir, they're a scratch pair. It 'ud be murder to send men to sea in them, even if their rattle-trap engines would take them out of the harbour.'

'I realise that, captain,' said the President, sighing. 'You confirm my own ideas. It is a

pity; but my poor country has no money for

their repair.'

'Right, sir!' cried the captain, warming to his subject. 'Well, then, about Quibo. They've got one old gunboat—I forget her name—but she's no better than ours, I know. If they sent her to sea she couldn't catch a hearse, and I'd engage to sink her in five minutes. So we can tick her off. Then they've got their cruiser, the Libertad; she's just over three thousand tons, so she's a good bit smaller than the Mendoza. She's a knot slower, too, and she only mounts eight six-inch guns against our two eight-inch and eight six-inch. We can beat her, sir, by George! I'll engage to beat her, even though I am no royal naval brass hat. So that ticks her off, sir.'

'Good!' said the President, his eyes very

bright. 'Continue, my dear friend.'

'Then there's their third ship,' the captain went on. 'It's her I feel a shade doubtful about—their torpedo-boat destroyer, you know. She's a Stettin-built boat. They bought her from the Germans only two years ago; and though the Deutschers are no pals of mine, they know how to build destroyers. She's a good boat-five hundred tons, mounts two twentythree pounders and three tubes, and can do her thirty knots with decent stoking. And if we came across her one dark night I shouldn't be altogether happy. You see, my chaps are a good crowd, but they 've had no experience of torpedo work, and they might get nervy and excited. Yes, we might have a rotten time of it. Anyway. that's the situation, sir.'

'Not quite, captain,' said the President with a triumphant smile. 'You have not heard that this torpedo-boat destroyer you speak of ran aground last week, and that it will take some months to repair her. I have this news from a

sure source.'

'Then we'll beat 'em!' cried the captain, springing to his feet. 'Yes, we'll give 'em ginger—I mean, we'll establish the command of the sea.' He laughed excitedly, and began to

pace to and fro.

President Cisneros also rose to his feet, and seemed as though he would embrace his companion. 'I knew you would not fail me,' he cried emotionally. 'Captain, this is a great opportunity for you. Your nation has a glorious, a magnificent navy, but not one of its officers can say he has fought a modern naval action and defeated his adversary, as you will be able to say.'

Captain Vincent's swarthy face seemed to glow a little. 'No,' he said in a serious voice. 'I shall be able to brag about it to the brass hats all right—if I win. When do you reckon we're going to start the band playing?'

'It must be soon,' answered the President, lowering his voice, 'or else it will be too late. That vile Lopez is very active, you understand.

In two days' time I make a speech. You do not know, perhaps, that many years ago Quibo took from us certain territory which we say should be ours. I refer to this in my speech; I call upon all good patriots to remember that shameful act. I hint at a possibility of our recovering it. That will—how do you say it?start the ball rolling-eh? They will be very angry in Quibo when they hear; they reply to me; the people here grow excited. Oh, it will be so simple, my dear friend-you will see.'

The captain chuckled. 'Very simple,' he said dryly. 'You know, sir, you ought to be a Prime Minister or something big in Europe; you're wasted here. Well, all's fair in love and war, they say. And, anyhow, I'll keep my mouth shut, and have the Mendoza ready for when

she's wanted.

'That is all I ask, my dear captain,' said Cisneros. 'Farewell for the present; you shall

hear from me again very soon.

As Captain Vincent walked to his lodgings in the moonlight he was filled with a curious mixture of emotions—astonishment, exultation, a few doubts and questionings, and a great deal

of amusement. He took off his belaced cap and mopped his forehead.

'You're in for it now, my lad,' he muttered. 'Me—to command a modern cruiser in a modern naval action! It'll get into the papers, I shouldn't wonder. "The commander of the Almacedan vessel was an Englishman named Vincent!" You'll be famous, my boy. You'll be like Cochrane in Chili. "Almaceda expects that every yellow-faced blighter will do his duty!" And that old beggar Cisneros-what a wily old bird!' He chuckled again as he thought of the past interview, then suddenly became serious. 'After all,' he murmured, 'it sounds like comic opera, but it'll be serious enough for some of my chaps-maybe for me. But that's all in the day's work.'

He reached his house, and strode up to his 'I'll have a drink on the strength of it,' he said. He produced a bottle of whisky, and filled himself a glass. 'What was that old naval toast, now?' he muttered, questioningly. 'Oh yes—"Here's to good sea-room and a willing enemy."

(Continued on page 723.)

SOME DIFFERENCES BETWEEN ENGLISH AND GERMAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

THE only people who are capable of contrasting the manners and customs of two countries with any success are those who have lived in both of them, and not merely as travellers or passing visitors who are shown round. Those who know most about the Anglo-German question are probably the Germansand there are a great many of them-who have made their home in England for some years. Those who know the Continent, and particularly Germany, will agree that the American is far more in evidence in the centres of business there nowadays than the Englishman. What is the reason why the Germans came over here in shoals, and got on, while the Englishman, unless he happened to be connected with the diplomatic or some other important service-mere travellers for pleasure don't count-found the utmost difficulty in creating a position for himself in Germany? One side of the question is that the average young German commercial man possesses more grit and thrift, and is more practically and thoroughly equipped by his education. On the other hand, the English nation is generous to a fault in affording opportunity to outsiders. Hundreds of young Germans learn our language in our families and boarding-houses, accepting subordinate situations, where they are sometimes treated kindly, and sometimes, I am afraid, not; but they learn it all the same, and at little or no cost to themselves. They gradually work their way up,

forming clubs and various commercial organisations, in conjunction with their compatriots, and obtain power and influence, without encountering any serious, any organised-I will not call it 'opposition,' but 'competition.

But did an Englishman do the same in Germany? I have, while moderately successful myself, seen scores try and fail. Some of these were, no doubt, mere casual teachers of their own native language. But nowhere is there more rivalry than in Germany among private individuals who teach foreign languages. Such are the methods adopted that a person unqualified to teach will never get a start, and one who is qualified will have every link in his armour tested before he finds himself able to establish a connection.

In Germany every one, along with his current address, is known to the police. You could not sleep for a single night anywhere in Germany without announcing yourself to the police. You must always have with you your certificate of birth; you must give your age and your Standthat is, what you do, or don't do, for a living. If you were merely travelling, every opportunity was afforded you to register yourself zum Besuch —that is, for a visit—and with such a certificate you might remain several weeks, and even more, in the same place. But the waiting for one's turn in some of the police bureaus was often extremely wearisome. The clerks in these offices were, as a rule, polite and agreeable, but they

had a colossal amount of work to get through, and they did it-patiently, accurately. The chief objects of all this were (1) nationality, which is always a more complicated and important problem on the Continent than in Britain; (2) military service; (3) income-tax; (4) the detection of criminals; (5) public convenience. The chief argument against the system appears to me to be the enormous amount of work and the consequent loss of time and expense which it entails. On the other hand, a person can always be found. I once quitted Hamburg before the expiry of the period assigned for the estimation of income-tax. I went to Berlin, Potsdam, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, and a great many other places; but a year and a half after, I found myself, by chance, resident in Saxony, and paying income-tax. One morning I received an envelope, covered with every imaginable postmark, annotated with inquiries and their results, here, there, and everywhere. It contained a claim for income-tax, on the Hamburg rate, excluding of course the subsequent periods, when I had been zum Besuch in other parts of Germany. It was an exceedingly moderate claim, for Hamburg was a rich, generous city—the best home for an Englishman, I venture to think, in Germany. Of course I settled it by return. The delay was quite possibly owing to inadvertence on my part, and a thoughtful post-card would, I dare say, have saved much of the trouble, but no complaint was made. What the German obtains by slow and plodding work he certainly deserves.

The rate of income-tax varies in different German states. In Hamburg it is very moderate; in Prussia it is higher; in Saxony, where they have not yet recovered from the exhausting effects of the wars of Napoleonic and later times, and where the fiscal arrangements are largely in the hands of the Jews, it is heavy. In Germany every one pays income-tax, even a Dienstmädschen (general servant), whose contribution comes to about fifty pfennigs—that is, sixpence.

But take another illustration. I once left London for a rather prolonged sojourn abroad. In the rooms I had last occupied I left behind me some property, articles of furniture, and a large American chest, bought in the Southern States, crammed with superfluous clothes and many articles of considerable value—at any rate, to myself. I neglected to keep the people-to whom, I may mention, I did not owe anythingacquainted with my address. On my return the man who had occupied the house was dead; his wife had sold up the home and gone away, and to this day I have never been able to ascertain what became of my property. It was no doubt largely my own fault; but had it been in Germany, I should, at least, have found no difficulty in satisfying my curiosity. I should add that I never had the slightest reason to suspect the occupiers of the house of being capable of any dishonest transaction.

Clearly the German is a patient, plodding creature, whether he be recovering a small amount of income-tax, or whether he is building a fleet. And he is not quarrelsome by nature, As I was crossing a street crowded with vehicles in a large German town, a bicyclist—there were several of them-shot up from behind unexpectedly, and I found my extended leg involved in the spokes of his front-wheel. He had a very nasty fall on his back; but he got up, knocked the dust off his coat, picked up his machine, and in response to the—somewhat qualified, I must admit—apology which I proffered, for I did not consider it my fault, he looked at me-well, just a little reproachfully, and rode off without saying a single word. I certainly never ride a bicycle at such a spanking rate in similar places myself, but it might quite easily have been a serious and expensive accident for him. On the other hand, I was once myself on a bike, proceeding almost at a walking pace, near the corner of the Earl's Court Road, when two hulks of loafers got in front of me, and although I rang my bell repeatedly and shouted, they refused to budge; in fact, one of them deliberately put his back up against my frontwheel, and compelled me to dismount at the imminent risk of getting my foot under a wheel. Then they turned round and overwhelmed me with a flow of 'langwidge.'

There is one thing in Germany to which I have always had a peculiar objection, and which, I fancy, most other Englishmen share. I allude to the folding-doors between rooms let off singly. Rent is cheaper on the whole in Germany than in England, and the rooms themselves are well and substantially furnished, almost every respectable room containing a really well-made Schreibtisch or writing-table, a settee, good sound chairs, nice curtains, well-fitting windows, and rarely any rubbish. But when you rent a single room in a flat (most Germans live in flats) or apartment-house, you are tolerably certain to find one, if not indeed two, communicating doors. They are often overhung with curtains, or perhaps stopped up with a mattress, but even that does not prevent sounds, not to say whole conversations, becoming audible. For people who are strangers to one another, I have always considered this peculiarly objectionable; and in the case of musical instruments, sewing-machines, and such things, it may be positively odious. The conditions as to these things are, as a rule, well arranged in Germany: either music is allowed and arranged for, or it is not. But I remember a young difficulties will arise. musician who returned to his room in Berlin about one in the morning after a concert, but who found himself quite unable to sleep owing to the peculiarly audible conversation of a lady and gentleman on the other side of his nearest door. After vain efforts to ignore the position, he at length got out of bed,

took up his violin from the settee, and played the first eight bars of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. After that there was peace. Not a word was said about the matter next morning. And he was not staying in a jerry-built house; it was, in fact, in the Luisenstrasse, which leads out of Unter den Linden, the finest street in Berlin, and was occupied by several young officers and merchants, and by a member of the Reichstag when it was sitting. I used to think sometimes I would write to the Kaiser and suggest the futility of such doors in houses likely to be let off in single rooms. But I fear my letter would have produced little more effect than if I had pointed out that in his Siegesallée in the Tiergarten (the large and beautiful park of Berlin), which is adorned on both sides with impressive statues of distinguished men, Emmanuel Kant's nose appeared to have become exceedingly dusty, which it certainly was the last time I was there. Not that there is any resemblance between the two cases, except perhaps the reverence for a certain philosophic calm! And then I hardly know what the German authorities might think of some of the wretched little flats which are being built around London just now, with tiny little rooms not much too large for a princess's doll.

The young German single-roomer, be he Voluntär, clerk, or student, generally takes his Mittagstisch, or dinner, in a private restaurantthat is, with a reduced or poor family-where they cater for visitors. He generally comes in between twelve and one; for, however early he has risen, he will have had nothing in the morning beyond rolls and coffee, often swallowed hastily, for he is rarely late; and on entering such a dining-room he says, 'Mahlzeit' (a greeting); and those already present reply, 'Mahlzeit.' The same ceremony is repeated on leaving, and the host, or hostess, must not be forgotten. These dinners are cheaper than going to a regular restaurant, the price—a monthly arrangement is expected—ranging from sixty pfennigs to one mark fifty pfennigs. For eighty pfennigs you will get a meat or vegetable soup, or in the summer sometimes fruit soups, which are really delicious, if you don't take too much of them; meat with vegetables; and generally a Nachtisch, such as stewed apples, or cranberries, or any fruit which chances to be in season. The German cranberries are far superior to the English fruit, and also cheaper. On Sundays the price of dinner will generally be a mark; and in south Germany you will frequently get hare, which the Germans certainly do not cook so well as the English, the current-jelly and stuffballs being generally conspicuous by their absence, and jugged hare apparently unknown. You can always get a small bottle of light beer for ten or twelve pfennigs, and on Sundays sometimes coffee and cakes are included.

Abendessen, or supper, can generally be arranged

Of course there are superior restaurants innumerable, where the prices range higher. But of home-cooking where lodgers are taken there is little. Should you prefer, as I generally did, to take your supper at home, you will find no difficulty in getting ham, cold meats, liver sausage, smoked salmon, Kiel sprats, &c. in the cookshops, which are to be seen everywhere. You can get a dozen different kinds of cheese-French or German Camembert, Brie, with small cheeses from the Harz Mountains, rather rank and peculiar in flavour, at two or three a penny. The German cheeses are not equal to the English and American cheeses, but they are very tasty all the same. You can also get apple-pasties all the year round, and other fruit pasties in season, the tart variety generally including some cream, and being rather more expensive, but still very cheap. I have never found any of these unpleasantly greasy. I never buy cheap pastry in London, but in Germany I used to eat some almost every day. You must be careful to time your hours of purchase, as the times of closing in Germany are rigidly enforced by law. And on certain holidays, or so-called penitence days, after a certain time you will be able to get nothing, except in a restaurant. There are, however, sure to be all-night cafés and restaurants; so that, whatever the exigencies of life, you need never starve.

More beer is undoubtedly drunk in Germany than in England. But it is a light and nonintoxicating beer, the Munich variety being the most popular. I found, even in taverns of low degree, very little really badly adulterated In the cheaper resorts you will get a large helles (light straw colour) or dunkles (dark brown) for ten or fifteen pfennigs. In the superior cafés you will require to pay twenty-five; but you will have a good choice of newspapers to read, including English ones; you will have an excellent small orchestra to listen to; and you will be well served. The Germans, both men and women, almost live in their cafés in the evening when work is done. I have accompanied, by invitation, a party of genial and kindly merchants, with their wives or friends, from one café to another during an entire evening. A table reserved for a particular set of cardplayers, convivial friends, or students is called a Stammtisch, and no one else is allowed to intrude upon it. The reception an unknown Englishman met with in these places varied according to the political atmosphere at the moment and the state or town. Being a chessplayer, I once went into a well-known and superior café in Hamburg, where I very soon found an opponent, and I subsequently spent many pleasant evenings there; and the proprietor himself would often sit by my side and watch the game. But I happened to find myself in Munich shortly after the two English officers of the Secret Service had been tried and sentenced

as spies in Leipzig. Whether what happened to me was owing to this or not I cannot say; but having a spare evening, I had entered a somewhat similar café in Munich, and noticing chess-boards about, I sent a waiter to inquire if any one would care for a game with an English stranger; whereupon the proprietor of the place approached me and said, 'There is no one; Ich bin Soldat gewesen' ('I have been a soldier'). Just that and nothing more. Needless to say, I shrugged my shoulders, and speedily left him to reflect upon his military experiences, if he chose to do so. The fact is that in Hamburg the English are known and understood; in south Germanywell, with the exception of occasional art and music students, not very well. Nor have these increased in number since the time of the Boer war. The Hamburger Fremdenblatt (newspaper) was far better disposed to the English than the Leipziger Nachrichten; but I have been a subscriber to both in my time, and used them for advertisements, &c., and personally I have been treated with equal courtesy by both.

The street policeman in Germany, in his gray military suit, is a smart official. They have all been soldiers, and if you do not forget to give them the military salute when you address them, they will reply to your queries with the utmost courtesy. I have frequently been indebted to them, and have never met with a discourtesy; though once I remember arriving in a strange town, and inquiring of a policeman the way to the Rathhaus (town-hall). He replied, with unintentional humour, that every child knew where the Rathhaus was, and I am afraid he thought me rather a 'weak-head.' But he was unmistakably of

rural birth.

I will conclude these few remarks by recommending any young man who may have the intention at any time of proceeding to Germany, or, I might well add, to some parts of America, to make himself as thoroughly acquainted with the language as he can before

he starts. An enormous amount of patient work is required to master a foreign language so as to be able to use it practically and with success and profit. The ordinary school education, the grammar, and even being able to read and understand quite easy German -these things are only the beginning. Let him work through a good commercial correspondence book—one of the best I know is published by Longmans at two shillings and sixpence; there is a corresponding one in French—and let him take lessons either from a German or from an Englishman who has been some years resident in Germany, and who knows the country and its customs and what words and things are in practical use there.

The facilities and opportunities which a German finds in England, whether they are a testimony to Christian kindliness or whether they are not, an Englishman will not find so prolific in Germany. If he wants a railway-ticket, or a postal order, or a transfer for the cars, he will be expected to give his instructions comprehensively there and then, and to answer the necessary questions; and if he cannot—well, he will have to wait until some good-natured Deutscher comes along to help him. It is rarely that one meets a German in London in a similar position. There are plenty of excellent German commercial schools with very moderate fees, but they are of course conducted in German, and presuppose at least an elementary knowledge of the language. There are many facilities and privileges for students, almost free of cost. The young Englishman will not find it at all difficult to make acquaintances; but unless he be of fairly strong character, he will find that they will learn a great deal more English from him than he will learn German from them. I remember hearing of an English gentleman in Germany who engaged a German servant. At the end of a year the German spoke English fluently, but the Englishman did not know a single word of German.

AN AFFAIR BETWEEN THREE.

PART II.

FROM that time forward Alvin—soon christened 'the Kid,' or 'Kid,' or 'Punk,' according to the taste of the person addressing him—became perhaps the best-known person in the lower camp, the central attraction of about two hundred men—two hundred of the flux of the melting-pot of all nationalities gathered together in the Western Hemisphere. Still there were some—in fact, quite a number—who objected to the playing of a violin and the consequent gatherings in the bunk-houses where the playing was going on after eight-thirty at night, which is the retiring hour of the older type of loggers, whose ideas of luxury in camp are to

eat and sleep as much as possible. With this type of men, impervious to the seduction of music, Alvin was exceedingly unpopular; but the majority ruled in his favour, and his evenings continued for some time to be a succession of popular concerts, comprising a repertoire of innumerable pieces gathered into his memory through the medium of his acute hearing.

At first this unusual popularity was exceedingly pleasurable to him, for he had never before enjoyed a like distinction; but the type of music he was called upon to play was not of the type his own heart called for, and he soon commenced to grow weary of the constant repetition, as well as to long for the expression of what was in reality within his soul.

As mortal man becomes surfeited with all things but life, provided he has enough of them, so the camp gradually began to lose interest in the newly acquired whistle-punk and musician, until at last the lad would lie in his bunk in the evenings with the old violin and play so softly for the most part that no one was conscious of the sound, and even the complaints ceased. He lad suddenly become a forgotten part of the logging and human organisation of the camp, and the performance of his duty was all that was required of him. That is to say, forgotten by all but two—Mitchell and Jack Duggan.

At this time, though Mitchell had promised himself to see much more of Alvin, he was so busy during the day with the duties of the camp, and so engrossed during the evening in the bringing to a close of one of his works of mystery within the confines of his cabin, that he could not find a spare moment in which to talk to the lad or to bring him to the cabin to hear more of his playing. It was a habit of years with Mitchell to work relentlessly evening after evening, never allowing anything but serious illness among the men to divert his attention or interrupt a certain schedule. For this reason, then, in regard to the lad, he procrastinated, and later came to regret it.

Jack did not forget the boy, because he was part of the machinery of No. 2 crew, and because his mind never lost track of even the smallest unit of the organisation. Furthermore, he continually expected the strained vigilance of the lad to relax, for his previous experience with 'gutter-snipes,' as he termed them, was that they were soon played out and became utterly worthless for any of the duties of a logger.

Gradually the summer wore away, and with it went the myriads of white millars Alvin had watched with such wonder in the trees, thinking of them as the snowflakes of summer that never fell to earth; also the swarms of gnats that had never allowed him to rest in peace when in the shade, and some of the birds. The days grew perceptibly shorter, and the mornings were cool and frosty, so that the boy built fires by the wire in order to keep warm. All this was beautiful, however, because it was clear, sharp, and invigorating; but then the rains set in, and everything was suddenly changed.

The rainy season in the woods was something Alvin had heard the men speak of in the bunkhouses, and he had dreaded its coming. Once it had arrived he found that the entire aspect of things was changed. The clouds and mist, swinging down from the sky and stealing up through the canons, shut out the distant mountains the men's eyes had been used to rest upon, and confined their attention to objects closer at hand, as though the world had suddenly drawn apart and the community had become a unit by itself. The men

lost the jocularity with which they had been wont to work, and went about their duties silently and sternly, clothed in black slickers and paraffined trousers to keep out as much of the wet as possible, and when standing still, drawing into their clothes like turtles into their shells.

It was no longer the pleasant work it had been, with the sun shining and everything and every one bright and gay. It had to be done, however, and had always been done, and so Alvin refrained from joining the little band that 'went down the track' to avoid it, but stood by his wire unfalteringly, though he had contracted a deep cough that he seemed unable to shake off.

To all appearances, as soon as Jack had made up his mind that his new punk would be able to fill his post, he paid no more attention to him—that is to say, he did not appear to, though he was ever vaguely conscious that the lad was there, and was doing his work as well as it was possible for the work to be done. Perhaps deep down in his heart Jack admired him for this, though he never mentioned it to him or to any of the others. Once only did he exhibit a protective interest in him, and that perhaps as much to chastise a would-be bully as to save Alvin.

One forenoon when they were walking in to camp, all of the crew in a body, as well as some of the buckers and fallers from farther on up the road, one of these buckers, with a malicious wink at his companion, stepped quickly forward, and with his toe caught one of Alvin's heels, while with his shoulder he pushed him sharply to one side, throwing him headlong down the bank, where he finally came to a stop in the soft earth of the grading. The feat seemed to please the man mightily, for he was laughing in great glee—as were some of the others who had witnessed it—at the prostrate form of the lad trying to separate himself from the soft dirt, when suddenly he felt a grip of steel about his wrist, and, before he knew what was happening, found himself in a heap also in the soft earth, but some ten feet below and beyond the lad.

Later the bucker had come to Jack with the remonstrance that he was merely playing with the boy, and Jack had replied gruffly, 'Well, find a man to play with after this.'

But the cold and wet weather, with sometimes occasional snow, was telling upon Alvin's frail constitution, and his cough became deeper and deeper, racking his delicate frame and stealing all the strength he had gained during the summer.

Mitchell had attempted to doctor him up with various remedies from the camp medicine-chest, and had served out to him the regular loggers' clothes and boots, that kept him drier and warmer than those in which he had come to camp; but it was apparent that Alvin needed a different kind of treatment, and Mitchell was debating the question of sending him down to the doctor, when the matter came to a climax.

One afternoon, when about four inches of soft wet snow had fallen, and even the hardiest of the men were complaining, Jack was himself doing the heaviest of the work, so that he might impart more willingness and energy to the men by his own example. He was 'slinging rigging' for the most part in the bottom of the road, up to his knees in mud and slush, his gloves limp and wet, his face and form generously bespattered with mud, and he was not in a humour, as his fluent profanity gave ample evidence, to have anything additional go wrong; but just then it did.

He had sent in a signal for the log to go ahead; but because the road was rough and stumpy, and the log a large one, it was not long before there was a 'hang up' in a narrow place. Jack signalled for a stop; but when the usual time had elapsed for the signal to travel the length of the wire, and the whistle to return its warning to them, there was no sound, and the tension on the main line had not slackened.

Jack signalled a second time in some agitation, but it was too late. The engineer, thinking he had an extra heavy pull, had turned on all the pressure at his command, and the powerful machine snapped the steel cable as though it had been twine. Still there was no signal; but the sudden give at the engine had warned its operator of what had happened, so that he had at once shut off all steam, and there was no further damage done.

Jack was in a fury, for there was no apparent reason why the signal should not have gone in, and he was not in a mood to have any one 'sleep on the job,' even though it was cold. Full of a desire for vengeance, and cursing with every breath, he climbed over the rise that for the time being cut the whistle-punk off from the rest of the crew, roaring in deep-voiced rage; but there he stopped, for instead of finding the punk, as he had expected, huddled over the fire, he found him lying helpless in a convulsion of coughing, the snow showing a patch of crimson at his mouth.

For a moment the big man stood voiceless and still, gazing in consternation upon the pitiable sight before him, having entirely forgotten his reason for coming.

Stepping quickly to the top of the rise, he bellowed down to the crew, 'Lou, you take charge, and splice up that line!—Come here, one of you choker-setters, and punk this whistle!'

As the men hastened to obey, he returned to where the lad lay, picked him up in his great arms as though he were a child—at the same time marvelling at the lad's lightness—and, encouraging him with the promise that he would soon be beside a warm fire, carried him into camp.

The office was shut when he arrived, Mitchell being out at the time, and the scaler busy with a train of logs that was about to be taken out; so Jack took the lad to his own cabin,

wrapped him well in blankets, and soon had a roaring fire burning in the stove. After that there seemed nothing else to do; so he sat beside the bed, his great shoulders hunched forward and his eyes staring into the distance while he chafed the lad's thin hands between his own hardened palms, so that he might enliven the circulation. Also he watched through his window for the return of Mitchell, muttering to himself, 'What the devil does he have to stay out all afternoon for?'

At the same time Jack made up his mind that Alvin should have other treatment besides Mitchell's. Like a great many who have suddenly come to realise that they have been negligent, he was so extremely anxious that there was nothing too difficult for him to plan out. At times he even thought of leaving camp himself, so that he might personally see to it that the lad received the best of attention.

But Mitchell was not so easily excited; or, at any rate, if he was it did not come to the surface. He followed Jack's recitation without the slightest shadow of expression crossing his face, and as soon as it was finished went with him to the cabin, where he found Alvin lying upon the bed, quite quiet and comfortable now, though very weak from the sickness. Deftly and gently he felt the lad's forehead to ascertain the degree of fever, if any, and asked him a few questions. Then he turned to Jack and said, 'Are you going to keep him here?'

'If I don't take him down to the doctor,' replied Jack.

Mitchell considered the matter settled. 'Rig him up a bed,' he said, 'while I go and get some clean bedclothes. Bring his stuff out of the bunk-house, and make him as comfortable as you can. I'll send for the doctor to come up here. I do not want the boy to ride down there in the cold unless he has to.'

With that he strode off toward the office, leaving Jack to follow out his instructions; while Jack wondered how it was that Mitchell always gave him that feeling of helpless incompetence. Jack had puzzled as to what he should do for the lad, but the other had outthought him at one definite stroke, and he resented it.

That night Jack sat by the stove and regarded his new protégé with a speculation unusual to him. Unusual also was the fact that he had gone out of doors for his evening pipe in order that there might be none but pure air in the cabin.

At eight-thirty there was a knock at the door, and, without waiting for an answer, Mitchell stepped in, took Alvin's temperature, felt his pulse, and, evidently satisfied that his condition was no worse, turned to Jack with the explanation that the doctor would come up by the morning train, and until then he thought the patient would do very well.

'Do you think I'd better wait in camp to see the doctor?' asked Jack—for he wished to be certain that no precaution necessary for the lad's welfare should be overlooked.

'Not unless you personally wish to hear what he says.'

Jack was a little irritated with Mitchell for his interpretation of the question, but made up his mind that nothing better could be expected of the man, and at the time he was serving Jack's ends well enough. He only said, 'You won't mind coming down to look after the fire when I go out to work?'

'No,' Mitchell said, as he slipped out of the room, and went away without any further remarks.

Alvin, in his bed, realised that there must be some sort of difference between these two men, but had no idea of what it could be. It seemed to him rather a pity, for he understood in a hazy way that they were the two strongest spirits of the camp, and the only ones who had shown him any particular generosity—though there were others who would have done so willingly had they realised the need of it soon enough—and he thought at the time there should be some way of bringing them together. He sincerely hoped there might.

(Continued on page 731.)

MEN AND METHODS IN THE NAVY TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

By Douglas G. Browne.

THOSE who have read of the press-master and the crimp, of the starvation wage and the starvation diet, of the filth, the monotony, the brutality, and all the other horrors of the lower deck at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and, indeed, for long after, may have wondered how any man could join the navy of his own freewill. Yet every year great numbers did so join it. Some of them were landsmen pure and simple, who did not know the bow of a ship from her stern; others, a shade more nautical, had perhaps eked out some long-shore livelihood with shake-nets between the water-marks; others again would be those strange hybrids who were fishermen three months out of the twelve and husbandmen the other nine. The best were naturally the genuine seamen from the merchant ships. As life on a merchant ship, with all its drawbacks, must have been infinitely preferable in many respects to life on a man-of-war, it may seem strange that any one should desert the one for the other. Yet even this was often done; for, after all, the prospects on board a Newcastle collier, a Bristol tramp, or even an East Indiaman were not brilliant. The pay was poor, the voyages tedious, the drink limited; and if adventures should be encountered, they usually took the form of French privateers and French prisons. And so many a man of spirit would one day, if the press had overlooked him, stow his few belongings in a bag, draw his pay, if he could get it, and slip on board the nearest manof-war, where, if there happened to be a dearth of good seamen at the time, he must have been received as a gift from Providence, who, in good times and bad, notoriously looked after the British nation.

Such a man seems to have been William Stone, one of those half-seen figures who, by some turn of chance, are now and then cast up out of the impenetrable shadows of the past to catch our eye for a moment before they fall back into the dark again. Stone had risen at one period to be boatswain of a merchantman, but when we

meet him, in 1707, he was serving as an ordinary seaman on board a brigantine tramp called the Moses. This little vessel anchored one day among the ships of war at Spithead; and Stone, tired of the life, and perhaps in bad odour with his captain, slipped off to the Oxford, a fourthrater of fifty-four guns. Having left all his kit on board the tramp, he presently returned for it, when the master refused to let him have it, alleging that it was now buried out of reach beneath the cargo. Stone was a man of sufficient value to enlist the help of the Oxford's captain, who condescended to wage a controversy with the insignificant master of the Moses. Whether the ex-boatswain retrieved his kit does not transpire—he and the brigantine and her master vanish from our sight; and the chief interest of this little episode lies in the kit-bag itself. There has come down to us Stone's own list of his belongings, with his estimate of their value. This estimate is probably excessive; but even so, when we remember that money was worth much more then than it is now, the list shows us that seamen in those days were not necessarily downtrodden, improvident, and destitute. Perhaps it was while Stone was a boatswain that he acquired some of the following articles:

some of an intra the states.			
One bedd rugg pillow and blanket One new cloath coat britches and waist-	0	15	0
coat	3	10	0
one pair plush Britches	0	15	0
one pr. Callemanco do	Ó	5	0
one drugget and one new flannel waistcoat	Ô	14	Ŏ
three blew shirts 2 new and one a little worn	ŏ	10	Ŏ
a Velvitt cap	ň	4	ŏ
4 yards of Vittery and 10 of ould Canviss.	ŏ	7	ŏ
and the Charlings and 10 of Oute Canviss .		2	
one pr. Stockings	0	Z	0
two pr. Shoes	U	7	0
one pound threed two duzen of laces			
four fanns two paper of pinns	0	11	0
and two ounces of nutmeggs			
mid vii v viii vii vii zu mic 850 · · ·)			
	Я	O	n

Callemance, it may be remarked, was a woollen material finished with a glaze, and much in use at this time among the shopkeepers and trading class. By vittery Mr Stone meant vitry, a kind

This item looks very much like of fine canvas. a boatswain's perquisite. He was, perhaps, something of a dandy, for he seems to have paid good prices for his clothes, if the valuation is at all trustworthy. As the captain of the Oxford took his case up, he probably recovered his

things, nutmegs and all.

Although we do not meet with William Stone again, we can obtain some idea of the ship and service to which he had transferred his fortunes. The Oxford was an old-fashioned fourth-rater, mounting fifty-four guns on two decks. She was probably pierced for sixty or more pieces, a few vacant portholes being left on either quarter, which in action could be filled with guns from the side not engaged. Her burden was probably under seven hundred tons, her length of keel perhaps one hundred and ten feet; and she carried some three hundred men. The crowding on these ships was terrible. The men lived and slept and fought on decks considerably less than a hundred feet long and, at the outside, six feet in height, lighted by ports which, on the lower gun-deck at least, were closed in anything of a sea, and encumbered with the long cannon with their clumsy carriages. Some of the ratings had their quarters on the orlop-deck, below the gundeck; and here there was very little air, and no natural light at all. Hammocks were slung at night, and stowed away between the guns during the day. The ship was painted red between decks to minimise the effect of blood-splashes in battle.

The treatment of the men seems to our minds extraordinarily inhuman. For the most trivial offences they were spread-eagled on a grating and given a number of lashes—the number being a matter entirely within the officer's discretion. Sometimes a man would be sentenced to a dozen lashes alongside every ship in the fleet. He might already have been kept in irons for weeks awaiting a court-martial; and some of these irons were extremely fiendish instruments. Yet this discipline does not seem to have been thought too brutal by the men themselves. While there have been many mutinies on the score of bad food, or low pay, or insufficient leave, those which sprang from ill-treatment were by com-parison rare. The most celebrated cases which occur to one's mind took place much later in the eighteenth century, when the general conditions of life at sea were presumably improved; and it will be found that in all these cases the mutinies were brought about by the conduct of individual officers, not by the severity of the code. So it was with the *Bounty* and the *Hermione*, and with the disaffection that lost the *Africaine*; and of the officers concerned, Pigott of the Hermione was certainly little better than a fiend. In fact, the seaman of that age was a rough customer, and he expected and understood rough treatment. His compensations do not seem to have been many, but apparently they sufficed.

He was, of course, allowed a great deal of license in his own quarters when his watch was off duty; and he had a virtually unlimited supply of rum, which he could drink neat. Admiral Vernon's breeches had not yet provided a contemptuous nickname for the diluted article.

As for the officers, Macaulay's celebrated epigram was now out of date. A very large proportion of them must have been both seamen and gentlemen. They necessarily possessed the manners of their time; and the quality of the material they commanded, which called for so Draconian a penal code, must have influenced their outlook. They were often overbearing and brutal; they drank, and swore, and gambled a great deal; and occasionally they embezzled His Majesty's stores, an offence which, in an age when everybody embezzled something, was comparatively venial. There was to be found among them the inevitable proportion of fools and cowards—more, perhaps, than flourished a century later; less, certainly, than had flourished a generation before. Benbow's captains were not typical Most individual ships were proof their class. bably handled admirably; but as yet there was no surplus of science in the higher commands In fact, the navy was passing through a transitional stage, and in any case it is unfair to compare it with the navy of Monk or the navy of Nelson. For Monk had to fight De Ruyter and Van Tromp; and if Nelson's personal opponents were hardly worthy of him, the navy of his day had to face a task that demanded the most extraordinary exertions, and could not fail

to encourage and reward ability.

The navy under William and Anne had to face no such opponents and no such task. For, although the situation of this country was during many years extremely critical, the danger came as much from within as from without; and the part the navy might have played in warding of that danger was very imperfectly understood No one dreamed of a continual blockade of the French coast. It was not then believed that large fleets could remain at sea for more than a month or two at a time. The opposing battlesquadrons went into winter quarters as regularly as the opposing armies. The time and skill of the officers were wasted in convoy duty, in chasing privateers, in cruises to the Soundings and back again, in expeditions which threw a few red-hot shot into Dunkirk or St Malo, and then came home to be laid up in ordinary for the rest of the year. Moreover, the expenditure on account of the almost universal European wars was enormous. The number of ships at one time or another in commission during the reigns of William and Anne would have been thought incredible a few years earlier. Russell's fleet, which, in company with the Dutch squadron, defeated Tourville in 1692, numbered upwards of sixty sail of the line. At the same time, the largest professional army England had known since the New Model was

fighting the battles of the coalition in Flanders, and subsidies, only second in amount to those of the younger Pitt, were poured forth annually to Electors and Princes of the Empire, to the Emperor himself, to Savoy, and to Spain. It is little wonder that there did not seem enough

money to go round.

The crisis came in the year 1696, when the drastic restoration of the currency reduced the nation for a few months to a state of impotence and almost of despair. The Treasury was brought to the gravest straits. The army went unpaid; and the navy suffered with the army. At the end of July, when the shortage of actual coin was most serious, the Victuallers to the Fleet wrote that they required immediately eighty-six thousand pounds in specie, apart from any other demands they might have to make later in the year; adding that so heavy and so far behindhand were the debts of the office that further credit could not be obtained unless the Treasury at once issued Exchequer bonds which could be taken in payment. 'There is owing to the Cheesemongers,' wrote the Victualling Office, 'thirteen thousand nine hundred and twentyseven pounds, twelve shillings, and one penny. They refuse to deliver more butter and cheese without payment of a good part thereof; we suppose they will expect six thousand pounds at least.' For beef and pork upwards of twenty thousand pounds was owing; and the arrears of pay up to midsummer reached the enormous total of over one million two hundred thousand pounds.

Times were not always so bad as this; but they were never good. They would have been far worse had the Commissioners of the Admiralty not kept a very strict eye on the accounts which the various captains and lieutenants were continually submitting to them. Many of these gentlemen were only too ready to confuse their private with their public expenditure. Thus Commodore Wright, travelling from London to Plymouth to hoist his flag at the latter port, sent to the Admiralty a bill for twenty-nine pounds for the expenses of his journey-expenses to which, in the first place, he was not entitled at all. For coach fare he had paid eighteen pounds; for luggage, thirteen pounds twelve shillings and fourpence. These sums were doubtless correct, for they could be checked; although, when we consider the value of money in those days, they seem excessive. But of the commodore's other disbursements, we find that whereas he got dinner at Salisbury for four shillings, and again at Winterbourne for five shillings and eightpence, he had paid seventeen shillings and a penny for the same meal at Egham, and fourteen shillings and eightpence at Honiton; while a few hours' sojourn at Exeter cost him one pound four shillings. It certainly looks as if he had entertained friends by the way. He had every right to do so; but if he expected to recover all or any of these sums from the public purse he was disappointed. He was curtly reminded that as he was merely moving from one station to another, his expenses would not be defrayed by the

It should be added that among the other problems of the Government during the first part of William's reign was the serious doubt as to how far the naval officers could be trusted. The senior service had been under the especial favour of James the Second; and Russell, who for many years held the highest posts both in the Admiralty and at sea, was suspected—and justly suspected—of being in communication with St Germains. James confidently relied on the greater part of the fleet coming over to him, and he deluded the French Government into the same When the pinch came Russell and practically the whole of the officers stood by William, a result largely due, no doubt, to their hereditary hatred of the French. The so-called Admiral Cammock seems to have been almost the only officer of any eminence or rank in the service who went over to the exiled king.

On the whole, it cannot be admitted that the tone of the commissioned ranks was as bad as we have often been led to believe. For if officers were too overbearing or corrupt, too negligent or incompetent, they were usually brought speedily to book. Courts-martial were continually sitting; and a study of some of their records convinces one that, with a few notorious exceptions, they performed their duties with great care and impartiality. The most trifling complaints of the sailors were laboriously examined. And it was not always the sailors who had reason to complain. They were sometimes induced by malice or some sense of injury to contrive elaborate plots for the ruin of their officers. A curious case of this kind occurred in 1704. The Solebay, a sixth-rater of twenty-four guns, was stationed at King's Lynn to watch over the shipping of that port. Her captain, John Aldred, was summoned before a court-martial and accused of deserting ships at sea after he had taken their convoy money, of lending his own men to merchant ships for hire, and of other irregularities. The evidence against him was summed up in two petitions, the one from his own ship's company, the other, as it appeared, from the inhabitants and traders of King's Lynn. This latter petition was at once proved to be a forgery. Affidavits arrived from the town repudiating the signatures and expressing the highest esteem for Captain Aldred. Who originated this extraordinary fraud is not discoverable; but presumably it sprang from the same source as the petition of the Solebay's crew. For the signatories to this, examined upon oath, admitted that their declarations therein were malicious, false, and scandalous; and they affirmed that the carpenter and cook had, in some manner unexplained, forced them into the conspiracy. The causes underlying this strange affair remain a mystery.

It does not appear whether anything was done to the carpenter; but the cook was very properly sent to jail. Aldred was, of course, com-

pletely exonerated.

On board ship, while the sailors were herded like cattle on the gun-deck, the officers might enjoy quite comfortable quarters. Most of their cabins, however, were of a temporary nature, the bulkheads which formed them being taken down before the ship went into action. Many of them contained guns; and even the sacred retreat of the captain or admiral would be cramped by the presence of a couple of bulky twelve-pounders. One result of the movable nature of the cabins was that ships were apt to be overcrowded with them; the small fourth and fifth raters, in particular, were often considered to have too many for their 'The Mersey,' wrote Admiral Aylmer in 1710, 'is too much pestered up with cabins. I have ordered some of them to be taken down.' Sometimes in these small ships even the warrantofficers had cabins to themselves.

These warrant-officers, drawn from the most intelligent of the able seamen, answered to the non-commissioned officers of the army, and, like the latter, were an invaluable class. They rose to be lieutenants, captains, and even admirals. In the light craft—the sloops, brigs, and bombketches—they occupied a position of importance and promise, and were often able to show their These vessels would probably possess quality. only one lieutenant in addition to the commander; and if either of these was incapacitated in action, the boatswain or gunner was temporarily promoted, and might even come to command the ship for a time.

Of the midshipmen of this period there is little to be said. They entered the service very young, and went straight to sea, not as officers, but virtually as ship's-boys, as their name implies. At the age when a modern boy would be thinking of entering a public school or a training-ship, they were learning to drink and swear and gamble with the sailors. On the whole, the results of this system, like the results of so many other barbarous systems, were surprisingly good; but until they had served for some years the midshipmen must have been more of a nuisance than an asset to a ship of war. On the larger rates they were nominally kept in order by a schoolmaster. A curious little tragi-comedy which took place on a ship we have already mentioned—the Oxford -throws some light on both pupil and guardian. The schoolmasters do not seem always to have stood very worthily in loco parentis. The story forms an illustrative postscript to this sketch of seamen and sea manners

In the year 1704 the Oxford was commanded by Captain Joshua Moore, a man evidently possessed of an arbitrary temper. His second lieutenant, Toby Lisle, appears, on the other hand, to have wanted the necessary strength of character for his post. We find him giving orders which he had not enough authority to enforce. find him also assuming powers which he did not possess—a common characteristic of weak natures. Such a captain as Moore may well have been irritated by such a subordinate as Lisle. On the night of the 11th May, the ship being then at sea in company with another fourth-rater, the Falkland, Toby Lisle was in charge of the watch on deck. Two midshipmen, Grymes and Emmery, who were in his watch, approached, coming from the forecastle, where they had no business to be Lisle ordered them sharply to return to duty and set about bracing the fore-topsail. They refused, 'Tho',' says Lisle, and Grymes was insolent. 'I order'd him to be silent, he would not, but still continued his impertinent discourse; then I beat him, and bid him hold his peace and not be saucy, but he would not.' The affair apparently blew over. The night passed. The following day Lisle sent for the schoolmaster, one Taylor, and ordered him to teach his (Lisle's) servant navigation. The man refused, although he was at this time teaching the other officers Lisle's usual substitute for argument seems to have been his fists, and so he beat Taylor, who went and complained to the captain. The second lieutenant was thereupon informed that the schoolmaster could not be compelled to teach any of the servants. The same night, Lisle again having the watch on deck, Grymes and Emmery were again insolent. A little later the lieutenant, having occasion to go to the head of the ship, passed through the forecastle, where he found the same pair sitting drinking and fiddling with the schoolmaster and a fellowmidshipman. Lisle, who had thrashed Taylor without excuse earlier in the day, now merely asked him how he dared sit drinking with the midshipmen of the watch, and then went on his way. The unrepentant Grymes, however, followed him, and was abusive; and to him Lisle administered another thrashing.

The next day was the 13th, a bad omen for Toby Lisle. Some time before midday the captain left the ship to pay a visit to the Falkland. It was the business of Grymes to stand by with the trumpeter and drummer and sound him into his gig. When the captain had gone, Lisle foolishly ordered Grymes to play another tune. He refused; and on the trumpeter putting the instrument to his mouth, told him to put it by. 'Yn,' says Lisle. 'I order'd him into ye Bilboes;' but presently the midshipman was discovered drinking with the others in the forecastle.

Lisle, in fact, had gone too far. He should have waited to report to the captain before he put Grymes in 'ye Bilboes.' When Moore returned to the ship the tables were turned with a vengeance. The unfortunate Lisle was at once sent to his cabin under arrest for having exceeded his duty. The window was boarded up, the halfport caulked, and a sentry was stood over the door. His fault had not been very serious; a

few days' confinement, or even a reprimand, would have met the case; but the captain evidently had a grudge against him. There seems to have been some old cause of friction in a matter of prizes or prize-money. In any case, the lieutenant was kept in close confinement for many weeks-as it seems, indeed, until the Oxford returned to England in August. For she was bound for the West Indies; and she crossed the Atlantic and recrossed again, and still Lisle was a prisoner. He wrote long, pathetic letters to the captain; he complained that his health was giving way. Once Moore wrote back to taunt him with the prospect of losing his commission; at another time he wrote quite temperately; but he would neither see him nor release him. In his turn Moore had gone too far. The Oxford returned from the West Indies in company with several other ships, and Lisle wrote two or three times to the commodore of the squadron. These letters produced no apparent result; but at length, more than three months after the incident of the trumpeter, the Oxford dropped anchor once more at Spithead. Lisle was released. He at once lodged a complaint of ill-usage against Captain Moore, and demanded a court-martial. This was granted; and the court sat on board the Edgar at Spithead on 4th September, Sir Stafford Fairborne, Vice-Admiral of the Red, presiding. whole storm in a tea-cup was argued through again. And now Lisle got some of his own back. He was, indeed, himself reprimanded for confining the midshipman without first acquainting his commander; but Captain Moore, for his ill-usage of his lieutenant, was fined three months' pay. Perhaps these mild punishments indicated the court's sense of the absurdity of the whole affair.

DRUMMED OUT OF THE ARMY.

By Colonel R. H. MACKENZIE, F.S.A.Scot.

IT was on a dull November morning late in the 'sixties that the bugles of a well-known infantry regiment quartered in Aldershot sounded the 'Fall in' on the barrack-square. It was not an ordinary parade, nor yet one altogether uncommon. It was one of those occasions, distasteful to soldiers, which compelled them to be the witnesses of the humiliation of a comradethe promulgation of the sentence of a district court-martial involving his degradation, the branding of the culprit, his discharge with ignominy, and subsequent imprisonment with hard labour. When it is considered that in no other army in the world at the present day is military discipline maintained more in accord with the dictates of reason and mutual sympathy between officer and man, and with such an excellent result, than in that of Great Britain, the more difficult will it be to realise that in the not far distant past, and during the service of many officers now living, it was considered neither advisable to attempt, nor possible to preserve, order amongst British soldiers except by methods the majority of which can only be described as vindictive, tyrannical, and even brutal in severity. How a voluntary system of recruiting held its own at all in the circumstances is remarkable; for it would almost seem as if the war-presiding genii had of set purpose essayed to make soldiering as distasteful as possible to mankind. Firmness we can understand. We know that soldiers without discipline become a mob, and, when armed, the most dangerous to society of all mobs; so that it is essential, as Macaulay puts it, that they be subjected to a sharper penal code, and to a more stringent course of procedure, than is administered by ordinary tribunals. innocent perhaps in the citizen, or only punishable slightly, become serious crimes when committed by soldiers. All this is intelligible enough; but what of the punishments which the ingenuity of man must have found it no easy matter to devise? It is doubtful whether the Inquisition itself could have conceived more revolting penalties than some which were inflicted by courts-martial, and even by commanding officers on their own responsibility, in former times. The voluntary sufferings of the saints, the tortures of the religious orders of olden days, pale before the cruelty involved in the various forms of the death-penalty, the riding of the wooden horse, picketing, running the gauntlet, branding, and flogging. It is comforting that these punishments have gradually succumbed to the force of public opinion and the progress of civilisation.

Drumming out of the army—or trumpeting, as it was called in the cavalry and artillery—the ceremony with which we are more immediately concerned, was of a different character. It was vindictive, unnecessarily so, but not brutal or even painful. It was quaint, and at the present day might almost have been considered theatrical. The prisoner, handcuffed, was brought from the guardroom to the paradeground under escort. The crime of which he had been found guilty, and the sentence of the court-martial, were read aloud by the adjutant; he was to be degraded, branded as a bad character with the letters B.C., discharged from the service with ignominy, and to suffer a term of imprisonment with hard labour. In the process of degradation, the buttons, braid, badges, facings, and even the medal which he had earned in the second China war were stripped from his tunic. Then came the branding. There is nothing necessarily degrading in branding. All recruits in the Roman army, for instance, were branded on final approval; but its infliction as a punishment is another matter altogether, and not so easily defended. It was apparently a custom peculiar to the British army. During the reign of George the First deserters were 'stigmatised on the forehead; at a later period in history they were branded on the left side two inches below the armpit, and at the time of which we treat, generally on the arm. The tattooing was applied with a brass instrument containing a series of needle-points, the punctures made by which were rubbed with a composition of pulverised indigo, Indian ink, and water. It was administered by the drum-major, under the supervision of the medical officer, in the presence of the regiment on parade; and, in justice to the authorities, it must be admitted that it was accomplished with as little pain as possible. Further than that there is little that can be urged in its justification. Branding was a relic of bad times, and carried something revolting to humanity along with it. Any indelible stigma or brand of infamy is a fearful punishment. For one thing, the infliction was completely irremissible. It could be removed neither by repentance nor by any subsequent period of good conduct. To brand a soldier, and then discharge him from the service, as in this case, was to turn him adrift in the world with greatly impaired means of earning an honest livelihood. Hunger frequently urges its victims to follow dishonest courses; and what else could be expected from a branded and discharged soldier, precluded from all honest means of future support? It was a cowardly and vindictive form of punishment, since its infliction could neither promote the amendment of the offender nor render him more subordinate.

The last scene in the drama of drumming out of the army was perhaps the quaintest. regiment being formed in line, with a sufficient interval between the front and rear ranks, the prisoner was escorted down the ranks, followed by the band playing what was known as the 'Rogue's March.' In this manner he was practically turned out of barracks, the escort finally marching him to the military prison to undergo his sentence of hard labour. In cases where a man was discharged with ignominy without imprisonment, his exit from the barracks was not infrequently accompanied by a kick from the youngest drummer. Formerly he was conducted by the drummers of the regiment through the streets of the camp or garrison, with a halter round his neck and a written label containing the particulars of his crime.

Publicity seems to have been the accompaniment of military punishments at all times, under the impression, no doubt, that it acted as a deterrent to others. It more often happened that what was intended to degrade attracted the

sympathy of the man's comrades, the victim being frequently a loyal and brave soldier in spite of his delinquencies. In the case we have quoted the prisoner was known to be loyal to the Queen, and had proved himself a brave soldier in the field in China; but he became hardened and refractory by constant ill-treatment, for he had been frequently flogged for what to men of a certain class would be considered trivial offences. There is not an instance in a thousand where severe punishment has made a soldier a better man; there are thousands where it has rendered those who were forgetful and careless, rather than vicious, insensible to honour and abandoned to crime. It is undeniable that many a good soldier has been lost to the army who by sympathetic treatment and an appeal to his better feelings might have been redeemed in character. Such a man was the unfortunate soldier whose downfall we have described, the type of man that stormed Badajos, and the type immortalised by Sir Francis Doyle in his drunken private of the Buffs. We are wiser in the present day. The truth of what the Duke of York prophesied a century ago has at length been recognised in the British army. The personal intercourse of the officer with his men, and his personal example, repaid, as it is sure to be, by their confidence and attachment, is the only efficacious means of preventing military offences.

AN OCHIL EYRIE.

I SCLIMBED auld Seamab's* rugged face Ae sunny morn in May,
An' sune my circlin' e'e beheld
Lochleven Castle gray;
Cleish† an' the Lomon's‡ brak in view,
The Forth's broad waters gleamed,
While nearer still, by wood an' hill,
The silver Devon streamed;
Syne cam' in sicht the Roman camp
High up on Dunehill broo—
A lanesome hare whiles crooches there,
Nae warrior gairds it noo.
Far to the north the glance could pierce
Through wild Gleneagles Pass
To whaur the michty Grampians rear
Their grim, unconquered mass;
A laverock filled the lift abune
Wi' strong an' tireless throat,
An', swoopin' by, the peeweep's cry
Mixed wi' the whaup's sad note.
Perchance on Seamab's stany crest
I ne'er may stand again,
Perchance my een may never mair
Alicht on Devon Glen;
But aft in mony a dreary oor,
Hemmed in by hoose an' wa',
The mem'ry born o' that May morn
I'll wistfully reca'.
Whate'er the web o' years may haud
Man can but thole an' bide,
Yet frae the urn I'd fain return
To haunt sweet Devon side!
W. G. MILLER.

* An Ochil peak above Muckhart, Glendevon.
† The Cleish Hills, in Kinross-shire.
† The Lomond Hills, a picturesque ridge north-east of Loch-aren.



OUR STONE CIRCLES.

HERE and there in our pleasant land—from one extremity to another, from Cornwall to the Orkney Islands—there are huge stones, some standing and others prostrate, that in some remote time beyond recognition or computation have been placed in circles more or less exact. stones are of great height and girth, and in some instances stand in couples which are surmounted by a similar stone placed horizontally on their summits and resting on them like lintels on doorposts. Some of the circles were originally encompassed by ditches, moat-fashion, with the earth taken out of them formed into embankments; some were approached through avenues of monoliths of the same kind as those of which they were composed. They have different dimensions, some having diameters exceeding three hundred feet, and others measuring less Looking at them collectively, than one hundred. it is a marvel we do not attach more importance to them, for they are all august, mysteriously impressive, alluring, and inscrutably reticent.

In the course of centuries these great circles have been utilised as convenient quarries from which to obtain materials for roadmaking and fences. Fortunately this indiscriminate destruction has now ceased, and a more appreciative estimate of their curiosity and interest has set in, and private owners as well as the Inspector of Ancient Monuments under the Works and Public Buildings Department alike endeavour to preserve them from further disappearance. We hear of the lifting up of some of the prostrate stones, the filling in of fissures threatening disintegration, and of careful excavations for examination. For the most part they stand on high ground, on heather-clad moors or other uplands, evidently pointing to a long-past time for their erection when low-lying lands were not suitable for human occupation.

There is a branch of the Office of Works and Public Buildings entrusted with the administration of the existing Acts respecting ancient monuments and historic buildings. The State does not undertake the guardianship or arrange for the protection of any monument except with the consent and desire of the owner. When the State has assumed control, the monument is thereafter protected from damage and destruction. The Commissioners of Works are bound to maintain the monument out of money provided by Parliament for the purpose, and maintain after-

wards 'the fencing, repairing, cleansing, covering in, or doing any other act or thing which may be required for the purpose of repairing any monument or protecting the same from injury or decay.' The Inspector of Ancient Monuments and Historic Buildings reported in 1912 that one hundred and sixteen monuments were under his care, including most of the circles mentioned in this article.

Stonehenge, the well-known and oft described and pictured 'hanging stones' on Salisbury Plain, will come first to mind. Not long ago a minute and comprehensive survey of this grand circle was made from a balloon, but even this scrutiny afforded no new light as to its original intention or builders. We may all see that within the great outer circle there was an inner one of smaller stones, which some antiquaries think may have been the older of the two, and carefully enclosed by the builders of the outer one when they were able to undertake their more considerable work. The Amesbury example, but a few miles away in the same county, is second only in consequence, and has the addition of a wellmarked avenue; but notwithstanding various investigations no definite information has been Whether they were obtained as to its purpose. places of convocation, temples for religious rites, including sacrifices (suggested by a central slab in some instances), or for sun-worship or serpentworship, or merely centres for assemblies or ceremonies, or sites of battlefields, has yet to be ascertained. Whether the great stones were brought to their present circles in palæolithic or neolithic or later times we can but conjecture. Many early antiquaries assign them to the Druids or to the Ancient Britons, or to the harassing Picts; and there were not wanting many more who assigned them to the Vikings and their followers; but they are now commonly regarded as relics of an earlier age. Inigo Jones attributed them to the Romans. The prodigious number of them adds to their mystery.

In Cornwall there are as many as five circles on Bodmin Moor, two of which are within sight of each other, or only three-quarters of a mile apart; and there are more in other parts of the county. At Stanton Drew, a name suggestive of 'the stones of the town of the Druids,' a large circle is supplemented with traces of a much smaller one on either side of it; and some others have additional stones at slight distances that

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must have had a purpose. Besides these, there are solitary stones, in some places of a much larger bulk, standing afar off, concerning which there are many conjectures. Derbyshire has circles on Stanton Moor ('stones on the moor'), Hartle Moor, Hathersage Moor, and Olney Moor, all of small dimensions, and a more considerable one at Arbour Low, encompassed by a ditch, which, when surveyed by Dr Pegge in the last century, consisted of about thirty large stones with about fourteen smaller ones that had the appearance of having been a circle within the other. In the centre of it at that date was a stone thirteen feet long and eight wide, which gave countenance to the impression that sacrificial rites may have been performed on it. Eyam Moor has a circle of a hundred feet in circumference.

Cumberland is rich in these remains, one of which is well known as Long Meg and her Daughters. The great size of the standing stone called Long Meg associates it with the larger stones which are sometimes found at a distance from the rest, and which have been accounted for as indicating some solar particulars to be acted upon in rites of sun-worship. In an Orcadian instance one of these solitary stones is about twenty feet high and six feet broad. circle near Keswick, known as the Druids' Stones, has about thirty-eight stones, and is supplemented by a smaller group of ten stones on the eastern

side, the largest about seven feet high.

The kind of stone selected varies according to the locality. The Stonehenge blocks are of sandstone in the outer circle and of hornstone in the inner one. They have been examined for the incised cups and concentric circles found on various rocks in Northumberland and elsewhere in our own time, with only a negative result. The Derbyshire blocks are of gritstone. A circle in the Cheviot district in a valley near a stream known as the Three Stone Burn, of which there are still thirteen stones in evidence, is formed of a single ring of syenite. They vary from four to nearly six feet in height. The circles in Cornwall are all of granite. The largest of these is at Fernacre. It is composed of seventy-one stones, of which thirty-nine are standing. Second only to this is the Stripple Circle, in which considerable excavation has been carried out under the presidency of Mr Gray, a local authority on such matters. It consists of twenty-eight stones in a bent ring measuring two hundred and eighty feet by two hundred and fifty-five. This ring, of which most of the stones are now prostrate, is surrounded by a ditch or fosse and an embankment. The longest of the prostrate stones is about twelve feet in length; the largest left standing is but six feet nine inches above the ground. There are many hut-circles in the neighbourhood. The diggings consisted of twenty-five cuttings made into it by seven men under a foreman accustomed to antiquarian investigations. The results communicated to the archeological world inform us that no traces of burials were found, only three flint flakes, a portion of the radius of an ox, and a few pieces of wood rewarding the searchers. As the flints were come upon eight feet below the surface of the peaty soil, it is assumed that this depth had been formed in the centuries that had passed since they were lost or left there. Mr Gray suggests that the fosse may have been intended for draining purposes on account of the wetness of the site. A circle at Stannon has seventy-nine stones, of which forty-one are standing and the rest sinking into the peat. Another of these granite circles, at Trippet, three-quarters of a mile from that at Stripple, has but eight stones standing and four prostrate in the peat, out of the original number of twenty-six; and a mile and a half away, at Leaze, there are ten stones standing and six prostrate out of an original number of twenty-two.

The Brogar circles are of the old red sandstone. There are two of them, a little more than half a mile apart, close to the Loch of Stenniss. And not very far from them is a huge monolith now known as the Witch Stone. The larger circle has a diameter of about three hundred and forty feet, and a fosse or trench round it about twenty-nine feet wide and six deep. It is computed there were about sixty stones when it was erected, some of which have disappeared and some are prostrate, leaving, since recent restorations, twenty-one now stand-The smaller circle has been reduced more considerably, and might have disappeared altogether but for the help of the Office of Works. Only two stones, about fifteen and eighteen feet high respectively, were left standing, and one prostrate that measured twenty feet. In the centre of the circle a mass of stone, suggesting a cromlech, has been placed in position.

For canopy these mysterious rings, and many more than those mentioned, have above them the immeasurable sky with its ever-passing clouds, and have been lit with its shining heavenly bodies day by day and night by night; for company and searching they have the ever-changing winds and the frequent rains and opal mists; for solace and enrichment the ecstasy of sunshine lighting up their gray-green and amber lichens and mosses, and casting shadows from them all. Peat or heather, furze, bracken, and bent, and other grasses and wildings of many kinds, glance up from their feet; and over all there is an atmosphere of loneliness, seclusion, and aloofness. We think of them chiefly, however, as in a silent setting of moors, lakes, and hills, with grave-mounds or barrows and hut-circles sparsely strewn around some of them, and of all as keep ing their secret tantalisingly and successfully.

Not only has it been passed down by tradition in some places that it is unlucky to count the stones, but in others that it is impossible to do 80 owing to a constant variation in the com-Another singularity in the way of putation. folklore connected with them in Scotland is the fact that they are sometimes spoken of as | known as the Twelve Apostles.

the Nine Stanes when their number does not correspond with that appellation. At Holywood in Dumfriesshire a fine circle of eleven stones is

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA.

CHAPTER III.

A WEEK later the Mendoza was leaving the harbour of San Juan. She was leaving it with great pomp and circumstance; her crew lined the deck, and her band was on the quarter-deck, braying out the national air of Almaceda, which is a loud and heart-stirring piece of music. From her fore and main masts and her stern there flaunted the yellow flag of the republic; her guns and brass-work glittered in the bright On the sea-front of San Juan a multicoloured throng gesticulated and cried shrill farewells, whilst President Cisneros eyed her excitedly from the flat roof of his palace.

All had fallen out as that great man had planned. War was declared; that arrogant and sword-rattling power Quibo was to be taught a severe lesson; too long, men declared loudly, had Almaceda borne with her insults and her pretensions. But that was now to end; the forces of the republic were mobilised; the army-five thousand sallow-faced little soldiers in untidy cotton uniforms-was even now marching enthusiastically for the frontier. And the navy was leaving port to play its part in the campaign.

Captain Vincent stood upon the bridge of the Mendoza, looking back at San Juan. He smoked a black cigar, and his eyes were rather brighter than usual. He discovered, somewhat to his disgust, that he was a little excited. He chided himself, and turned his face to the sea.

'Well, we're great dogs now, Mr Fenning,' he said to his ex-naval boatswain; 'but I wonder what we'll be like when we're up against the real thing.'

Fenning grinned deferentially, and wiped his mouth. 'Reckon we'll do all right, sir,' he said 'You know, sir, these Dagos ain't half a bad lot. Course they haven't got the service polish on 'em, but they're as willin' as foxterriers. They'll back you up, sir, if you ask me.'

Despite himself, the captain smiled complacently. Hitherto he had been a little distant with old Fenning; the man had been rather too fond of comparing the Mendoza with the Rodney of the Royal Navy. 'My last ship, sir, she was,' he would say, 'the old Rodney of the Channel Fleet. She was a happy ship, sir, if you like; you should have seen her at evolutions, when we was competin' with the rest of the squadron! Still, o' course, this here *Mendoza's* none so bad.' At which Captain Vincent would glare a little, and thank him ironically. But

now, he felt, the other was not such a fool, after

'I'm glad to hear you say that, Mr Fenning,' he said, squaring his shoulders. 'You see more of the men than I do, and you should understand them.'

'Well, it's you that's made men of 'em, sir,' answered Fenning. 'The little blighters fair worship you, as far as I can make out. Course, I'm not sayin' but what they might be better. I remember our Number One on the Rodney, he used to make us'-

'I know all about your blighted brass hats, thank you, Mr Fenning; broke in Captain Vincent with some heat. You might go and tell that band to stop its row; we're out of the bay now.

San Juan was indeed fading away into the distance, the coast-line opened out wider and wider on either hand, and they were beginning to feel the long, regular heave of the ocean. The Mendoza turned southwards and put on speed. Santa Maria, the port of Quibo, was a good two hundred miles away, and Captain Vincent desired to reach it quickly; he wanted the thing to be over and done with as soon as possible. not known what the enemy proposed to do, though there had been rumours in San Juan that their cruiser, the Libertad, was preparing The captain hoped the rumours were correct, for he felt that the newly created discipline of his crew might fade and wither in longdrawn-out blockade work.

The hours went by; the sun climbed overhead and shone down fiercely; the distant shore slid past, faint and shimmering in the heat; the sea was of an oily calm and intensely blue. Mendoza might have been engaged on a pleasure cruise were it not for her guns and the eager, excited faces of the men on her decks.

'I'll have the ship cleared for action,' said Captain Vincent suddenly, 'in case.' He barked out orders; bugles sounded shrilly; his first lieutenaut, an excitable Almacedan, mounted the bridge and gesticulated passionately. The cruiser's men scurried to and fro, and the ship was like a disturbed ant-hill. Soon all was ready; the Mendoza had a bare, stripped appearance which made her ugly and menacing. Her rails and ventilators were levelled to the deck; her guns were run out; men were wrapping ropes round her boats, and filling them with water to prevent fires; the deck around the guns was

sanded ominously, and bags of coal were placed round the bases of the funnels. Captain Vincent made a tour of inspection as the bugles sounded the 'still' in true naval fashion. There was little that escaped him, for he spent over half-anhour at it. He came to the bridge again in a great state of heat, but hugely satisfied.

'And that's all right,' he said aloud. 'Eh, Mr

Fenning ?'

'Yes, sir!' Fenning hastened to answer. 'Re-

markable smart it was, sir.'

'That must be the coast of Quibo we're passing now,' the captain went on, his binoculars to his eyes. 'I know those mountains.'

He pointed to the distant blue land, and Fenning nodded assent. 'We've been doin' a good eighteen, sir, and it's four hours since we

left port,' he said.

Captain Vincent searched the blue sea with his glass, and then glanced at the Mendoza's funnels, from which came only a thin filmy

'Good coal,' he said briefly; 'and good stoking too. By George! I wonder if the Libertad has put to sea. If she has, we may sight her

any minute.

He sent a couple of men up to the lookout station on the foremast, and resumed his eager staring. The Mendoza was very quiet; few men were on her decks; they were all at their allotted stations for action—in the eight-inch gun-houses, clustered round the six-inch guns in the battery, or below, at ammunition-hoists and magazines. The ship's powerful engines drove her onward with a kind of pulling motion; her decks vibrated a little, and a long trail of dazzling whiteness stretched away from her stern.

Suddenly a hail came down from the lookout station, and at the same moment Fenning raised his arm and pointed. Right ahead, very far away, a thin brown smear rose up above the

clear-cut line of the horizon.

'Steamer's smoke, sir,' said the naval man

quietly.

Captain Vincent raised his glasses, his heart beating quick and loud. Beyond doubt it was a steamer's smoke; but no more could be said of it for the present.

'Might be a tramp-or anything,' said the

captain quickly. 'Maybe, sir. But that's just where the Libertad 'ud show up, if she's come out.'

The captain made no reply, but eyed the smoke thirstily. The Mendoza was heading directly towards it. The smoke grew denser and hardened.

The captain lowered his binoculars. 'I make out two pole masts and two very tall funnels,' he said. 'That's the Libertad, Mr Fenning?'

'Should be, sir,' answered the other, his clear eyes very bright. 'May I have a squint at her?'

Captain Vincent handed over the glasses.

'That's her, sir!' cried Fenning excitedly and ungrammatically. 'I know her. They bought her from the States, you know, sir. From Cramps of Philadelphia. That's why she's got such long smoke stacks, like all the Yankee cruisers.

The captain squared his shoulders, and scemed to give a searching look along his ship's deck. He rang for full speed, and the Mendoza bounded

under them in answer.

'She's standing towards us,' exclaimed Vincent suddenly. 'Coming along at a fine pace, too. You can see her gun-deck already. She's the Libertad all right.'

He summoned his four lieutenants for a last hurried conference. They came swiftly-four short, sallow-faced men, their black eyes alive

and glowing with excitement.

The captain spoke sharply in his harsh, halting Spanish; the officers listened attentively, their eyes fixed on his dark-bearded face as he towered over them. The conference did not last long; Captain Vincent was not a man of many words; and the officers saluted and trooped back to their

'Come into the conning-tower, Mr Fenning,' said the captain abruptly. 'You'll steer, while

I fight the ship.

They entered the tower together. It was a small metal chamber with steel walls six inches thick, studded with tubes and voice-pipes. slit beneath the roof, running right round the tower, gave an open view on all sides. Fenning grasped the little wheel; the captain stared fixedly at the fast-approaching Libertad. She was a high-built ship, looking more than her three thousand tons, painted French gray, the blue-and-white flag of Quibo streaming gaily from her stern.

'She's closing the range fast,' the captain muttered. 'Could reach her with the eight-inch now. But we'll wait—— Ah! there she goes!'

There was a vivid wink of flame from the Libertad's forward gun, and a momentary fountain sprang up from the sea right ahead of the Mendoza. A dull boom came down with the wind.

'Short, my friends-short!' exclaimed Vincent cheerfully. 'Good line, though. There's another!

A second six-inch shell buried itself in the sea, this time only a hundred yards from the cruiser's bows, and Captain Vincent's face seemed to glow and harden, and his black beard bristled. He spoke down a voice-pipe to the forward eightinch turret, and a few ininutes later the gun bellowed out in answer. The two-hundred-pound shell wailed right over the Libertad, and sent a great spout of water up from the sea beyond her. The action had begun in earnest.

Captain Vincent's idea was to run down to within fifteen hundred yards, and, keeping at that comparatively short range by means of his superior speed, to overwhelm the enemy as quickly as possible with his heavier armament. The Libertad showed no desire to avoid the close fighting, and the two vessels stood on a parallel course, firing savagely, as fast as their wildly excited men could load their guns. The red prongs of flame were almost incessant; the earsplitting reports of the quick-firers seemed to dull, yet perturb, the senses; and the deeper boom of the Mendoza's two eight-inch guns rang out every few moments, like the bass notes of some terrible symphony.

'Not much comic opera about this,' Captain Vincent muttered, gazing through his binoculars.

He was amazed, and even somewhat disturbed, to see how the Libertad stood to it. At the short range, the Mendoza's heavy guns were doing fearful execution. One of the Libertad's tall funnels was gone, her fore-bridge was smashed to splinters, one of her six-inch guns was dashed from its mountings, and great jagged holes gaped in her sides. But she fired on gallantly with every gun she had left in action; and the Mendoza was not getting off scathless. two eight-inch guns were impervious behind their heavy steel armour; but amidships, where her six-inch guns were mounted, things seemed to be far from well. Shells were bursting inboard; the captain smelt burning woodwork; the firing seemed to be slackening, and he saw men rushing up from below as though panic-stricken.

He roared down the speaking-tube, but got no answer; and, with an angry exclamation, he ran swiftly down to the battery. It was not a pretty sight. The four six-inch guns were undamaged, for they were protected by steel shields, but shells had crashed through the ship's sides; there was an acrid, sickly smell of high explosives, the deck was littered and cumbered with wreckage, and two or three silent figures lay around each gun in stiff, grotesque attitudes. The rest of the gun crews had either abandoned their guns or were loading and firing like men in a dream, with slow mechanical motions. Captain Vincent stormed down amongst them like an angry whirlwind.

'Get back, you shirkers!' he roared in English, with furious gestures. 'Back to your stations—pronto / You hear me?' Out of it! Vamos / Get back to your guns; do you hear me?'

They did not understand him, but the fierce scorn of his tones, the vigour, the whole magnetic personality of the man, sent them back to their stations like men stung. The four guns began anew a furious fire; the *Libertad's* fire slackened in its turn, and she was covered with a cloud of bursting shells; her remaining funnel toppled and fell, and another of her six-inch guns was disabled, its long muzzle cocked up to the blue sky. Yet still she fought on with her only two six-inch guns which would bear.

'She's a marvel!' muttered Captain Vincent, back in the conning-tower. 'By heaven! she's

great. I'd never have thought that—— Ah! at last! at last!'

An eight-inch shell from the *Mendoza's* forward gun had smashed into her gallant enemy amidships, evidently doing immense damage. The *Libertad's* guns ceased firing, and a minute later her blue-and-white flag came down, jerkily and reluctantly. The fight was over.

reluctantly. The fight was over.

Captain Vincent stepped from the conningtower into the hot sunlight. His ornate uniform was soiled and stained, a shell-splinter had slashed his coat open without touching him, but his face was cut and bleeding. He had had his binoculars to his eyes at the moment when his ship had fired her eight-inch guns simultaneously, and the concussion had driven the glasses against his forehead. He blinked a little in the glare, and gazed frowningly but exultantly at his prize. As he looked his men came flooding out from below, from the guns, the magazines, even the engine-room and stokehold. They waved their caps and shouted; they embraced each other; there were many shrill 'Vivas!' and voices called out the captain's name. A strange crowd they seemed, all dirty and blackened, some bleeding from shell-splinters, some with their arms or heads roughly bandaged. And down below, around the guns, twenty-seven of them were lying who would never shout again.

The captain suddenly squared his shoulders. 'I'm going over to take possession of her,' he

said. 'Better see to that myself.'

By good fortune a sound boat was discovered. She was lowered, crammed full of armed sailors, and moved swiftly over the calm sea to the silent Libertad. As they approached her Captain Vincent saw more clearly the effects of his fire. The stricken cruiser was a mere splintered steel box; both her funnels were gone, her bridge and upper works were jagged and serrated as though beaten by hammers, a score of ugly holes gaped in her sides, and she seemed to be listing over to port. As they swung alongside, Vincent noted, with a slight shudder, that there were ominous brown stains around one of the shattered six-inch gun casements. 'This is pretty bad,' he muttered in his beard. He sprang on deck, a dozen men at his heels.

No one greeted him; the deck was cumbered with an extraordinary mass of wreckage, dead bodies lay around on all sides, and there were only some half-dozen begrimed, sullen sailors to be seen.

'Where is the captain?' said Vincent to one of these, after endeavouring to pick out an officer.

The man muttered something in Spanish and spat, lowering his eyes.

'Sulky devil,' said the captain cheerfully. He ordered two of his own men to follow him, and picked his way forward to the conning-tower.

The tower was very much shattered, and had evidently been wrecked by a shell. A great part

of the massive steel wall was gone, and the heavy roof was crushed and splintered. The captain halted for a moment, drew his revolver, and

walked in, with his senses alert.

A man was lying on the floor of the tower, his head turned a little to one side. A thin red stream meandered from him and ebbed to and fro as the ship rose and fell on the slight sea. Captain Vincent put back his pistol and stepped up to him. 'I am sorry, señor,' he began in Spanish; 'I fear'—— But what it was he feared will never be known, for the wounded man turned his head on hearing the voice; and Captain Vincent saw that the commander of the Libertad was his friend Collins.

For a moment Vincent stood speechless, clutching at the jagged wall of the tower to steady

himself.

'Jack!' he said at last in a gasping voice.
'Jack! Good Lord! it's not really you?' He fell on his knees and raised the other up.

Collins looked at him, and his dull, glazing eyes seemed to light up a little. 'It's me, all right,' he said feebly. 'Glad to see you, old son. Wondered if I should—before I went out.'

'I can't believe it,' exclaimed the captain wildly. 'Why, how did you get here? Are you

really the captain of this ship?

The other gave a little pathetic laugh. 'You bet,' he murmured. 'I was, at least, until you smashed us up. Been in charge of her for a fortnight. I cleared out of the Vulcan at Quibo, as I told you I should, and I got the job. Their other captain had just died, and I found a pal in Santa Maria—fellow who had a pull with the President of Quibo'—— He broke off suddenly, and closed his eyes.

Vincent bent over him. 'You're not badly hurt?' he said tenderly. 'Jack, old pal, you're

not really much hurt, are you?'

Collins opened his eyes again. 'All up with me,' he whispered. 'One of your jolly old shells, it was. I've got it all right; haven't been risking my life for twenty years without knowing when the game's finished. Have you—have you got a drop of brandy?'

With something like a groan, Captain Vincent

whipped out a flask at once.

'Yes,' whispered the other, with a feeble smile. 'Yes—you would have a brandy-fleek'

He drank a little and sank back. Vincent looked at him with a contorted face.

'You're not going to die!' he exclaimed. 'I'm d—d if you shall die! Look here, I've got a good doctor on the Mendoza. I'll send for him'——

'No use,' muttered Collins. 'I'll be dead before he could come.'

There was a short silence. 'Old man,' said Vincent suddenly, 'why didn't you let me know! I'd never have fought against you if I'd known. Why did you fight me? Good Lord! if I'd known you were in command here'——

Collins tried to sit up. A little colour seemed to fleck his white cheeks. 'If you'd known, you'd have fought me just the same,' he said. 'Just as I did you. We'd got to do our duty, even though we weren't blooming Nelsons. Of course, when I got the command I didn't know there would be a war. But I couldn't back out, could I?'

'I suppose not,' groaned Captain Vincent. 'But it seems horrible to think about.'

The other sank back again. 'Oh, I don't know,' he muttered vaguely. 'I don't know. It might have been you. And, anyway, I've had my chance. I'm dying in command of a warship, after all.' He fixed his eyes upon Vincent's, and motioned feebly with his head 'You won't mind,' he whispered. 'But—well,

we gave you a good run for your money; we made a good fight of it—eh?'
'You did!' said the captain, with a catch in

his voice. 'By the Lord, you did!'

'Yes,' murmured Collins faintly. 'That's something.' His voice failed him. He gave a little shiver, and his head fell back.

Vincent bent over him once more. 'Jack!' he cried passionately. 'Jack, old pal!—

Jack!'

But the captain of the Libertad was dead.

An hour later Captain Vincent was rowed back to the *Mendoza*. His men thronged the rails to welcome him; their cries rang out over the sea, and the men in his boat shouted exultantly in answer. But the captain took no heed, though behind him the battered *Libertad*, with a prize crew on board, was waiting to be towed to San Juan. Vincent turned round and looked at her with sombre eyes.

'Well, I've got Cisneros his command of the sea,' he reflected bitterly. 'And I've killed a man worth ten of him in doing it. I've had enough of Almaceda and its blighted navy. It's

not much of a job, after all.'

THE END.



MOTORING AND ITS INDUSTRY.

WHAT THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY MEAN TO THE COUNTRY.

By HENRY STURMEY.

IT is less than fifteen years since a Mayor of Coventry, when a new motormaking company was projected for the city, exclaimed, 'Motors! Motors! Would any one ever buy them if they were made?' And it is but a year more since I drove from John o' Groat's to Land's End, and all the schools along the road from Exeter to Penzance were given a half-holiday 'to see the motor go by.' Just keep this short period of years in your mind, and then compare such incidents with the growing use of motors of all kinds which pertains to-day, and some idea of the rapidity of the progress of the revolution which is being made in our methods of transportation may be appreciated.

Five years ago enthusiasts were wont to assert, in reply to pessimists, that 'the motor has come to stay.' But no one, I take it, would to-day venture an opposite opinion, for the motor is 'here,' in a way which renders its disappearance unthinkable. It has, as the Yankees say, 'made good.' Yet few, I fancy, have any true idea of what motoring really is at the present time, what the ramifications and dimensions of its industry are, and what the construction and use of the motor really mean to the country.

'I am told that you people spend more than a million of money on cars every year,' remarked a man to a motoring friend not long since. 'More like five millions,' was the reply; and the first speaker thought his friend was romancing. But even the latter figure, large as it may appear, is but as a tug-boat to a liner compared with the actual amount.

Lord Montagu has been at the pains of collecting from the registration offices throughout the country a record of all the motor vehicles in use as shown by their payment of registration fees —in this country up to the end of October 1913; and with these figures to work upon, we have the means of arriving at a fairly accurate approximation of the magnitude of motoring in all its phases, the result of which is very valuable and interesting. Lord Montagu's figures show the enormous increase of eighty-seven thousand five hundred and thirty-six in the number of motor vehicles of all kinds during the twelve months prior to the date on which his records were taken—an increase which is at the rate of approximately 20 per cent. per annum on the machines in use a year previously; and, taking this rate of increase to have been maintained until the end of the year, there should have been on 1st January 1914 over four hundred and forty thousand motors in use on the roads of the British Isles, of which over two hundred and fifty-four thousand were cars—touring, public service, and commercial—and the rest motorcycles. Moreover, at the rate of increase recorded above, it will be seen that close on seventeen hundred additional motor vehicles are being added to this substantial total every week!

What an enormous amount of motoring this means can be readily approximated by calculation. We know by experience the average mileage of motor cars and cycles of different types, and we also know the amount of fuel they consume, or, rather, the approximate number of miles motorcars will run per gallon of fuel used; and a calculation based upon this knowledge shows us that motor vehicles cover in the aggregate over three thousand one hundred million miles of our country's roads in a year; the accuracy of these figures being roughly verified by the Government records of the quantity of petrol imported, so that this immense mileage may be accepted as approximately correct. What this distance really means may perhaps be better grasped when it is pointed out that it is equal to more than one hundred and twenty-four thousand times the circumference of the earth, or nearly seventeen times the distance from the earth to the sun and back! I do not know the approximate aggregate mileage of other forms of locomotion; but apart from the usefulness and the amount of pleasure and health given, if the number of accidents which occur annually in connection with motoring is compared with that of other transportation systems and their respective mileage, I believe it will be abundantly proved that, mile for mile run—and this is the only sound method of comparison-motoring is not only the safest form of travel known, so far as the passengers in the vehicles are concerned, but by a long way the safest form of traffic which uses the high-roads, so far as the general public are concerned.

As may be surmised when such figures can be adduced, the cult of motoring has been the means of building up an industry the dimensions of which, as well as of motoring, can hardly be guessed at by the general public, and which will, I think, astonish even those who are more or less intimately in touch with it. Lord Montagu's figures of increase above alluded to enable us to base our calculations upon firm ground, and it may here be incidentally mentioned that an examination of the Board of Trade returns shows us that the popular idea that foreign cars are in the majority, and that our own foreign trade is small in comparison with that of other nations, is erroneous; for although figures show that in point of numbers we import four thousand more cars than we send abroad, on the other hand we export more than sixteen thousand five

hundred motor-cycles against less than fourteen hundred imported. The cars exported are of so much higher a per-unit value that the financial balance against us, so far as these are concerned, is but two hundred and eight thousand pounds; whilst the balance in our favour in regard to motor-cycles being seven hundred and twenty-one thousand pounds, we are over half-amillion sterling to the good on gross turnoverwhich speaks very well for the vitality of the home industry, when it is remembered that but a decade since our export trade was negligible and the bulk of the cars in use at home were foreign. In point of fact, last year, in spite of the large number of very cheap cars which are now being imported from America, 73.87 per cent. of the cars and 96.87 per cent. of the motor-cycles bought by British motorists were of British manufacture; and if a comparison were taken on the values, the percentage would be higher still. As regards values, it will be seen that, the balance on exports over imports being in our favour, the volume of trade done by the British motor industry may be taken to equal the total of the purchases of the home market plus the odd half-million of the balance; so that, with this difference, in stating the dimensions of the home trade I am stating also the magnitude of the British motor industry itself, and we shall see that both are of a very substantial

Before dealing with the present annual trade done in motors, however, it may be incidentally mentioned that it can be safely computed that the cars and cycles at present running in Great Britain and Ireland aggregate a present value of approximately fifty-five million pounds; whilst their first cost—the money spent on the purchase of motors during, say, the last ten years—cannot be far short of one hundred and twenty millions sterling! Prodigious, is it not?

And now let us see what our annual account with the motor trade for the purchase of new goods amounts to. The purchase price of motorcycles averages about fifty pounds, and the price of cars ranges from as low as seventy-five pounds for a cycle-car to twelve or fifteen hundred pounds for a lordly six-cylinder limousine; and although a large number of the new light cars are being turned out, the one-thousand-pound vehicle is by no means extinct, one firm, for example, building nothing else. In order to find a fair figure of average unit-value, I revert to our export returns, in which the Board of Trade gives us both the aggregate values and the number of units exported; and if we take our exports fairly to represent the proportion of types absorbed by the home market, and allow for retail prices as against the 'export prices' given in the returns, both as regards the home product and the imports, we get a figure of close on twenty millions—to be exact, nineteen million nine hundred and twelve thousand four hundred and twenty-eight pounds —as the sum spent on the purchase of new motorcars by British motorists last year. But to this has to be added the value of the 'spares' and accessories, the supply of which forms a very substantial branch of the motor trade; and, again drawing a line through our exports, and assuming the proportion of accessories to cars to be the same for the home trade as for export, we get the large figure of five million seven hundred and seventy-three thousand three hundred and ninetysix pounds, giving a total of approximately twentyfive and three-quarter millions sterling as Britain's motor bill, and twenty-six and a quarter millions sterling as the value of the British motor trade taken as a whole.

But this is only half the trade; for, large as it is, the annual expenditure on new purchases is completely dwarfed by the cost of running the motor vehicles which are now upon the road, as I will show. With more than two hundred and fifty-four thousand motor-cars and one hundred and eighty-six thousand motor-cycles in daily use, running from three thousand to thirty thousand miles annually, the consumption of tireswhich is the motorist's chief 'upkeep' expenseis enormous, and calculations based on mileage and average wear and cost of tires show that motoring has been responsible for building up an industry in the manufacturing of tires which is almost as large as that of the motor-car building trade itself, as I make our annual tire consumption to approximate fourteen million five hundred and twenty-one thousand pounds.

Next to tires, the cost of petrol and lubrication bulks heaviest in the motorist's expenditure, and here again we find an old industry expanded to enormous proportions, for the fuel and oil bill works out at close on eight and a half millions sterling; in addition to which we have the cost of repairs, renovations, and periodical 'overhauls,' amounting to over six millions; whilst the payments made by motorists in registration fees and licenses for cars and drivers and their expenditure with the insurance companies cannot be far off a couple of millions more.

Whilst many, probably most, motorists keep their machines in an old coach-house converted to a new use, large numbers of cars are stored in public garages or in buildings specially rented for the purpose; and even where the coach-house forms part of an existing establishment, its existence will have been taken into consideration in fixing the rent, so that the safe storage of a car costs something. Allowing a very moderate average for this, the figure for rent and garage accommodation, as I make it, tots up to the respectable figure of two and a half millions; whilst the heaviest aggregate expense of all deals with the looking after, driving, and care of the cars, the need for which has opened up a new calling, whose members in themselves form a large army-I refer to the chauffeurs-and the

wages bill to chauffeurs and helpers (those engaged 'in and about' cars, as they say in the boating world) is a heavy one. Just how many get their living in this way it is difficult to say, but it is shown by Lord Montagu that the number of drivers' licenses exceeds the number of car and motor-cycle licenses by one hundred and eightyone thousand. Of course motor-cyclists require no chauffeurs, and in many car-owning households more than one member holds a driving license; but, on the other hand, many people own cars to-day who do not and cannot drive themselves. Then there are the taxi-drivers and trade-drivers all over the country; so that in taking the figure of one hundred thousand as the number of professional chauffeurs I believe I am under rather than over the mark. If we include the large number of men who are employed 'about' cars—as, for instance, the cleaners in public garages and the conductors and helpers in the employ of motor omnibus and cab companiesthe London General Omnibus Company, for instance, employs close on thirteen thousand hands, of whom not more than about a third are drivers—we shall have not far off one hundred and fifty thousand; and if we consider the very large number of part-time men employed by ownerdrivers to clean and help with their cars, and throw the proportion of wages received by them for such services into the general aggregate of remuneration, I do not think I shall be far out for the purpose of calculation if I average the wages of the one hundred and fifty thousand chauffeurs and men employed about cars at thirty-five shillings per week, which gives us the large sum of thirteen million six hundred and fifty thousand pounds as the wages paid by motorists to chauffeurs and others in connection with the driving and care of their cars. These several items together amount to over fortyseven million one hundred and seventy-one thousand pounds as the 'running expenses' of the motorists; and this added to the cost of new cars dealt with above gives us the enormous aggregate of close on seventy-three millions sterling as the amount of money spent on motoring annually by British motorists. And it may be pointed out that these figures take into account only the direct expenditure upon cars and their running, and take no account of the money expended indirectly in connection with motoring, such as, for instance, on suitable clothes for motoring, and in hotel and travelling expenses when touring about, which will certainly add several millions to the aggregate amount.

Now let us see how all this affects the country, and particularly the working-classes, and what is its influence on the question of employment. Motoring has been sneered at and upbraided by demagogue orators as 'the plaything of the idle rich;' but whatever it may have been seven or eight years ago, it is far from being that to-day;

for whilst, of course, motor-cars are in use universally by the rich, idle and otherwise—all rich people are not necessarily idle, you know-their usefulness is such that the large majority are used as aids to business as well as instruments of health and enjoyment. Even the poorest amongst us are motorists, as the ubiquitous motor-bus will carry us for a penny; and the extent to which this popular form of motoring is patronised may be gathered when I say that the London General Omnibus Company alone last year carried over five hundred million 'fares;' whilst a man need not be a capitalist or own a car to enjoy a drive in the country for pleasure and health so long as a luxurious taxi-cab may be hired for the afternoon for a few shillings. But even were the use of the car confined to the service only of the 'idle rich,' what better means of distributing their wealth could be found? The mere possession of wealth does no one any good, not even the possessor of it! It is the distribution of wealth—the 'turning over' of money—which provides pleasure for the distributor and employment and profit for those amongst whom it is distributed, and to cavil at a vehicle which is the means of distributing more than seventy millions annually is to display a dense ignorance of the first principles of economics. This distributing of wealth, this spending of money, affects, directly or indirectly, an enormous number of people; and a little examination will show that, quite apart from the benefits secured in health and pleasure, the saving of time and the facilitation of business, by those who own and use the cars, it is the industrial classes—the people as a whole -who get the real financial benefit from motoring and its industry, and neither the 'idle rich' nor the capitalist, great or small. It is true that the latter, in his capacity as a shareholder in motor companies, has of late been getting dividends ranging from 10 per cent. to 100 per cent.; but that is because of the quantity of cars which can now be turned out, and not because of any inordinate profit on the cars themselves; and I think I shall be able to show that labour gets the lion's share in this enormous distribution.

Let us analyse matters a little. The proportion of direct labour expended in the actual production of a car varies greatly according to the conditions under which the car is produced. It is lower where highly organised machineshops can be and are employed, as in the production of the standardised mechanical details of the chassis, and higher in regard to such parts as the body, where the standardisation with machine-tools is but little in evidence, and where, as a consequence, the bulk of the work is hand-work; but I do not think we shall be far out if we take the average of direct labour on the whole car at 20 per cent. This does not, however, by any means cover the entire labour cost to the manufacturer; it only covers the

labour directly employed on construction in the motor factories themselves.

Experience shows that '100 per cent. on labour' is a fair figure to allow for covering 'factory expenses,' which in themselves cover a large amount of labour, but not of course directly productive labour. There are, in addition to the items of rent, heating, lighting, power, rates and taxes, the wages of the unskilled helpers throughout the works, the salaries of the works manager and his staff of supervisors, of the clerical staff which deals with supplies and keeps check on the work, and of the highly skilled drawing-staff and expert testers of the finished car, so that a very large proportion of this 100 per cent. addition also represents labour, although of a different sort. And then it may be pointed out that the manufacturer's purchases are high in the way of material, and that his 'material' is not 'raw' material, but the finished and partly finished products of other trades. All the electrical fittings and accessories and attachments to a car are purchased universally in a finished state; whilst such items as frames and springs, castings and forgings, which form the bulk of the weighty parts of the car, as well as the leather and wood and metal panelling for the body, are all products of separate branches of industry. whole of these industries, it will be seen, are benefiting enormously by the prosperity of the motor trade; and not only do all these goods, in their turn, bear their own proportion of labour cost, but the industries correspondingly depend upon others for their own raw material. Smelters and steel producers for the raw material in steel and iron, the timber trade for the wood, the tanners, curriers, and leather-workers, the workers in the textile trades which weave the material for the upholstering, the paintmakers and varnishmakers, the rubber goods houses, the nail and screw makers, and makers of curled hair, with many others in a lesser degree, are all called upon to furnish material and supplies for the motor-car. And when all this is done and the machine is finished, there is still more labour required for its distribution and sale. is the large staff of clerks in the commercial departments of the different firms interested, managers, travellers, and salesmen, and thousands of depots and agencies all over the country, all employing more or less labour in taking care of, and demonstrating and selling, the cars entrusted to their charge; so that, without going further into details, it will be readily understood that, from first to last, at least 60 per cent. of the cost of a motor-car represents labour, the balance being not manufacturers' 'profit,' but rent, rates, taxes, fuel, lighting, heating, advertising, travelling expenses and carriage, office expenses, agents' commission, depreciation of machinery, buildings, and stock-which is oncost; and, lastly, the 'profit' which can be distributed in dividends, which may represent not more than some 10 or 15 per cent. of the whole; whilst even in the numerous items mentioned as making up the balance of 40 per cent, an appreciable amount is made up of labour, in one form or another.

Apart from the cars themselves, if we similarly analyse the other items comprising the motorist's expenditure, as already set out, we shall find that they all pay their quota to labour. Tire prices, for instance, probably cover a 40 per cent. proportion of wages to British workers, apart from their influence on labour abroad in the cotton and rubber plantations. Fuel and oil, whilst produced almost entirely abroad, call for work in home refineries, in canning and canmaking, and in handling and distributing, which will account for some 20 per cent. of their prices. The cost of repairs and renewals will be very largely made up of labour cost, and to take the proportion here at 50 per cent. will be assuredly under the mark; whilst even such items as garage expenses, licenses, and insurance mean the employment of a proportion of labour for helpers, collectors, and clerical staff. Taking all the heads of the motorist's expenditure, as enumerated in the early part of this article, I calculate that, of the aggregate sum expended on the purchase and running of their cars by British motorists, apart altogether from the beneficial effect upon foreign producing industries, such as those of cotton, rubber, and oil, and a proportion of wages paid to transport workers and to men in our mercantile marine service—a fleet of some two hundred oil-carrying ships is maintained by the oil industry alone, employing some seven thousand or eight thousand hands—the benefit, directly and indirectly, to British labour aggregates thirtyseven million five hundred and fifty thousand pounds. If we average the wages and salaries of all engaged in the motor trade and its allied industries as high as one hundred pounds per annum, this means that three hundred and seventy-five thousand five hundred people, directly or indirectly, obtain their employment, and about a million of the population of the British Isles their support, from motoring and its industry!

In conclusion, it may be noted that the above figures take no cognisance of the already important industries and pursuits of motor-boating and aviation, both of which owe their existence directly to the motor-car, and the industries in connection with which are really as much branches of the motor industry as is that of motor-cycle construction, which I have included. By the inclusion of these all of the above figures would be substantially increased. If these two items are considered, it is certain that, at the present rate of increase, the gross expenditure upon all branches of motoring will, before the present year is out, reach not far off the enormous annual figure of NINETY MILLIONS

STERLING!

AN AFFAIR BETWEEN THREE.

PART III.

THE doctor had come on the morning following Alvin's removal to Jack's cabin, and had pronounced his case to be one of no immediate danger; though he added that the lad was not, and never would be, in a condition to work safely in the wet and cold, and that good care must be taken of him until the critical stage was got through. He supplied Mitchell with medicines and instructions as to their use, saying that there was no need for his being taken to the hospital; for that matter, he was better off in the open air so long as he was kept warm and dry.

Jack was extremely pleased when he learned

that Alvin was to remain in camp.

'I think we can manage to take care of him all right, in case you'd rather be alone,' Mitchell had added when repeating the doctor's advice; 'the company will assume all responsibility.'

'The company be d—d!' roared Jack.
'I've started to take care of that kid, and I reckon I can keep it up for a while, anyway.
What would I want to be alone for?'

'Just as you say,' replied Mitchell mildly, and

turned into the mess-tent.

'By God!' muttered Jack to himself after Mitchell had gone, 'he did that on purpose to see what I'd say.'

From that time on life assumed an entirely different aspect for Alvin, as he received from Jack the gentleness, affection (though undemonstrative), and solicitude of a father. He was given the man's innermost confidences, in return for which he gave his own, and they had soon come into a relationship that required but few words of encouragement from either party.

Their mode of life was simple enough, for the camp operated on Sundays and weekdays alike, and Jack was always away to his breakfast at six, returning to get his gloves and rain-clothes before going to work at seven, and again for a wash before each meal, finally settling down to the enjoyment of his daily paper as soon as he had divested himself of his wet garments in the evening. During the reading of the paper Alvin would usually sit upon his stool by the stove and play his violin; though here he was never called upon to play popular airs. Jack cared for that type of music only when he was in town, where there were things to drink and bright lights and women; and, though he did not particularly appreciate music of a classical nature, he was pleased to be conscious of the playing of it during his reading. Then it cost him no mental effort to listen. The paper finished, they would play pedro until nine o'clock, when both parties retired for the night.

During the day, as soon as Alvin had, to

some extent, regained his health, he would first thoroughly sweep out the cabin and make the beds, attend to the drying of any wet clothes that had been brought in the night before, and wash every Monday morning. Jack had informed him from the beginning that none of this was necessary if he did not feel equal to it; but the lad was only too glad to do something for the big man who had so generously befriended him. The remainder of the time he strolled about in the timber or played his violin.

about in the timber or played his violin.

One morning, when he had been but a short time up after his illness, Mitchell, seeing him walking about, signalled him to come over to his cabin. Alvin's surprise was shown in his hesitancy to accept the invitation, for he knew that none of the loggers had ever seen the inside of that cabin unless they had taken occasion to do so in moving it about from one camp to another. Mitchell called him again, however, and he went without further hesitation.

Once within Mitchell's abode, Alvin felt that he had met the man for the first time. He had never before been within a room that bore the same atmosphere, and he felt as though he were treading upon sacred ground. The books awed him; the tasteful furniture, the rug on the floor, the burlap on the walls—all imbued the place with a distinctiveness that he had never before seen other than through a furniture-dealer's window, and this had a personal element that even the windows with their more gorgeous decorations had lacked.

For a time his host seemed buried in thought, taking no notice of the lad's embarrassment, though contemplating just which course he should follow. Then he turned to where his violin-case rested upon a shelf built especially for it, took out the instrument, unwrapped it carefully, as Alvin had done his own, and then tuned it, touching the strings so lightly that he could only hear the note plainly enough to get its pitch. Finally he turned to where the boy sat, and handing him the instrument, said, 'Play your Russian dance on this one'

Alvin took the instrument gingerly, for it seemed to him a part of this dwelling that he did not understand; but once his fingers closed upon the neck of the violin and the bow rested upon the strings—the soft Italian strings that he had never been able to afford—his musical nature overcame his reserve, and he found himself playing as he had never played before—playing an instrument that was a perfect human voice, rich, pure, deep, and strong, responding to every impulse, every passion and sentiment, of the dance he played. When he had finished the

piece he lowered the instrument to his lap and looked at it in silence, a tear stealing into

his eves.

Then Mitchell, without speaking, took the violin from the lad's unresisting hands, and played something which showed that he too was a musician; for his playing, though lacking the dash and fire of the boy's, was far more smoothly done, and with a technique that is acquired only with a great amount of practice. The boy understood him thoroughly now, and was no longer afraid. He had suddenly discovered a new friend in this man whom the others all deemed so cold and distant.

From that time on, until the camp closed down for the winter, life to Alvin was but one rose-garden of music; for, with the encouragement and instruction of Mitchell, he progressed as he had never before dreamt of doing. Furthermore, Mitchell had music—volumes of it—that was a treasure-house of the possibilities of his art. And besides all this, Mitchell was teaching him as much of harmony as the time would allow.

There was something about the life there in the mountains, in the fresh air, without the thought of having to slave through the wet and cold, that imbued the lad with a new energy,

a new mentality, and a new ambition.

One day in the latter part of November, when the weather, for a change, seemed to promise a dry afternoon, Alvin went forth with Mitchell on his daily rounds to see the men at work. It was crisp and cold, and they walked rapidly up the track, so that they might first visit the crew working at the end of the right-of-way. inspection of this crew required but a moment, and they passed on around the mountain, along the side of which the grade was to be constructed. Suddenly, as they put the timber between them and the whistling and puffing engine, and the crashing of the smaller trees as the fallen logs were jerked violently through them, there was a strange hush throughout the trees. When they had gone two or three hundred yards farther this hush had become an absolute silence. It was the first time Alvin had been clear beyond the logging on the mountain-side, the first time he had ever felt entirely cut off from the rest of the world.

The trees were standing so thickly as to form a maize-like wall on every side—a wall that gave way before their advance and closed in behind them, ever maintaining the same distance and the same appearance of solidity, while the branches above were so thick as to allow only glimpses of the sky. To see out into the distance was an impossibility.

There, within a mile of them, were at least five hundred human souls working to their utmost, driving thousands of horse-power in the engines—engines all vomiting smoke, barking with the violence of their effort, and whistling their changes of procedure; dragging sections of

huge fallen trees along the ground over stumps and through the second growth as though they were matches; either that or snapping heavy steel cables in the attempt. And yet not even a whisper of all this penetrated to where they stood; only the voice of a happy stream broke the primeval silence.

'Say, but it's quiet, ain't it?' murmured

Alvin, his voice hollow with awe.

Mitchell smiled, for it had been with the view that the lad might sense this that he had led him there. 'This is what I want you to feel in your music,' he explained—'this great big silence first of all, and then to notice the change as we go back to where the men are working. Some people cry for motives for composition; here is one of the greatest that ever existed, and yet none of them has ever found it. If you could put this into music, son, you'd be one of the greatest composers that ever lived.'

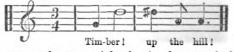
Alvin said nothing, for his mind was too full of the new idea, and he walked back to camp in a state of seeming coma, so engrossed was he with the thought of putting all those wonderful

things into his composition.

'Then,' continued the other, 'when you get that, there are the different seasons of the year. First, the frozen winter, with its bleak winds and its deep snow, until there is an almost inaudible song of the little streams coming into life underneath, the new movement as this running water takes the place of the moaning wind. Then the birds sing, and the flowers bloom, and the forest awakes with a new life altogether, in which the running water is all but entirely submerged by the volume of the greater sounds of summer, which in their turn die down amid the rustling of the dried and golden leaves of autumn, and are replaced once more by the rains and the streams, until the streams in turn are covered with ice and snow, and their voices become suffocated in the great white winter and the moaning of desolate winds. Through it all there is the voice of the great firs breathing above the smaller maples of the undergrowth, and that should be the basic movement of the entire motive. These great fir-trees, son, are the ruling spirits of these mountains, and we are cutting them down ruthlessly and sending them to the mills. That might be the motive of another piece. There are thousands of these motives in the timber if one could only hear them.

Alvin looked at his companion, and wondered how many would have believed the silent Mitchell capable of speaking thus.

Soon after this they again heard the donkeywhistles and the faller's call of



to warn whoever might be in danger of this

falling plume of the sky; for these plumes fall with the crash and echo of thunder, and an impact terrific enough to shake the earth for hundreds of feet. From that time Mitchell was busy, and

they said no more.

When they passed down by No. 2 side Jack saw the two together-saw the new light within the eyes of his protégé, and knew that Mitchell had touched a hidden depth within him that he, Jack, could never hope to reach, and into his heart there came the fear that perhaps Mitchell was taking his place in the affections of the lad; but if such was the case, Alvin showed no sign of it.

After the walk with Mitchell, Alvin practised more than ever, and with a deep concentration that sometimes worried his teacher as a possible harm to his health; but Mitchell also noticed that the lad was working toward a new end, disregarding the music that heretofore he had followed so closely, and striving toward expression of his own.

'I believe he'll make it yet,' thought Mitchell many times, as he watched and listened to this

new music coming into life.

One morning Alvin let himself into Mitchell's cabin—for he had been told to enter whenever he chose-and found him sitting at his writing-table with a new book in his hands.

Though he looked up and nodded when Alvin entered, Mitchell seemed immediately to forget his presence, so intent was he upon the inspection of the volume, turning every page carefully, though he did no more than scan it hurriedly.

Alvin did not long restrain his curiosity.

'Got a new book, eh?' he asked.

'Yes,' answered the other, and handed him the volume, which the lad found to bear under the title, in large letters of gold, the name of his friend and teacher. For a moment, however, he did not realise just what the name meant. for he had never dreamt that Mitchell was a writer of books. But slowly his different conjectures eliminated themselves, and he looked up into the eyes of the author with an expression of infinite wonder. Not that he had the slightest idea of what the subject-matter might bea treatise on philosophy or a shilling novel; the fact remained that Mitchell was the author of the book, one of those never before seen individuals whom he had always considered to be a species apart, a race especially adapted to the weaving of romance, for the only literature that Alvin had ever indulged in was that of a highly romantic order.

'You wrote it?' he finally voiced his aston-

ishment.

Mitchell nodded his head.

'Honest, now?' Alvin could not quite comprehend it all. 'When did you write it?'

'I've been writing it for the last twelve years,' replied Mitchell, smiling thoughtfully.

'Hu!' said the lad, for it seemed entirely possible that such a feat would require fully that amount of time. He appeared to be satisfied now. 'Ken I read it?'

'It would afford me the greatest pleasure,'

replied Mitchell with mock seriousness.
'Aw, g'wan!' replied the lad with a grin, for there was nothing that amused him more than these moments of humour in Mitchell. In another minute he was deeply engrossed in the perusal of the new book, having quite forgotten his errand to the cabin.

As Mitchell had said, the book had been in progress for a good part of twelve years, for he had commenced work for the Bridge Creek Company at the same time with Jack Duggan, and the idea of writing the book had been born shortly after. Though the company had offered to advance him to the main office in Portland, he had replied that the freedom of the life in the woods was worth more to him than an increase in salary. He felt that he needed the fresh air of the mountains; and though, to outward appearances, he seemed to evince little enough interest in the men of the camp or their activities, one of his main objects in remaining was to observe the characteristics of the loggers. As a class he liked them, and also some of the higher types personally, though he never allowed them to know it, on account of his business relationship with them. Being of a direct nature himself, he admired and appreciated it in others, and directness is one of the logger's principal characteristics.

The reason he had come there was primarily in order to gain a livelihood; for his father, although in life possessed of a moderate income, had left him at twenty with nothing more than a good education and a knowledge of music acquired by constant study. Music had been his stumbling-block; for it was with the idea of perfecting himself in the art that he had set to work in early youth, disregarding the necessity of making his way in the world by any other method, until he found himself alone and without means, his health broken from too close application, and an insufficient ability ever to be more than a mediocre violinist. difficulty was that he had not the original talent, and rather than attempt to eke out a precarious livelihood by teaching or in orchestral work, he had suddenly made up his mind to discard it all and go into the woods as a time-keeper, a position that required no more than a knowledge of figures, and which was not too difficult to obtain at the time.

After he had become established, and the company had learned of his willingness and steadiness, they allowed him a salary that provided for the gratification of his taste for

music and books and such luxuries as could be contained within the four walls of his small cabin, built so that it could be put upon a flat-car and moved about from one place to another as the progress of the logging demanded.

During the winter months, when the camp had closed down each year, he had taken advantage of the leisure time to further his work, and to become more intimately acquainted with the forest, as well as the local characters who were to supply him with material for his story.

Finally had come the long struggle to have his work accepted, for publishers were not quick to take up with an unknown author; but he had managed to place a piece here and a piece there, until at last the novel had been accepted, twelve years after his first attempt to express himself in written words.

It was not to be wondered at, then, that he appreciated the interest Alvin displayed in his book, for the lad was the only one in all those twelve long years to whom he had opened his emotional nature, and from whom in return he had accepted affection, admiration, and devotion second only to that which Alvin maintained for Jack. As Mitchell stood there watching the boy's eager perusal of the book, there passed through his mind the thought of how the matter was to end. True, he had made up his mind to leave the camp at the end of the season, and go for a time out into the world, where he hoped to find the companionship of people of his own temperament and enlightenment, perhaps also the companionship of women, that had so long been denied him. Then it occurred to him that the lad would also benefit by going into the world—not as he had been, a waif on the streets, but as a student striving to attain the height of his art; for Mitchell realised that Alvin was possessed of that which he lacked, the irresistible fire that is the foundation of great music.

'Look here, son!'

The boy looked up expectantly.

'I've been a-thinking that you and I would make a pretty good team to go out in the world together. What do you think about it?'

Alvin's wide-open eyes showed his lack of enlightenment on the subject; so Mitchell continued: 'It's just like this; you need to go where you can study music right—where you can study to be one of the biggest in the business. You may not think so now; but that is what you need, all the same—the stimulation of other big men, and there is no chance of your ever getting it here in the woods. Now this is the secret. I'm going to leave camp as soon as it shuts down this year, and I'm never coming back again that I know of,

unless it is to see how the old place looks. If you want to come too, we'll just pack up and go together like we were a pair of brothers, and that is all that this part of the country will ever know about us until they see your name at the head of the theatrical sheet announcing that you're going to give a concert in Portland—that's what they'll see, and then all these loggers'll remember that you used to play to them for nothing. Even the superintendent'll go around bragging that he was the one who gave you the job in the first place. How would that suit you?'

Dream of all dreams that the boy had visioned from infancy; dreams that had flooded through his mind when he had heard the playing of some artist whose position he prayed for; dreams of the long hours when he had attempted to put his pent-up soul into the unresponsive strings of his cheap violin; dreams of the long days of hunger and toil; dreams of the starlit nights when he had first come into the mountains; and, greater than all, the dreams since he had been able to practise without hindrance upon a violin that responded to his touch. And since Mitchell had opened his soul to all the possibilities of his art, it was the one great dream of them all, and this man was offering it to him in reality. His throat became congested and his voice came haltingly, so powerful was the emotion within him, and with every impulse of his body and mind he wanted to accept; but there was something that held him back—some thing that had never before interfered with his relationship with this man.

'I—I'd like to go, Mr Mitchell; but I gotta ask Jack about it first.'

It was then that Mitchell came fully to regret his procrastination in taking up the case of the lad; for he knew that therein he had allowed Jack to gain the first hold on his affection, and, through his affection, his sense of duty. He had forgotten Jack for the moment; but he realised his prior right to Alvin, and also realised with a pang that Jack was not likely to feel the importance of the lad's education. However, there was still in his mind the hope that he might be brought to see the necessity.

'Well, listen here, son,' Mitchell said thoughtfully; 'you tell Jack to-night what I've told you, and ask him what he thinks about it. If he doesn't like the idea—why, then, we won't say

anything more about it-eh?'

'All right,' assented Alvin, thoughtfully too; and though after a time he turned again to the perusal of the book, this thought of going out to study never left his mind for an instant until he was sitting with Jack that evening in their own cabin.

It was difficult for one of his conversational powers to bring the subject round so that it would appear in the right light, for he dimly realised that Jack would never be willing that he should leave, even though he might consent to his so doing. And, furthermore, Alvin knew that he would not leave unless Jack desired it. But still there was the chance, as well as the fact that he had promised Mitchell to bring the matter up, so he plunged into it the best way he knew.

Jack listened in silence to the entire explanation. When it was finished he said, 'And do

you want to go, kid?'

'Not unless I might be in the way here, not bein' able to work and all'—— Alvin wanted to give Jack ample opportunity to dismiss him if he chose to do so.

'You'd never be in the way here, kid, not so long as I'm here; but then there's something else'—— Jack paused, and was silent for a moment before he continued: 'What

do you think about this studyin' business? Do you think you ought to go away and learn to fiddle, or do you think you could get along here for a while longer—say two or three years maybe?'

Alvin knew what the man desired, though he had framed the question so that he, Alvin, could do as he pleased. It was a moment when the lad was called upon for all the strength of his character, and he was not then quite sure that he was right; but he loved the great giant of a man before him so much that he forced his dreams and his ambition out of his sight for the moment. He lied, so that he might make the man a little happier; and thus the matter was settled against Mitchell for all time, and Jack felt that at last he had accomplished a certain retribution.

(Continued on page 738.)

THE LOSS OF THE GOLD-SHIP 'MADAGASCAR.'

IN an article on 'A Lost Treasure in the Great Southern Ocean' in our March issue (1914), the statement was made that of the fleet of goldships which carried the wealth of Australia to the Old Country only two failed to make their ports in safety—the General Grant and the Royal Charter. Another gold-ship, the Madagascar, the fate of which is shrouded in mystery, must be added to the list. Mr J. P. Christoe, of Mackay, North Queensland, writes to point this out, and encloses some interesting details.

The Madagascar, of over one thousand tons burden, one of Green's Blackwall liners, sailed from Melbourne in August 1853 for England, by way of the Horn, and had on board the largest shipment of gold that was ever sent in a ship before or since. She never reached her destination. Through the courtesy of Mr Christoe we are able to give the following details of what is known and conjectured as to her fate.

Mr Christoe's personal narrative, contributed to a local paper in Queensland, is as follows: 'I was one of the very last that ever saw the ship Madagascar on her voyage round the Horn, and am able to give a few particulars of her loss. In July 1853, while I was assayer and submanager of the Kapunda Mine in South Australia, I received a letter from my relatives, Henry Bath & Son, the great ore merchants, Swansea, South Wales, offering me the position of assayer under them, and asking me to leave for Swansea as soon as possible. Accordingly I left with my wife early in August, and took passage in one of the Aberdeen clippers from Port Adelaide in order to take passage from Melbourne to England in the Madagascar; and but for very light winds that delayed us I should have been in Melbourne in good time to take passage by the Madagascar.

'On taking our pilot on board in Hobson's Bay I asked him if the ship had sailed, and he replied, "Yes; she sailed early this morning, and we shall pass her in the afternoon."

'So I went to the captain, and asked him if he would put my wife and me on board, explaining my position to him. Our luggage was on deck, ready by the time the *Madagascar* hove in sight, when the pilot told me to tell the captain. The captain said, "No, I will not put you on board her, as the chances are she is a full ship; and as you may not be able to get away from Melbourne for a fortnight or more, and living in Melbourne is very expensive, my ship shall be your home for the time." Eventually we took passage in the auxiliary screw-ship Argo, going round the Horn, and reached Plymouth in fifty-five days.

'Some months afterwards I was in London, and noticed that the Madagascar had been posted at Lloyd's as some months overdue, and fears as to her safety were expressed. I left England again in 1858 for New South Wales, with a furnace-mason and two smelters, to erect furnaces at Brown's Creek, near Orange. I used to look carefully through the shipping notices in the Sydney Morning Herald, and not until 1863 or 1864 did I notice anything concerning the One of the steerage passengers Madagascar. on board that ship, when on the point of dying, sent for a Roman Catholic priest, and stated that he wanted to give publicity to the facts relating to the loss of the Madagascar. He said, "When some distance south of New Zealand the crew took possession of the ship, knowing that she had a most valuable consignment of gold on board. They put all the officers and saloon passengers into the ship's lifeboat, with a very scanty supply of food and water, and

gave the steerage passengers the choice to join with them or go in the boat. The ship was sailed for the southern portion of California, and run ashore at a convenient spot; and, after all the gold and everything else that the mutineers considered of value was taken out of her, she was set on fire." Subsequently one of the sailors was met in Melbourne by a man who knew him well, but the police were unable to secure him. For many years what remained of the *Madagascar* was a derelict in the South Pacific.'

Another possible explanation of her fate is given in Bannerman's Wrecks of Southern New Zealand. and in the current traditions that a mysterious treasure-laden ship was wrecked near Doughty Bay, on the west coast of Stewart Island. An old Maori still living alleges that he saw a vessel wrecked in a storm near Doughty Bay at the When more definite details period indicated. are asked he replies, 'I will say where in my will. I will not tell.' Another man is reported to have seen the Madagascar in bad weather off Stewart Island. Other old hands still believe in the tradition, and maintain that at Stewart Island there lies a treasure-ship as rich in gold as the General Grant, lost at the Auckland Islands in 1866. So far as Lloyd's is concerned, nothing official has been set down as to the Madagascar's fate. Detective Tuckwell, who arrested a highwayman on board the vessel before she sailed, gives a picture of the scene on board:

'The Madagascar, one of Green's Blackwall liners, a frigate-built, square-rigged ship of over one thousand tons, lay snug at her moorings in Hobson's Bay, with hatches battened down. Some six hundred passengers were on board, and there was a heavy freight of gold-dust in her lazaret. The scene that revealed itself baffled all description, and will for ever remain fresh in my memory. Drunkenness, fighting, swearing; men, women, and children in a state of semi-nudity, howling like wild animals. The crew was composed of men who were the most villainous and motley that ever signed articles on a capstan-head. Some of the passengers were a rough lot, escaped convicts of the worst type. A pang of horror shot through me as the thought rose to my brain: should evil overtake the Madagascar, what would become of the women and the young girls, and the better class of passengers? Several days later the ship slipped her moorings and proceeded down the bay in the charge of a pilot. She passed safely through the Rip, and after getting an offing of about seven miles dropped the pilot into his dingy. From that moment to the present she has never been seen or heard of.

Another solution of the mystery of her fate is given, which differs somewhat from that told by Mr Christoe. It occurs in Mr John Sadlier's Recollections of a Police Officer, in which appears a dying confession by a woman in New Zealand to a clergyman. This confession states that the

Madagascar was robbed, set on fire, and scuttled off the coast of South America. The captain and officers and some of the passengers were murdered by a mutinous crew, and six of those on board escaped, but afterwards succumbed to fever.

THE GATES OF THE BORDERLAND.

OH for a day on the Border hills,
Wi' their brackens waving high!
Where the moorcock whirs, and the plover trills,
And the bleating flocks reply;
To gaze afar o'er the purple heath
Or away to the Cheviots grand,
Where the warders watched in the days of old,
And the beacons blazed, and the slogan rolled,
Where the brave and the valiant met the bold,
At the Gates of the Borderland.

There's a valorsome spell on the Border braes
That nane but her children ken,
For the Border mithers crooned the lays
That mettled the Border men.
As visions rise on the bare hillsides,
And the flames of romance are fanned,
I can see the reivers ride the swire,
And the flashing steel on a field of fire,
Or a Douglas stand with a tiger's ire,
At the Gates of the Borderland.

There's a dool and a wae in the Border glens,
And their sabbin' bodes an omen;
There's a lanesome licht in the Dowie Dens
Or Kilmeny's haunted gloamin'.
But I wadna turn, though I dree my weird,
Or the ferlie waved her wand,
And beckoned me doon by the Eildon tree
Where the Queen and the Rhymer rode the lea,
And passed to their deathless mysterie
Through the Gates of the Borderland.

There's a glorious peace in the Border howmes,
And a harp on her silver river;
And saft is the tongue of the maid who sang
The songs that shall live for ever.
So memory dwells on the 'leal and true'
Who peopled the strath and the strand;
In the auld kirkyaird their rest is aweet,
Wi' the stars lookin' doon on the lown retreat,
But their spirit lives in the hearts that beat
At the Gates of the Borderland.

GEO. HOPE TAIT

* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIFTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



AUSTRIA'S REBEL ARMY.

By JEAN VICTOR BATES.

O you see these troops?' said the Ober-'They cannot speak our lanlieutenant. guage. They dislike us. They will one day I hate them!' betray us.

The Oberlieutenant was an Austrian. looked and spoke as, long ago, a Roman centurion might have looked and spoken when reviewing a troop of barbarians. The barbarians the Oberlieutenant of Imperial Austria was contemplating with such scorn were the two Croatian regiments stationed last January in the garrison town of

Karlovac, in Croatia.

Another day I went to see a kinema show in this same Croatian town. I was accompanied by an Austrian officer of the Ninety-seventh Regiment of infantry, who, of course, wore the imperial uniform. The small hall was packed to suffocation with townspeople, all Serbo-Croats and Croats proper. Two empty chairs attracted us, and thither we threaded our way amongst a gathering decidedly sulky, to put it mildly. sulkiness was due to the presence of the Austrian. Just as I was about to sit down on one of the seats it was roughly wrenched away, and a Croat hissed furiously, 'These chairs are not for such as you!' Evidently the speaker mistook me for an Austrian. Whereupon a tremendous row seemed unavoidable. Infuriated at the insult to his friend and to his own uniform, the officer drew his sword—as the Austrian law permits officers to do when insulted—and the offending Croat would in all probability have been stabbed, and the crowd would have rushed upon the Austrian, but for my protestations and entreaties; for I knew only too well that such rows invariably terminate fatally for one or other of the disputants.

With extreme difficulty I coaxed the irate soldier of the Empire from the building, and his subsequent remarks ended in the strange, and it would now seem prophetic, declaration: 'You may take it from me, fräulein, what you have seen to-day is one of the beginnings of the greatest war the world will ever see. It will come soon, sooner than people think, and it will change the map of Europe.' It has come within seven months, and with it has come that peril to Austria which the Oberlieutenant foresaw, taking the shape of insurrection, mutiny, wholesale

imprisonments, executions en masse. No. 204.-Vol. IV.

What is the position? At the bidding of their Austrian rulers—who hate, distrust, scorn, and bully them—those Croatian regiments are under orders to slaughter their kinsfolk outside the Austrian dominions. Is it surprising if they have preferred death, as there is good reason for

supposing in many cases that they have?

The regiments wearing the Austro-Hungarian uniform recruited in Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and among the Slovenian communities are composed of pure Slavs, who do not and will not speak or understand ε single word of German beyond the necessary words of command. In these regiments instruction must be given in the Serbo-Croatian language. officers are also, generally speaking, Slav. As Slavonic regiments they have been scoffed at by both Austrian and Hungarian regiments, and by their fellow-Slavs in the monarchy as men who deign to wear the oppressor's uniform. They are also derided by their Serb kinsmen as renegades. How often have I not heard Slav-Austrian or Slav-Hungarian conscripts jeered at by Serbo-Croats of both Austria-Hungary and Servia: 'Huh! see these little fools; they are the pet lambs of the enemy; they disgrace their Slav And almost always a quarrel ensues.

In the days of the world's youth, on the plains of Central Asia, the twin tribes Serb and Croat pitched their tents together. When that first great Slavonic camp was struck, and the innumerable Slav clans marched westward into Europe, some going north, some south, the Serbs and

Croats remained together.

In the beginning of the seventh century, when the northern provinces of the eastern Roman Empire were overrun by the Avars, the Byzantine Emperor Heraclius invited into his dominions certain Slavonic tribes who were then camping on the north bank of the Danube, having crossed the Carpathian Mountains. Serbs and Croats accepted his invitation to drive out the Avars and retain the lands then harried by them. The Croats arrived first, to be closely followed by their Servian brethren. The Serbs appropriated the district lying between the river Timok and the Adriatic and Antivari; the Croats established themselves on the north and west. Hence came it that on their conversion to Christianity the Serbs fell under the

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OCTOBER 24, 1914.

jurisdiction of Byzantium, the Croats under that of Rome. Hence, too, came it that the Serbs were overpowered by the Turks, while the Croats were drawn under the influence of the Teutons and Magyars. But they remain twin tribes to-day in spite of everything, speaking the same tongue, possessed of the same characteristics, the same ideas. Side by side it has been their lot to endure oppression and scorn. Side by side they have fought bravely to uphold their Slavonic honour. Side by side they have been for centuries hewers of wood and drawers of water for Mussulmans, Teutons, and Magyars. If to-day they are less advanced than many other nations of Europe, we must remember how they have been oppressed. Their faults are the faults of their masters.

When Serb meets Croat to-day they exchange a curious greeting: 'Nada danicha!' Nada in Slavonic means 'hope,' danicha means 'the sunrise!' Nothing has been able to rob either Austrian Slavs or Serbs of their 'Nada danicha,' their hope of the sunrise of S vonic freedom. Does it not seem that the daw... of the Slavonic 'Nada danicha' is already crimsoning the Near East!

If Vienna had realised sooner her imperial mission, if her statesmen had reconciled the movement for Croato-Serb unity with the needs of Austrian patrictism, Austria would not now stand in such terrible risk of imperial dissolution. Instead of doing this, the Dual Monarchy has striven to crush out Slavonic national sentiment within her frontiers. Austria-Hungary has insulted, abused, crushed her Slav subjects, and to-day she stands between the devil and the deep sea—the devil, which is Germany's interested support, and the deep sea of the whole united Slav race.

The dead Franz Ferdinand recognised the necessity of coming to terms with his Slavonic peoples. His idea was to form a Triune Empire in place of the present Dual Monarchy. He wished to make himself not only the ruler but also the friend of his Slav subjects. The one lament in the dominions of the Hapsburgs to-day is, 'Had Franz Ferdinand but lived!' The one regret is that Austrian statesmen were blind enough to ignore Slavonic rights under the Hapsburg Crown; and the greatest hatred is secretly felt for Germany, who has brought about this terrible war.

AN AFFAIR BETWEEN THREE.

PART IV.

IT was the night of the last day of the season, and every man in the camp was prepared to take the down-train on the following morning—that is to say, all except the two who were to remain as camp watchmen. It was also but two days before Christmas, and even in that camp, where there were few women and fewer children, away from all the shopping and bustle of the cities, away from all tworldly intercourse with the exception of the daily mail, there was the fullest spirit of the holiday season. It was the dissolution of the routine of work, and the transformation of every man from a labourer into a capitalist—for but a few days, it is true, but nevertheless a capitalist.

In Jack's cabin were assembled all his crew to take farewell of the season and to discuss the possibilities of being together once more in the spring. Gathered about the stove in the front part of the small building, they laughed and talked in the best of good-humour, conning over their experiences of this and other camps, and laying their individual and collective plans for the Christmas festivities, and laughing at Jack for his decision to remain in the camp through the winter as watchman.

In the back of the cabin, huddled up on his bed in the corner, sat Alvin, as usual his violin in his hands—Mitchell's violin, that from then on was to be his own.

Mitchell, wishing to do all that he could for

the lad, and perhaps wishing to feel that he had left at least one spot of goodwill behind him in a camp, with only his ministrations to the sick or the injured to form a human link in his relationship with all those men, had given him the one possession he held most dear. At the same time he admonished him never to relax in his practice, and never to cease planning for something better and bigger that must come to him in time; for Mitchell had the faith that it would come.

Alvin was silent and downcast that night over the companionship he was to lose—the only person in camp who understood the artistic side of his nature—and his sadness was in turn communicated to his music.

It was an original theme that he used for his self-expression, and so strong became the emotion that gradually the rough visitors lowered their voices to listen. By degrees there seemed to come to the lad the power to express this theme that Mitchell had suggested. It flooded his being with a great new light, so that he forgot the men in the room with him, forgot the limitations of the room itself, forgot the atmosphere, forgot all but the great outdoors with its wondrous procession of seasons marching rhythmically through it; and so he played—played as he had never played before, and as those men would never hear him play again. In a small way they understood the motive,

for it was so much a part of their lives that they sensed the corresponding mystery of it all.

But more than the rest did Jack realise the force of it, and realise, too, that in some way it was due to the lad's emotion of the moment rather than something that had been there before, and he wondered whether he might not be a little selfish in keeping him there to himself. This music had caused Jack vaguely to guess that there might be a greater destiny waiting for Alvin, a destiny that he, Jack, did not understand. He sat in moody silence, pondering a question that would not be forced out of his mind.

Finally Alvin went to bed, reminding Jack that it was long after his own bedtime; but his attention was merely acknowledged by a grunt, and he thought it better to say no more. Some time later Jack got up and left the cabin.

Mitchell was just in the act of packing the last box of his belongings before retiring for the night. It had not been a pleasant evening for him, though his heart had warmed at Alvin's appreciation of his gift, and he had welcomed the call from the superintendent, who went so far as to break his time-worn habit of indifference and ask whether an increase of salary would be an inducement for him to return in the spring. Mitchell was lonely, with that loneliness of a man without a home, without family or friends to brighten his course. He was at sea, and knew not which way to steer his craft. He was clearing his anchorage of the past twelve years (practically his entire manhood) for places strange and unknown. There was but one companion—work —that had been faithful to him and would probably continue with him now; but where was he to set out first? He did not even know what would be the forwarding address for his mail. A thousand times he had thought, if he could only have taken the boy with him; but in his self-absorption he had allowed another man to establish a prior right, and so could not now complain of his lot.

When Jack opened the door Mitchell looked up in surprise, for this was the last man he had expected to see, as he knew that Jack was begging the question of the boy's future. He had guessed it from the avoidance of the other's eyes; but now Jack plunged into that very question.

question.
'Look here, Mite

'Look here, Mitchell, I want to talk to you straight, and I want you to answer me the same way.'

'All right, Jack,' replied the other quietly; 'fire away.'

Jack noticed an unusual quality of friendliness in his voice, and wondered. He continued: 'A while back here you asked the kid if he didn't want to go with you when you left, and study his fiddle so that he could get up to the

top, and the kid wouldn't go because I didn't want him to. Is that right?'

'Quite correct,' said Mitchell.

'But you still think he ought to go, don't you?'

'Yes, I do.'

'Well, so do I, Mitch—so do I,' Jack said, his voice trailing away into the silence of his recollection of a few hours before. Then he resumed: 'If you could have heard him play to-night! I was never quite sure until I heard him play to-night. He told me he wanted to go, told it with that fiddle o' his as plain as he could ha' done with his voice. Yes'—the big man nodded his head slowly—'he ought to go all right; but then what's to become of me, Mitch?'

Mitchell remained silent.

And the other went on: 'It ain't like it used to be, or I wouldn't mind. I've grown to like the kid almost like he was a woman; and if he went, I'd be left here in the camp, or go out for a couple of years until my money was gone, and then have to come back, anyway?' His voice raised the latter part of the sentence into a question.

Mitchell pursed his lips in silent thought for some time, his long fingers drumming on the table; then he looked at Jack fairly, and replied, 'There ought to be some way out of it, Jack. Suppose you had a small place right close to a town, say like Los Angeles, where you could do some farming or something of that nature, while the boy goes into the town for his music and perhaps a little schooling?'

'But they say that land is pretty high down there. Do you reckon my little stack would cover enough to amount to anything?'

'I could let you have a little more if you should need it.'

Jack looked up at the other man quickly, so that he might catch the extent of his meaning. He had felt that he could never understand such a man; but since there had been so close a companionship between him and Alvin, Jack had come to think that perhaps he might not be so distant as he seemed.

'Say, Mitch, what would you say to a partnership deal of some kind?' Jack burst forth suddenly.

Mitchell looked at him with a slow smile creeping to his lips. 'We might figure out something of the kind, Jack, after we've looked

around for a bit.'

'By God!'—Jack's great fist came down on the table with such force that it very nearly drove the legs through the floor—'we'll all start out together in the morning.' His eyes shone with the new idea.

'That suits me, Jack,' replied Mitchell; 'there'll be three of us starting together in the morning.' He held out his hand, and the other grasped it fervently, shaking it violently with all the strength of his arm and shoulder,

until he turned out of the door and hurried through the night towards his own cabin, within which he shook the helpless Alvin into consciousness, and told him the good news.

Mitchell smiled now as he completed his

packing, and wondered the while why big men were ever prone to be slow-witted.

'These loggers are like children!' he mused as he went to sleep.

THE END.

RUSSIAN EPISODES.

By Professor E. H. PARKER.

A SAIL among the Esthonian Islands gives pleasant variety to the more lively junketings of St Petersburg, and the local steamers which ply between Reval, Hapsal, Arensborg, and Riga are not at all uncomfortable, besides being cheap and very fairly equipped gastronomically. First-class passengers must always pay for their dinners in advance, when places are booked; but the rest of the meals are \hat{a} la carte, at any hour of the day. Esthonian is a variety of Finnish, and, though not the same, yet comprehensible to a Finn. On only two of the islands, Worms and Nargen, is Swedish still spoken. Russia has decided to create a new naval station at Nargen, so as to relieve the cramped situation at Reval, where there were at least fifty men-of-war when we visited it. Lettish is spoken at Riga, the main source of which is undoubtedly Slav; but it is also a jumble of Swedish, Finnish, Russian, and other borrowings. Both Esthonian and Lettish newspapers use the German or Gothic letters in printing; and these are also commonly used in street signs, which are always accompanied by Russian and German versions. Except the better classes, few speak either Russian or German well, and a foreigner consequently often finds himself as inarticulate as an Englishman does in Anglesea or in Malta. This confusion of tongues makes it difficult at times to ascertain exact facts about train movements, and the following rather amusing episode will show how we spent half a day in the quest of clarity.

We went to the station at Riga to make precise inquiries how we could best visit the historical city of Pskov without passing a night in the dubious hotels. Every one we addressed in Russian said he only spoke bad German, and every one we addressed in German only spoke bad Russian. At last one friendly adviser pointed to a group of officials, and said, 'The gendarme there will know.' The particular individual of this more or less uniformed group who interested himself in us most was a 'Small Russian' from Kiev, who persisted in talking execrable German. As we persisted (in equally execrable Russian) in trying to nail his volubility down to a precise point, he said, 'Come and have a glass of beer.' With true Russian hospitality of the reckless and excitable type, he plied us with glass after glass of beer, besides lemonade and cakes for the lady of the party, who could not 'toe the line' in good Riga beer. It then appeared that he was not the gendarme, nor a railway official of any kind, but an employé in the Governor's office, who had been seeing a friend off by train; he had the rank of ensign or sub-lieutenant (all our languages and dictionaries failed to settle exactly what rank); his mother was 'in service;' his father (dead) had been a railway employé; and he himself was self-educated. As each of these facts was elicited he got up and shook hands chaleureusement with us, and wanted to order more beer. We thought we really must do something in return for this overwhelming kindness, which, moreover, threatened to last the evening out, so we asked him to supper and a concert entertainment at the Hagensberger Park on the other side of the Dwina. This was to be punctually at eight, and it was clearly arranged that he should meet us at a certain spot in the pleasure-garden, and tell the waiter to secure a table. All this took more time, for Hagensberger was an obstinate obstacle word, as the Russians persist in using the hard g to express the German and our h, and accordingly a good Small Russian can only say Gaggensberger. With further warm protests of fidelity and more handshaking and hand-kissing (I was afraid face-kissing would follow), we at last got away.

Punctually at eight we turned up at the Park, but no Khleb Ivanovitch! 'Khleb' means 'bread,' and sounds like Hlep, with a strong Scots aspirate. During our conversation I had expressed surprise that his parents should have chosen so strange a name for him, but he assured me that it was an exceedingly common Russian personal name. Finally we had dinner or supper alone, having told the waiters to keep a sharp lookout for a Russian gentleman whose name and rank were unknown to us, but who, either alone or with his wife—a point not made clear during our beery and polyglottic discourseappeared to be a tchinovnik of the petty order. Meanwhile a well-dressed, fat old lady of fifty or sixty took a supper-table next to ours, and attracted our attention by the capricious orders she gave to the waiters. At last we were astonished to see her wind up the repast with iced champagne; still further astonished to see her pour out a glass for the waiter, who solemnly and respectfully 'touched glasses,' and then retired to drink it in the pantry; then another waiter; then all the waiters; then two well-

dressed 'buck niggers' with a strong Yankee accent; finally, the managers of the adjoining theatre and the supper-room. All this puzzled us very much, especially as foreign wines are excessively dear in Russia, and she must have paid at least five pounds for her dinner. It became clear as the drinking went on that she was tipsy; she began to weep for her sick husband, the buck niggers meanwhile laughing uproariously, the managers conversing affably, and the waiters gravely accepting their repeated pledges to drink. The mystery was almost as great as that of Bread the son of John's absence.

One intelligent waiter, however, could speak clear German, and he confidentially informed us that she came from the Ministerium, was exceedingly rich, and frequently patronised the Hagensberger 'show.' The two coloured men were humoristen connected with the opérette, and (I suppose, for we did not go beyond the supper-room) did comic banjo 'turns.' Ministerium seemed to mean the Governor's residence, and I began to wonder whether the old lady could be Bread Ivanovitch's wife or mother. I decided to write a note to him and explain that we had faithfully kept our appointment. I asked the scholarly waiter how to say 'Vei, the Governor,' in Russian; this led to his reading and correcting my letter. He explained that Khleb, 'bread,' was absurd; it ought to be Lef, 'a lion;' and then (by a process of nomenclatural laws I could not follow) 'Michailovitch' ought to be added to 'Ivanovitch.' Finally the right good and perfected address appeared-'Lion, the son of John, the son of Michael, native of Kiev, at the Governor's, Riga.' What will happen there I shudder to think, but he had told me he was a reservist or volunteer, and that he might be mobilised that very night to go and fight on behalf of Servia.

Whilst all these things were passing through my brain I saw a man with a white cap looking eagerly about the garden. 'Ha!' I said to myself, 'here he is at last.' I rushed out, followed the officer, and cried out in my best Russian, 'Bread, the son of Ivan, is that you? It is ten o'clock!' The officer turned sharply round and gave me a withering look, but I suppose he simply muttered to himself, 'Only another mad Englishman!' By this time I felt mentally exhausted and thoroughly sick of the whole subject—Bread, Lion, Kiev, and the Ministerium. We had meanwhile supped well and cheaply; we had done our duty to the reservist, and had failed; better luck with our

languages next time.

The approach to Novgorod, coming by steamer in the evening from across Lake Ilmen, is as enchanting a spectacle as the world affords anywhere. It was the near end of twilight, and the moon was just rising above the horizon beyond the brilliantly white monastery of St George, which occupies a strikingly picturesque site on the left bank of the river Volkhovo, about two miles below the ancient city. On the other side of the river, just opposite the monastery, stood out the pretty village whose portentously long name I will spare the reader; in front were the crenellated walls of the sixhundred-year-old Kremlin, the Cathedral, the Archbishop's palace, and the handsome iron bridge connecting the St Sophia part of the town with the business portion, where in the Middle Ages the Germans and the Pskov traders had their factories. In those times Russia was not yet a nation, and the trading republics or guilds of Moscow, Kiev, Vladimir, Pskov, and Novgorod were only beginning to throw off the last traces of the Tartar yoke and to conceive the idea of a real nationality.

I write these lines in a railway waiting-room at Volkhovo town, where we are all beginning to suffer in our own persons the horrors of war. The steamer, after a four hours' voyage, is supposed to catch the half-past six express train for St Petersburg, where we were fondly hoping to spend a pleasant midnight in reading our letters; but on arrival at the station, which is only a few yards above the steamer wharf, we were horrified to hear that on account of the mobilisation no train would arrive until two o'clock in the morning, so we are kicking our heels as best we can in a crowded waiting-room, surrounded by weeping mothers and squalling babies who will not consent to go to sleep on any terms.

Already at Pskov, three days ago, we had observed signs of military movements. On arrival at the salt water and mud baths of Staraya Russa (a fashionable kusort at the southern end of Lake Ilmen) we were still more struck with the display of military activity and popular excitement. At both places people were forming queues in the evenings in order to secure a copy of the St Petersburg newspaper. The six hours' voyage from Staraya Russa, down the river Polist, across Lake Ilmen, and then into the Volkhovo can be performed by luxuriously equipped and exceedingly cheap steamer, which is infinitely preferable to rail. The lake just mentioned looks a mere speck on the huge map of Russia; it will hardly be believed that you are 'out of sight of land' for an hour or so, and that the weather can be (and was that day) so rough that a few passengers felt seasick even on board a twelve-hundred-ton steamer. At Novgorod we put up at Solovyoff's hotel, a quaint old place, where the bed-linen, towels, pillow-cases, &c. have to be specially ordered, and where the aggravating washing-tap is still in use instead of a basin and jug. During the night I heard continuous hurrans in the distance, and instinctively felt it must be reservists or selected troops going off to the frontier on mobilisation. In the morning (1st August) we set out on foot to explore, and were surprised, on crossing the bridge from the trade quarter to the

Cathedral side, to meet so many weeping women. In the open square of St Sophia there were hundreds, if not thousands, of horses assembled; at first I thought it was a horse-fair day, but it turned out that there were groups of officers purchasing remounts from the country-folk, and one woman told me she had already sold four horses, besides sending two of her sons to the war. Both there and here at Volkhovo the war is frequently spoken of as having already broken out between Germany and Russia; Austria-Hungary seems to take a second place in men's minds; the true enemy is instinctively felt to be the Germans; whilst Servia, whatever her faults, is a brother Slav whom the Russians are determined to protect from annihilation at all costs. As the refreshment-room of the little railway station closed at nine o'clock, I thought I would stroll out and buy a few eatables for the dismal night train. Just outside the station I noticed a crowd of ordinary peasants, labourers, and porters standing with their caps off around a man who was holding forth from a box or barrel. So far as my defective Russian would allow me to follow him, he seemed to be preaching the greatness of Holy Russia, the infamous treachery of Germany and Austria, and the immediate necessity for all Slavs to hold together or perish together. At the close of the discourse, to which I also listened bareheaded, the men all hurrahed vigorously in English style, and threw their caps into the air. The women forming an outside fringe either dried up their tears or recommenced weeping, according to the state of their feelings. Then a procession was formed, a hymn of some kind was struck up in perfect tune and harmony, and the men marched through the straggling There was absolutely no rowdyism or horseplay; the people were plainly deeply and solemnly moved; they were perfectly quiet and courteous, and never so much as turned to look at the strolling passenger in their midst. newspapers arriving to-day from the capital give quite a long list of cities where mobilisation is going on, and there seems to be much the same strong national feeling everywhere. Certainly there can be no comparison between the contemptuous indifference shown during the Japanese war and the profound enthusiasm kindled by the hasty and cynical anti-Slav action of Austria, who seems to be universally considered the mere cat's-paw of insincere and menacing Germany. The Vaterland will have all its work cut out for it if it attempts to crush the spirit of the generous Russian nation.

Noticing another steamer moored alongside a wharf on the south side of the bridge, I ascertained that it was the regular passenger-steamer that went down the Volkhovo to Lake Ladoga. She left at seven o'clock, and if we had only been prompt enough we might have travelled by this steamer viá Schlüsselburg to St Petersburg.

arriving some time to-morrow, and escaping this wretched eight hours' wait with inadequate food, air, and light. During the intervals between the processions and preachings I succeeded in buying at the primitive tea-shops, druggists', and groceries of Volkhovo a few sheets of writing-paper, a small electric lamp, some hard-boiled eggs, and a pound or so of mixed biscuits of very fair quality. I may parenthetically remark here that part of my little store consists of a quarter of a pound of marmalad, a sort of dried sugary fruit, and that the Russians make an excellent strawberry and raspberry jam that goes by the name of varenyé, and is equal to our very best. The Germans call it Saft, and it is much used for sweet omelets.

As I approach the end of this article I find I am the only male left in the waiting-room; all the babies are asleep at last; mothers, rich and poor, some still weeping—either for the plight of their babies or the loss of their sons—are snoring all around me. What has become of the men I cannot say. There is no means of drinking, and card-playing is not allowed on Government transport premises. Fortunately I command a window, and no one has yet asked me to close the sly ventilator I have arranged by a cunning manipulation of the double frame.

So little is generally known of the 'generation' of Russia that it should be explained how this Volkhovo River—much bigger than any river in England—is responsible for the modern Empire. The old Slav trading republics were wedged in between rising Sweden, rising Prussia, Poland, and the decaying Greek Empire; they were practically unknown to the rest of the world, and always squabbling together. At last, as the story goes, Novgorod sent word to the Varang (perhaps the same as Frank) Rurik, head of the Rus tribe of Vikings, saying that the republics were broad and fair, but that they never knew how to maintain order. Rurik and his two brothers came, and ever since then (862) the Norman house of Rurik, and indirectly its offshoot the house of Romanoff, have given a name as well as a dynasty to "Rus-sia." It appears to have been centuries before these rude Vikings reached Lake Ladoga through Finland; then a further long time before it was discovered that they could sail up the Volkhovo to Novgorod. Neither they nor the Tartars ever appear to have got as far as Pskov; but in Pskov Cathedral I was shown an ancient picture of (apparently) Ivan III. and the Tartars making a joint attack upon Pskov. Anyway, I have now inspected the general 'lay' of the land, and it became plain how judicious the genius of Peter was when he selected St Petersburg as his capital. The key to the whole situation is how to command the exits and inlets of the lakes. The Volkhovo between the place of that name and Novgorod is a richly cultivated and beautiful river valley.

AN INCOMPLETE TIMON.

By WALTER RICHARDS.

HUGH FENTON sat at his office table surrounded with voluminous papers of the legal variety. He was a conveyancer by profession, and generally acknowledged to have an uncommonly lucrative practice despite the changes and chances affecting that particular branch of law; but this was explained by the envious as due to the fact that he cared for nothing else, and that work was to him what wife and children and hobbies and relaxation, and the joys of life generally, are to other men. Incidentally they admitted that he was a first-rate lawyer and consummate draughtsman. For the rest, he was declared to be as rich as Crossus apart from his profession, as hard as the nether millstone, and about as genial and companionable as the Veiled Prophet.

But just now Fenton was not looking at the formidable abstract open before him, but was leaning back in his chair gazing into vacancy, which as he looked became alive with scenes and persons he had told himself a thousand times were wiped from his memory. He wished, as their insistence grew, that he had not read that

paragraph in the morning paper:

'Rumour was busy in the afternoon with regard to an alleged sensational development in the affairs of the Pioneer Camp Irrigation Syndicate, of which Mr Alfred Brentwood is the managing director. If there is any truth in the report, allegations which seriously affect a wellknown financial firm may be expected to form

the subject of legal proceedings.'

But he had read it, and ever since the name of Brentwood had been dinning itself into his ears and mind. Brentwood! the man who had married Maud Peyton, and by so doing had made life the dreary, bitter thing Fenton had found it! How he hated the man! ostentatious, overbearing, unscrupulous—as his conduct with regard to the marriage had shown—selfish, utterly incapable of care or thought for any one but himself. Though Fenton felt he could never forgive Maud, yet he sometimes almost pitied her yoked to such a brute. And now it seemed, reading between the lines of that paragraph in the 'City Intelligence,' that Nemesis had overtaken his enemy at last. Well, he was glad of it—d—n him! glad if, as was hinted, he should be prosecuted and ruined; gl-- Curse this memory-filled blank before him! Why-when he wanted to gloat and triumph over the thought of Brentwood in the dock, ruined and dishonoured—should the face of Maud Peyton obtrude itself, laughing and bright as in the happy old days; pale and tearful as when he last saw her, and replied with a bitter sneer to her pitiful regret for the grief she was causing him; and the accents of her wailing, earnest cry as he flung from the room, 'Oh Hugh, Hugh! and I so thought you would always be my friend!' ring in his ears?

A knock at the door recalled Fenton to himself. 'Come in,' he said, hastily busying himself

with his papers.
'Mr Westbury would like to see you if you

are disengaged, sir.'

Fenton's first impulse was to refuse, and probably if it had been any one else he would have done so. But Westbury occupied a unique position. As Fenton told himself, with cynical deprecation, he was his one weakness. He had been an old schoolfellow, and forgotten as old schoolfellows often are, till one night, some three years before, Fenton had found him lying, nearly dead with illness and starvation, on a bench in the Park. He had taken care of him, had him nursed back to comparative health, and, when he was well enough, listened to his story. What this was does not matter; the upshot of it all was that Fenton found on his hands a very charming, thoroughbred man, evidently with not long to live, entirely friendless, and absolutely destitute, but with the delusion that he was very wealthy, though temporarily deprived of his property owing to some quite unintelligible legal proceedings. And from that time Westbury had found himself—'thanks to my friend Fenton's legal skill'-in receipt of a moderate weekly income, and Fenton's clerks got accustomed to the frequent visits of a well-dressed, pleasantspoken gentleman, whose evident ill-health and occasional allusions to his 'property' favoured the view, which their master encouraged, that he came in connection with the drawing up of a will of an unusually complicated nature.

'I hope I'm not interrupting you, Fenton?'
'Not a bit, my dear fellow,' with an inward

groan. 'Sit down. How are you feeling to-day?' 'Not up to very much. I'm sometimes afraid, do you know, that I sha'n't last out till the settlement; extraordinary the time the courts take to give a decision, especially as there's no real question at issue!

'I can quite understand your annoyance,' said Fenton gravely; 'but, you see, it's necessary to guard against the possibility of any claim, however unfounded, being made in the future.

'Yes, of course, that is so. I know you are doing your best, old fellow. But what I've come for to-day is to consult you about my will.'

Fenton sighed, with infinite pity for the man before him and just a little for himself; every minute of his time had its quite appreciable value in coin of the realm.

'All right; it's always a prudent thing to do,

though you mustn't let yourself think that it particularly presses with you.—Though, if you had anything to leave, poor old fellow, I should say it ought to be made without a day's delay.' The latter part of his remark was, needless to say, unspoken.

'I don't know. I don't know. Perhaps not.

Anyhow'----

There came another knock at the door, and the

clerk handed a slip of paper to Fenton.

For a moment he said nothing, but sat with his eyes fixed on the paper. When he spoke, it was in a very different tone from that in which he had been conversing with Westbury, a tone of frigid hardness. 'I am engaged at present; but if the lady cares to wait, I will see her in a minute or two.'

'I'll go,' said Westbury. 'I want to make one or two inquiries about an institution I should like to benefit, and will let you have my instructions to-morrow. It's a bit of a responsibility, this possession of wealth.'

'It is,' agreed Fenton. 'By the way, old man, I should be very careful not to breathe a word about your—er—testamentary intentions to a soul except myself. You never can tell what use unscrupulous people might make of any hint of that sort.'

'You're quite right,' Westbury assented, much

to the other's relief.

Fenton had no wish that the poor fellow's monomania should be either a cause of mockery or a source of disappointment. 'Good-bye. Any

time you like to-morrow.'

Westbury slowly left the room, and Fenton noticed with sad foreboding how feeble his movements were. Then he heard the sound of a stumble and an arrested fall, and a woman's voice saying anxiously, 'Let me help you. I do hope you have not hurt yourself.' He heard Westbury thank her in his courteous, old-fashioned manner, with the assurance that he was quite unharmed, and the faltering footsteps seemed indeed a little stronger as they passed out.

Then Fenton drew a long breath as of a man nerving himself for an ordeal; and, ringing the bell, he bade the clerk 'show Mrs Brent-

The next minute the woman whom he had loved with all the fierce intentness of his nature, whom he had thought to make his wife, and whom he had not seen since that day, eight years ago, when with tears and anguish she had told him how another man had won her love, stood before him; stood with grief-wrung lips and trembling, outstretched hands, and terror and pathetic misery, and dumb, well-nigh hopeless entreaty, in the brown eyes that he remembered so joyous and gay and love-lit—or so he had thought.

'Pray sit down, Mrs Brentwood. Pardon the remark, but you do not seem quite—quite the

thing. I'm afraid my poor old friend's fall startled you.'

The cold tone and conventional words, strangely enough, acted as a tonic; her voice when she replied was quite composed, though very low.

'I have not been very well, and perhaps—your friend looked so very ill, I feared it might be serious. But I will explain the object of my visit, which must be a surprise to you; I am almost afraid an—an unpleasing one.'

'A surprise certainly, but the qualification is yours, not mine. In what can I be of service?'

'May I hope I am speaking to—a friend?'
Fenton smiled, sneeringly rather than kindly.
'My dear Mrs Brentwood, "friend" is so very elastic a term as to be meaningless. Pray, therefore, if you prefer it, consider me in that character.'

Maud Brentwood winced with a quick catch of the breath. But, hopeless as it seemed, she would fulfil her self-imposed task. He was making it terribly bitter, but it could not be helped. 'I do prefer it,' she said wistfully, 'or I should not be here; and I am in great trouble.'

She paused a moment, half-hoping that he would help her by some remark; but Fenton merely looked politely concerned and interrogative.

'Do you know the Wintons?' she asked

abruptly.

Fenton raised his eyebrows. 'Oh yes; to use your own expression, we are by way of being friends.'

'Then can you—will you—oh! for pity's sake, say you will—persuade Sir Charles to—to refrain from what he is doing against my husband.'

'I'm afraid you rate my influence, to say nothing of my—amiability, shall we say?—quite impossibly high. But perhaps you will kindly explain.'

Maud half-rose; the icy, unfeeling tone and words convinced her of the utter uselessness of any appeal to this man's sympathy; and yet she knew that once he had loved her, and, as she interpreted the word, it seemed impossible that it should so utterly pass as to leave no slight touch of kindness behind. No, she must not give up.

'It does not seem much use after what you have said. But it is all I can do; and, foolishly, I let myself feel a little hope in coming to you.'

Her hands gave a pitiful, unconscious gesture of despair; and when she spoke again it was in the dreary, half-listless tone of one who feels that the appeal is prejudged against her.

'Things have not been going very well with my husband lately, but he expected to more than recover his position over a scheme called the Pioneer Camp Exploration. He put every shilling he had into it, and persuaded other people to do the same, He and Sir Charles Winton have been interested in another company together; and Sir Charles, who used to be very friendly and intimate with him, now says that my husband had no right to sell that joint interest and put it into the Pioneer, and that it was a—a fraud. My husband says that it was always understood that he was entitled to deal with it, for the benefit of both, at his discretion. But Sir Charles vows he will prosecute, and that means ruin and disgrace for my husband—my kind, good, loving husband.' The long-checked tears came at length, with deep, silent sobs and stifled little moans.

Fenton sat motionless, save for one sharp spasm of his set features when his visitor broke down, and one sudden movement of his hands, as though to stretch them to her. 'And your husband suggested your calling on me?' he asked presently. His voice, though still cold, had lost a little of its hardness.

'My husband! He would sooner have died. He does not dream I have come. It was only my own foolish fancy, remembering what—what I said to you once, and I wanted to try to do something to help him. I am sorry I was so foolish.'

'Do not say that. Thinking as you did, it was a natural thing to do. Is Winton taking immediate proceedings?'

'He says that unless my husband replaces his share of the money by Thursday morning, in the afternoon he will apply for a warrant—as though Fred could find twenty thousand pounds with all these rumours about concerning the Pioneer!'

Well, you have three days, and surely amongst Mr Brentwood's many friends he will have no difficulty in obtaining an advance. I am sorry—really sorry—that it is quite impossible for me to do what you suggest.'

He rose as he spoke. The woman sat motionless for a time, mechanically folding and unfolding a scrap of paper on the table. Then she too rose to go.

'I—am—very sorry. It—it was not easy to make up my mind to come to you; but somehow I had always thought—— And I have hoped and prayed so that my effort might be of some good!' The voice broke a little, but she conquered the weakness. 'I must apologise for taking up your time. Good-bye, Mr Fenton.'

The sad, hopeless eyes were raised to his for a moment; there was no movement on the part of either to shake hands. Fenton murmured a few words of conventional regret and farewell in a voice that did not sound to him quite like his own, and the next minute she was gone.

As the door closed the man who had been treating the woman he had once loved with almost brutal coldness sat down suddenly and wearily in his chair, and the face which leaned upon a rather trembling hand equalled hers in its anguish. Presently he stretched out his

other hand and rested it upon the piece of paper she had toyed with.

'What a brute I was! I wonder whether I hurt her as much as I did myself. And yet—God! how I have longed for some such chance, and—now that it has come—it seems I'm as much a failure as a hater as I was as a lover.'

He sat silent for a while, an angry frown on his face, and his hand still fingering the crumpled paper with a sort of unconscious caress.

'At any rate, I've so far acted up to my later character as to make it pretty plain to—Mrs Brentwood that she need scarcely expect any help from the man she jilted.'

With the grim smile that accompanied the reflection, his reverie came to an end. He rose and dropped the paper into the fire, watching it, with a queer look on his face, as it consumed. Then he returned to the table, wrote a couple of letters, and, ringing for a clerk, directed them to be sent off by messenger.

When Fenton reached his office the next morning he found a letter that had been brought by hand awaiting him. It was from Westbury's landlady, saying that her lodger had been taken very ill the previous evening, and that the doctor said he could not last many hours. He seemed terribly anxious to see Mr Fenton about some business.

'Poor old chap!' mused Fenton; 'it has come sooner than I expected. And I suppose he's worrying about this wretched will, and I shall have to keep up the farce. However, it will ease him and hurt no one, even if it doesn't benefit'——

The phrase on which his thoughts had framed themselves was never finished. Another idea had flashed into his mind, and the look of halfvexed concern on his face changed to a slightly amused smile.

On his way to Westbury's he stopped at a florist's and bought some flowers, which he took to the dying man.

'Who do you think sends you these, old fellow? You remember the lady who was in my outer office yesterday when you nearly fell? Well, she seemed quite concerned about you, especially when I told her you were living by yourself, and this morning she sent these, as a sort of apology, she says, in case she was at all responsible for your stumble, and hoping you are none the worse. What do you think of that?'

'What a beautifully kind thing to do!' came in weak, quavering tones from the shrunken figure propped up against the pillows. 'You must thank her for me, Fenton, and tell her how very touched I am.'

'All right. Poor woman! hers is the sympathy of a very sorrowful heart—"non ignara mali"—you know the old tag! She has troubles enough of her own, and I dare say almost envies you yours. By Jove, old man! you were talking

about deserving objects of charity; you might find many a worse one than Maud Brentwood.

Westbury smiled and feebly pushed toward the lawyer a sheet of paper on which the evening before he had indicated the disposition he thought of making of his 'enormous wealth;' and Fenton, with a dreary sense of the pitifulness of the proceeding, accompanied, when he read what was set against his own name, by a strange aching sensation in the throat which he had not felt since his last great boyhood's grief, busied himself in embodying these, with such modifications as the sick man suggested or agreed to, in testamentary form. The arrival almost simultaneously of the doctor and a clergyman provided the witnesses, and half-an-hour later Fenton left the house, the last will and testament of Hilary Westbury, Esquire, of half-a-dozen imaginary county seats, in his pocket, and in his heart a sore, desolate sorrow such as he had for years persuaded himself he would never feel

Since his interview with Maud Brentwood the previous day Fenton had been making inquiries—quite an easy thing to do effectually even in the shortest time provided one has money and influence to back him-and found that Brentwood was keeping a brave face to the world, pooh-poohing the hints in the Press as an unscrupulous 'bear' dodge, and taking every opportunity of showing himself in public in the character of a wealthy and substantial man. Only, as one of Fenton's informants reported, he did not seem quite in his usual robust health, and sometimes, when off his guard, or, as he thought, unobserved, a harassed, hopeless look would come into his face.

There was to be a semi-charitable social civic function that afternoon, and Brentwood and his wife were expected to be present. Would she be able to nerve herself to attend? Fenton wondered. He hoped so; he wanted to see them together. Maud had called him her 'good, kind, loving hus-The environment would, it is true, not be favourable to much display of feeling; but he rather prided himself as a reader of expression. Anyhow, he would go; knowing and feeling what he did, it was only to be expected, he reminded himself with a grim smile, that he should like to feast his eyes on their distress and their efforts to conceal it.

One of the first persons he saw in the crowded vestibule was Brentwood, loud and cheery and ostentatious as ever. He was waiting for his wife. He heard him say, 'It's not often she ventures into the City; but she's dead keen on this business turning out a success, and you know what that means—eh, Forbes —another cheque from yours obediently. But it is a good thing, so we must see what can be done. Ah, here she is!'

As Brentwood hurried to the entrance Fenton drew a little nearer. There was no mistaking that look in the man's eyes, or the upward glance of hers, questioning, trusting, consoling, or the veiled caress in the conventional removal of her furs; as little as, to the critical watcher, there was the meaning of sighs stifled between smiling lips, of the lines round the man's weary eyes, of the artistic healthy glow on the girl's cheeks, and her ebullient light-heartedness. And watching, now him and then her, when they separated, Fenton realised that one other at least gauged Maud Brentwood's happy gaiety at its true worth. Her husband was laughing and talking in his usual noisy way with a knot of friends; but his eyes followed his wife with an expression at once of pride and yearning tenderness, infinite anguish and self-reproach.

Fenton had seen enough. It was a pity, he reflected with a sort of mocking bitterness, that he could not enjoy the pleasure of seeing these two faces, the husband's and wife's, when, in the privacy of the home that was being shattered over them, they dropped the masks; but even gratified revenge is seldom quite complete-'never the time and the place and the "loathed" one altogether.' And, telling himself that it was a mistake to expect too much in this disappointing world, Fenton returned to his chambers, and found a note with tidings that Westbury had died shortly after he had left that morning.

An hour or so later the Brentwoods returned to what the anticipated auction notices would inevitably have described as their 'palatial residence.' The masks were still retained for the benefit of the servants, but after dinner they were discarded completely enough to have more than satisfied Fenton's recorded wish. Maud was kneeling by her husband's chair, her face buried on his shoulder, her hand holding one of his. Brentwood's face was one of set, hopeless misery, his arm was round his wife, and every now and again he would stroke the pretty girlish head and press it closer to him with a pitiful, The usual desponding futile protectingness. question had received the usual dreary answerdrearier than ever to-day, for one possible source of succour had been tried and had failed. Maud had confessed her visit to Fenton, and the confession, which at any other time would have angered Brentwood, now brought only a fresh wave of pity and admiration and love

There was a knock at the door, and the two hastily assumed conventional attitudes. The servant handed his mistress a letter and a

'If you please, ma'am, the young man said he was to take back an answer.'

'Very well. Ask him to wait in the hall. I will ring when it is ready.'

When the man had left the room Maud

sprang to her husband, holding the letter to him with trembling hand. 'Read, Fred-read!

Oh, it cannot be true; it is too wonderfully beautiful!'

And when Brentwood read the letter he realised the aptness of the epithet.

'143 OLD COURT CHAMBERS.

'DEAR MRS BRENTWOOD,-It is with considerable pleasure that I have to make the following communication. You may remember, when you called on me yesterday, meeting in the clerks' room a gentleman who stumbled, and but for you would have fallen. He was a very old friend of mine, and had that morning been to consult me as to the disposition of very considerable property he intended to leave by will. Your kind action made so great an impression on him that he instructed me to put you down for a bequest of twenty-five thousand pounds, free of legacy-duty, in Westrian Capital Bonds, which, as your husband will tell you, are at present worth a trifle over that sum. Poor Westbury died this morning. I am sole executor, and as I have the bonds (which are bearer bonds) by me, I send them to you at once, thinking that possibly it may be some convenience to you to have them without waiting the usual delay of probate, &c. Please let me have by bearer the enclosed receipt, with undertaking to sign a formal legacy voucher when called upon. I am the more glad to be the medium of this gratifying news, as I found it quite impossible to fall in with the suggestion you made or in any more personal way to further the object you had in view.—Yours faithfully, HUGH FENTON.'

'At any rate, it was really kind and considerate of Mr Fenton to let us have it at once,' said Maud when talking over the 'blessed miracle' a few days later.

'Yes, I'll admit that freely,' answered Brentwood, on whom his imminent danger and subsequent extrication—bringing with it a financial success of which folks talk to this day—had had a wonderfully salutary effect; 'but he needn't have gone out of his way to emphasise his own refusal to help. Fortunately you didn't ask him for money; it is pretty well known that Fenton is about as near as he's rich, and that's saying a very great deal.

It was about a year after this that, at a dinnerparty, Maud found herself sitting next to a medical man whose name had come recently before the public as one of those attending a royal invalid. The conversation turned on monomania, and the doctor was talking interestingly of cases that had come within his own experience.

The odd thing is how entirely, generally speaking, it is literally monomania; in all other

respects the patients are not only sane, but often brilliant. One of the most typical cases I knew was that of a poor fellow who was well-born and well educated—he had taken rather a high degree, I fancy—and at one time very wealthy. He was quite one of the most charming, almost lovable, men I have ever met. Well, in what circumstances I know not, he lost all his money, had a severe illness, and recovered to find himself destitute, but with the fixed impression that he was the possessor of enormous wealth, which, somehow or another, was for the time in Chancery. More fortunate than most, he came across an old friend who made him an allowance and had him looked after. Poor Westfield-no, West—ah, Westbury—yes, that's the name was a doomed man when I first saw him; but, thanks to this friend, his last years of life were quite comfortable. But the delusion grew stronger. I remember I witnessed his will; and, except that he was dying, there was something tragically comic in the spectacle of a man who did not possess one penny-piece gravely bequeathing property to the value of hundreds of thousands.

Maud glanced towards her husband, who with the rest had been listening, and their eyes met. Over the coffee and cigarettes, Brentwood took the seat next the doctor.

'Very interesting case that you were describing, Dr Dryden. Oddly enough, the name Westbury seems familiar to me. Was it about a year ago that he died?'

'Let's see—yes, I should say a year ago last month.'

Brentwood's cigarette seemed to have caught his throat, judging from the rather strained, hesitating voice in which he next spoke.

'And this—this splendid friend—should I be right in guessing that his name was Fenton?'

'Oh, come,' said Dryden, smiling, 'doctors are like confessors, you know-mustn't betray professional confidence, and so on. Still, as you say, he was a splendid friend; it wasn't only the money-for he was a rich man-but the kindness and tactful delicacy. So I won't say "Yes" or "No" to your question, but will just whisper in the strictest confidence—I mean this—that if you guess again, you'll guess wrong.'

It was the next day that Fenton began to realise, when he received a visit from Maud Brentwood, who was accompanied by her husband, that to two people at any rate he stood revealed as a failure, if not a positive fraud, in his adopted rôle of Timon. And on consideration he found the character suggested by Maud, as they bade him good-bye for the present, a much more pleasant and congenial one: 'I knew

you would always be my friend.'

THE FOUNDER OF MODERN NURSING.

To be a good nurse one must be a good woman. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

AMONGST other things which the great war has forced upon our attention is the vast importance of skilled nursing, and the valuable work of the British Red Cross Society has thus been brought prominently to the front. In his admirable *Life of Florence Nightingale*, Sir E. T. Cook makes it clear that this heroic lady, though not the founder of nursing, was the founder of modern nursing, because she made public opinion perceive, and act upon the perception, that nursing was an art, and must be raised to the status of a trained profession. Mr Stephen Paget, F.R.C.S., calls her the reformer of hospital nursing; not only the reformer of nursing, but a leader of women, who raised the art of nursing in this country from a menial employment to an honoured vocation. taught nurses to be ladies, and she brought ladies out of the bondage of idleness to be nurses.

Before the work of Florence Nightingale began to tell on public opinion nursing was looked down upon, ill-paid, and unorganised. At the end of the first half of last century, when she decided to take up nursing, she had friends who made her feel as if she wished to be a kitchen-maid. Wages of nurses were then from fourteen to sixteen pounds a year; there was no uniform dress; and they cooked their own food, which they bought for themselves, and ate their meals in the ward kitchen or scullery. It seems Charles Dickens did not exaggerate much in his picture of Sairey Gamp. Now we have an army of cheerful, healthy, well-trained, well-equipped women.

Florence Nightingale's Notes on Nursing was an epochmaking book, and is indispensable to all who adopt nursing as a calling; her biographer remarks that if it should be out of print it ought to be included in one of the cheaper series of the day, for 'it can never be out of date, and no one who has ever read it has found it dull.' Fortunately it is not out of print, for there is an edition, stamped on the cover with a Red Cross, issued by Messrs Harrison & Sons. Miss Nightingale was in the habit of writing an annual letter or address to the probationer nurses of the Nightingale School at St Thomas's These addresses were usually read aloud by Sir Harry Verney, chairman of the Nightingale Fund, in the presence of the pro-bationers and nurses, and a printed copy or lithographed facsimile was given to each of those present, marked 'for private use only.' A few also were written for the Nightingale nurses serving in Edinburgh. These letters have now been published in a small volume, entitled Florence Nightingale to her Nurses, edited by

Miss Rosalind Nash (Macmillan & Co.). They are simple and direct messages, less full in treatment than the Notes, but strongly emphasising the moral side of the calling.

Mrs Fawcett, in her excellent introduction to Pioneer Work for Women, the autobiography of Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D., the first lady-graduate in medicine, draws an interesting parallel between her and Florence Nightingale. She points out how these women resembled one another in many ways; both had the same sense of vocation and the same strong religious feeling as the base and root of all their work. They had each 'the same intense distaste to the ordinary life of young-ladyhood, wasting time over inane conversation, paying calls, and making baubles which no one wanted; the same feeling that they had got to do what each eventually did do in the way of raising the standard of women's work; the same intense joy and satisfaction in their appointed task.' The one was rich, however, and was born into a family in good position; the other was poor, and had to earn by teaching the money wherewith to get through college. Both shrank from married life as a career.

When Florence Nightingale found that she could not get the requisite training in England, she spent some time at Fliedner's Institute of Protestant Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth, in Germany. She found that the institute was run on the lines of poverty, simplicity, and common-sense, and concluded that nursing could be made a calling for women, and no mere desultory occupation. She had further experience while in charge of a nursing establishment in Harley Street, London. She had visited the hospitals of London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Paris. Her great opportunity came during the Crimean war, when she was called to become superintendent of the female nurses in the hospitals in the All the world knows how heroically and well she reduced chaos to order, and 'hundreds of brave men attested with their dying breath how nobly Miss Nightingale's selfimposed task was done.' In her position she showed nerve and skill, was gentle, wise, and quiet, and seldom in a bustle or a hurry, though so much depended upon her. The large sum of money subscribed by the British Empire as a tribute to her work was utilised in founding the National Training School for Nurses at St Thomas's Hospital, which was opened in 1860. Miss Nightingale's own plan was to see that nurses should have their technical training in hospitals specially originated for the purpose, and that they should live in a home fit to form their moral life and discipline. Emphasis was laid on the qualities of punctuality, quietness, trustworthiness, personal cleanliness and neatness, and on ward management. A portion of

the sum was set apart for the training of midwives for the poor.

The addresses to nurses we have mentioned as just issued are religious in tone, and at the same time extremely practical. In asking real workers to enter into the immense field of nursing, made more immense by the opening out of London district nursing at the bedsides of the sick poor, Florence Nightingale says: 'A woman who takes a sentimental view of nursing (which she calls ministering, as if she were an angel) is, of course, worse than useless. A woman possessed with the idea that she is making a sacrifice will never do; and a woman who considers any kind of nursing work beneath a nurse will simply be in the way. . . . Nurses' work means downright work, in a cheery, happy, hopeful, friendly spirit. earnest, bright, cheerful woman, without the notion of making sacrifices, &c., perpetually occurring to her mind, is the real nurse; a woman with a healthy, active tone of mind, plenty of work in her, and some enthusiasm, who makes the best of everything, and, above all, does not think herself better than other people.' This is sound, practical good sense.

Again we find her saying that it is not the certificate that makes the nurse or midwife; that no training is of any use unless one can learn to feel and think out things for one's self; and that a nurse must be a missionary, not as a minister or chaplain, but by the influence of her own character. To those who say that medicine is the corrective process she replies that it is no such thing; 'medicine is the surgery of functions.' In a nutshell she gives the foundation laws of health: 'When we obey all God's laws as to cleanliness, fresh air, pure water, good habits, good dwellings, good drains, food, and drink, work and exercise, health is the result; when we disobey, sickness. One hundred and ten thousand lives are needlessly sacrificed every year in this kingdom by our disobedience, and two hundred and twenty thousand people are needlessly sick all the year round.' This was the ideal held up by Florence Nightingale. believed that prevention was better than cure; nursing the well was of as much importance as nursing the sick—the putting of the constitution in such a state that it will have no disease, or that it can recover from disease.

The great war in which we are engaged has stimulated the Red Cross movement, as well as every other form of nursing. Henri Durrant had been an eye-witness of the sufferings of wounded soldiers, without attention, at the battle of Solferino, and, inspired by the work of Florence Nightingale, he did not rest until, at an international conference at Geneva in 1864, the Red Cross idea was formulated. The late Lord Wantage, during the Franco-German war of 1870, formed the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War. The Japanese established a Red Cross Society in 1894. By Red Cross

methods the wounded are first treated on the battlefield by the field ambulance, and placed in the field hospital, from which they are conveyed by the Red Cross detachment to the emergency or general hospital. Our base hospital is at Netley, on Southampton Water. A feature of the interest and sympathy awakened at the outbreak of the war was the number of British homes, yachts, and buildings which were at once offered as hospitals; nearly three thousand highly skilled nurses were available for despatch if necessary, and sixty thousand other helpers were forthcoming. Admiralty and the War Office have officially recognised the British Red Cross Society, and agreed that all offers of voluntary assistance made with regard to the sick and wounded should reach them through this organisation. For some years a Red Cross Committee has been in existence in every county in Great Britain, prepared for emergency. The action of the British War Office in 1898 led to the amalgamation of the then existing societies, conferring an official status on the body thus formed, which became the British Red Cross Society, incorporated by Royal Charter in 1905. The society was inaugurated in that year by Queen Alexandra at a meeting held in Buckingham Palace. Five years later the Red Cross Society undertook, at the request of the Government, to work out a scheme of voluntary aid to complete the medical service of the Territorial Force. scheme was introduced, and committees of the Red Cross were formed to raise voluntary aid detachments, constituting the connecting link between the collecting zones and the base hospitals. The members of these detachments have been trained in first-aid, invalid cookery, and sick-room nursing. After the mobilisation of the army and Territorial forces took place, the county directors had to act on the requisition and under the orders of the Army Medical Department, which provides for the casualties of war. The function of the Red Cross Society is to offer such additional comforts and general help as may be considered beyond the scope of the Army and Navy Medical Departments—auxiliary hospital accommodation, auxiliary medical and nursing service, and all the little luxuries and comforts which mean so much to the invalid.

The progress of the war has thrown some strange lights on nursing and hospital treatment. A medical correspondent of the Times, who had visited hospitals in Brussels, noticed what a large number of the Belgians were wounded in the legs, and the many soldiers who had collapsed through sheer exhaustion. The men seemed to have gone on until they dropped; only with actual loss of consciousness did they give in. They seemed at first almost dead; were limp, pale, and cold. After a time their strength returned. Professor Saundby of Birmingham has pointed out how much more quickly the sick and wounded recover by open-air treatment. The then Crown Princess of Prussia, in a letter

to Florence Nightingale, gave an instance of how certain wounded men whose wounds had been doing badly in hospital improved rapidly and recovered after being placed in a garden in a shed which was open on one side, and whose walls

did not reach to the roof. Professor Saundby was of opinion that many buildings offered as emergency hospitals might be utterly unsuitable for the purpose, because lacking in openness to atmospheric influences.

THE WANDERINGS OF PLANTS AND ANIMALS IN THE WONDERLAND OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

By Professor H. A. STRONG.

OF all the 'fairy tales of science,' none is more fascinating than the story of the civilisation of the two beautiful islands lying at the Antipodes under the Southern Cross, christened by the Dutch cartographers after Tasman's discovery in 1642 of the 'unknown Southland.' This land of towering mountains, lakes, and volcanoes received its most inappropriate name from the foggy shoal of the province of Zealand simply because it was supposed to lie near New Holland, just as old Zealand lies near old Holland. The marvel of the history of these delightful islands is the speed with which they have passed from a state of wild nature to one of complete European civilisation within little more than a hundred years. The particular branch of that civilisation to be dealt with in this article is the gift made by the Old World to New Zealand of its fauna and flora, which have in the space of three generations utterly transformed the stock of living things in the Dominion.

The extraordinary fact, hardly realised by most of us, is that a country so remarkably suited by nature for the support of every description of animal life should have been almost as destitute of indigenous animals as the moon. At present not merely do these islands abound in all the animals known to our own country; but others, such as various kinds of deer liberated by the Acclimatisation Society, have been added to the list of fauna. There was, indeed, one animal found in New Zealand by Captain Cook on his arrival in 1769—a small, dark-brown rat called the kiore. This animal is supposed to have been introduced into the islands by the Maoris on their arrival from one of the islands in the South Sea; but it is gradually disappearing before the imported brown rat, just as the British black rat is disappearing before its Norwegian congener. The kiere, like other animals of the rat tribe, at uncertain times appears in vast numbers, starting none knows from whence, and going to no known goal, but evidently prompted by some mysterious instinct of nature. The same peculiarity has been remarked in the Norwegian lemmings; and the sudden appearance of the plague of voles in the neighbourhood of Dumfries a few years ago, and their equally sudden disappearance, will be remembered by many. Some years ago a countless swarm of

these little creatures appeared on the west coast of the Middle Island. They travelled southward along the shore for a distance of more than one hundred and fifty miles, pushing forward with restless energy, as though impelled by some mysterious agency. Many died by the way, and the moving host was exposed to fierce attacks by the imported brown rats-against which we are constantly warned-evidently bent on extirpating their weaker relatives in possession. These strange creatures continued to move in endless procession for many months, when they disappeared suddenly and mysteriously; nor did any one discover whither they betook themselves. The most remarkable fact regarding this huge migration is that the animals forming it consisted solely of males, not a single female having been found among the whole number. It would be interesting to learn from naturalists whether a similar fact has been noticed in the case of the migration of other animals of the rat kind, such as the hamsters or lemmings.

Reptiles, again, are conspicuous by their absence from New Zealand. Snakes, which form such a disagreeable element in the fauns of Australia, are unknown, and it is one of the amusements of the New Zealanders to observe their Australian visitors while walking through the scrub; for the latter have unconsciously acquired the habit of tapping the ground before them with a stick to scare away any possible pests of this description. This class of reptiles is represented by a few little lizards and the weird tuatara, known by sight to visitors to the reptile-house in the Zoological Gardens, London. This creature is a kind of iguana about a foot in length, and is found only on a few rocky islets on the coast of the North Island. The extraordinary characteristic of the tuatara is its capacity for perfect rest and its apparent power of existing without food or water. It may be kept in a glass case for months or even for years, and even the lack of air does not seem to affect its tranquil stoicism.

On the other hand, the bird-life of New Zealand is full of interest, and the native specimens are both numerous and beautiful. The gigantic moa, the largest specimen of the Dinornis, has indeed become extinct, but its remains have been found in such quantities as

to prove that at one time it was exceedingly common, and the museums in New Zealand contain many fine specimens of the skeletons and feathers of the bird. It was a wingless creature, standing some fifteen feet high. It had huge and powerful legs, and apparently habitually swallowed numerous pebbles to aid its digestion. Some of the older Maoris are ready to declare that in the days of their youth they have seen and even hunted these monstrous birds, and every now and then a paragraph appears in the Press asserting that a settler has caught sight of some solitary survivor of the race of moas. But scientists shake their heads, and declare that the bird has not existed since a remote antiquity. There are, however, in New Zealand three specimens of the moa kind, though they merely represent their giant congener in petto. There are two varieties of the kiwi and the weks or woodhen. The kiwi is well known to visitors to our museums; it is a true apteryx, or wingless bird. It is found only in solitary places on the west coast, and is believed to be rapidly diminishing in numbers. The weka, on the contrary, is very common throughout the New Zealand bush, and is well known to all who have camped out there; for it is an extraordinarily inquisitive bird, and this characteristic is so strong in its nature as to overcome its timidity, so that it will even enter the tent of a traveller, take stock of him and his surroundings, and steal what may suit its taste.

There are several kinds of indigenous parrots, of which the most singular is the kea or mountain parrot. In the old days, when its natural food was plentiful, this parrot used to subsist, like ordinary birds of its kind, on berries and fruit; but as these have been rendered scarce by the spread of stock, it has developed a most singular carnivorous propensity. It has made the discovery that the most delicate morsel to suit its taste is the kidney fat of the sheep, and since the time of this discovery it has become one of the pests of the flockmasters; it swoops down upon any unfortunate animal that it may find isolated, and tears away the wool, skin, and fat with its powerful beak, which it inserts into the kidneys of the sheep, leaving the animal to The kea is now becoming rarer, die in agony. since its breeding haunts have been discovered by the settlers; but its change of diet seems a striking instance of adaptability to environment.

The tui, or parson-bird, resembles a large starling. On its breast is a tuft of snow-white curled feathers, thought by the settlers to resemble the bands worn by clergymen; it is strictly preserved by law, is easily tamed, and learns to speak like a starling.

There are many other birds indigenous to New Zealand, some affording sport, others interesting for the singularity of their plumage or their habits, such as the wood-pigeon, the paradise duck, and the blue heron. Suffice it here to

say that New Zealand is as rich in bird-life as it is poor in its stock of native animals; and ornithologists will find a full description of all the birds in the Dominion in Sir W. Buller's Birds of New Zealand, a masterpiece of natural history. It must be remarked that British birds have been imported, and have increased enormously in numbers, so that the music of the songsters to which we are accustomed is more frequently heard than that of the native birds, which are mostly nocturnal in their habits. It is also noteworthy that the imported birds seem to diminish the numbers of the indigenous birds, even as the presence of the white man seems to tend to the disappearance of the natives of the countries in which he settles.

Fortunately for its inhabitants there is very little insect life in New Zealand. Sand-flies are troublesome, especially on the west coast; but at one time there were no wasps, hornets, or bees in the Dominion. We are taught to regard our common housefly as an enemy to be ruthlessly exterminated as a vehicle of infection; but this is not the view of the New Zealanders, who made the discovery that the British housefly, though a small and insignificant insect, possesses the virtue and the pluck of engaging with the large native bluebottle, which is considered a pest from its habit of blowing fresh meat and rendering it uneatable. It is said that a settler was much surprised on meeting a neighbour carrying a large bottle containing British houseflies, and bountifully distributing the insects pro bono publico as he rode home.

The housefly was introduced by accident rather than by design; but there is one instance of insect acclimatisation which has been of the utmost benefit to the colonists, and has, indeed, been the instrument of creating a new industry in the Dominion. This insect is the ordinary humble or bumble bee. Before the introduction of this beautiful insect there was no possibility of growing red clover, because there was no indigenous insect to fertilise the flower. As it is, red clover is one of the main products of New Zealand, and it has been stated that the introduction of this insect has been worth a million sterling to the Dominion.

But possibly the most singular creature that exists in New Zealand is the aweto, a vegetable caterpillar (Hipialis virescens). Much discussion has lately turned on the question whether it is possible for organic matter to arise from inorganic matter. However this may be, the case of the aweto seems to prove that a caterpiller may turn into a vegetable, as it habitually does in the wonderland beneath the Southern Cross. It remains an ordinary caterpillar until it is fullgrown; but then a miraculous change comes over it. The spore of a vegetable fungus, Sphæria Robertsii, fixes on the neck of the caterpillar, takes root there, and grows into its body, filling it exactly, and not altering its shape in any

degree. As soon as the spore has ceased growing both it and the caterpillar die; and the substantial result of this singular process is that a wooden caterpillar is left, with a wooden spore standing up in its neck. Specimens of these wooden caterpillars may be seen in several of our museums, and they are very common in New Zealand. The life history of this vegetable caterpillar sounds like a chapter of natural history composed by Baron Munchausen. It may well tax the credulity of the sceptical; but, as the wag said, 'it is none the less true for being a fact.'

All the animals known to civilisation which have been acclimatised in New Zealand have prospered and multiplied exceedingly, and that Dominion is probably at present the most favourable for sportsmen of all our overseas possessions. Captain Cook put some pigs ashore, and these have bred till their numbers are countless; they form the staple food of the Maoris, and are an excellent quarry for hunters of game. They have reverted to the type of wild swine, have assumed huge bristles, and the old boars are armed with huge tusks. Wild goats, also probably introduced by Captain Cook, swarm in the mountains. Red and fallow deer, and some species of Indian deer, have been turned out in places, and are rapidly increasing in numbers. Rabbits, as we all know, have become a perfect pest, and stoats and weasels have been imported to keep them down; though the complaint is that the stoats and weasels prefer to raid the fowl-yard when occasion offers. Grouse have been introduced, but have proved a failure, presumably because they cannot exist without the Scots heather. But the beautiful Californian quail, with its perky crest, has multiplied exceedingly, and has even made its way into the gardens and parks of the cities. The black swan of Australia has thriven so well that it hardly seems to have been an importation.

The rivers and lakes abound with trout, which grow to an almost incredible size; indeed, both Australia and New Zealand are becoming the happiest of hunting-grounds for the fly-fisher. It is no exaggeration to say that a skilled angler may expect to catch on Lake Taupo five times as many trout as he might hope to catch on Lochleven, and many of the fish weigh as much as ten pounds. As an instance of how new conditions change old habits, it may be mentioned that the trout in these lands lying under the Southern Cross actually imitate the salmon in taking freely to salt water, and their taste and flavour is thereby improved; but for some mysterious reason the salmon which have been imported have never been seen after once going down to the sea.

It is perhaps worth while to add that the New Zealand Year-Book, in comparing the climate of Great Britain with that of other countries, states that the average sunshine in

our country ranges from one thousand two hundred to one thousand six hundred hours per year. The average in Napier and Nelson was no less than two thousand five hundred and one hours and two thousand four hundred and sixty-seven hours respectively.

It may not be inopportune to add that recent explorers and pioneers of civilisation have discovered an extraordinarily numerous fauna in the Northern Territory of Australia, recently taken over from South Australia by the Federal Government. This vast region is equal in area to France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland combined, and contains at present not more than from two thousand to five thousand inhabitants. It is perhaps not generally known that wild buffaloes abound in the north-eastern part of the country, and that there are a few hunters who make their livelihood by shooting them for their horns and skins. The carcass is usually left on the ground and wasted. It seems a pity that no attempt on a large scale has been made to domesticate these animals. They are the descendants of the water buffalo of Timor, and were introduced from that island when the British Government in the 'twenties founded some military settlements on the north coast of Australia. They have multiplied and spread, and are now seen occasionally in Queensland. Herds of wild ponies are also common. Game is very plentiful. Black-and-white geese, native companions, jaberoo, spoonbill, ibis, and spur-wing plover are among the birds which offer food and sport to the tourist. Turtle and dugong are found on the coast, the latter animal resembling a porpoise, and its flesh resembling pork. Oysters are found in boundless quantities. The great problem now exercising the intellects of Australian statesmen is how to get this rich tropical territory populated by white settlers, as they have determined not to allow others to settle in their continent. Should, however, such a huge territory remain unoccupied, the Australians are not unreasonably apprehensive that some neighbouring Power may deem that it could put the region to better use than the present owners have done.

REMINISCENCE.

WHEN evening comes and fragrant fields grow wet With silver largesse of the falling dew, My thought, like some wild alien bird, flies yet Back to the tropic sunsets and to you. The English lanes, for all their loveliness Of starry hedge-flowers where the bees have swung. Lack the mysterious gloom, the magic stress Of phantom branches to which fire-flies clung.

For I remember how the swift night came Beyond the heat-haze: suddenly the moon Rose golden from the phosphorescent sea, The native drums would beat and torches flame, The champak-scented air made reason swoon: Then silence—and a hushed expectancy.

C. FARMAR.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

THE dawn is breaking upon a new age, in which life may be calm and peaceful, happy and beautiful. It may be better to live. Yesterday it was as if the soul of tormented man was passing through a long night of crushing torture, shaking terrors, black hours of thunder and shrieking, with the Furies abroad, like a veritable pandemonium of devilry. The storm will pass. The sun will rise in a clear sky, and there will be the singing of birds, the crooning of gentle breezes through the trees, the laughing prattle of children safe in happy The world is to make a new beginning. Civilisation, unarmed and unafraid, is to come to its own. It even seems that all the eras, all the ages of the long and uneven past, have but led to the new time that is now to start. It is true; we must believe it, and try fully to realise the quality and the possibilities of a new life that is ahead. Optimism can lead to no danger now if we are true to ourselves and to the ideals that will be presented to us, and it is a good tonic when for so long past the human mind has been oppressed. For its justification and the absolute belief in the excellence and splendour and glorious possibilities of this new life we need but one basis at the beginning of the argument, one simple postulate, and that is the defeat of our enemies in the war, and with it the utter annihilation of German militarism. As a postulate, that is sound, and may be taken with confidence, because the converse is unthink-It is from this postulate we assume mere existence, and with existence the rest follows. Germany, as we have known it, will cease. Even now it is only beginning to be dimly realised what an oppressing and unhealthy effect Kaiserism has had upon the life of the world for a generation past, how it has strangled action and even thought, blighted ideals, and brought about such a hideous waste and folly in the maintenance of militarism as may cause this age to be looked back upon by those who are born hereafter as one of amazing stupidity.

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We have come to the end of it, and now is the time for a new beginning. Mankind will welcome that beginning as the most magnificent No. 205.—Vol. IV.

opportunity it has known, the most promising and irresistible. Individuals constantly yearn for the good excuse and the helpful circumstance to make a sudden end of an old bad system of life and start afresh. The Old World will make one There has been a vast cataclysm, great forces have been drawn together with a common object and ambition, an essential cleansing of the world, and there is such a general upheaval in all countries and systems and in every class of society as makes the new beginning inevitable and the circumstances most insistent upon it. The great change must unavoidably be for health and good and happiness; it cannot be otherwise. We may look upon the time that is coming as a-renaissance of the world. Life is more complex now than it was at the time of the great Renaissance of art and letters in the fifteenth century, but beauty will be added to it, just as was the case then. For all the fancy prices that millionaires pay for pictures, art now stands for much less in the life and joy of the community than it did then, and in comparison with the people of that age we have no feeling for beauty. The senses of people have become clogged with vulgarity, ideas of machinery, and coarse materialism. It is a hard thing for a man to possess the biggest motor-car in his parish and to be a true lover of art. Yet it is easy to buy the work of an old master and be a prig. For all that, we shall in the new life feel in our souls much of that quick, uplifting spirit of the great Renaissance.

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There may be something like a throw-back in our ideas and tastes. We may hold to what we know; but there may be a less feverish pursuit of the still unknown, if for no other reason than that much of this pursuit in the past has been stimulated by consideration of armies and war, and often enough has been financed by their authorities. Science has been the servant of Bellona. What has science given to the world as we know it? Many good things. Also it has given us modern Germany, which is so infinitely inferior in all matters of the spirit to the Germany of a hundred years ago, when the great musicians lived and made their compositions; it has rendered possible, as OCTOBER 31, 1914. [All Rights Reserved.]

nothing else could have done, the greatest and bloodiest war that the world has ever known, or, as we think, will ever know, with all its mines and torpedoes, and submarines and aircraft; and in place of belief in the highest things it has given us a gross and utter materialism. After the terrific cleansing process through which our minds will have passed, in contriteness we shall realise there are better things in life than electricity and petrol, better joys than to travel fast and to eat expensively, and that a danger that has not been suspected lurks in the old doctrine that to save time is to lengthen life. In the aggregate millions and millions of hours are saved every day in London, as compared with thirty or forty years ago, by the use of petrol and electricity; but life is not lengthened thereby-much the reverse surely -nor are the joys and satisfaction of living increased.

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But not quite by considerations of the mere negative can we come to understand the joys of the future life on earth that are coming to Britons, and to some of those who are their friends, as the result of this war that, in the highest sense of the good of the world and all humanity, is assuredly not being fought in vain. Great as is the price to be paid, Britain will get full value for its money and blood, and we who have not now full lengths of life to lead shall have the value. Of all the human emotions there is none so deeply satisfying as that of pride; not the vulgar pride that comes from exhibition, from meretricious display, from mere possessions, or even from title and family, but the deep and soulful pride of conscious worth and great achievement. It is the pride of glory. The Briton, as such, will have such an overwhelming pride after this war as no man of any other country or empire has ever had in the past. He will have fought, indeed, not merely for the good of himself; but he, disinterestedly, will have fought to save the world, and will have saved it. He will have accomplished the greatest good ever done since earth was placed among the planets. He will have set forth, for the admiration and wonder of every generation that shall follow, how his might, created by his right, was displayed in a dazzling magnitude. It had been said, and there were some fears-not without cause—that the great British Empire was experiencing the difficulties of its size and its variety, and that a decline was imminent. But at this time of crisis-decline indeed! How the blood of generations of Britons yet unborn will leap in their veins when they read of the way in which Indians with love and loyalty came to our aid; how the men of South Africa, who had been angry with us once before, sprang to their guns at the first sign that the Empire was in danger; how from Canada and Australia,

from New Zealand and from every little colony of this motherland, the children hurried to give their money and their lives for what was best in all the world; and how even nations that were not concerned with the cause of quarrel looked on in grand admiration and sympathy, with hands twitching to grasp their swords. Never, they will know, was Britain so great as then, when, in humble piety and truth, it could be said she was fighting not for herself but for the Creator of the threatened world. What a privilege to be a Briton of this glorious, this matchless period! Destiny has given to the Britons alive in 1914 an imperishable distinction, and one which will endure for their time and ever after. It was a great thing to be a Briton of the rousing times of Elizabeth, great again to have been British when Napoleon was overthrown; but the Briton of the present period is now and for ever supreme among all races. The pride of his worth and achievement is enhanced by his new burning patriotism. Too often British patriotism has been quiescent. It needs to burn continually for Britain to be herself; and now the nation has been knit, and it is all aflame throughout the Empire. From that love of country, openly and exultingly confessed, great deeds will flow. Love is the strongest and most uplifting emotion of the human being; no power can equal it. It is the divine spark in man that makes him superior to all other things that live, or seem to live. One who does not and cannot love can do little that is worth the doing; and there are two forms of love that are inspiring beyond all others, one being this great love of country. So from her strengthened patriotism, and the pride of it, shall Britain ascend. Glowing pride! In the great days of the Roman Empire it was a glorious thing to be a citizen of Rome. Every Roman felt the better then for his Empire and his share in it. In every moment of his life he felt the dignity and the superiority of his citizenship. 'Civis Romanus sum !' And in our New Renaissance, when we and our friends have made not only great empires for ourselves, but have saved the civilisation that has taken thousands of years of life to build, and have refined it nearly to perfection, shall it not be a splendid thing to say, 'Civis Britannicus sum / I am one of the Britons who helped to save the world for life and beauty'?

But pride is not enough for life; dignity and consciousness of worth will not establish a New Renaissance. This war has other good work to do For ages past war has been regarded as a great essential to the improvement and strengthening of the human race. The principle of the survival of the fittest has brought about this view. Ever since man began there have been wars. By many of them the human race has unquestionably

improved; but it is not clear—far from it that, when once a certain state of efficiency. has been achieved, institutions and advantages have been established, and reason has been cultivated, wars cannot with great benefit be replaced by other forms of contest less savage. indeed, is now as absurd as it is terrible. will not be tolerated in the future as it has been in the past, and the old arguments in favour of it will not be heard. Listen to General von Bernhardi, the priest of German militarism who encouraged his nation to the fight in which she falls: 'This desire for peace has rendered most civilised nations anæmic, and marks a decay of spirit and political courage such as has often been shown by a race of Epigoni. "It has always been," H. von Treitschke tells us, "the weary, spiritless, and exhausted ages which have played with the dream of perpetual peace." . . This aspiration is directly antagonistic to the great universal laws which rule all life. War is a biological necessity of the first importance, a regulative element in the life of mankind which cannot be dispensed with, since without it an unhealthy development will follow, which excludes every advancement of the race, and therefore all real civilisation. "War is the father of all things," said Heraclitus of Ephesus.' This apostle of the bloody doctrine that Might is Right clearly makes it an axiom in his philosophy that man is like the brutes, and that the same laws of progress apply to both, that the human has no superiority in instincts and tendencies to the serpents and the beasts. It is an axiom that may serve the Prussian, but it will not do for others, and even the Prussian will progress with it no more. But yet it is true that in the past war has been a great cleanser, and the greatest of wars will be a splendid purifier. It will make of Germany a man among nations, a good, honest, cleanliving, and right-thinking man. In time perhaps the Germans will be able to look other nations in the face again. Beyond doubt the war will yield a vast enlightenment to willing, struggling Russia. There is proof already that it has strengthened morally such a doubtful breed as the Servians, whose record hitherto has not been a pleasant one to contemplate. But if in the past one has been inclined to think the Balkan peoples rough and primitive and even barbarous, we grant to them now that they may wear the lily for their emblem by comparison with the Huns of Germany, who have made us sick of the mention of 'science' and 'culture' for what they have seemed to signify in them. Belgium is exalted among nations for its heroism; never can its glory be dimmed; a great king and a great people live in that land. Our sister France, the fairest country of the world, the people in whom the refinement of civilisation has been carried to its noblest and most perfect achievement, comes fully to her own, and with a light

and happy heart, rid of painful shackles, will go on with a great work for humanity.

For the last consideration, come home to the dear homeland that we love so much. Great as Britain has been, she will advance now to an overpowering greatness that is beyond all present imagination, and her wealth and prosperity and happiness will increase enormously. But it is not of the spoil and the coming riches that Britain needs most to think when the parchments of peace are signed in Berlin. If it were, then this would not have been a war for humanity at all. It would be nothing to us if we gained the whole world and lost our own soul. war will improve the British people. nation we have needed some attention. may have been over-rich, and may have fallen into ways of carelessness. Our thoughts have dipped a little from their normal height, our standards have become a little shaken, and there has been some confusion. In some ways we have become narrow-minded, and have overlooked the greater things in national life while we have laboured in promoting the importance of trifles. Think of the mad, the ridiculous state into which our parliamentary system has fallen through excesses of the party system. Only when at war, when by threat this wasteful, foolish conglomeration of parties all dissolved and left an efficient unity, did we fully realise the folly of it all. The party way is desirable for good government by supplying criticism and regulating control, but much of what we have had in recent years has been merely peevish hindrance and destruction. The excess of party system, as it was carried on up to the time when Germany and Austria began their fatal conspiracy against mankind, vanished at the announcement of the war; and will it ever come to life again? If not, that will be something won. After the war shall there not be a better regard in general for the forces of the spirit as against the forces of materialism, seeing the sad pass to which the latter have brought us? In the dark hours at the beginning of the conflict men were heard, in their agony, to say that if the Allies, fighting for the good of the world, lost the war, it would no longer be possible to believe in Providence. Then is not the converse true, and shall there not be a new and better belief, perhaps a saner and less conventional, in the Controller of the universe? We shall realise the joy of a simpler and more real life, not meaning that we need impose harsh restrictions upon ourselves. We shall perceive that previously we had wandered too far from our base in ideals, and that it were well to return to some of the care and thoughtfulness of Victorian times. If in some respects those times were smug and priggish, they had fine virtues, and perhaps the conscience of Britain was then more fully awake and active, and set at its right adjustment, than it was after-

wards until the beginning of the present war. Many vulgarities have crept into our ways of living, and the unity of the nation and its hardship should remove them. Shortly before the war began a host gave a dinner-party of such magnificence that it was reported that it cost him forty pounds for each of his guests. About the same time I read this in a newspaper: 'It was reported at the meeting of the Reading Insurance Committee to-day that in the case of one local family six of the children slept in one bed—three at the head and three at the foot. Three of these children were suffering from consumption, as also was the father.' This kind of thing should not be tolerated any more in the richest and greatest country in the world, the one that has helped to save humanity.

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Tastes and standards in our forms of entertainment have gone awry. Real literature and real music and real drama have been badly neglected to the advantage of the merest shoddy. Has it not often been the case that after a great and cleansing war there has been a grand revival of the best in these matters, coming from chastened hearts and purified souls? Here in the past there has often been pointed out the badness of the gate-money system in games, and the evils to which it had led, cricket and football as good sports having been spoiled. A sad exposure came at the beginning of the war when, having to choose between the service of patriotism and the games with the sixpences of gate-money, large bodies of the supporters of such games and one of their high governing authorities held to the system, and are now condemned. Shall we not remember now what was the last great interest and enthusiasm that England had, according to its leading newspapers, just before the war began? What strange subject was being given great attention in those journals, being most seriously discussed? Prize-fighting! In simple boxing, as between two men who box for the love of the thing, there is sport and manhood to be displayed. It does no harm; it may do good; it is fit to see. But this new prize-fighting, supported by leading newspapers, is not like that, and is not even half so good as the fighting of the days of Tom Sayers. These modern pugilists will fight only when sums of from one to six or seven thousand pounds are guaranteed them, and when the loser is sometimes assured of more moneygain than the victor. Sport! And the acknowledged champion of such a sport is a black man who at the time when I write is living in London and giving exhibitions at music halls, receiving more in fees in a week than would serve to keep for a year a family made fatherless by this war. This kind of thing will not do for

our New Renaissance. Right on the eve of this war, when the country was lending itself to the prize-fighting craze, some priests were being lauded for their superior broad-mindedness because they consented to be the officials at these combats. Pictures of such priests, with commending words, were published. They were represented as being better than other priests. In the New Renaissance which follows this war the Churches will have better work to do. And the women of England were being called to these fights, and they went, even in thousands, as never before had they done. Some leading journals noted the fact with great approval; they gave them the utmost encouragement Those women were represented as being better for what they did. Women of prominence were invited to write to the newspapers their impressions of such fights, and this is how one of them wrote: 'The fight is over! Wells has won' I have indistinct recollections of standing up and shouting my delight. It seems all too splendid. I feel as though I knew all the sensations of those women who threw their jewels into the ring. It was England winning, and all the hopes of England winning still. . . . No doubtful decision on points, but with one of those blows that make him still the greatest boxer we have. I sat there trembling with fear lest in those ten seconds Bell should rise again. No one could hear the count of them. The whole building was shouting just what I felt, and when they had passed I can only say that my delight was too great.' And yet it is still true that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world—so very true. There is an expression that women once would use about one of their sex, which they employ less in these times, I think. Alluding to their friend, they would say, 'She is such a nice little woman!' This is a triplet of three very plain, simple, and somewhat indefinite words; but has it ever occurred to you that together they stand for a very distinct type of woman, that they mean quite exactly one particular kind and no other, and that their application to a large proportion of women would at once strike you as incongruous and absurd! You know the woman that they mean—one who is soft and tender, innocent and gentle, affectionate and trusting, no doubt intensely feminine, divinely womanish. As you think of her you think of children too, and of the beauty of life. The type was commoner in the Victorian times than now. Yet we have seen since the war began that the heart of the British woman is still great. The instincts of the men and women of our race are as good as ever, but there may have been a little carelessness. It will have gone when the guns of Europe are silent once again.



CONCERNING KIÁU-CHAU.

By W. F. BATTEN.

T is more than a little disconcerting to any one who knows Tsing-tau—otherwise Kiáu-chau -to read telegrams stating that it is to be bombarded by the twelve-inch guns of the Japanese fleet. But the comments in the Press on 'the danger of exposing the Jap's war-vessels to the fire of the heavy guns of this strongly fortified place' are entirely superfluous; for the danger to the Japanese fleet from the heavy guns of the forts built on the circle of hills, from five to six hundred feet high, which surround Kiau-chau is purely imaginary, the simple reason being that the forts are unfinished and the heavy guns non est; though doubtless they have done their best to remedy, as far as possible, this state of affairs since war was declared. Then the garrison, which is supposed to number between seven and eight thousand men, really consisted of only about five thousand German marines, with a few companies of drilled Chinese, at the time when war broke out; and it is doubtful whether the German reservists will succeed in reaching the town from other parts of China. But supposing there were seven thousand troops in the place, they would be utterly inadequate for a successful defence. This is because Kiau-chau, like our own Wei-hai-wei (a little farther north), needs for defence to have the hills surrounding it strongly held by some twenty-five thousand troops. Therefore, if either Japan or Great Britain, or both combined with France, intend to capture 'the German Hongkong,' it should be done by establishing a close blockade—that is, through starvation—not bombardment; and it now looks as if this were the course the Japanese intend to take. With regard to the bombardment of this handsome town, we wonder whether the financial and commercial world at home wishes to hear of eight hundred and fifty-pound shells charged with high explosives being dropped on the premises of British merchant princes like Messrs Jardine, Matheson, and Company, or those of the Hong-kong and Shanghai Bank, the great banking corporation which in past years, when working hand in hand with our Foreign Office, was ever the sturdiest supporter of British financial and commercial interests in China. Nor would these eight hundred and fifty pound intruders be any better appreciated by Messrs Butterfield & Swire and other well-known British firms established in Kiáu-chau. However, the many English families who in the heat of summer go to the handsome Grand Hotel, the Strand, or the Central, in the fine foreign quarter of the settlement, in order to let their delicate little ones get the benefit of Kiáu-chau's excellent climate, and to enjoy its sandy beach, all left at the approach of trouble. Moreover, it would be almost as

great a pity to hand over this handsome, thriving, and up-to-date town to the maladministration, corruption, and dry-rot that still distinguish mandarindom as it would be to allow it to be demolished by shell-fire. Far better would it be to restore it to China nominally, in order to save mandarindom's face, while actually allowing it to remain a foreign settlement somewhat resembling Shanghai, but administered by the Allies instead of by Germany. The influence of the 'mailed fist' in China is an evil thing, which has always been used to injure British interests and undermine British prestige in the Far East. Its methods with Chinese officialdom were threats or bribes; with the British, unfair competition backed by heavy subsidies and underhand intrigues. Through these methods alone has it succeeded in running British shipping out of Chinese ports, and squeezing British firms out of their trade with China.

When, in the 'seventies, the writer visited Tsing-tau it was merely a poverty-stricken little fishing-village, and so it remained till the end of 1897, when the ramshackle German fleet of those days was enabled—owing to the permission given by our Government to use British coaling stations—to crawl into the peaceful harbour of Kiáu-chau, and, under the pretext of avenging the murder of two German missionaries, to seize it and the adjoining country. Eventually the Chinese Government was compelled to grant a ninety-nine years' lease of one hundred and seventeen square miles of territory nominally, but in reality of a zone of thirty-two miles from the shore of the bay; and this brought seventy thousand Chinese under German rule. The right to construct a railway to Chinan-fu, the capital of the province of Shan-tung, had also to be conceded. This province, which is the Yorkshire of China, has a fine climate and a population of forty millions, who eat meat and vegetables The men can instead of the usual fish and rice. be trained to be fine soldiers, as King Edward's regiment of Chinese Guards testified, and also good seamen and marines. Shan-tung, China's finest province, was undoubtedly earmarked for German absorption by peaceful penetration, or otherwise, in the future. Moreover, Kiáu-chau could be made almost a second Port Arthur, and doubtless would have been had the financial position in Germany permitted. This would have enabled the 'mailed fist' to overawe Peking, which is only three hundred and fifty miles distant; hence the Chinese Government's desire that we should retain Wei-hai-wei. The Germans intended also to connect their local railway with the main Lu-Han Peking-Hankow line.

The bay of Kiáu-chau, though only about a mile and three-quarters wide at the entrance, has an area of one hundred and fifty square miles, and is, indeed, so large that the land at its head can only be dimly seen from the entrance. The harbour varies in depth, but there is safe anchorage within it for ships of any size; and there is a large, though at present undeveloped, supply of good bunker coal within easy reach. When the war began it sheltered thirteen German warships, as well as an Austrian cruiser. The most powerful of the German vessels were the Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau armoured cruisers. There were also the Nuremberg and Leipzig fast cruisers, and the gunboats Itis, Jaguar, and Suchs, with two large destroyers, and small craft of negligible value.

The wonderful transformation the Germans have effected in the harbour has extended to the surrounding country, where the bare, rocky, granite hills surrounding the port have been covered with trees by careful afforestation. at one time poorly cultivated valleys between these and the coast are now very fertile tracts, producing fine crops of wheat, maize, millet, and barley. Last year the new German railway to the provincial capital carried over a million and a quarter passengers, with about nine hundred thousand tons of goods. The important works so long carried on in connection with the harbour are now completed. The new sixteen-thousandton floating dock is capable of taking vessels up to four hundred and fifty feet in length, and there are three moles which can berth twenty ships. The water-supply is pure and abundant, and the electric lighting, like the drainage arrangements, is quite up to date. There are many fine buildings, including a well-equipped observatory. It is estimated that the German Government has spent nearly twelve millions sterling upon the

The present total of Germany's trade with China-nearly four millions per annum-when compared with that of the British, does not present the true perspective in relation to the future, and it is the future in China that is going to count. Hence the German commercial community's persistent efforts, always backed and controlled by the German Government, to secure a dominant position against the time when China's economic resources will be much more fully developed. The district immediately surrounding Kiáu-chau is rich in mineral and metalliferous deposits.

Besides the 'Central,' the 'Strand,' and the

new 'Grand,' there are other very handsome hotels in the foreign residential quarter, which has been very well designed and handsomely laid out. Prince Henry of Prussia cut the first sod of the Shan-tung Railway in 1899, and within three years after one million two hundred and thirty thousand passengers and eight hundred and fifty-two thousand tons of goods were carried. In 1912 the Shan-tung Mining Company obtained nearly six million tons of coal of a quality very suitable for steamers' bunkers, the demand being in excess of the present supply. Soap, albumen, and hat factories, and breweries, are run on up-to-date lines; and Kiáu-chau has obtained a virtual monopoly of the straw-braid industry. There are ample educational facilities, technical and German High Schools, as well as good Chinese ones, being maintained by the Govern-

Though Kiáu-chau was declared a free port in 1899, by a very favourable arrangement (for Germany) with China a branch of the Imperial Maritime Customs was established there in 1906 for the collection of duties on goods coming out of, or going into, the interior, in accordance with the general treaty tariff; but 20 per cent. of the duties so collected must be paid over to the

It should be clearly understood that if Great Britain is to profit financially and commercially by the destruction of the ill-gotten German military sphere of influence in China, and British commercial enterprise is to be secured on a permanent and unassailable footing, our traders must take a leaf out of the German book. They should be represented by managers or agents who can talk to the Chinese without interpreters, and they must supply goods suitable to local demands. Commercial firms should, as far as possible, combine, and British banks and financial syndicates support British enterprise only. Our Board of Trade is now adopting a quite new policy, and will whole-heartedly support such If, therefore, the coming opportunity is turned to good account, the influence of British capital should enable British firms to secure contracts for new railways, mining operations, and engineering works generally. Here, too, there will be no danger from such Japanese competition as our traders will have to face; whilst the removal of the heavy and illegitimate pressure of the 'mailed fist' will entirely change the situa-The prospect of a great future lies before British enterprise in China through these changes.

A SCOTTISH DUEL OF LAST CENTURY.

By WM. A. MILLAR.

in our social manners and customs are well

HE changes that a hundred years have brought | seek to settle private differences as compared with those which obtained in this country as exemplified in the methods by which men now | late as the eighteenth, and even the earlier part

of the nineteenth, century. Political contention then could hardly fail in having a piquancy of its own when it carried with it the possibility that one might be waited upon by 'the friend' of one's antagonist, with a polite request to 'give satisfaction' in the approved mode; and no doubt in those days many a sober citizen found a certain complacency in recalling his earlier and more ardent years, when he too had 'pinked his man in Beauty's quarrel.' Even the traditional canniness of the Scot and the sobering and pacific influences of the years were not proof against the practice; for in the encounter now recalled, which took place on Tuesday, 26th March 1822, near the quiet village of Auchtertool, in Fifeshire, the combatants were both men in the prime of lifethey had been born in the same year, 1775 -and were members of families connected with the county, and well known throughout Scotland.

One was Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart. of Auchinleck, Ayrshire, a Writer to the Signet, and a poet and antiquary of some distinction in his day; the eldest son, too, of James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, and a cousin of Claude Irvine Boswell of Balmuto, advocate, who became a Lord of Session under the title Lord Balmuto. Sir Alexander was a man of lively imagination, and possessed of a considerable fund of humour, who sang his own songs with great spirit and effect. Some of his songs, such as 'Jenny's Bawbee' and 'Jenny Dang the Weaver,' had acquired a wide popularity even in his lifetime, and were almost as familiar as those of Burns. He had a printing-press of his own at Auchinleck, and in 1803 he published a small volume, Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, bearing the inscription, 'Nulla venenato litera mixta joco.' It would have been well for him if all his verses had been animated by the spirit of that motto. His opponent was James Stuart, Esquire of Dunearn, who seems to have divided his time and attention pretty evenly between his duties as a lawyer in Edinburgh—he held the honourable office of Clerk to the Signet-and his concerns as an agriculturist on his Fifeshire estates. Mr Stuart was closely connected with many noble Scottish families-Moray, Reay, Melville, and the Erskines of Cardross; and it is noteworthy that Boswell and he were relatives, and had at one time been on friendly terms.

The casus belli was one common enough a hundred years ago. Stuart was an extreme Whig; and Boswell, an ardent Tory, had written some 'political squibs,' as he called them, first to The Beacon, which was published in Edinburgh, and afterwards to a Glasgow newspaper called The Sentinel In these were contained many violent attacks upon Mr Stuart; in particular, certain charges of personal cowardice, which were both unprovoked and undeserved. The head and

front of the offending was what was written in one of the papers, entitled:

Whig Song.

Supposed to have been written by one of the Jameses, extainly not by King James the First or King James the Fifth, but probably by one of the House of Stuart.

Tune: 'Sheriffmuir.'

There's some say that they're Whigs,
And some say that we're Whigs,
And some say there's nae Whigs ava, man,
But ae thing I'm sure,
A paltry Whig do-er [lawyer or agent]
'S the Whig that out-whiggifies a', man.
Chorus.

There's stot-feeding Stuart,
Kent for that cow-art,
How glegly he kicks ony ba', man;
And Gibson, lang chiel, man,
Whase height might serve weel, man,
To read his ain name on a wa', man.
Chorus.

Your knights o' the pen, man,
Are a' gentlemen, man,
Ilk body's a limb o' the law, man;
Tacks, bonds, precognitions,
Bills, wills, and petitions,
And aught but a trigger some draw, man.
Chorus.

This song, and certain other writings which appeared in *The Sentinel*, were published anonymously; but Mr Stuart, incensed by these attacks, went to Glasgow and contrived to secure possession of the original documents. Till then he had had no suspicion as to their authorship, and was accordingly greatly taken aback to find that they were in the handwriting of Sir Alexander Boswell, and that some of them were actually signed by that gentleman, and bore the postmark of Mauchline, near which was Sir Alexander's county seat of Auchinleck.

Mr Stuart immediately—on Monday the 25th of March—repaired to Edinburgh. Failing explanation or apology, a meeting was inevitable, and he sought out a friend, Lord Rosslyn, to undertake matters for him.

Lord Rosslyn, at Mr Stuart's request, had a meeting with Sir Alexander, which took place in the Waterloo Tavern; recounted what Mr Stuart had learned; and told him with great civility that as there was a very strong presumption that the papers had been written by Sir Alexander, Mr Stuart considered that he was entitled to ask whether he were really the author. Lord Rosslyn performed his part tactfully, and, as was Mr Stuart's wish, with every desire to avoid the appearance of offence or aggression. He assured Sir Alexander that if he could say that he was not the author of the papers, or had not sent them to the newspapers, such a denial on his part would be conclusive against any evidence that might be forthcoming. Sir Alexander, to whom this visit had not been unexpected, remarked that it was a matter of great delicacy. He left the room, and returned accompanied by

the Hon. John Douglas of Lockerbie, a friend of his own and a brother of the Marquis of Queensberry. Lord Rosslyn repeated his question, impressing on the others that it appeared to be justified by the strong presumption as to the authorship of the documents. Boswell desired to discuss matters in private with his friend. Lord Rosslyn left the room; and when he was called back he found Mr Douglas alone. gentleman stated that he could not advise his friend to give any answer to Lord Rosslyn's question; that Mr Stuart, who was in possession of the facts on which that question was based, must exercise his own judgment; and that, if the unfortunate business were to proceed farther, two conditions were indispensable—that there should be no meeting for fourteen days at the soonest, for Sir Alexander proposed to execute some settlements which, for their validity, would require his attendance at kirk and market, and that any meeting arranged should be on the Continent. To these conditions Lord Rosslyn indicated that Mr Stuart would agree.

Sir Alexander had evidently made up his mind to offer no apology, and the challenge being inevitable, Lord Rosslyn returned to his friend to apprise him of what had passed. Within half-an-hour Lord Rosslyn called again on Mr Douglas to confirm that Mr Stuart was agreeable to Sir Alexander's conditions, and it was then arranged that matters should be finally adjusted between the parties in London, Calais being spoken of as a safe and convenient rendezvous for the Lord Rosslyn had hardly parted from Mr Douglas when Sir Alexander returned to tell Mr Douglas that he had been to consult his friend Lord Meadowbank on the subject of the place to be chosen for the encounter. Lord Meadowbank, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, had advised that there was no necessity to go to the Continent, or even to England; that, indeed, Sir Alexander was as secure in Scotland as anywhere else, and that 'the Lord Advocate was as safe as the Grand Jury.' Sir Alexander had hoped to reach Mr Douglas's house with this opinion before Lord Rosslyn left, but the Earl had gone. Mr Douglas hurried round to his house, to learn that he had already set off for Newhaven ferry on his way home to Dysart House in Fifeshire.

Thither Mr Douglas followed him, and overtook him on the pier. Considerable differences emerged in the conversation that ensued. Lord Rosslyn objected to any change being made in the arrangements, as being highly inconvenient and embarrassing, the more so that Mr Stuart was to go to London that night, and might even then be already gone. Mr Douglas asked the Earl to return to Edinburgh with him to see what could be done; but Lord Rosslyn refused. He was convinced that their return together, coupled with their meeting in the morning, might excite observation and suspicion, and he accordingly

embarked on the ferry-boat and continued on his journey to Fife.

Before parting with Lord Rosslyn, Mr Douglas had obtained the Earl's consent to his calling on Mr Stuart to see whether the rendezvous could be changed. Mr Douglas returned to the city and at once called. Mr Stuart had no objection to the meeting being in Scotland, though he indicated that he wished that any arrangements might be made not directly with himself, but through Lord Rosslyn. By this time the evening was drawing on. Mr Douglas saw Sir Alexander, who reported that in the afternoon he had seen his man of business about his will, and that the settlement might be completed within a couple of days instead of a fortnight, as Sir Alexander had at first supposed.

There is the strongest evidence that after this visit from Mr Douglas, Sir Alexander went round to a dinner-party with the 'Author of Waverley' at his house in Castle Street, and was the merriest and gayest of the high-spirited company

gathered round Sir Walter's table!

In the meantime, between nine and ten o'clock, Mr Douglas returned to tell Mr Stuart of the latest suggestion for the meeting. Mr Stuart said it was not right that he should have any communication on matters of the kind, and told Mr Douglas he had a friend in the house, a Mr James Brougham, who was accordingly sent for. This gentleman—a brother of Lord Brougham undertook to communicate by express to Lord Rosslyn Mr Douglas's proposal that the meeting should take place in two or three days, and that Berwick-on-Tweed was suggested, so that parties might meet on either side of the Border as they thought most prudent. Mr Douglas then bade both Brougham and Stuart good-night. would have thought that by that hour, and after the excitement and exertions of the day, he would wish only to get home and to bed. But, like Sir Alexander, he did not allow these events to interrupt his social engagements or inclinations, for he went straight to a party at the Royal Hotel! About two in the morning the waiter came to him to say that some one wished to speak to him downstairs. This was Mr Brougham, with news, startling and disconcerting indeed.

About midnight, and, as it afterwards appeared, at the instigation of friends of Sir Alexander Boswell—though entirely outwith that gentleman's knowledge and against his wishes—the parties, Sir Alexander and Mr Stuart, had been waited upon by sheriff-officers, and brought before the sheriff, who had bound them both over to keep the peace! The sheriff's jurisdiction and injunction applied only to the city and county of Edinburgh, but it was apparent that the intentions of the parties were already being noised abroad. Therefore there was need for the most urgent haste. To postpone the meeting now for two or three days was out of all question if further interference

from the authorities was to be avoided. Mr Brougham accordingly urged that the meeting should take place that very morning, and as early as possible, say ten o'clock. Mr Douglas agreed, provided Sir Alexander had no objection. He immediately set off to find out.

Sir Alexander nau gone to roused the family, and got the baronet up. He Sir Alexander had gone to bed. Mr Douglas was short, and Mr Douglas hastened back to Mr Brougham. Lord Rosslyn, he said, must be present, seeing it was with him that the negotiations had been conducted, and they must all go over to Fife, as that would be the easiest way to get at Lord Rosslyn. Auchtertool would be a

convenient meeting-place.

There was no more sleep that night for any of the actors in the little drama that was so soon to have so tragic an ending. Brougham had resolved on the necessity of his going personally to Dysart to explain to Lord Rosslyn the new developments that had arisen. He arranged with Mr Douglas about pistols. Lord Rosslyn, he knew, had a pair. He would bring both, and Sir Alexander was welcome to one of them. straightway saw Mr Stuart, advised him of all that had been arranged, and left post-haste for Dysart. Mr Stuart wrote some letters, one to his wife and the other to his friend Mr Gibson, with particular instructions as to its delivery. He then called, a little before five in the morning, on another friend, Mr Liston, a surgeon in Edinburgh, telling him he wished him 'to go into the country' with him.

They got a carriage and set off for Fife. It was only when they arrived at the other side of the water that Mr Stuart told the doctor what was on foot, and by that time Dr Liston had guessed his purpose. In the course of the conversation which followed, Mr Stuart said he had no animosity to Sir Alexander Boswell, who was a relative of his. He indicated that he apprehended danger to himself, and referred to another duel which had recently been fought, and in which one of the parties was wounded in a toe. 'I hope,' he added, 'that this encounter will be no worse.'

On the way to Auchtertool, Mr Stuart called at his residence at Hillside, taking Dr Liston with him. There he was engaged for some time among his papers. He made his will and wrote out a memorandum, which he handed to Dr Liston, saying, 'Read that in case I should be hit.' How certainly he anticipated danger to himself, and in what spirit he entered upon the encounter, may be gathered from the text of that memorandum, which was in the following terms:

'If I am hit, and it is wrong to take me to Edinburgh, I wish, if not risking too much, to be taken to Hillside, where everything is comfortable, and where I shall recover far sooner than anywhere else.

'If my senses remain, and I am not moribund, send as fast as possible for my wife with all due caution. She is, of all her family, that one who would the least wish me to live with a dishonoured name.

'I have a desire to be overbled. J. S.

'HILLSIDE, Tuesday morning, March 26.'

The two then continued their journey. have Dr Liston's statement that Mr Stuart was quite cool and collected on his way to Auchtertool.

In the meanwhile Sir Alexander Boswell also had completed some arrangements at his home in Edinburgh, got a chaise, called on his medical man, one Dr George Wood, and with him and Mr Douglas in the carriage, set out for Queensferry shortly after five in the morning. On the way matters were explained to Dr Wood, who, like Dr Liston, was ignorant of the particulars of the affair; and all three agreed that, in the circumstances, Sir Alexander was in duty bound to receive Mr Stuart's fire if Mr Stuart came there that morning. It is clear that to these friends Sir Alexander Boswell admitted that he was the author of the song.

They had breakfast at North Queensferry, through which village Mr Stuart and Dr Liston had passed only shortly before; and, on their continuing the journey, Sir Alexander asked Mr Douglas, as a friend, what advice he would give him as to firing. Mr Douglas replied that Sir Alexander was the best judge of that, and that he should consult his own feelings. Alexander thereupon remarked that he had no ill-will toward Mr Stuart, or any wish to put his life in jeopardy, although in an unhappy moment he had done him an injury. 'No,' he repeated, 'I bear him no ill-will; and I am, therefore,

determined to fire in the air.

Sir Alexander Boswell and his party reached Auchtertool at ten minutes to ten o'clock, Mr Stuart and Dr Liston's carriage arriving from Hillside about twenty minutes later. Rosslyn and Mr Brougham had reached the neighbourhood first. Mr Brougham had got to Dysart House shortly after eight o'clock, and hurriedly explained all that had passed since the Earl left Edinburgh on the previous afternoon. They set out for Auchtertool without delay, and, against the chance of Mr Stuart not having been able at the early hour to provide in Edinburgh for the attendance of a surgeon, arranged on the way for Dr Johnstone of Kirkcaldy accompanying them. Mr Douglas, leaving his party at Auchtertool, walked on toward Kirkcaldy, and met Lord Rosslyn about three-quarters of a mile from the village, just beyond the Baidlin toll-bar. He told him that Sir Alexander Boswell and Mr Stuart were at Auchtertool; but it was thought that Lord Rosslyn might be recognised there, and it was agreed that he should wait where he was while Mr Douglas went back for the others.

Mr Douglas, therefore, did so, and returned

shortly afterwards with Sir Alexander Boswell and Dr Wood. In the carriage on the way Sir Alexander said, 'Now, gentlemen, I beg you to remark that it is my final determination to fire in the air.'

Mr Douglas got down to join Lord Rosslyn. These two set off across the field on Balbarton Farm to the northward of the road to choose a secluded and suitable piece of ground. The carriage drove on for another hundred yards, and stopped at a gate. The carriage with Mr Stuart and Dr Liston had arrived and drawn up on the roadway too. Lord Rosslyn pointed out to Mr Douglas a convenient spot, which no doubt he had occupied himself prospecting while he was waiting for the others to come up; and asked Mr Douglas to go with him to the top of a little hill not far off to have a look at it. Mr Douglas did so, agreed that it was a very suitable place, and waved his hand to Sir Alexander and the others to come toward the spot where they were. That was a sort of hollow dell with a high bank on one side. There Lord Rosslyn and Mr Douglas measured off the distance, each taking twelve long paces. There was some trifling difference in the measurement, and it was agreed to take the longer.

Lord Rosslyn produced the powder, the balls, and the pistols, and these were loaded by himself and Mr Douglas, the latter sitting and the Earl standing up. Each wished the other to give the fateful signal; but ultimately Mr Douglas put that part of the proceedings upon Lord Rosslyn.

The seconds then conducted the principals to their respective stations. Mr Douglas asked Sir Alexander whether he was willing yet to give way in any respect. Sir Alexander replied that he did not see the least possibility of it. He repeated that he intended to fire into the air, and Mr Douglas enjoined, 'Take care to make your fire in the air as distinct as possible. I hope there will be no difficulty then in bringing the matter to a conclusion without further firing. I think you should fire at the bank.' Mr Douglas was satisfied that the matter would stop there, because in his opinion that would be the best apology that could be made. No doubt Sir Alexander was of the same view. At the same time, it was impossible that Mr Douglas could communicate to the other side Sir Alexander's intention to fire wide. None the less, Mr Douglas felt that his knowledge of that purpose imposed on him a certain responsibility which he was unwilling to bear alone. He accordingly spoke to Dr Wood about the possibility of giving some hint to the other side. 'I have no doubt,' he added, 'that no hint should be given.' Dr Wood agreed that he was right. Mr Douglas even mentioned the matter to Sir Alexander, who told him decidedly not to give any hint whatever. 'It would,' he said, 'be placing the other party in a most awkward situation.' Such a hint would, of course, have amounted to an intimation that it was Sir Alexander's desire not to fight, and precluded all possibility of a meeting.

In the meanwhile Mr Stuart and Lord Rosslyn, too, were anxiously considering the situation, even on the stroke of the twelfth hour. Mr Stuart asked the Earl if it was not fit that he (Mr Stuart) should make a bow to Sir Alexander expressive of a wish to be reconciled. Lord Rosslyn answered that he thought that perfectly right. Mr Stuart advanced toward his antagonist for that purpose, and made to raise his hand in salute. But, unfortunately, just at that moment Sir Alexander had turned toward his station, and was walking away from his opponent, and the last opportunity for a reconciliation had gone.

The medical men had been asked to wait at the entrance to the dell, which they did, with the exception of Dr Wood, who thought that he ought to be nearer the parties; and he had accordingly taken up a position somewhat nearer to Sir Alexander. The doctors agreed to turn their backs on the scene, and turn round again immediately after the firing. Mr Brougham had remained on the little hill near, in charge of Lord Rosslyn's horse. Each of the parties took up his station and received his pistol from his second. Mr Stuart at that moment said to Lord Rosslyn, 'I think I ought not to take aim.' Lord Rosslyn agreed, and as a final caution desired Mr Stuart to present his side and not his front to the fire. The seconds drew off together on one side, just at the foot of the bank. Everything was in readiness. Lord Rosslyn called out in rapid succession the words, 'Present! Fire!' Two shots rang out, one hard on the other, and Sir Alexander Boswell immediately fell to the ground.

What passed at that tragic moment and immediately afterwards may be best described in the words of the eye-witnesses. At the trial of Mr Stuart which succeeded these events, Lord Rosslyn-who had kept his eye on Mr Stuart during the encounter-told what he saw. 'When I uttered the words, "Present! Fire!" Mr Stuart raised his arm and fired almost instantaneously. There was a small difference between the shots. Sir Alexander Boswell's came last, but so close on the other as to be scarcely distinguishable. Every possible assistance was afforded to Sir Alexander, who was surrounded by the medical attendants, and I believe by Mr Brougham. Mr Stuart advanced with great anxiety toward Sir Alexander, but did not speak; nor do I think he had any proper opportunity of doing so. When I heard that Sir Alexander had sustained a serious wound I advised Mr Stuart to go away, which he did. Sir Alexander was then removed to Balmuto, all of us assisting. There was no time lost. I bore a considerable hand in carrying him to Balmuto, and Mr Wood and Mr Liston also went there.'

Mr Douglas's story corroborates that account, and adds some other details: 'At the encounter

my eye was more on Mr Stuart than on Sir Alexander Boswell. I felt satisfied that there was no great chance of Mr Stuart falling, Sir Alexander's determination having been not to fire at Mr Stuart. Therefore I kept my eye upon him. I observed Mr Stuart raise his pistol deliberately. He did it very steadily, but I did not see the direction of the pistol. I saw it brought firmly up, and of course I then felt a little nervous. They fired, and I saw Sir Alexander fall. I heard two distinct shots. immediately ran to Sir Alexander, and inquired if he were wounded. The surgeons, too, were instantly with him. I do not think Mr Stuart left his place, at least not much from where he stood; but I did not observe him much or look much at him. After the medical persons examined the wound, Dr Wood told me he was afraid it was mortal. I went toward Mr Stuart, and told him he had better go off directly. When Sir Alexander's wound was probed and examined, he turned round to me and said he was very much afraid that he had not made his fire in the air appear so decided as he could have wished. That was the only observation he made. There was no dressing on the ground. I borrowed Lord Rosslyn's horse to inform the family at Balmuto. On returning from the house I met them carrying him on a door. They had collected some people on the way, who had assisted in carrying him.'

There were some patches of snow still unmelted on the side of the road, and on the way Sir Alexander once or twice asked for a little snow to be put into his mouth to allay his thirst. When the party reached the house Sir Alexander was deadly pale, but calm and collected; and he said, with a sad smile, to his host, 'This is a shabby way of paying you a visit, Lord Balmuto.' Dr Wood's verdict was, alas! soon to be realised. The bullet had entered the lower part of Sir Alexander's neck, shattered his collar-bone, and struck the spine, all below where it hit being paralysed. About midnight the doctor asked how he felt, and he instantly replied, 'I feel a live head fastened to a dead body.' Shortly after he sank into a stupor, and died in the afternoon of the next day.

The trial which followed these events, three months later, and in which Mr Stuart was indicted on a charge of murder, aroused great interest throughout the country. It was presided over by Lord Justice-Clerk Boyle, the other judges being Lords Hermand, Succoth, Gillies, and Pitmilly. Lord Meadowbank did not attend, for the reason that, as mentioned, it was he who had been consulted by Sir Alexander as to having the duel in Scotland. The prosecution was in the hands of Sir William Rae, the Lord Advocate, Mr James Wedderburn, the Solicitor-General, and Advocates-Depute Duncan M'Neill and Robert Dundas. Mr Stuart, who pleaded 'Not guilty' to the charge, was repre-

sented by no fewer than seven counsel, including Mr Francis Jeffrey, Mr James Moncrieff, and Mr Henry Cockburn. One striking feature of the evidence was the varied and weighty testimony of numerous witnesses not only to the peaceableness of Mr Stuart's disposition, but to his constancy and courage. These witnesses were all gentlemen well known in public life, many of them being strongly opposed to Mr Stuart in politics.

Mr Stuart's friend Mr Gibson, the 'lang chiel' referred to in the song, told in the witness-box how, a few hours after the duel, Mr Stuart called on him in Edinburgh, and of the affecting scene which took place. 'Mr Stuart ran into a corner of the room, covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears. He was in the most complete agony of mind. . . . He said he had taken no aim; he wished to God he had taken an aim, for then he was certain he would have missed Sir Alexander.'

The Lord Advocate made little comment on the evidence, which, in a short speech, he left with the jury for their consideration. Jeffrey, on the other hand, dwelt at length on the absence of malicious intention on Mr Stuart's part, reviewed a series of previous Scotch trials which had arisen from similar circumstances, and quoted a number of authorities in support of the principle and practice of duelling. first of these, it is of interest to note, was a very considerable extract from 'a work universally known, and which will carry down the name of the father of Sir Alexander Boswell to the latest periods in the annals of English literature—the memoirs of his illustrious friend Dr Johnson, a man certainly of the sternest morality and most profound sense of religion, who joined to both these high and severe attributes perhaps the most vigorous understanding that was ever brought to the consideration of any moral question.' In a notable and powerful speech, Mr Jeffrey urged that his client's mind had been free from every spark of malignity, vindictiveness, or rancour; that he acted in the matter from motives totally unconnected with personal animosity; and that he ought now to be considered, not as having committed a great crime, but as having fallen under a great calamity.

Without retiring, the jury, after a moment's consultation, found the panel, as the accused was called, 'Not guilty,' and Mr Stuart was thus honourably acquitted.

Not many, surely, who read the story of this tragic and sorry encounter between two honest, spirited, and amiable gentlemen will wish for a revival of the practice and tradition of which, in different degrees, they were both the victims. This was not quite the last duel that was fought in Scotland; but, as a result of the widespread attention attracted by the circumstances of the affair, the subsequent trial, and the eminence of

the parties in society and public life, the practice of duelling was undoubtedly hastened forward toward the final stages of discredit in public opinion. It may be said that the report of the

pistols, as they cracked out on the quiet air of that spring morning two-and-ninety years ago, sounded the knell of a ruthless custom in the social history of our country.

KUSTARNY.

IT is safe to say that there is no other national industry so wonderful, so vital and paramountly necessary, but so little known outside the country of its origin, as kustarny. Yet kustarny deals most intimately with the real life of some twelve million workers, and is one of the marvels of the vast empire of the Czar. It gives expression not only to the conditions ruling their existence, but to the artistic culture of the mighty nation to which they belong. The word itself means 'peasant industries,' as distinct from capitalist enterprises, and had its origin ten centuries ago, when the history of the Russian

Empire was yet to be written.

Owing to the severity of the winter the peasants of Russia are compelled to abandon agricultural work for five to seven months in the year, according to the region, and are thus cast upon their own meagre resources for occupation during their enforced leisure. It was in these circumstances that kustarny originated. The natural resourcefulness of the Russian turned him to what is now a series of home manufactures, which at this day produce some of the most rare and exquisite wares to be found throughout the two worlds. So phenomenally important have these peasant handicrafts become in the life of the nation that the Russian Government not only provides raw material through District Kustarny Centres, but undertakes to purchase the goods and push the sale of them abroad, collecting the finished products from the innumerable villages and distributing the payment for them; doing, in short, everything to stimulate this peculiarly indigenous industry.

The jewellery and bric-à-brac work of the kustari are particularly beautiful. About Russian jewellery, both in design and workmanship, there is a certain indefinable charm found in no other European or American manufacture; it is more like a combination of the best European and best Eastern artistry blended in subtle harmony. The finest of it is produced by the peasants, who are remarkably clever jewellers, executing the most intricate work with a finish and beauty so perfect as to be almost beyond comprehension, especially when the conditions under which they turn out the exquisite wares are taken into consideration. Their necklets, rings, bracelets, and other articles

are almost incomparable.

Bronze-work, to which the Czar has given much favour, is the winter product of a small section of the peasants, who, in addition to being unusually skilful craftsmen, have made a special study of the subjects. Their casts of insects, animals, plant life, human subjects, and others are strikingly handsome.

What is certain to become as costly a craze for collectors as Japanese and Chinese lacquer-ware is the loukoutin work of the kustari. This particular art was created hundreds of years ago by a peasant family named Loukoutin, from whom it derives its name. The model is first enamelled in various designs and colours, and then baked in an oven at a high temperature. A subsequent finishing process produces this indescribably beautiful enamel-work. Pieces of the original loukoutin ware, which is very scarce, now bring more than their weight in gold. The Russian connoisseur is no fool.

The kustari utilise the Ural precious stones to great advantage, making skilful use of their singular beauty and brilliance in the setting. The malachite variety are especially popular on account of its extreme lustre. The peasant-jewellers show surprising art in fashioning single stones into minute but exquisite carvings of such animals as dogs, horses, elephants, sheep, &c., many of which fetch fabulous sums among the French and Russian collectors. Other stones are finished and polished in the usual manner, and find their way into the leading markets on the Continent and the near East.

Those of the *kustari* who devote their weary winter to casting life-studies in metal produce work which can stand alongside that of the finest atelier, and challenges criticism successfully. In cast-iron, the peasants' artistry and fine workmanship in such rough material seems almost in-

credible.

Perhaps, however, the articles for personal adornment manufactured by the peasants out of white-metal are the most astonishing. designs are very characteristic of Old Russian craftsmanship, and are wrought under very primitive circumstances, which make their beauty and perfection of finish all the more surprising. The conditions under which the kustari work are anything but conducive to the attainment of artistic perfection. Almost all the work, including jewellery, metal-work, wonderful horn goods, linen and woven materials, wood-carvings and toys, and tchinar (wooden goods), embroidery and lace, is done in little rooms lighted by one small window, through which the light of the winter day struggles with an effort, and often in midwinter there is but three hours of daylight. When the darkness gathers the room is lighted

by a small oil-lamp, or if the family is very poor—and it usually is—by means of a piece of wood dipped in oil. By the indifferent radiance of either of these, the peasants create their masterpieces which have called forth the enthusiastic admiration of world-known connoisseurs.

It would seem that the extraordinary skill of the *kustari* is inherited in increasing measure by each succeeding line of descendants, many families having specialised in a particular manu-

facture for generations unnumbered. It is difficult to explain in any other way the singularly rich quality of the work, especially as it is executed with rather primitive appliances and tools. What is most noteworthy in these days of spiritless designs and mechanical work is that in the products of the kustari—the agricultural clodhoppers of Russia—there is an individual spirit, a peculiar mystic design, which gives life and vigour and freshness to them.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SCIENCE IN WAR.

ALTHOUGH ostensibly the terrible conflict being waged upon the Continent is a contest for supremacy between masses of soldiers, the results being governed by physical endurance and stamina of the opposing armies to a very pronounced degree, in reality it is a battle between the forces of science. The scientist in one form or another is revealed at every turn. Many theories are being submitted to the stern and frightful test of practical application, and the outcome will be interesting. In the first instance, there is the scientific method of mobilisation, followed by the arts of tactics and strategy in massing the soldiers and making the moves in the grim game of war. Then there is the science of feeding the millions of protagonists, together with the methods for preparing the dietetic elements so that the fighting-men may be kept in the pink of condition. The small firearms represent science in another guise, because this is the first big war in which the automatic rifle, the self-loader, high explosive powders, high velocities, and the penetrating as well as stopping properties of the respective bullets have been tested. The quick-firers and machine-guns, light artillery, range-finders, heavy howitzers, siege-guns, and fortifications are also being submitted to supreme ordeals. Dense versus extended formations as applied to the movement of troops in the fighting line, as well as methods of entrenchment and protection, are being tested severely. Shells of infinite variety, in conjunction with high explosives, are being used for the first time. After the battle is over, science is represented in another and a humane form. Practical surgery of what may be termed first-aid is rendered upon the battlefield to reduce the mortality and extent of incapacity arising from rifle and artillery fire, while that terrible scourge of war, disease, is being fought in a manner such as has never been known before. It is doubtful whether epidemics, such as typhoid and dysentery, ever will succeed in obtaining a firm hold in this campaign, thanks to the elaborate hygienic methods which are being practised. Transportation, both by rail

and road, is undergoing severe trials, motor traction being especially in evidence, inasmuch as the damage wrought to the railways renders movement thereby very slow and uncertain. So far as communications upon the battlefield are concerned—the extent of the fighting line ranges up to three hundred miles—telegraph, telephone, and wireless are being utilised. The aeroplane and airship are in use for the first time, and many interesting theories are being disproved or substantiated. Upon the sea the results of lyddite, mélinite, and other devastating and asphyxiating high explosives are being carefully studied, as well as the destructive effects of the shells. Naval tactics, as practised by the different combatants, are brought into violent competition. The steam-turbine in its application to warfare is upon its trial; the resistant power of the latest developments in armour-plate construction, the submarine, and the torpedo are likewise under searching investigation. human element in reality is a somewhat minor factor-soldiers and sailors are merely pawns in the game, although they have important duties to fulfil, and are called upon to handle the many wonderful instruments which have been devised to consummate destruction. But, after all is said and done, victory will be dependent to a very vital degree upon the forces of science, and the knowledge of applying them to the best advantage.

REGAINING LOST INDUSTRIES.

The German has ever been regarded as a wonderfully successful copyist. In the history of invention the Teuton does not play an important rôle, but in the commercialisation of an invention he has led the world, the initiative and enterprise of the American notwithstanding. Many a new industry has been created in these islands; but it has been strangled by competition inaugurated across the North Sea, and in many instances powerful monopolies have been established in the country with which we are at war. One of the most telling instances of this capacity to profit at Britain's expense is in connection with the aniline dye industry. The import of Perkin's momentous discovery was instantly

realised by the Teuton, and within the space of a few years the whole industry virtually passed to that country. In fact, the same may be said of the whole of applied chemistry; the Germans by diligent research outdistanced the rest of the world. This fact was revealed very strikingly upon the outbreak of war. Many chemicals rapidly rose in price, the increase in some instances representing 500 per cent. A large number of British industries which had come to depend entirely upon German sources of chemical-supply were in danger of being paralysed. Fortunately, however, Government intervention and commercial enterprise relieved the situation very materially; but, seeing that tremendous leeway has to be made up, considerable time must elapse before Britain attains the pre-war level which prevailed in Germany. In some instances the arts of manufactures have been lost to this country. The revival of these industries must be undertaken without delay, in order that the British firms may be in a position to cope with the enormous economic expansion which is inevitable upon the conclusion of hostilities.

PRESERVING HOME FRUITS.

'Husband the resources of the country' has become a topical saying, and in connection with fruit its urgency has a peculiar value. The fruit harvest of these islands this year has been abnormally heavy, and the housewife has devoted more attention to the preservation of the fruits. Manufacturing enterprise has extended considerable assistance in this direction, the main idea being to assist the housewife in her frugal work, so that the risk of failure may be reduced to the minimum. A new preserving-jar has recently appeared upon the market, the sealing device of which is interesting. The seal comprises three parts—an indiarubber band, a zinc ring, and a glass cap, the arrangement being that no metal is brought into contact with the contents, so that any chemical action, such as may arise from the acids of the fruit coming into contact with the metal, is eliminated. The jar is charged with sound fruit, which must not be over-ripe, and which must not be crushed into the vessel. Cold water is poured into the jar to cover the fruit; the filled jars are then placed in a saucepan containing cold water, sufficient water being used to immerse the jars to the shoulders, and they are isolated from one another by a cloth. The indiarubber ring is set in position, and the glass cap is adjusted by partially screwing home the zinc ring which holds the cap firmly in place. The fruit is sterilised by slow boiling. When the jar is removed from the saucepan the zinc ring is screwed tightly on, and the vessel, with its contents, is left to cool, after which it is stored in a cool dark place. The process is extremely simple and effective. Fruit preserved in this manner will keep indefinitely, and ptomaine poisoning is absolutely impossible; while, last but not least, the jars are inexpensive, and may be used over and over again.

'T.N.T.'

The widespread damage wrought by the submarine mine during the present war has become the subject of considerable comment. missile has always been regarded as deadly, but hitherto it has been considerably overrated. In the Russo-Japanese war the destruction wrought by the mine was comparatively negligible, only one battleship, the Petropavlovsk sinking almost immediately after striking the lurking danger. In this instance, however, it was the circumstance of the mine exploding in proximity to the warship's magazine, and thereby detonating, which was responsible for the swift disaster. The reason why the German mines have been so destructive is because a new explosive Hitherto wet gun-cotton has been is used. employed for this service; but in the present war the mine is charged with what is colloquially known as 'T.N.T.' The full name of this explosive-which is far more powerful than wet gun-cotton—is trinitrotoluene, generally abbreviated in Germany to 'trotyl.' This explosive is of comparatively recent origin, and is very safe to handle, since it can only be fired by means of a detonator. If ignited in the open air it will burn away like paper, while a rifle-bullet fired into a charge will fail to cause an explosion. A fulminate of mercury detonator is necessary to demonstrate its tremendous destructive effects. One outstanding quality of this explosive is that its effects are felt over a much greater area than is the case with gun-cotton. The manner in which vessels have been blown to pieces by coming in contact with the floating German mines offers sufficient testimony upon this point. The powers of this explosive are well known in Britain, and there is no doubt it has been adopted by our services. 'T.N.T.,' however, is not the most powerful explosive known, because there are several others which are infinitely more destructive, notably picric acid; but it is the danger attending the handling of these agents which rules them out of general practice.

A NEW ANÆSTHETIC.

Experiments are being carried out with a new anæsthetic which is a combination of urea with alcohol, and which is known as urethane. It is administered by means of a hypodermic syringe; and, according to the results which are now being obtained, it is extremely effective. Upon administration the subject sinks into a state of drowsiness, which develops into unconsciousness. The complete insensibility to pain which results enables any operation to be carried out with perfect security, because consciousness is lost for several hours. One great advantage accruing from the use of this drug is that under proper application heart failure, such as sometimes attends the

use of chloroform, is unknown; but an overdose is fatal, because it arrests respiration. The vigilant surgeon, however, should be able to detect signs of breathing difficulties, and act accordingly; whereas in the case of drugs affecting the heart directly it is difficult to detect that the patient is in extremis. Urethane has the advantage that sickness does not occur from its use; so the risk of stitches and ligatures being broken from retching does not occur. Inversely there is one great drawback—the prolonged period of insensibility. So far, it has not been found possible to reduce the unconscious lapse to less than five hours, which is a serious defect; but, on the other hand, some practitioners who have used the new drug say that this defect is more than counterbalanced by the many advantages which it possesses.

POWER FROM RAIN.

Energy is wasted in every direction, although during the past two or three years considerable ingenuity has been manifested in efforts to turn natural resources to account. Thus the sun's rays are being harnessed to furnish steam for pumping operations in Egypt and other tropical countries; the wind is utilised for pumping and for the generation of electricity; but so far no one has attempted to make profitable use of the rainfall, although a tremendous amount of energy is thereby running to waste. A correspondent in an American journal has recently pointed out what we are losing through our failure to make use of the rainfall. The district in which that observer resides was visited by a severe rainstorm, the fall of water aggregating 4.17 inches in ten hours over an area of ten square miles. He estimated the height of the rainclouds to be five thousand feet, and on that basis some six thousand million pounds of water fell during the ten hours, representing fifteen million horse-power-hours. The correspondent estimates that if this energy were harnessed, four thousand arc lamps in the city streets could be kept alit therewith for four hundred and twenty-five days. If one rainstorm would furnish such an enormous amount of energy, what would be available if we were able to turn the whole rainfall to account? At all events, the foregoing interesting computation conveys a graphic idea concerning the enormous energy at work in nature.

A SOLDERING POWDER.

The use of resin and solder in tin and other metallic operations appears to have been completely superseded. For some years liquid specialities for this work have been on the market, and have met with conspicuous success. The one objection to these liquids is their liability to spill unless care is observed in handling them. To overcome this defect a soldering powder has been introduced which can be used with brass, zinc, iron, tinplate, &c. The powder has only to be dissolved in cold water, when it

is ready for use. The proportion of powder varies according to the metal to be soldered, but in this respect there is considerable latitude; it is convenient and clean to handle, and doubtless will come into very general use.

A SIMPLE TIE-FRAME.

The popularity of the double collar shows no sign of diminution; but every one is cognisant of the difficulty experienced in tying the sailor-knot. The tie fails to slide easily round the collar, and to remove this inconvenience a combined stud and tie frame has been devised. The frame slips into the stud in the usual manner, and then lies flat upon the shank. The tie is previously knotted upon the frame, so that one has only to slip the latter into position upon the stud, thus facilitating dressing, neither the collar nor tie being soiled in the process. Moreover, the tie is kept firmly in the desired position.

ECONOMICAL RIFLE PRACTICE.

Thousands of pounds are spent annually on the ammunition used by recruits in rifle practice and by enthusiastic amateurs in the art of marksmanship. The pleasure to be derived from the possession of a rifle is often considerably diminished by the expenditure involved. For this reason the electrical device recently patented by Mr W. G. Paterson of Glasgow should meet with ready acceptance by all marksmen, whether civil or military. The invention reduces the cost of target practice at short range to an infinitesmal amount, while still allowing every shot fired to count towards proficiency. It consists of an ingenious arrangement of electric battery and incandescent lamp, inserted in the magazine chamber of the rifle, which, when the trigger is pulled, projects a spot of light on to the target. As the ray of light travels through the barrel of the rifle it indicates exactly which part of the target the bullet would have struck, thus enabling the marksman or his instructor to perceive instantaneously the result of the shot. The invention is especially suited for revolver and miniature rifle practice, for which the cost works out at about a farthing per thousand shots. Mr Paterson has not overlooked the toy rifle, which will be in great demand this Christmas. Parents who were apprehensive of the air-gun will now be able to place in the hands of their children a toy which, though harmless, will enable them to acquire steadiness of hand and eye. The inventor is also the proprietor of a unique cinema-target which he intends developing in conjunction with the above.

THREE MILLION YEARS OLD.

The New York *Outlook* records that an important discovery has been made in New Mexico by members of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City. This discovery is that of the complete skeleton of a

mammal. President Osborn, of the museum, says of it: 'The mastodon is like a thing of yesterday compared with it.' The mammal in question is the ectoconus. It lived about three million years ago! In fact, according to Dr Osborn, it is thousands of years older than any other mammal skeleton discovered up to the present time. This skeleton will take its place as one of the museum's most treasured possessions. It was discovered in a stratum not much above that in which the remains of the dinosaur of the reptilian period was found. This would indicate that the ectoconus followed shortly after the close of the reptilian period. It thus fills out a very little known period in the world's history. Judging by its skeleton, the ectoconus somewhat resembled the wolf in size and contour; it was peculiar to the North American continent, and was of a type no longer existing. The skeleton was discovered about two thousand feet below the surface of the earth; this was also interesting, for remains of the next existing mammals have in the past been found at about twelve hundred feet below the surface. latest discovery was made in an arid region. Scientists believe, however, that when the ectoconus lived the region was traversed by a stream in size and shape somewhat like the Orinoco. This is by no means the only item in the season's record for the experts. western Nebraska, where an American museum party has been at work, the bottom of an old stream was exposed through the use of nitroglycerine, and here skeletons were discovered of the moropus—an animal larger than the rhino —and also specimens of the pigmy rhino. They existed during a period half-way between that of the mastodon and the ectoconus.

CHINA MOVES.

Dr G. E. Morrison, the well-known Times correspondent in China, gave an important address before the London Chamber of Commerce, which was meant to correct a widespread notion that a large part of that country is at present in a state of anarchy, and drifting to perdition under the régime of an autocratic dictator of unbridled ambition. This view was in conflict The diffiwith all evidence available to him. culties are fewer now than at any time since the revolution; while the handmaids of civilisation —railways, steamers, and telegraphs—are being extended. Industrial development is also far more promising than at any former time. Dr Morrison considered the amended Chinese constitution truly republican, based as it is on American and Japanese models, in conformity with the historical development of European constitutional government; and it seemed well adapted to the people, and well fitted to prepare them to evolve from the rigid autocracy of the past. Another authority, the Rev. Frederick Brown, of Tientsin, author of Chinese Dayspring

after Thirty Years, believes the country has now passed the dangerous stage. The causes of discontent he sets down as greatly owing to the incorrigible dishonesty of the official class on the one hand, and on the other the inability of the Government to control the plunder-lust of the brigands who compose nine-tenths of the army. Yet another writer says that the worst malady of China arises from the universal struggle for office and power which is waged about the President's yamen as fiercely as it was about the Dragon Throne. The Rev. John Ross, D.D., who has written to recommend the excellent work done by the Christian Literature Society of China, rather confirms these views. He points out that the flowing tide of reform is at the flood since the overthrow of the corrupt Manchu dynasty. Full freedom of religion is now granted, there are sixty Christians in various positions in the republican Government, education is making rapid strides, while students are coming to Western lands, to return as doctors, lawyers, or preachers. This Christian Literature Society, which has circulated millions of copies of more than three hundred different books and pamphlets throughout the country, has made a profound impression on the literati of China, who are the real rulers of the land. When this class is moved the country follows. The Chinese reverence for literature is shown by their collecting printed waste-paper in the streets to burn it, lest it should be defiled. Much of the information in the books and pamphlets has also been disseminated through the newspaper press. A newspaper in Manchuria which printed articles on Mohammedanism was willing to follow these up with a series embracing Christian material. One viceroy has stated that the reforms now being introduced into China are largely due to the society's publications. The work has been done on a sum of less than four thousand pounds a year, which the society has sometimes difficulty in securing.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

LIGHTS.

FROM this low hill I watch the twilight stealing
Upon the far-off city, and the gray
Deepen to dark, the bravery of day—
Her builded towers and pinnacles—concealing.
Earth fades to heaven; and stars with kindred
feeling

Earth fades to heaven; and stars with kindred feeling
Commingle with the lowlier array
Of earthly lights; ranked in the darkness they
Seem angel hosts in adoration kneeling.

As creeps the dark, so in the wake of Time Death; nor may might and majesty withstand The obliterating shadow of his hand.

Time fades to night eterne; but the sublime Spirits of earth and heaven, a starry band, Burn before God in their immortal prime.

THOMAS SHARP.



THE JUNGLE CAT.

By F. ST MARS.

CHAPTER I.

PREDERICK CHAUS (otherwise Baby-Face Chaus, or the Jungle Cat, according to whether you were his friend or his enemy) stood staring mildly—this was as near gloominess as he ever permitted himself to show-with his big, innocent, child-like blue eyes down upon the silent street. It was inhabited by one cat, which fled before the footsteps of a special constable. And he was wondering at the perversity of things which permitted him, the greatest living professional hunter and trapper of wild beasts of his day, to be stranded in a great city at war. Also, he was wondering whether the letter he had written to the high official who, he understood, was in charge of these things, offering himself for a special type of scout, for which he would be peculiarly fitted, was likely to bear any fruit.

Now, as a type of intrepid big-game hunter and trapper of fierce beasts, Baby-Face Chaus—half English, half Welsh by birth—could not do other than strike the most casual observer with anything but a smile of incredulity. His round, soft, clean-shaven face; his large, mild, babyblue eyes; his slight self; his thin, delicate hands; his small feet and wrists and ankles; and his shy and innocent manner, were things you simply could not get away from. They stuck in your mind's eye and made you laugh at the bare idea. Most people did more than laugh; they said he was a soft and harmless sort of fool. Chaus himself seldom laughed; he merely smiled; and men said he could not cry. His outlook upon all the world appeared to be one of permanent bashful, unsuspecting wonder. An innocent among ye taking notes in very truth.

Baby-Face Chaus was still wondering—and mentally wandering—at the window, when one of those discreet-looking, dark, clean-shaven men, with bowler hat and black tail-coat and umbrella all complete, who have special Government messenger written all over them, came up the street, stopped, and knocked at the front-door.

Baby-Face watched him; then, crossing the room, took down the little grinning bronze devil who lived atop of the mounted elephant's foot on the mantelpiece, and turned him round three times for luck. 'An answer to my application

for special service,' quoth he, and next instant his housekeeper entered the room with a letter.

Chaus broke the seal, took out a sheet of paper, stared at it, turned it over, stared at it again, shook out from the envelope a visiting-card and a Government railway pass, regarded the paper again, and, 'Mrs Langstone,' quoth he, 'my fishing-kit, please. I shall be away for a day or two.'

Then he took one of his own visiting-cards, wrote on it the one word, 'Right,' put it in an envelope, sealed it, and handed it to his house-keeper, a tiny, gray mouse of a woman. 'The answer,' said he, and the woman left the room.

Baby-Face picked up the paper, and slowly squeezed his chin with his left hand; it was a habit he had.

'Tigers. Harantsworth. Go and kill them. Report result as per enclosed card,' he read, and that was all. No signature, no address, nothing. And it must be admitted, I think, that no man ever started upon a stranger commission with stranger instructions.

Baby-Face looked up Harantsworth on the map, and found that it lay up at the top of one of those lost harbours on the coast of Southshire that shall be nameless. Then he put on a pair of rubber top-boots which strapped round the calf, slipped his trousers neatly down over them so that they looked merely like a pair of ordinary patent-leather boots, put on a Burberry coat and hat, and, going to a locked cupboard, took out a rifle-case.

At this moment Mrs Langstone entered the room, carrying a partly filled fishing-bag and an empty fishing-rod case, and a cup of coffee and Baby-Face took from the Plasmon biscuits. rifle-case the stock of a magazine rifle and slipped it into the fishing-bag, and next the lean barrel of a magazine rifle, which he slid into the empty fishing-rod cover, and strapped all up snug. From the cupboard he then fetched a belt already filled with rifle-cartridges, and strapped it on Then he consumed his under his waistcoat. refreshment and counted out for Mrs Langstone —silent as a mouse, too, but I take it she had got beyond surprises years ago-some money to go on with, and ten minutes from the receipt of

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his mysterious instructions left the house. And that was Baby-Face Chaus all over.

Harantsworth appeared to be a small town with red-tiled roofs and its feet in the water. It was owned, apparently, entirely by children and starlings, and three dogs that slept in the sun on the pavement and wouldn't get out of the way. An old man lurking in the dark behind the counter of a boot-repairing shop said that the Army and Territorials and Navy between them had taken the rest.

This much Baby-Face Chaus noted before he entered one of the fourteen inns, and invited the proprietor to drink with him while he fed.

'Fish?' grunted the landlord. 'Lor' bless ye! there ain't none. Nor won't be till this war's

ever. All the fishin' fleet's laid up, so they says.'
'Not that sort,' Baby-Face smiled. 'Fish here—to be caught—in the harbour. I'm sent down here to recruit'-

'Ho, you hare, hare you? Then it's no good your a-comin' 'ere, 'cause there ain't none left to recruit.

'Not men. (Won't you take another with me, landlord?) To recruit my strength; and I reekon, after the roar of guns, fishing is about the most peaceful.'

'So 'twould be if there was any to take ye

out in a boat, but I doubt if there be.'

'How about along shore?'

'Oh, you might get one or two that way when tide's up, but 'tain't fishin'. But, as you've come for rest like, that don't matter.'

'No,' said Baby-Face pensively. 'That, as you say, doesn't matter. How about working along eastward?'

'Um! Well, yes; but there's Tarling Manor

'bout a mile along would stop ye.'

'How stop me?'

'There's a great 'igh wall there runs down to the beach, 'cause Mr Oving, what rents th' place, goes in for what they calls "climatising" animals.

"Oh!' murmured Baby-Face Chaus, and stared with wide blue eyes. 'What sort of animals?

Tigers?'

'Gawd an' Mr Oving, they knows. I don't,' protested the landlord. 'Nobody ain't never been in there. They daren't. Mad game I

The round pink-and-ivory outlines of Freddie Chaus's face stood out like the painting of the face of a child against the old oak of the door as he bent low over his bread and cheese. His long eyelashes flickered ever so slightly, while he quietly answered, 'They do, you know. There are one or two landed proprietors about England who acclimatise foreign creatures, or try to—ostriches, zebras, beavers, kangaroos, European bison, American wapiti deer, and the like; and I believe there is, or was, one chap who kept a lion or two walking about loose.

How long has your Mr Oving been at this gahobby, may I ask?'

'Since about ten months afore this 'ere war begun.'

'Ah! Foreigners?'

'Dunno. None o' us 'as seen 'im much. Scientific sort o' gent 'oo keeps 'isself much to 'isself; though they do say as 'e 'as a lot o' gen'lemen friends-professors, they looks likedown to see 'im at times. Very generous 'e is to the people like-very generous indeed, I'm sure. There 'd be many as 'u'd miss 'im if 'e ever left.'

'Really?' Baby-Face Chaus was finishing his meal at speed. He was thinking about his orders, and was sorry for the poor people of Harantsworth who would miss the studious, retiring Mr Oving and his ''climatised' beasts.

Down an old, old lane-Puck's Lane, they called it-flanked with towering cliffs of elmtrees where the rooks cawed, and, for a little space, by the wall of a garden as old as Old England; by forgotten cow-yards awash in high grass; by hawthorns, where the mistle-thrushes quarrelled gratingly among the berries, and a great, gaunt, brown rat foraged in the ditch; past caves under branches through which shone glimpses of sun and of fields; along a tunnel of hedges that had not seen a chopper for many years, went Baby-Face Chaus to where the lane folded down on the pebbles of the shore of the harbour, and the shallow tide spoke at his feet in whispers.

There was sunshine here, and all the land was given over to wide, bright horizons and the fullness of air; the larks sang gaily in the marshy fields, the feathery tamarisks waved all along the sea-bank as far as the eye could reach, whilst here and there, far across the smoked-glass water, a red-tiled house sat down low on the shore, as if it were in Holland. A heron cra-anked, and redshanks whistled dolefully. Tyo ! tyo ! the lost-soul wail of a wandering curlew and the whimper of a wild duck's wings combined together to complete the illusion.

But Baby-Face Chaus, though he was-strange thing-gifted with something of the artistic temperament, had no illusions. His gentle gaze wandered over the church spires, the tall chimneys, the gasometers, the giant cranes of the great dockyard town, visible dimly in bluegray haze far to the east; over the bald, bold hills, fort-capped and frowning, to the north; over the still waters to the surf-fringed harbourbar to the south; and over all the mixture of white-sided sea-wall, whale-backed mud-bank, green-yellow marshes, and smudged lone waters to the west. His powerful prism glasses revealed, at the mouth of the harbour, khaki dots that moved and were Territorial guards, but near him for miles was nothing human alive at all. He might have been on the west coast of Ireland, instead of within eight miles of a big Royal Naval dockyard town, by the loneliness of the place.

'Yes,' said Baby-Face to himself, 'guarded to the south, guarded to the north, and guarded all round; but never a pair of eyes to look here. It'd be hard to get in, but once in, a-

and I'm here for tigers, anyway.'

His glasses took within their range a spiked wall running down to the beach and well out into the water, and Baby-Face Chaus removed himself to that wall quietly, keeping as much as possible in the shelter of the tamarisks, and treading with care. He found it a high wall, too high to climb, too far out into the water to wade round, spiked atop, running away back over the long, bent, whispering, coarse grasses, away behind the hedges, and broken only by one door close at hand—one little iron door sunk deep in the wall, that showed no signs of opening to anything short of dynamite.

Baby-Face pursed his lips with the pout of an unpleased child, and sat down on the sea side of the seabank, the tamarisk-hedge behind, and behind the tamarisks the door in the wall, and stared out at the wheeling silver gulls far over the diamond-spangled water. He lit a cigarette, and seemed to have forgotten time completely.

Even the ghostly swish of boots in long dry grass is plainly audible at a little distance in that silent, flat, marshy land, but Baby-Face had needed no grass hint to tell him that some one was coming. Before ever the sound was audible he had vanished, quick and silent as a cat, among the twining, snake-like stems of the tamarisks, having been warned, by a whistling redshank, a single lone peewit, and a complaining snipe, of the passage of some human across the marshes. And he lay flat and motionless as any average stone, hidden past all finding.

The human proved to be a man, a big one, in a lounge suit, with a flat, smooth face, tow hair, and the eyes of a fish. He was a fine specimen to look at as regards size. And Baby-Face was kicking himself with irritation that he could not remember for the moment where he had seen that man before. Then he did. The man had shaved Chaus at the Great Southern Railway Company's terminus in London four

hours before.

The man went straight to the little iron door, opened it with a key, passed in, and banged it to vigorously after him with a deep and heavy clang that startled a hare—that had been crouched all the time in the grass watching, no doubt, first Baby-Face Chaus, then the manso that it fled like a fawn streak into the sunbathed landscape.

As for Baby-Face Chaus, he stared at the uncompromising door with lips pouting more than ever; and then, in a second, he was on his feet, crouching, tense, motionless—no longer Baby-Face, but quite obviously Jungle Catwatching the door with alert eyes.

Then he crept forward. There was no swish of grass at his movement. There wouldn't be.

A man who earns his living by shooting and capturing all the fiercest beasts of this earth cannot afford to walk like a 'copper' before indiarubber shoes came in. He examined the door. He listened outside of it, one hand in his jacketpocket-in case. But no sound greeted him save the trickle of the lark's song overhead and some distant clamour among the wheeling gulls.

Then he pushed the door, and it gaveto his touch. It was open. It was not locked. Being one of those doors that lock automatically on being shut, it had—as you may have noticed they will do sometimes if slammed to with great force-jarred open, or rebounded if you like, too quickly for the lock to catch, by reason of the force with which it was swung shut. And

Baby-face Chaus peered in.

I am sure I don't pretend to know what he expected to see-fields and sun, most likely, on the other side of the wall, the same as on his side. So he did; but he could not have had much time to note it, for he nearly fell into a deep concrete ditch which ran along the inside base of the wall as far as he could see, to where it disappeared among some distant trees. And crowning the top of the other side of the concrete ditch for its whole length was a row of bars that looked as if they were strong enough to keep in-anything.

At Chaus's feet dangled a rope-ladder down into the ditch—it was still moving slightlyand about twenty yards along the ditch to his right, but on the other side, he discerned a door, a little door, of iron also, let into the solid concrete, and leading apparently into the bowels

of the earth.

The innocent wide orbs of Baby-Face noted all these things in one instant, comprehensive glance, before he let himself down the ropeladder—verily spider never negotiated web more silently-into the ditch, and, creeping up to the door (how he blessed those rubber boots of his that made no sound!), gave it a gentle push.

Whatever might be said about the mechanism of the lock of the other door, rusted probably from lack of use, there could be no doubt about this one. It had worked perfectly, and the door was fast shut. Beyond it, somewhere along there, into the bowels of the earth it was to be presumed, the man had gone. There was no sight or sign of him anywhere else.

You picture to yourself this slim, gentleseeming enigma, Chaus, standing there in the two inches or so of water that had collected at the bottom of the ditch, pouting like a naughty kid at the door that would not let him see what was inside, but you may find some difficulty in realising at first the risk he knew by then he

must be running in being there at all.

Next he retraced his steps, and carefully placed the first door precisely as he had found Then, starting to run as far up as he could on the slope of the ditch, he raced across the

bottom, up the far side as high as his momentum carried him, and sprang upward, just managing to clutch the bottom of one bar with his extended left hand in the leap. To fling up the other hand, get a hold, pull himself up, and straighten with his toes between the bars on the top of the concrete was the work of a moment.

The rest was not so easy. But Baby-Face Chaus the resourceful had expected bars and spikes, and had taken the precaution to relieve his friend the landlord of a few corks for fishingfloats. Pulling himself up to the top of the bars—really this slim man was as deceptive about strength as in all else, for he worked with apparent ease-he stuck a cork on the top of each of four spiked bars, cast his coat on top of the corks, and climbed over. Thence to behind the cover of the nearest bush he slid, snake-fashion, and paused to see whether anything happened.

Nothing did happen, however. Except for where he could see the opposite far wall marching parallel with its fellow back from the beach, the land between appeared much the same as the scene outside-straw-coloured, harsh, foot-long grass; a straggling tamarisk-hedge along the sea-bank; still, rushy pools hither and yon; tropically green patches, where the snipe probed in winter here and there; little clumps of old twisted and dwarfed berry-trees, their heads permanently bowed from the south-west, standing knee-deep in tangled bramble at wide intervals; and the light and the silence and the freedom

of that wonderful soft, pure air over all.

But Baby-Face had been looking for beasts in the process of being acclimatised; the concrete ditch, bars, and high wall, taken together, seemed to say they were no lambs, and he saw none. He remembered his orders, however, and was taking no chances. He quietly and swiftly put his rifle together and charged the magazine. Then he stole to the tamarisk-hedge bordering the shore, and crept along on the sea side, where he could not be seen except from the water. He was just prospecting-looking, if you like, everywhere for hint or sign of tigers, which his orders had told him he would find at Harantsworth, and his instinct told him he would find

Here, by Jove! Baby-Face had not gone two hundred yards, when, with uplifted foot, literally 'twixt stride and stride, he stopped dead, and stood like a bull at gaze. His big blue eyes, wide open and surprised, were staring down at the muddy, narrow strip of sand left at the bottom of the beach by the tide, which had turned and was beginning to fall. And well might he stare, for there, bang in the glare of the westering sun, deep in the mud, were the footprints of a large and heavy beast, and they had been so recently made that the water was still oozing into them. Take the impressions of your own-or your maiden aunt's-cat's feet, and magnify them in imagination many times, and you get the footprints that Baby-Face Chaus saw there before him in the mud at that place. It was an uncanny thing to stand there all alone in such a spot, and stare at those 'pugs' of a large, fierce animal that might even then be watching him, unseen, from some deep cover.

It was true that he was very close to many of those sights and sounds which we have come to call civilisation. A main-line of railway ran only a mile to the north, such few people as could might be walking on an esplanade along the shores of the English Channel not three miles south of him, and less than eight miles to the west throbbed and clanged and hooted and roared and whistled one of the greatest dockyard towns of the kingdom. Yet for all that he might shout himself hoarse without the faintest hope of a single soul hearing him, and his body might lie there half a week, and not be found by anything more encouraging than the gulls and the rooks and the little shore crabs

of the tide.

But Baby-Face Chaus smiled—as I live, the fellow smiled—and his personality took on that air of masterly suppressed energy that you will see envisage a great pianist when he sits down to a piano, a born author or poet when he takes up the pen, or a champion rifle-shot when his cheek cuddles down to the stock of his rifle. In a word, Baby-Face Chaus was now at his profession, the work for which, it would seem, he must have been born, and in seconds he became a changed being.

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THE CAPTURE OF GERMAN TRADE.

N all warfare, whether military or commercial, to achieve success it is necessary for the attacking side to learn all it can about the position and methods of its opponents; otherwise it stands a chance of defeat through moving in wrong directions or with inappropriate weapons. The present attempt on the part of British merchants and manufacturers to capture a great part of the German foreign trade has been

wisely and strenuously initiated; but, judging from what has been published, it is extremely doubtful whether sufficient account has been taken of German commercial practices and methods, for unless these are to a large extent followed or improved upon it is much to be feared that the business abstracted from Germany during the war will go back to her again afterwards. It seems to the writer that by indicating a few of the principal variations in English and German trade methods a better understanding of the position may be brought about.

Perhaps the most vital differences in these methods relate to the working of the respective industrial joint-stock companies. In Britain nearly every important manufacturing company has from a quarter to a third of its capital represented by watered stock—that is, stock issued for intangible assets, such as goodwill, commissions, profits on flotation, and so onwhereas in a German company there is no such thing as watered stock, its nominal capital being invariably the actual capital. If in the course of business a German company buys out a competing concern, and has to pay for intangible assets, these do not appear in the balance-sheet, but are wiped off at the earliest possible moment, and indeed are commonly cleared at once out of undeclared profits, an item which is not usual in British companies, but is carefully conserved in every strong German company. Then in Germany company reserves are free from taxation, whereas in Britain they are not. In Germany companies are controlled by the managers (known there as Direktoren), and not by the Council of Administration, which is the body corresponding to the British board of directors. In a large company the managers not only attend to all the operative business, but also fix the dividends, apportion the reserve, and in fact arrange the whole balance-sheet. Council of Administration, who are usually the largest shareholders, find the capital, and may be consulted as to important matters of policy; but their office is in reality little more than nominal. The managers of a company as a rule own no shares whatever in it, and are paid mostly by results, receiving small regular salaries, and dividing a share of the profits; but their total remuneration is often enormous. From three thousand pounds to ten thousand pounds a year is not considered out of the way for departmental managers in a large company; while there are several concerns in which the principal managers receive from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand pounds each yearly.

In the preparation of a balance-sheet the managers of a German company are usually extremely conservative. In an important concern about a third only of the net profits is paid in dividends, the rest being used to wipe off the cost of plant and in building up the reserve, which is often equal to the whole paid-up share capital. It is the great strength acquired by this practice that has enabled German companies to take large contracts right out of the hands of their British competitors. When, as is not uncommonly the case, a German company is so strong that it can pay its regular dividends for a whole decade without making a shilling further profit during that time, one can under-

stand how it can sometimes cut out its British trade opponents. It can offer practically unlimited credit, and, further, it can if necessary find the capital for the work which it is to accomplish. When the Victoria Falls Power Company wanted a million or two for its great undertaking, a German company came forward and offered not only to carry out the work and to guarantee its successful running, but also to guarantee a debenture issue with which to pay the cost. No British company was strong enough to do this, and the Victoria Falls Company was unfortunately compelled to hand over the contract to Berlin. Through their astonishing financial solidity some of the great German companies are enabled in a way to force contracts. They send round travelling inspectors to report upon mining and manufacturing concerns of other countries, and when they find that new machinery might be advantageously erected, they offer to supply the machinery and to guarantee a particular saving Thus one of these companies in running cost. will say to a coal or factory owner, 'Your running plant is costing you twenty thousand pounds a year. If you will allow us to erect a new plant at a cost of twenty thousand pounds, we will undertake to save you six thousand a year in running charges, and you need pay us nothing till the new plant has been running for twelve months, and you satisfy yourselves that the saving in cost is as stated. If things do not turn out as we expect, we will remove our plant and re-erect your own at our expense.' Perchance the coal or factory owner is a little over-conservative, and politely intimates that he cannot find the money for new plant. Then comes the answer, 'We will find it for you at 5 per cent., so that the whole cost of the new plant will be repaid to you in four years out of saving in the running costs.' Of course such a company finds out the position of the coal or factory owner before making the proposal; but the point to be noted is that this kind of business is only carried on by German

In many of the manufacturing industries the complications arising from variations in cost of labour, freights, materials used, &c. are so numerous that it is difficult to arrive at the respective advantages or disadvantages to which German and British manufacturers are subjected; but in the vast engineering industries these can be pretty fairly gauged, though they work out differently according to the respective tariffs and customs. The leading German manufacturers in iron and steel, basing the statement on years of experience, assert that, in competition with Britain, the engineering industries of Germany are handicapped to the extent of 6 per cent. on their costs through the duties on partly manufactured material, while the lower wages paid to their workmen are balanced by the

reater efficiency of the British mechanic.* When competing for British business, the Germans try to equalise this handicap by rendering it unnecessary for the buyer to employ a consulting engineer. It is customary for a German firm to engage its own specialists, who make plans and specifications for the machinery required, while in Britain these are commonly prepared by the purchaser or his consulting engineer. The German firm guarantees everything to the user of the plant, who is advised to save the consulting engineer's fee, which is nearly equal to the extra cost to the German firm arising from the duty. In the case of competition for contracts in a neutral country, the German balances his handicap by giving extended credit or directly financing the user, by undertaking delivery in shorter time, by lower freights due to bounties or special arrangements with shipping companies, and other ways, not the least important of which is the sacrifice of home consumers to foreign interests. Moreover, the German is always ready to cut prices very low for a first order when he sees a possibility of future business. It should be noted that the user of machinery in Germany is not worse off than his British confrère in ordering plant, notwithstanding that he has to pay the manufacturer an extra sum to represent the duty, because there are no middlemen's charges to account for. In Germany there are no consulting engineers, or secret commissions, or lawyer's charges, all contracts being drawn up by the principals. is the custom for foreign contractors tendering for British work to add $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to the cost estimates for secret commissions, Britain being regarded, next to Russia and Italy, as the most notorious of the leading countries for these illicit demands.

Much of the German trade expansion is due to their system of commercial spying, which has been developed to a degree hardly dreamed of by British manufacturers. This spying has a triple object: first, the securing of trade; secondly, the acquisition of knowledge relating to new appliances and methods; and, thirdly, the obtaining of good men for German business houses and factories. The most powerful of German spying agents are the consuls. German consul is not only a Government reporter on general trade matters, but he is also a special representative of each section of German trade. He makes it his business to know the doings of every factory and merchant of any consequence in his district. He has spies or acquaintances wherever a large business is done, and he knows what is used, and how much of it, in every mine, factory, or workshop within his range. If, in one of these places, any machinery or appliance of a kind that Germany can supply shows signs of wear, the consul knows it as soon as the proprietors, and on the day after he is informed of the fact it is also known in every factory of importance in Germany which it may concern, the news distributing agency being the Government in Berlin. The consul does not spare the telegraph wires, and he is furnished with the most comprehensive code that the imagination can conceive. He can telegraph the size, shape, and precise details of every appliance and of many complicated machines, German manufacturers being commonly as well instructed by his reports as if they had plans in front of them. An instance of this consular work which came under the notice of the writer may be given. The manager of an Italian mine was considering the advisability of employing an iron railwaytruck of a slightly different pattern from those he had in use, and one day he made a rough sketch of what he wanted, and left it on his table. By some means unknown to the manager, the nearest German consul, whose office was thirty miles away, obtained particulars of the sketch, and telegraphed them to Berlin, with the result that in a week's time the manager received from five towns in Germany offers to supply the trucks, while three commercial travellers called at the mine on the subject, one of them bringing with him a model truck of the precise pattern required, and offering to carry out the whole order, whatever it was, in three weeks. The mine manager told the writer that a British manufacturer before tendering would want a complete plan supplied him, and would probably take a week or two to put in his offer, while he would require two or three months in which to do the work. The German consul is, in fact, a restless commercial agent whose life is spent in helping German firms to secure orders. On the other hand, the British consul is usually a polite and sagacious representative of the Foreign Office, who keeps his chief supplied with trade statistics, writes an annual report on the general commerce of the district, and looks after the interests of British travellers. A courteous, pleasant, broadly educated man as a rule, and very necessary, but a different man altogether from his German confrère. It would scarcely do to substitute a consul of the German type for a man of the average British type; but in many places a purely commercial man might be appointed to act under the consul, and so help to balance the advantages of the German official.

Another beneficial influence possessed by the Teuton trader is the extended power of the German Ambassador. There are several countries in Europe where foreign traders, and particularly local branches of foreign houses, are continually coming into contact with the Government or the administration, mostly about matters of taxation, tariff charges, difficulties with local officials, and

^{*} In connection with this matter it is interesting to note that according to the publicly expressed opinion of German experts, where physical strength is applied in their workshops, three men have now to be employed where two sufficed a quarter of a century ago, the average physique of the German workman having so much deteriorated.

so on; and unless a strong stand is taken by the traders they are half-worried out of their lives, and often driven from the country through ceaseless extortion. The only official to whom one can appeal in these cases is the Ambassador or other national representative; but owing to the regulations governing the conduct of British Ambassadors, it is practically impossible for the British trader or manufacturer to obtain redress for his grievances, whereas no such disability attends the authority of the German Minister. Let us suppose that a British and a German trader have each received an extortionate or blackmailing claim from an official of one of the countries referred to. They both indignantly repudiate the claim; but finding their protests of no avail, they appeal to their respective Ambassadors. The British Ambassador, on receipt of the particulars from his countryman, writes an acknowledgment and promises to look into the matter. He does so, and a week later informs the trader that he has examined the papers, and is laying the complaint before the Foreign Secretary in London. A further two or three weeks pass, and the complainant receives notice that representations on the subject at issue have been made to the Foreign Minister of the Government concerned. Another fortnight goes by, and the trader is then informed that an inspector from the department involved has been instructed to inquire into the matter. Then there are interviews and correspondence, with the invariable result that nothing at all is done, and meanwhile the unfortunate trader has been compelled to meet the demand, or part of it, to prevent some disastrous interference with his business. Now, in the case of the German, the Ambassador has power to act without consulting his Foreign Office, and, on finding the complaint of the trader just, he informs the Government to which he is accredited that unless the irregular claim is withdrawn within twenty-four hours some very dire consequences will ensue; and it may be taken as a thing assured that before the British trader has received his first letter from his Ambassador the German trader has satisfactorily overcome his trouble. The practical effect of the different systems can hardly be overestimated. In Italy alone, of the hundreds of British firms that have tried to establish permanent agencies there, quite 95 per cent. have had to withdraw, while there is hardly an instance of a German house closing an Italian branch. From this it is scarcely surprising that while the Italian trade in German goods has progressed enormously, that in British goods has done little more than stand still, and this notwithstanding that the Britisher is, and always has been, very much more popular in Italy than the German.

The great German manufacturer is peculiar in that while he professes to regard his fellow-countrymen as supreme in every branch of industry, he yet never allows this prejudice

to run up against his business interests, for he is an adept at spying out good men, and has no hesitation in engaging them whether they be British, French, Russian, Scandinavian, or Chinese. Let a great work be in progress anywhere in Europe, or for the matter of that in America or Asia, and there will come along an official from a German manufactory to find out what new processes or appliances, if any, are being used, and what men of exceptional ability are employed who might possibly be induced to go to Berlin or Essen or elsewhere in Germany, or to a branch of a German house abroad. In this way the German houses pick up young men of all nations. Their inspectors attend university lectures in the search for brilliant scientists to enter their laboratories, and examine books in all languages on the subjects which concern them, in the hope of finding able specialists who might guide them in new developments of their business. In fact, they leave no stone unturned, and spare no expense, to secure the best brains for their purposes. What British manufacturer would hear a single university lecture by a young man of twenty-five years, and then offer him five times his professional salary to move into his workshops? Yet that was done by a Frankfort firm. And where is the British manufacturer who, after reading a treatise, would go to the author and say, 'We will give you five thousand pounds a year to walk through our laboratory every morning, watch the work in progress, and see if there is anything you can suggest'? Yet this was done by a Berlin firm, and the offerwhich was accepted—was to a foreigner. Of course British manufacturers have their own way of finding the men they require, and they certainly never lack good men; but some of the principal German houses not only seek the men they know they require, but take possession of exceptional brains in the sure and certain hope that they can turn these brains to uses not yet perhaps even contemplated.

Although Britain loses much through the want of more general scientific education, this defect is responsible only in a small degree for the way in which she lags behind Germany in the application of scientific discoveries to commercial purposes. As a matter of fact, very few inventions of importance are made in Germany, notwithstanding the rapid advance there of education in the sciences. The German mind is critical rather than originative. It hesitates to get away from grooves, but it examines these grooves and turns them inside-out and outsidein to an extent beyond the imagination of commercial scientists of other countries. The result is that an extraordinary store of knowledge is acquired in every department of industrial science, which is immediately brought to bear when a new groove is cut out by an enterprising Briton, Frenchman, or American. The case of the aniline dyes is well known. Though a British discovery, Germany secured practically the whole world's business in them. The application of metallic oxides to the improvement of gas and electric lighting, an Austrian discovery, was immediately appropriated and improved upon by the Germans, who have now almost a monopoly of the business. The same result would have followed in the case of wireless telegraphy had not political considerations crept in to confine certain systems to different countries, though Britain, Austria, and Italy were alone concerned in the foundation of this great departure. The many discoveries of minor importance in the application of electricity to chemical processes, nearly all of them of British or French origin, have mostly been appropriated in Germany, as with the British inventions relating to the application of magnetism to the separation of metallic ores, and numbers of improvements in electric-power plants. the most astonishing instance of German enterprise in this way is in respect to turbine engines. In one year after the first British turbines were built, two German companies spent no less than a quarter of a million sterling in trying to improve upon the British system, and within a couple of years were supplying British firms with new models.

It will be seen from what has been stated that there are many more matters to be considered by British manufacturers in competing with

the trade of Germany than mere questions of individual energy, adaptation of business practices to suit foreign buyers, and so on. Broad principles of finance, international organisation, and political administration must be dealt with if the favourable opportunity to secure German trade, or some of it, which now seems to be presented, is to be firmly seized. The movement must be characterised by large, liberal ideas, while there must be freedom from the daily consideration of immediate profits, and the eternal sacrifice of brilliant conceptions on the altar of the commission agent. We cannot expect manufacturers and retailers to come together suddenly and overthrow the huge system of middle profits which draws to Britain so many German commercial travellers, and has been the indirect cause of the building up at the expense of this country of quite 25 per cent. of the German soft goods trade. We cannot at present expect a British manufacturer to look with equanimity, whatever the result, upon the prospect of remunerating expert commercial travellers with five or six thousand pounds a year, and an allowance of four or five pounds a day for expenses; nor can we in a week or two inaugurate a system of mutual help between banker and trader. But we can at least look deep into the causes of German trade expansion, and examine our foundations before attempting structural

THE ALARUM.

By THEODORA WILSON WILSON.

CHAPTER I.

'COME now, mother!' said Paul persuasively,
'confess that you sit alone in this delightful room brooding over your son's shortcomings
until— Well, you don't think it was my
fault that I was born with an artistic temperament, and that I simply cannot play the ordinary
routine kind of game?'

'How you were born, Paul, was certainly not

your fault,' said Mrs Marsland quietly.

But her son interposed by laying his hand affectionately on her knee. 'Then why be so tragic, mother beloved? What has gone so dreadfully wrong? It is my luck that Uncle John's money has set me free to develop along individual and artistic lines, and why shouldn't I take advantage of my liberty?'

'You must be your own judge of that;' and his mother looked at him with a deprecating smile. For weeks Mrs Marsland had been nerving herself for this talk with her idolised son; and though she was finding her strength quite unequal to the strain, she managed to add pluckily enough, 'Only, don't you think it is time that you stopped sheltering yourself from painful and uncomfortable things by escaping

under a kind of—of temperamental cover? I have always hoped that you might turn out to be one of the strong men on whom the world expects to lean.'

Paul laughed a little ruefully. 'Mothers shouldn't hug secret ambitions to their bosoms,' he answered, trying to speak lightly. 'However, don't quite give me up. If only Mary'—

A quiver shot through his mother's nervous frame, and from the depth of sunken sockets her usually soft violet eyes shone with a strange passion. 'Don't say what you were going to say!' she exclaimed.

His mother's manner shook Paul uncomfortably, and he objected to feeling uncomfortable. It was as the breath of life to him to live in an atmosphere of continual approbation, and he determined to strangle off the stupid conversation.

'My darling mother, you know that you ought

not to excite yourself.'

'Excite myself!' She flushed and gave wey to a curiously bitter laugh. How well she understood her son's motive, even through the very solicitude in his voice! Yet she continued in a restrained, intense tone, 'I wish to speak to you, Paul, about some one whom you scarcely remember, but whom I cannot forget.'

'Yes, mother,' Paul managed to respond.

'Your father also gloried in his artistic temperament, and he also said, twenty-eight years ago, "If only Mary!" I was young and strong in those days, and was entering the wide world with open arms and generous beliefs. I was keen with ambition to serve my generation, and cut at the roots of unnecessary suffering; and, yes, I think I had the faith as a grain of mustard-seed which removes mountains. Then it was that I met your father. I loved him. He seemed to me to be the fulfilment of my highest womanly ideals. He wooed me with the passion of his wonderful eyes, and with the very tones of his musical voice. I married him, and it was only afterwards that—we hurt each other. I do not blame your father. He simply did not understand. He loved me artistically, if you will; but when I wished to translate idealism into hard everyday effort he said that I shattered it.

'That is all I can tell you. He died, as you know, and my health failed. But as you grew up I hoped that you would take up the work I had missed doing. Our beloved Empire needs young blood, young ideas, young faith in an eternally young God, and '---

'Mother dearest,' interrupted Paul with a tender anxiety, 'you are overtiring yourself! I ought never to have let you get into this tiresome conversation. Though I cannot be all you have expected, still I truly think that if Mary Duncan and I'-

'Paul!' she faltered. Then, gripping her strength together, she went on feverishly: 'I know Mary so well! I know that she is one of those women all awake to the influences of this modern world, who has, nevertheless, the courage to see visions and dream dreamsdreams of real substantial blessings which she herself may actually help to bring down; and even for your happiness I should not like another woman to be disappointed!'

'I see, mother!' His tone grew suddenly icy. 'Don't speak to me like that!' she exclaimed shrinkingly. 'If only you knew the effort it is to me to go against your smallest wish!'

'No possible good can come to either of us by prolonging this conversation, mother,' he said with attempted calmness. 'I am glad that at last I so thoroughly understand your opinion of me.'

'Paul!' she called after him.

But he strode away.

CHAPTER II.

SHALL ask her, all the same,' said Paul to himself, as his motor turned at last into Curzon Street. 'It is really time that I absolutely insist upon mother having bright

companionship of some kind. She is growing positively morbid.'

Thus he sought to throw aside his intolerable sense of mortification. Surely any son about to make the great venture of his life ought to have been supported by his own mother's unbounded love and sympathy! Paul felt himself very badly used indeed.

The Duchess was one of those women upon whom societies depend for giving 'At Homes,' in order to entice the leisured and snobbish classes, by means of rich viands and a stately entourage, to give a few minutes' consideration to the needs of the Great Outside. Her Grace knew well enough why her invitations were accepted, and why desponding secretaries implored her assistance; yet she good-naturedly submitted to the yoke, and spared no pains to make her functions a success.

Paul frankly hated such affairs, and he was only going on this occasion because he hoped that after the lecture he would have the chance of taking Mary Duncan down to supper.

Evidently he was late, for a solitary and wellpowdered footman offered him a programme, and informed him that her Grace was already in the chair.

Paul walked up the marble staircase, nodded to one or two men he knew who were loafing on the landing, and then took his place against a folding-door and looked into the gorgeous ballroom, in which a well-dressed crowd were penalising themselves and their clothes on canebottomed chairs.

The lecturer was a broad-shouldered, bluntspoken man, who was declaiming with enthusiasm on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The lecturer did not interest Paul in the least; but he craned his neck that he might examine the audience.

Yes, she was there. She was sitting a little to one side, and he was able to examine her exquisite profile, and satisfy himself with the turn of her slender white neck. Her whitegloved fingers were clasped tightly together in her lap, her eyes were fixed on the speaker, and her lips only just met. Paul did not much care how long the speechifying lasted so long as he could watch unseen.

Yet it was soon over. The Duchess took care never to outtire her butterfly social reformers. She closed the meeting with a few happy words of pleading, and then the silver salver made its way about amongst the

Paul relieved himself of a five-pound note; and, considering that he had done his duty, he took advantage of the general movement to press into the room.

'I hope I may have the pleasure of taking you down to supper, Miss Duncan?' he asked as he gained her side.

'Ah, then you did come!' she said with a happy flush.

'Of course!' he replied emphatically.

Was his mother right? Had Mary the power of seeing visions? At any rate, as she looked at him with a curious intentness he could not flatter himself that she was seeing him at all.

'I am so glad that you heard him. It is so

terrible, isn't it?'

'Yes, oh-very! Things are a beastly shame in this world-often!' he said awkwardly.

'It seems so horrible of us to let such things happen day after day, year after year, and to children who have deserved nothing but good!'

'You have not tortured or ill-treated children?'

he said quickly.

'No; but I haven't cared enough even to find out what every true woman ought to know,' she

said earnestly.

Overpowered by what she had heard, Mary somehow expected a sympathetic response from her companion. Was she disappointed? At least she allowed him to find her a quiet corner within a window veranda, away from the general rush.

'And now, what may I get you, Miss Duncan?'

he asked eagerly.

'Oh, coffee—a sandwich—anything; it doesn't

He rushed away, and presently returned with a footman whom he had beguiled into special attendance.

'It is delightful here, I must confess,' she said with a contented sigh; 'to get away from the scrimmage, I mean,' she added, as she noted the flush that deepened in her companion's face.

'I am glad you think so,' he said somewhat

lamely.

'And I must not stay long,' she went on decidedly. 'I want to get hold of the secretary of the society. I wonder if he could find any use for me. It would be so glorious really to know things, and to do real work.'

'Of course, if you wish to see the secretary I can find him for you,' he said reluctantly. 'Only'

'Only?' she repeated.

'I should hate for you to go slumming and witnessing in law-courts, and running up against all kinds of nastinesses!' He spoke more dictatorially than he knew. It was exasperating to be shunted aside by a mere secretary of a society.

She answered him with a little rippling laugh. 'Yourself as usual, Mr Marsland. Deeply sorry to put you to the pain of hating anything I may feel it my duty to do. Indeed, I forgot that it is dangerous and unkind to disturb the delicate bloom of artistic souls.'

She looked at him so comically that he was forced to respond to her raillery with a smile.

'You may mock, Miss Duncan,' he retorted; 'but you are not cut out for-for all that kind of thing.

'Too vague!' she answered. 'Mr Marsland, really you are frantically behind the times! Didn't you know that woman has waked from her sleep? Didn't you know that she has already cleared her eyes and forgotten her dreams? Didn't you know that her soul is quivering at what she has seen, and that she is nerving herself to welcome any pain, so that she may help to "sort" the world? Forgive the expression! It is not my fault that I was born north of Inverness.'

'So long as you were born anywhere' began with so ominous a seriousness that she interrupted him adroitly.

'Oh, look—through those doors! Our darling Duchess is giving us ices! May I be greedy?

Paul could not but notice the smart doubling of his quarry; yet he became radiant once more. This was the delightful Highland Mary who had returned to him, in place of the solemn-browed Miss Duncan, keen on societies and their intolerable secretaries.

He secured the ice, and for the next few minutes was rewarded with that light chaffing conversation in which Mary was always so entrancing, and in which he was most at home. Yet he knew that time was galloping. moment she might rise to go to her friends; so again he broke in with an intonation hardly necessary for his very commonplace request: 'You will allow me to motor you home, Miss Duncan ? '

'It is very good of you,' she answered; 'but I am not going home to-night. I am staying a Aunt Fraser's.

'Then may I motor you there?'

'Oh no, thank you. I am walking. The house is only five minutes away, as you know.

'Then may I not walk with you for five minutes?'

'I ought to make such a privilege depend upon whether you can find the secretary for me first,' she said as lightly as she could. Her woman's wit gave her a sudden stab of warning. and she rose.

The sound of a Brahms Rapsodie was being cruelly overpowered by the roar of the gossiping crowd, and the electric light from beyond shone out as radiant background for her darkly waving hair.

'Why make bargains? Sit down again, please!' He jerked out the command with so rude a passion that she, aware of the publicity of the position, sat down promptly, devoutly hoping that nothing tiresome was going to happen.
'I am so dreadfully afraid the secretary will

escape before

'Hang the secretary!' exclaimed Paul, and he took a low seat behind her. 'I beg your pardon. Miss Duncan,' he stammered, trying in vain to hide his agitation.

'Please, don't,' she said softly, looking at him with anxiety. But her very voice and look

stimulated him to blunder forward.

'Don't what? Don't tell you that I love you, Mary? Am I always to be put off, whenever I demand to tell you what I have a right to tell you? Oh, I know I am just a stupid fool, and all that sort of thing; but if you will only take me on I will go into life as if it were worth living! I will seek out all the best this world can offer, and share it with you always, if you will give me the right.'

This was not in the least the kind of offer Paul had meant to make; but at any rate the words were out, and he did not know how white he had gone, as he leaned over toward her.

Mary sank lower in her chair. She was no common flirt, keen to capture so that she might have the pride of dismissing with mockery. Whatever her feelings—and, to her consternation, she was finding that they were not quite what she expected—she struggled after self-control, so that she might say what she felt she must say without hurting him more than she need.

'I am so dreadfully sorry that you have said all this, Mr Marsland,' she said in a tremulous tone that nearly drove him frantic. 'I—that is—I am not going to pretend that I have not thought that—— No; please, let me finish!' as he tried to interrupt her by taking her hand. 'But you know perfectly well that we could never live happily together. We want different things out of life.'

'How?' He must get some word in before

anything irrevocable stunned him.

'I have tried to explain to you,' she said more steadily. 'I have heard the alarum, and I cannot sleep again. If we were married we should

only hurt each other all the time.'

'Not if we loved each other! Not if—though that is impossible—you loved me as I love you! Mary dearest, be my wife! How can you know how much I love you, and how I would serve you?' Somehow he got possession of her hand, and his touch so thrilled her that she feared he must know it. A doubt clutched her heart. Why might she not give this beautiful, alluring boy his way?

'Mr Marsland, you have no right'-

'Be my wife, Mary!' he breathed into her ear.

But, recovering herself, she drew her hand away with a resolution he was forced to respect. 'I cannot! I must live a whole woman's life. I cannot turn traitor to myself.'

'And you think that I'--- he began bitterly.

'I think that — that you have not yet awakened!'

'Beg pardon, sir.'

'Yes?' Paul rounded on the friendly footman, furious at the interruption. 'Some one is wanting you, sir, on the telephone.'

'Couldn't you take the message?'

'It is the doctor from Teddington, sir. He wishes to speak to you. You are wanted at home at once, sir.'

'All right! All right!' he said hurriedly. 'Tell the doctor I will come.'

'Our family doctor on the usual fidget about my mother,' he said, as he turned toward her again. 'I must go; but just one word, Mary.'

But she rose indignantly, and a passionate light shone in her dark eyes. 'Mr Marsland,' she exclaimed in an incredulous voice, 'your mother needs you, and you wait to speak to me!'

The astonished reproach cut him intolerably, and he leaped to his feet. 'I beg your pardon,' he said in a voice of strained bitterness. 'Any excuse is enough, I suppose. I shall not even, I regret to say, have time to go in search of the secretary.'

Another moment, and Mary Duncan was

alone.

CHAPTER III.

OF course Paul knew that he had behaved rudely and unjustifiably. Twice this day he had felt the rein, and now a mingled sense of remorse and mortification drove him forward as uncontrolledly as when, as a child, he had fought and screamed and kicked the instant the world went against him. He had his motor called, and, thrusting his chauffeur aside, he took the wheel.

Teddington was a good hour's run, and he drove with a reckless skill out along the brilliant streets, on through the nearer suburbs, reaching the belt of model dwellings which stretched between him and the villages which were just beginning to dream of the coming of the London builder. His chauffeur sat silent and patient. He was used to the strange freaks of moodiness which overtook his master. As they reached the quieter lanes the going became terrific.

'We are far beyond the limit, sir,' said the chauffeur once. But his master vouchsafed no reply. 'Paul! Paul!' said a voice in his ear. He put on the brake until the car groaned, and the chauffeur gripped his hands together.

Paul turned. The back-seat was empty. 'Fool!' he ejaculated. He drove faster than ever, spurred forward by a monstrous anxiety which he scorned. He reached the old Manor House, and swished up the drive.

The house was gay with light. As he entered the hall the doctor met him.

Paul's flushed face went deadly white; a sense of suffocation rose in his throat. 'It isn't true?' he cried wildly.

'I am afraid it is, Paul,' said the old doctor.

(Continued on page 795.)

SOME IMPRESSIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF SMYRNA.

FROM the ruined Byzantine castle on Mount Pagus, five hundred feet above Smyrna quay, the eye ranges over the city and gulf, and out into the Ægean. All who look from this old Acropolis may see and understand the changes wrought in those parts by the Balkan war. In the west the summit of Mount St Elias, in Chios, shows over the saddle of the Ionian peninsula. In the north-west blue Mitylene reaches out across the mouth of the gulf. Both islands have passed from Turkish sovereignty; and from Smyrna, as it is said, one may now see Greece. They cover the outer approaches to the harbour; and yet even more is involved than this. Of Smyrna's three hundred thousand inhabitants more than half are of It is this fact, you gather, which Greek blood. provides the change in ownership of Chios and Mitylene with a background of special interest.

An English visitor, however, is likely to find more than the dreams of Greek chauvinists in his thoughts when on Mount Pagus. He looks over Homer's own land. The authentic Meles should be within eyeshot; a stream of the name, claiming the honour, is only five minutes' scramble down the back of the hill. Little more than a stone's-throw from the castle are remains of the old Greek stadium and theatre; and close to the stadium is the tomb of St Polycarp. The castle, too, has seen Crusaders, and Timur himself, to say nothing of others, in

hostility before its walls.

Of closer interest, perhaps, is the part that Smyrna fills in the early story of English commerce. During the era of fighting merchant ships it was a place much resorted to by them. Adventures on some of the earlier Smyrna voyages are chronicled for all time in Hakluyt's histories. To the Levant Company of London, which so long bore the whole cost of the British Embassy at Constantinople and of the British consular service in Turkey, Smyrna was the chief port in their El Dorado. What with corsairs, and fat profits, and intercourse with the East, 'The Levant' and 'The Smyrna Voyage' once were glamorous phrases in English ears.

Also worthy of recollection is the early English colony in Smyrna, the outcome of the trade. Foreign communities, tenacious of their footing and nationality, have flourished in the city for more than three centuries. They were wealthy and influential long before the present Greek predominance began. One of the earliest, and the most important of them all, was our own. No doubt it was mainly ourselves and the Dutch who earned for the place its contemptuous Turkish designation of Giaour Izmir (Infidel Smyrna).

It is curious to observe how quickly this little English colony provided itself with familiar English institutions. It soon had a place of

worship and a parson—a chaplain, as he was called. A list of chaplains who have served the community hangs in the English church at the Point, and the names, as you see to your surprise, go back to the early years of the seventeenth century. More unexpected is the English tavern that presently appeared. It came later than the church and chaplain, but

in good time, and it prospered long.

There is a quaint old book, Travels in Several Parts of Asia, by Alexander Drummond, at one time the British consul at Aleppo, which throws some light on the Smyrna English of a hundred and seventy years ago. Alexander was a younger brother of George Drummond, six times Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and died in the Scottish capital in 1769. The author contentedly records that on December 4, 1744, he 'landed at Smyrna in time enough to dine at the British tavern.' The house was to his liking, and he lodged there, as he says, notwithstanding offers of private hospitality. Owing to the filthiness of the streets, he could discover 'not one foot of ground which might be used for a walk.' But there were compensating pleasures. 'The English and Dutch gentlemen,' he adds, 'are therefore compelled to cards in the evening and the cheerful glass after supper as their chief amusements.'

Drummond was a Freemason; and, finding no lodge in Smyrna, he promptly established one. 'All the members are gentlemen of amiable characters,' he writes. 'I am not a little vain at being the father of such a flock.' He celebrated the birth of the lodge, 'The Drummond Kilwinning, from Greenock,' in verse, of which four lines seem to show an inner cause for his pride:

But now Britannia's gen'rous sons A glorious lodge have rais'd, Near the fam'd banks where Meles runs, And Homer's cattle graz'd.

The foreign colonies have left their mark on Smyrna. The air of prosperity, the two miles of stone-walled quay, the large warehouses, the lines of two railway companies, all give a Western impression. One of these lines, the Smyrna-Aidin, is the best and most comfortable in Turkey. It is British owned and managed, and that, no doubt, is why the English stranger finds himself oddly familiar with its stations and trains and customs. After being much the foreigner on the Constantinople-Bagdad Railway, he now can turn the tables, and he does so instinctively. His carriage may be filled with figures more or less Oriental, and camels may look over the closed gates of level-crossings; but his recurring idea is that they have to do with an Earl's Court exhibition and the Zoological Gardens.

There was a Frank, or foreign, quarter in Smyrna, now long gone from its earlier purpose. But Frank Street, at once the Strand and Oxford

Street of the city, preserves the memory. It is crooked, narrow, and without pavements, and thronged with a traffic of surprising contrasts. You jump aside to clear a dashing pair-horse carriage or a hooting motor-car, and are run down by a donkey with a wild boar across its back. As you look in at a fashionable shop-window, a noiseless shadow flits over the glass, and you find yourself jostled by passing camels. A little farther, and a peasant carrying live sucking-pigs in his arms fastens on you as a likely buyer you, of all people! as you think. And behind him come blue-robed ulemas, and Greek ladies, and an English governess with dark-eyed children. The crowded bazaars of Aleppo are more gorgeously Oriental, and Galata Bridge shows a greater diversity of races; but the pageant of Frank Street has a quality and interest of its own.

From the confinement of the Frank quarter most of the wealthy foreign families removed in time to villages a few miles out. A century ago they were at Seid Keuey; now they favour Burnabat and Buja, but chiefly Burnabat. It is a place of gardens and fine houses, with golf-links, a club, an English church, and suchlike things proper to a community which is largely English. Burnabat is famed for its hospitality. Land in Smyrna in the morning, and the chances are that the same day you will go on to Burnabat.

Since the earliest days of the foreign colonies the neighbourhood of Smyrna has been notable for brigands. Alexander Drummond found the foreigners keeping close to their quarter owing to the recent murder of one of their number by banditti. Residents of Burnabat and Buja still live under the shadow of brigandage. Within the past four or five years there have been attempts at kidnapping, with shooting and killing, in Burnabat. It is little more than two years since the most famous outlaw known to Smyrna was hunted down and shot. Tales of brigandage are, in fact, part of the entertainment provided for you at Burnabat.

In Smyrna itself, however, brigands of the outskirts seem far away. At lunch on the Marina, with a 'Dover sole' (as the waiter has called it) and the latest London newspaper before you, possible brigandage counts for no more than a possible railway accident. And if you drop in at Coste's tea-rooms, where, they tell you, all the Smyrna English may be seen between three and six o'clock, brigands become still more remote. Many of the faces are English, the chatter rising from the oak tables is English, and before the doors is a line of waiting motorcars and carriages. Yet within an hour's easy drive you might certainly run some risk of being robbed, or shot, or even held for ransom if known to be worth it.

THE ROAD: ITS PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE.

By the Right Hon. Sir J. H. A. MACDONALD, K.C.B., LL.D.

What we want, my Lords, is Roads, roads, roads!

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE nations of Europe are now, to the number of seven, engaged in a war such as has never been seen in the history of the world. The number of the troops engaged and the extent of front occupied by the contending forces exceed anything that has been witnessed in ancient or modern days. For the first time war-transit by road is being conducted to a very great degree by mechanical power, and such power is being used not only for conveyance of stores, but also for moving artillery and machineguns, serving Generals and their staffs by carrying them rapidly throughout the extent of their command, conveying orders and dispatches, and making rapid reconnoitring attacks by armoured vehicles, in all of which services great speed can be used without failure or serious limitation of endurance, such as necessarily attaches to a service in which no other accessory power is available except that of animals. This war will, therefore, teach many lessons on the subject of the road. For warfare on any extended scale roads are essential, and more so than ever in the twentieth century. Upon the sufficiency of the roads, and their ability to withstand the

attack of heavy traffic without becoming unfit for efficient use, the success of a campaign may in great measure depend. We know how nearly the bad state of the roads jeopardised the arrival of Blücher in time to clinch matters at Waterloo, the whole of a long day being necessary for an eleven miles' march. It is told of the great Duke of Wellington, when a debate took place on the first Kafir war in Africa, that he summed up what was necessary, in addition to welltrained and well-armed troops, by saying, 'What we want, my Lords, is Roads! roads! roads!' To his mind, roads were essential to the conduct of war, so that the troops and their arms might be used to the best advantage. More than ever to-day, when power-vehicles will be employed in all but cavalry work, is it indispensably necessary that national attention should be freely given to the road problem, so that our country should not be put to disadvantage, if war comes within its borders, because its roads are insufficient in number and deficient in quality.

It may now be laid down without risk of intelligent contradiction that if the country is to be well served by its roads, these must' be capable of carrying a very different traffic, both in bulk and character, from that of the latter half of the last century, when the use of the road was comparatively trifling, because all distance locomotion by heavy vehicles had been diverted from the road to the railway. In consequence of this old roads deteriorated, and were repaired on the cheap, and new roads were flimsily constructed. It is now practically admitted on all hands that road construction and maintenance, neglected for half a century, are once more of paramount importance, and that it is a matter of public necessity that the roads shall be made fit to bear the traffic which passes over them, traffic which tends every day to increase in volume as regards all classes of vehicles, and in mileage as regards the distance per day which each vehicle accomplishes. The carriage which used to jog along for its fifteen or twenty miles is now replaced by the car, which can traverse three or four times that distance in the same time and be still fit for further work. professional man who travelled daily by train to and from business now runs in and out in the same time, or even more quickly, by car or motor-cycle. The farmer who sent his crops, his fruit, and his vegetables over long distances to the market town can now have them conveyed direct from farm to market more quickly and in better condition, and with less injury, than when loaded and unloaded six times, and knocked about in shunting from and to The vans of the town tradesman which sidings. went ten or twelve miles into the country daily to deliver goods now go twice or even three times that distance, out and in, each day. The road tourist thinks nothing of a journey of one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles in one day. All this development has taken place in little more than a decade, and that there will be a great increase of all classes of road traffic for some time nobody can doubt; while in war on land efficient roads will be a sine quâ non, in view of the strain of heavy traffic of guns and munitions of war. War is no longer a leisurely conducted affair; Von Clausewitz's caustic saying, that 'standing still and doing nothing is quite plainly the normal condition of an army in the midst of war, acting the exception,' is no longer a true reproach to those who conduct campaigns. Speed is the aim, and the measure of speed is the quality of the road.

The road being now of paramount national interest, a step was taken in furtherance of that interest when the Imperial Road Board was appointed a few years ago, to which was committed the proceeds of the petrol-tax and the auto-vehicle licenses, bringing in more than a million sterling at first, and the amount steadily increasing from year to year.

Everywhere throughout the land more powervehicles are being put upon the road in each season, and a corresponding diminution of animaldrawn traffic is taking place. The extent to

which this is so appears not to be fully appreciated by many. It is still quite common to hear motor traffic spoken of as something exceptional, and as an intrusion upon general traffic. power-vehicle is still looked upon by many of the public and by not a few local road-authorities as an interloper, to which no consideration need be given except by way of complaint and objurgation. People who think so and speak so will have to awake, whether they like it or not, to the fact that motor traffic has in great degree become, and will in greater degree become, the traffic of the road, and that animal haulage must recede into the position of being the exception, and that a negligible exception, where formerly it was the rule. A few statistics will be found convincing by all but those who fall into the category of the man persuaded against his will, who is 'of the same opinion still.' The figures may be interesting. Observations recently made in London bring out most remarkable results. A test recently taken at the top of Haymarket, where the vehicles must pass in both directions through a driving-space of only forty-six feet in width, the time of the test being one hour, between 7.30 P.M. and 8.30 P.M., brought out the following result:

PASSENGER VEHICLES.
Motor. Horse.
1750 17

In country districts it is much the same. Five days' observation in Perthshire gave this result:

Motor. Horse.

A test taken of cabs only, in Pall Mall, counting up to 600 of those mechanically driven, resulted thus:

CABS.
Motor. Horse.
600 4

Of the horsed cabs, two were four-wheelers and two were hansoms.

In the case of the commercial vehicle, the progress has not been so rapid. It was not to be expected that it would be in the same ratio. The merchant using animal haulage has to think twice and thrice before making the change. It is hazardous for him to experiment, as it is the rich only who use vehicles for convenience and pleasure that can do so without financial risk. The outlay in purchasing vehicles which represent both the horse and the wagon is necessarily great, and unless the trader is able to assure himself that he can have his work done more economically, more conveniently, and more rapidly, without increasing the percentage of cost of carriage, he naturally hesitates to make a change. There is a reasonable inclination, before making the plunge, to wait and see how the adventurous who first make the change come out of the venture. But while such considerations have been 'canny' and prudent, it is becoming more manifest month by month that conviction has come to the commercial community that the adoption of power-haulage is a prudent and wise step, consistent with economy, advantageous in time-saving, making extension of deliveries more easy, and in more ways than one bringing about an increase of business. No one who observes can fail to see that the number of power-vehicles carrying goods has been rapidly increasing, and continues to increase day by day. Observations taken in London show that from one-third to one-half of the commercial vehicles upon the street, in the busy thoroughfares round Trafalgar Square, are now driven by mechanical power. Tests on recent occasions brought out:

COMMERCIAL	VEHICLES.
Horse.	Motor
92	54
66	33
120	71
91	57
30	24
17	18
30	22
446	279

But perhaps it may be said that London is not a fair criterion for the country generally. Here is a test taken when driving to Woking:

Horse. Motor.

It must be understood that the figures both of fast vehicles and commercial vehicles vary up and down, and the statistics given may be held to be the most favourable to the power-vehicle. But an average of tests brings out that, in the case of the fast vehicles, the percentage of animaldrawn traffic is certainly not more than two or at most three, and in the case of the commercial vehicles the power-driven are certainly not less than a third, and often are nearer one-half. Thus fast horse-vehicles are now a negligible quantity, and the progress in the adoption of mechanical power in the case of the commercial vehicle makes it plain that it too will in a very short time be the dominant factor in the traffic. In the case of trade vehicles, the removal of horses for war service will cause many people to turn to powertraction; therefore it is the power-vehicle that has to be considered, and must be considered, when the question is: How are the roads to be made fit for their purpose in such circumstances?

It is satisfactory to know that it is in this country that the greatest advance has been made in the ascertainment of the best mode of road construction and road maintenance. It is possible now in many places to drive for many miles in the driest weather without there being any raising of dust. This in itself is a thing of great advantage in the direction of comfort to the road user and roadside dweller, of prevention of deterioration of goods, and of maintenance of public health. But these, however satisfactory, may be called side-advantages only. If a road is dustless it is not only satisfactory in these respects, but its condition testifies in an un-

answerable manner to the fact that it is not a road that materially deteriorates under traffic. Its dustlessness is a proof that the surface is not crumbling away, but remains practically intact and therefore impenetrable to water. Water is the most deadly enemy that the road has to encounter if once it can penetrate below the surface. While the roads which are exhibiting this efficiency were at the time of construction to a certain extent experimental, the period during which they have stood the test of trafficalready equal to from two to four years in many cases—has enabled the road engineer to gain further experience and by experiment to work out improvement, so that it can now be said with confidence that the formula for a durable, dustless, and economical road surface has been attained.

In former days the destruction of roads was caused by the penetration of water into the roadcrust in wet weather, and, in the case of very dry weather following, by the failure of the stones used in making it to hold their positions without moving, and so loosening the body of the roadcrust, and producing fatal disintegration. It was supposed by most people that the wear of the road was at the immediate surface only, whereas the actual injury caused by traffic not only affected the surface, but destroyed the entire road-crust by causing movement of the stones in it far down below the surface. Examination showed that blows of the hoofs of the heavy carthorse and of wheels wherever the surface was uneven, resulting in motion far down in the crust, caused the sharply broken stones which had been laid down to move, and by chafing one against another to become loose in their seats more and more, until they resembled potatoes, from their angles being rubbed off. The road thus ceased to have any cohesion, so that the surface could not remain even, every horse or vehicle squeezing mud up in wet weather, and picking or pressing the stones out of their seats in dry weather. And this disintegration, being irregular in its effect at the surface, caused depressions in which water could lie. Every one knows what is the state of an ordinary road shaded by trees for many days after a fall of rain.

All this is, as regards the making or renewing of road surfaces or the construction of new roads, a thing of the past. Investigation and experiment have made it certain that a road can be constructed at a reasonable cost which will be impervious to water, will keep its surface unbroken for a long time, and which at any point where it shows signs of giving way can be made perfect by patching, without the Scriptural result of the new making the rent worse, as the quality of the patch and its surroundings will be practically the same. The lower crust of the modern road can be made so compact by the use of a well-proportioned binding material of ascertained quality that the mass is held firm, and cannot

disintegrate by its pieces being moved and made to chafe one another, so as to remove the sharply angled surfaces and reduce the crust to a noncohering layer of rounded pieces. Also, it can be so made that water will not penetrate as it does into a road the only binding material of which is dirt. A stretch of such road, after being under traffic for two years or more, will be found with every stone still in the exact position in which it was fixed at first laying; and so tenaciously are the stones held by the well-chosen binding material that if a block cut out of a road is broken in two, it will be found that the stones are so firmly fixed that where the split comes opposite them they break across, leaving one half fixed in each of the two pieces of the specimen of crust. No stronger testimony could be given to the excellence of the crust than this real evidence of the firm grip of the binder.

But another improvement has been developed. Just as a carpet placed on a floor prevents vibration and deadens sound, so in the case of important roads in city or country combinations of bitumen with other materials are now used to put, as it were, a resilient carpet on the top of the resisting road-crust, with the effect not only of lightening the blows of the traffic and so protecting the material below, but also of diminishing noise, saving wear and tear of vehicles, their frames, their tires, and their springs, and giving a greater mileage per gallon of petrol than can be the case if the road at the surface is rigid and in measure uneven, as it must be when the crust is exposed to the direct stroke of traffic of all classes of vehicles. Such a superimposed surfacing acts exactly as does a carpet in a room. It is slightly depressed where pressure comes on it; but when left alone, or when pressure comes on the carpet close to the depression, the depressed part rises again into position. A good turf is just an outdoor carpet. The foot of man or horse depresses it, and thus it is relieved from hard going; the turf rises again, either by being pressed down at a point close to the former depression or by being left untouched, and by its elasticity rising once more to the level. The bituminous carpet which can now be put upon a road acts as the elastic turf does on a lawn; it yields, although of course in a slighter degree than the turf, and recovers, and so violence tending to destroy the weight-bearing crust is warded off. More durability is thus given to the body of the road, and an impervious surface is maintained. It remains to be proved by time whether it will be economically efficient; but there is good reason to hope that roads covered with such a carpet, proportioned in its thickness to the character of the traffic on the particular road, will last and remain in good order for a much longer period than has ever been the case hitherto, provided only that it is sufficiently inspected, and any incipient injury is dealt with at once. The repair of the road carpet is easy, and if properly done gives as good and smooth a surface as ever.

With such good prospect before the community, there is one other matter which calls for legislative intervention. The burden of road construction and maintenance falls in the most uneven and unfair manner upon many localities. There must be good roads provided between the great centres of population, and as matters at present stand the burden of doing this is in many cases most unjust to many districts. Such a road as that between Glasgow and Carlisle, or that between Carlisle and Preston, ought to be made and maintained in the best manner. But to put such a burden for many miles upon low-rented pastoral subjects such as are found for miles on either side of Beattock Summit or Shap is most inequitable. Main roads such as these, and all other roads which can be classed as main roads, should be matters of Imperial concern, so that the burden of construction and maintenance shall not fall oppressively upon poor localities. It is satisfactory to know that a move in this direction is being made. The Road Board is engaged in obtaining statistics of traffic, with a view to classifying roads and formulating a better system by which the road burden may be more equitably distributed than at present. When s proper classification is provided, so that the roads which ought to be of first-class construction are scheduled, there is no reason to doubt that the engineer will be able to give a specification for road construction which will make it certain that the main road of the future will be a dustless, mudless, smooth, and durable way, and that the cost spread over a period of years will not be greater than, if so great as, has now to be encountered to keep up a road passably good, but inefficient to a considerable degree in the qualities of a truly sound and efficient road. This must be made a matter of State duty, so that the burden may not fall unfairly, and that the work may be done with equal efficiency throughout. It is 'a consummation devoutly to be wished.'

Meanwhile the assurance can be confidently given that the production of the dustless, smooth, and efficient road has passed from the experimental to the practical stage. It is for the legislature to give the impetus to its realisation in fact.

THE MASTER-SEEKER.

THE seed, impatient of th' authentic hour, Yearns for the Sun to find its secret flower.

Prison'd in marble, Galatea stands Breathlessly waiting her Pygmalion's hands.

And language, yet a wordy rabble-throng, Craves for a Keats to track its hidden song.

So does my bosom wistfully await
The Lord of Love who is predestinate
To win from out my heart th' elusive elf
Which I can ne'er discover for myself.
G. S. LAYARD.



EDUCATION AND FOREIGN METHODS.

By Sir Thomas Barclay, Author of Problems of International Practice and Diplomacy.

THERE is no field of public and private activity which commands such an array of theories or such a variety of experimental practice as education. Nor is there any subject which has a greater fascination for those who get beyond the elementary stage of carrying out the orders of others, every teacher being in himself a standard of comparison for the testing of his subsequent experience.

When, with the Mosely Educational Commission, I visited Chicago in the autumn of 1903, I spent an evening with the distinguished professor of pedagogy John Dewey, discussing the objects of education as they presented themselves in the

United States.

To Professor Dewey the desirable object of statecraft in regard to education seemed to be to keep it in such a state of flexibility that it would at all times reflect in the individual teacher the highest developments of the life of the society of which the school forms the intellectual, industrial, and moral nursery. The school, in other words, appeared to him as a place in which a child can obtain initiation into the ways of obtaining and doing the best and most satisfying work of the community for which he or she is fitted. School work should, therefore, be directed to providing the child with the means of developing the qualities of mind, body, and character which enable him or her to contribute his or her maximum, whatever it be, to the common happiness and prosperity.

Looked at in the mass, says Professor Welton (a Leeds authority on education), education may be said to be an effort by the community to impose its culture on the growing generation. Change in culture ideals means change in the specific form of the goal of education. sequently educative efforts must be capable of readjustment. This does not mean that the educator ought to try to give effect to all the current views of life, the average view at any moment being necessarily below the best. Education, in any case, says Professor Welton, can never be a mere passive watching of the development of the young mind. The educator studies the original endowment of the child and the early stages in the development of the child's innate nature in order that he may wisely and successfully employ appropriate means to direct further development, and to accelerate its progress toward a more rational, complete, and worthy life, and not that he may the more skilfully give facilities to the child to drift about on the unregulated currents of caprice.

Thus education presupposes an external influence, not the mere removal of obstructions to development, though it cannot disregard the right of the individual to follow a line of development in accordance with his own or the

parental view of his abilities.

Meanwhile, in the United States, in Germany, in France, and in this country, statesmen, clergy, and parents are pitted against each other, representing different points of view between the extremes of external State direction and individual independence, and as yet they seem only agreed upon one point-namely, the universal provision of a certain amount of literary education; all must be able to read, write, and reckon, and these are the chief acquirements that the average child at the present day, at any rate in the United Kingdom, carries away with it from the elementary school. In fact, it is rather in spite of than in conjunction with these contending influences that the educator gets a chance at all. Curiously enough, in Germany the headmasters of elementary schools seem to enjoy greater independence than in some other I have visited large Bürgerschulen in south Germany, in which, following out Professor Dewey's requirement of flexibility, headmasters are constantly adapting the school to its surroundings and circumstances, not only influencing the development of growing generations, but through them exercising a physical and moral influence on the parents, thus bringing the whole community within the orbit of the school, and drawing them into ever closer relationship with one another.

That nations on the subject of education can learn from each other requires no demonstration for those who venture beyond the national frontiers. The Mosely Commission to the United States has had such an effect on English educationists that, in some respects, we have now shot ahead of the Americans; and one of the party, Sir Robert Blair, now the chief education officer

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within the jurisdiction of the London County Council, is carrying out experiments which American educationists are watching closely, and which may yet make London a model centre of education.

The reports published under the successive direction of Vice-Chancellor Sadler and Dr Heath by the Board of Education are a mine of valuable information; and among those who have been engaged in the work of preparing them several of the more enthusiastic votaries of the subject have set about investigation for their own unofficial enlightenment. Among these is that indefatigable searcher, Mr Cloudesley Brereton, whose book, Studies in Foreign Education,* is the more immediate occasion of this article. One may say of Mr Brereton that what he does not know about education at home and abroad is 'not worth knowing.' In his book he compares French and English secondary schools, and deals with French infant and rural education, and with French physical and moral and university education, contrasting them with the German scholastic system and methods, and gives a bird's-eye view of American education.

American education has an accessory object to which nothing in this country corresponds. In the United States the belief in the schools is best illustrated, says Mr Brereton, by the thorough fashion in which the American school 'takes the child of the stranger within her gates, whether German or Hungarian, Norwegian or Italian, and transforms him heart and soul into a real American citizen. While nearly all European states are troubled by racial difficulties and dissensions, the common school has saved the United States from one of the thorniest of problems in the whole world' (p. 295). I saw the truth of this myself. In the work of Americanising the foreigner, the immigrant families of Northern races, however, co-operate with a keen appreciation of the assimilation. They even Americanise their names: Koch becomes Cook, Nielson becomes Nelson, Schuster becomes Shuster, Cohen becomes Cowan, and so on.

American educationists, again, convinced of the justice and expediency of a policy which is closely connected with the ultimate ideals of American democracy, apply themselves to satisfy the growing demand for bringing the school into closer touch with the after-career of the pupil. 'The American schools have so far sturdily maintained the paramount necessity of laying a firm basis of general education, and refused to sacrifice the education of the citizen to the training of the workers' (p. 300). This has not prevented them, in technical education, from introducing specialisation, and that of a very high order; but they have carefully kept it till the end of the pupil's career. 'There is none

of the smattering of technical instruction in immature pupils which has had such an unhappy vogue in England.'

'In commercial education,' Mr Brereton remarks, 'they have, strangely enough, done less than what has been effected in some European states. The reason for this is that hitherto they have been content to secure for themselves the home market. With the present growth of their foreign trade they will soon feel the need of raising a special army of well-trained commercial travellers, thoroughly versed in modern languages, while their future captains of industry will also require to be more highly educated, not in the practice but in the theory of business, or economics, as it is called. Most of the so-called business colleges are rather devoted to the teaching for actual practice and the lower arts of commerce; but once the Americans realise the need for a greater number of higher institutions, they are sure speedily to supply the missing article. In no country is the distance between cup and lip shorter than in America. The difference between the average Englishman of to-day and the typical American seems to be that the Englishman has to grumble over a deficiency till he has talked himself over into supplying it. With the American a want has often only to be noticed to be at once met and remedied.'

In the report of the Mosely Commission I dealt more particularly with this question of commercial education. Mr Brereton does not seem to have visited a special secondary school for commercial education which had recently been started at New York by the education authority when I was there (autumn of 1903). Owing to the American spirit described in the above extract, I have no doubt its then showcomings have since been made good.

French and German education Mr Brereton treats as offering our educationists more accessible models for comparison. Both are in a state of active evolution, and have problems to solve which are closely akin to our own. Yet both have methods and ideals as different as are the characters, social organisation, and physical and geographical conditions of the countries and

peoples concerned.

As regards elementary education, it is so necessarily conditioned by its surroundings that we can only hope that in this country the example of Germany will be followed in giving careful attention to administrative skill and character in the selection of headmasters, and in leaving the greatest possible latitude to them in the management—material, moral, and educational—of the schools. It is these highly competent and respected headmasters of primary schools who have made and are making modern Germany. I commend the German tendency in this respect to the attention of Mr Brereton and other advanced English educationists.

^{*} Studies in Foreign Education, with Special Reference to English Problems (Harrap & Co., London, 1913).

On secondary education, which has always been a more congenial study than elementary schools to English educationists, those engaged in it belonging to the travelling and scholarly class, Mr Brereton's book is full of illuminating passages. The main ideal of German education, he remarks, is erudition; that of French education, culture. I am disposed to take a somewhat different view as regards the German ideal, and think Mr Brereton should confine his statement of it to the Gymnasien. But here again I am inclined to consider what Mr Brereton calls erudition merely as a method, the ultimate aim being thoroughness and precision in the mental equipment of the lettered class. Apart from these Gymnasien, there are a variety of different schools of a secondary character intended to meet the different requirements of the German middle class. What Mr Brereton misses in the highest class of secondary schools (no doubt he refers to the Gymnasien) is philosophic training, 'which more than anything else tends to develop the individual into a conscious and coherent being.' Coming, he says, at a period of storm and stress, during which youth is putting away childish things and becoming manhood, it serves, if properly utilised, not merely as the very crown of school studies, but also as an initiation into the problems of life and conduct. The German school authorities themselves, a short time ago, became alarmed at the absence of such a training, and it was made the principal subject for discussion at the Headmasters' Conference for 1902. The conference reported not only in favour of definite philosophical training, but also in favour of giving the whole of the teaching in the higher classes a more philosophical cast. Whether this recommendation has been followed out Mr Brereton does not say; but as I heard the same complaint in Germany only recently, I doubt whether any progress in the direction desired has yet been achieved in practice.

The French lycée has long and deliberately supplied what the German headmasters wished to see introduced into the Gymnasien. 'French education,' explains Mr Brereton, 'may be roughly divided into two parts, one of which ends with the first part of the baccalauréat or leaving examination, formerly called la rhétorique, the other ending with the part still known as la philosophie. Both these parts indicate the aims of the courses of study to which they apply.'

Oddly enough, while Mr Brereton is urging us to follow a French model in the above particulars, French educationists are endeavouring to introduce into the lycées the spirit of accuracy and concentration which is the essential outcome of the German training in the Gymnasium, the making of capable and truthseeking, if not always philosophic or generous or even courteous, minds. The combination of gracefulness of expression with strength of

thinking is devoutly to be wished; but it obviously implies an alloy of metals which, however precious, do not always amalgamate.

The French distinguish between éducation and instruction. I am not sure that we do not gain by the linguistic poverty which forbids our making the distinction. As regards éducation, the nearest English equivalent of which is training of character, we have little or nothing to learn from either the Germans or the French. Educationists in both Germany and France, in fact, are seeking to implant in their schools British methods of character-training. The French in particular, as Mr Brereton says, are steadily moving in the direction of encouragement of freedom, self-reliance, and personal initiative; and he warns us that, while we may well copy the high pitch of efficiency to which the French have brought the teaching profession, and the honourable status to which they have raised it, we must avoid any movement tending to make teachers mere purveyors of knowledge or to divorce them from active participation in the larger life of the school which the French call éducation.

When, however, we come to the development of the intelligence, we may find much that we can freely admire and imitate in the French system of teaching.

'When a French university professor,' says Mr Brereton, 'is shown an English paper with ten or twelve questions (say in history), he is lost in astonishment at the number of questions; but when he is told that they are all to be answered in three hours he is dumfounded. The number of questions to be attempted in the lycée for a three hours' composition, or in the university for a six hours' paper, would be one or two. One can only explain to him that the English method treats intelligences much as sponges. It attempts to discover those which can retain the greatest quantity of the facts or theories they have absorbed. To which our Frenchman rejoins, "But where does the composition come in, the act of presenting one's subject in the clearest form and in the most suitable language?" One can only point out the fact that it doesn't come in, except in a subordinate way, for the simple reason that the English examinee writes from the point of view of one who writes for a critic who knows already what he ought to say, and only wants to verify his remarks, whereas the French candidate writes from the point of view of one who wants to explain to the ordinary person what he has to say, and so naturally puts his case with the utmost care' (p. 283).

If one of the weaknesses of the English is imperfection in the method of expression, and the French cultivate the art of expression as a direct object of education, ought this not to be a ground for encouraging the study of French? If so, how does this, in general education, affect

the study of German? 'Which language,' asks Mr Brereton, 'is likely to afford the better linguistic, logical, æsthetic, and literary training? Is it German, with its glorious lyrical poetry, its almost boundless vocabulary, its Gothic-like architecture, with cathedral-like sentences branching into a mass of clauses, a veritable cluster of side chapels, recalling at once the might, majesty, and awe of its archetype, the primeval Hercynian forest-forest that, alas! the ordinary student does not see because of the trees, as he struggles with its sesquipedalian compounds and its apparently interminable sentences, its involved and complicated style, that happily shows signs of a movement towards a greater simplification of expression, yet is still involved in the toils of its own verbosity? Or is it not rather French, with its poetry in which the overwhelming sense of form almost cramps and stunts the emotions, with its far less copious vocabulary because of the admirable way in which its contents have been catalogued and cross-referenced, with a prose style that combines the classical architecture of pure line with the warm colouring of modern sentiment, recalling in its directness and solidity the road and bridge building talents of the Romans, while its good taste, moderation, and refinement represent a genuine infiltration from the best epochs of Greek culture? Lucid and logical, appealing alike to the æsthetic and literary sense, what finer instrument of mental discipline is there outside the classical world?' (p. 288).

Even as a preparation for the study of Latin he holds there can be no comparison between German and French. The Germans, as between English and French, have recognised this in all their so-called reform schools, in which the study of a modern language is made the stepping-stone to the study of Latin; 'though, had they adopted the argument of the Philoteutons over here,

they would not have hesitated to select English, as the connection between German and French is far more remote than between English and German. French is also the one modern language that is obligatory in their "unreformed" classical schools. Again, in their non-classical schools they begin with French and not with English. The truth is, they realise that French is really an indispensable factor in general culture.

I think Mr Brereton's arguments, worked out fully, would favour learning both French and German just as in Norway, where the secondary pupils, with two years' interval between beginning them, take both English and German. I am myself heretic enough to think that a child learns English best by learning a foreign language, and that if we substituted the teaching of foreign languages for the teaching of English we should not only get better results, but make a useful addition to the child's capabilities in after-life.

Nor would I confine the teaching of foreign languages to secondary schools, but would begin the learning of French throughout the primary schools at twelve years of age. This would mean that our elementary teachers would have to know something of the French language, and an excellent thing it would be for them as well. By an exchange of primary teachers a beginning at any rate might be made, and this would serve the further purpose of giving some of our primary teachers that experience of foreign methods which even the Americans, advanced as they are in educational theory and practice, consider necessary in order to keep their teachers abreast of modern educational progress. It seems in any case desirable that our educational authorities should afford primary teachers opportunities of comparison which at present neither their holidays at a season when foreign schools are also closed nor their salaries permit them to enjoy by their unsupported efforts.

THE JUNGLE CAT.

CHAPTER II.

So motionless did Chaus 'freeze' that a big, spotless old ruffian of a herring gull, beating up along the shore on the hunt for stranded loot, did not see him. The bird came straight toward him, high up over the tamarisks, its long, thin wings beating their shallow halfbeat steadily. Frederick Chaus's eyes never left it. He knew his game, this sphinx of a man. And quite suddenly the bird swerved. At fifty yards it flung up and round, with a quickly uttered Check! check! check. and started to fly and beat and swerve and curve rapidly above that one spot, and—

'Thanks, old chap!' muttered Baby-Face Chaus. 'You make a very passable scout;' and he moved—as a man might move who is

walking on the glass roof of a conservatory—along the muddy sand, till he was level with the spot where the bird had checked and was now wheeling with its querulous alarm note, scolding something.

From the water's edge up the pebble beach Chaus crept in wonderful silence, only to be appreciated by those who have tried to do the same, to the top of the seabank, and, on hands and knees, peered through the tamarisks.

A less experienced man would have scanned the grassy waste ahead, and looked too high; but that was not Chaus. He glanced down first to the marshy ditch at the bottom of the seabank, and stiffened from head to heel. He was looking straight into the inscrutable, unblinking, indescribably fierce yellow eyes of a full-grown male tiger. Wide-whiskered, frilled, heavy-jowled, loose-bellied, bow-legged, with great head thrown up, the massive brute stood there in the wet, staring up at him with fierce, insolent, malevolent intensity, motionless as a statue in red sandstone.

For perhaps as long as it takes a man to inhale a long breath and let it out again slowly, those two, man and beast, remained thus motionless as the chalk-clumps around, eye meeting eye; but it was the beast who lowered his gaze first.

And Baby-Face Chaus's rifle was at his shoulder. Goodness knows how he managed it. He certainly never appeared to have moved an inch. Probably, though, he had been moving all the time, lifting his weapon slowly, slowly, incalculably cautiously, so slowly as even to deceive the beast; and you can take my word for it that wants some doing. But Baby-Face knew—and you can watch a cat with a mouse next time you see one to prove it—that the slightest observed movement on his part in that minute or two might mean disaster. It is the way of all the cats.

Slowly he aimed, it seemed, but very quickly really. The trigger was squeezed, not pressed, and—Heaven help the man! there was the click of the released striker, and no report. The snap of the striker, and just a gentle little snake-like hiss; nothing more. Ye gods—a misfire!

But whatever might be said about the failure of the rifle in that supreme moment, there was no doubt in the actions of the tiger. Even as the *click-clack* as Chaus jerked back and forward the bolt startled the wheeling gull, the great beast hurled himself up the slope with that unmistakable 'shattering roar' which always heralds a charge.

Up went the rifle again, snap went the striker, a second time devoid of the report that should have been one with it—oh, help! another misfire!—and, quick as light, Baby-Face leapt aside. Came a crash and splintering of riven tamarisk-boughs, a shower of the fleshy-leaved sprays, a stench of hot, carrion-scented breath, and Baby-Face Chaus was standing up, ejecting the empty cartridge-case, and coolly looking down over his shoulder to where the tiger, in the last wild, awful flurry of death, was threshing and rolling on the muddy sand below.

In a few seconds the big striped body was still, the massive head dropped with a choked, tremendous growl, the long banded tail gave two or three terrific whacks on the mud, and all was still.

'Let me see,' chuckled Baby-Face Chaus, bending over the beautiful tawny striped body, and staring with wondering, gentle eyes of innocent amazement. 'Lungs. Heart. Spine. Um! Not so rotten for a quick snap-shot. Now we will proceed.' And he did.

But unless you happen to be up in these matters you may not be aware that there is such a thing as a report-silencer on the market, a little light metal cylinder which you screw on the muzzle of your rifle, and which smothers the report, turning it into a harmless hiss. One of those Chaus had on his rifle. It explained the apparent missire. Under certain conditions—conditions like the present, for instance—he found that the contrivance came in useful.

Baby-Face Chaus, however, was not a man to lose time in gloating over victories. He took them as mistakes, not gifts, of fate, and was suspicious that they might be a trap. Thus you never caught him napping, or anything else than, as it were, under arms. Never was there a man so constantly prepared for trouble, so ever-expectant of attack.

In seven minutes, moving always from cover to cover—be it no more than a fold in the ground—he was far out across the rough lands of Tarling Manor, and it would have taken a very sharp eye indeed to detect him or follow his movements when detected.

The tracks of another tiger—the right third claw missing, had this one—he found behind a bush under a little tree loaded well with red berries among which the thrushes and blackbirds feasted riotously. The beast had evidently made a regular basking-ground of this place, for the grass was all beaten down and worn off, and there were bones; and the tiger itself he sighted almost immediately after, as he rounded the bush.

The beast was standing right out in the open with its back to him, watching, with extreme intentness, something invisible that moved in the short grass ahead of it. The impression was as if the brute were observing a ghost, for the grass was very short just here, and there was nothing, absolutely nothing, to be seen, even through Chaus's powerful prismatic binoculars.

Nor was that all, however, for another tiger, just ahead of the first, was trotting up and down a line also invisible, watching, like the first, the same something that you couldn't see, but whose movements it followed, at times growing so excited that it broke into a trot. It was exactly as if the animal were in a cage, and was pacing up and down against the bars, watching the keeper moving about with its meat; only there were no bars, and nothing at all that one could see to check it or for it to watch.

Baby-Face Chaus stepped back to cover, aimed swiftly, and squeezed the trigger. There was no report, only that odd, uncanny little hiss as before; but the nearest tiger to him turned a complete somersault, and lay where it fell on its back, paws stuck out stiffly at all angles to heaven, as rigid as if it had been dead a whole day.

day.
'Brain,' snapped Baby-Face mechanically, as if he were used to making beautiful 'bull's eyes'

like that every day, while he jerked another car-

tridge up from the magazine.

The second tiger had whipped round quick as a snake, and was standing erect, glaring first at its dead companion, then at the bush which sheltered the shooter, and Baby-Face's bullet got it fair in the neck, and it fell as if the life had been snapped off from it as one snaps out an electric light. As a matter of fact it was not dead, though. Chaus knew that. Big beasts hit in the neck are usually paralysed like that, and it only needed the second bullet-which came almost at once-right through the head to slay the fine beast before ever it came round from the effects of the first shot. And from first to last neither tigers nor rifle uttered a It was an uncanny and ghostly proceedsound. ing, and the precision with which it was carried out by that shy, gentle-seeming, baby-faced man made it none the less so.

Now it was characteristic of Baby-Face Chaus that when he moved he moved swiftly, amazingly swiftly. One glance at the two striped heaps on the ground told him all he wanted to know about them, for that was part of his trade. It told him nothing that he wanted to know about what they had been looking at. He crept forward with a ready rifle. His tread made no sound, and his shadow, long in the grass behind

him, frightened only field-mice.

Past the first tiger he went-lying as if it held the weight of all heaven on its rigid outstretched paws-and on to the second-superb in its strength even in death-and on, one stride. Then he stopped, swayed forward with almost overbalanced momentum, recovered with difficulty, and opened his eyes very wide indeed. He was on the brink of another concrete trench, deeper than that he had crossed before, and covered-'blinded' would be correct-as to its top with wire, on which light twigs and grass were laid. It was too wide for a tiger to jump over, and if he did he would be stopped by the wire fence on the other side, and if he jumped down he would be held prisoner by the strong wire fence which guarded, as has been said, that Evidently, thought Chaus, this was a hint taken from the New York Zoo. But he did jump down, or slid rather, and then-and then he stopped short, half-sitting, with a gasp of sheer stupefaction.

He found himself looking at a big sunken chamber, as it were the concrete basin of an empty artificial lake, roofed as to its top with wire, on which grass and stuff lay to mask its identity from above, and surmounted with a strong wire fence close to its wall. At the far end, away from Chaus, the outer wall, swinging inwards, crossed it. There were wide iron rolling doors there, and the concrete floor was continued under them. To his right, about twenty yards off, was a little iron door, now half-open, which evidently communicated with an under-

ground passage, leading to the door in the wall by the shore through which the German had entered.

But it was none of these things that astounded Baby-Face Chaus. It was the things which occupied the floor of the space itself that fetched him up all standing, so to speak. 'One, two, three, four, five—five aeroplanes, and—and I was sent to kill tigers, too,' whispered Baby-Face Chaus. And he was right there. Five aeroplanes there were in that place—army aeroplanes, not B.E.'s, but such as they use in—Germany, shall we say! Five very fine and powerful aeroplanes, monoplanes—not British—there in that place, where you couldn't see them if you flew over them, and where the tigers would have taken jolly good care you shouldn't see them, any other way.

Then Baby-Face Chaus climbed silently over the wire. This was the most risky part of the whole proceedings perhaps, because to do so he had to show himself very openly, and ran the chance of getting caught like a cat up a clothesprop. He accomplished it, however, and crouched among the wheels and the 'tails'—listening.

The place was as still and echoing in its hollow silence as an empty church. But still Baby-Face Chaus waited 'frozen,' listening. 'Where,' he was wondering, 'is that blamed German hairdresser?'

But there was only the twitter of a meadowpipit on the parapet without, and the hum of the south-west breeze which nearly always blows in that land, through the wire above. Only that, and nothing else. And——

'Ach, my tear vriend! und 'ow vill you have

your hair cut, eh?'

Baby-Face Chaus had straightened a little, and was moving to examine the sliding-doors by which the avions could be taken outside, free of the tiger-guard, when the voice fetched him round as if some one had stuck a knife between his ribs. He found himself staring almost point-blank into the neat ring of a Browning automatic pistol-muzzle, with half the face of the German hairdresser-man staring overtop.

'Ho,' said Baby-Face coolly, his eyebrows crawling nearly up to the top of his forehead, above his amazingly big, baby-blue eyes, 'it's you, is it?' And he regarded the man wonderingly, half-reproachfully, altogether innocently, as a child would say, 'Oh uncle! how could

you?

'You're a tead man if you moof,' replied the

face above the pistol-muzzle harshly.

'And you're another, anyhow,' snapped Chaus—every inch the Jungle Cat in a flash—falling flat with such amazing suddenness that the bullet from the German's pistol, fired as he moved, passed clean over him.

He never had time to fire another, that spy man, not ever another shot from an automatic. He was dead before he could release and press the trigger a second time, hit neatly through the heart with a '75 grain bullet from the Jungle Cat's Webly-Scott '32 automatic pistol, which had simply gone off from a mysterious somewhere about his person, almost as he reached the ground. It was a wonderful exhibition of quick thought, instant action, and fine shooting.

'Aeroplanes, aeroplanes, and every one of 'em with her bombs in all ready. That bounder seems to have been putting 'em in now. And petrol-tanks all full. Evidently the merry little picnic was timed to take place very shortly,' mumbled Baby-Face, popping from body to body of the big, silent flying-machines, after having relieved the corpse of the late hairdresser of his weapon. 'What a game, eh! What a game!'

He was right. What a game this plot revealed! For it was evident on the face of it that, since aeroplanes could not fly into the country and be of any use at the end of the journey, aeroplanes right in our midst—and these had probably been here since a long time before the declaration of war—could do much harm.

Even supposing the men in the forts saw them at once, and did not mistake them for British machines, which, rising, as they would, so close, the soldiers were almost certain to do, they were so near the big dockyard town and its forts—only five miles in a straight line, in fact—and would take so few seconds in getting there at top speed, that it was more than likely two or three of them would be able to drop all their bombs before being hit or driven off; and just think what that would mean—damage incalculable!

Baby-Face knew that the sound of these shots might be calculated to bring some one upon the scene mighty quick, and he was faced with the responsible alternative of putting the avions at once out of action with bullets or of fighting for them intact. He chose the latter course, because he conceived that five extra aeroplanes, with bombs, petrol, and hangar complete, would be a very welcome acquisition to our army.

Wherefore, when the sound of running shod feet sounded on the concrete without, he promptly flattened himself against the great iron sliding-doors. And this, you will admit, was a strategic position, since any one looking through them would have to come half in and show himself at a disadvantage before he could see Baby-Face.

Very slowly the doors rolled back about six inches, and in the tense, aching silence that followed he was aware—rather by intuition than any other form of knowledge—that some one was peeping in and scanning the situation.

For perhaps three minutes nothing more happened, and the suspense became like a taut wire in his head that must snap. It was awful!

Then a nose, a black moustache, and a chin appeared. A head followed very, very cautiously. The head looked straight in front of itself first, then turned and looked along the inside of the

doors to the right, where Baby-Face was not; then turned again quickly, and looked along the inside of the big doors to the left, where Baby-Face was. And at the same instant the head gave a start, and made to draw back, but stopped.

This was natural, because it had felt the cold impression of the Webly automatic's muzzle against its temple, and heard a voice whisper in its ear, very softly, almost lovingly, 'Keep still.'

And it was still-very still.

Then—well, nothing further happened. The head just kept where it was, and the pistolmuzzle just kept where it was, and that was all; while the silence grew, and grew, and the strain with it, till you could have seen great beads of cold sweat breaking out upon the head's forehead and running down to its nose. As for Baby-Face Chaus, he might have been turned into a wooden post in that instant, for all the further signs of life he gave. But he was not a post. Oh no, he was listening with all the intentness he could summon to help his preternaturally sharp ears; for he had no means of telling whether the owner of the head was alone, or whether he had friends behind him. Naturally Baby-Face Chaus had no wish to entertain those friends, if there were any, just at that time. But he knew that if there were any friends they would be certain to betray their presence sooner or later. It was only a question of time and waiting. And the sound came at last.

There was a shuffle without; then an impatient whisper through the narrow opening between the big doors, 'Vat is wrong, Max?'

'Silence, or this'll blow your head off!' The words were barely breathed by Baby-Face into the ear of the head, but it heard them.

'Mein Gott' it muttered, and then again, 'Mein Gott' and you could hear the rasp of dry lips being moistened with a dry tongue.

Evidently the speaker without heard only the last, but not Chaus's words, for there came the sounds of hurried whispering without, and more shuffling of feet. Then, 'Max, what is de madder?'

The Webly-Scott automatic's muzzle screwed itself a little more against the temple of the head, and, 'If your friends try to open the doors any farther, say your prayers,' whispered Baby-Face again.

And the head shivered visibly.

Came then more whispering without, and a new voice joined in. Evidently there were at least two of them outside, and by the same token Baby-Face's position began to look precarious.

Meanwhile the seconds ticked on—you could hear them doing it plainly from the watch in Chaus's waistcoat-pocket, so still everything was—and the face began to turn a clammy gray.

'Max,' came the whisper from outside again, 'we will open de door—yes. Somedings is wrong gone. We know id.'

The '32 automatic gave a nudge, and-'Every-'No, no!' gasped the head aloud. dings is all right. For the luf of Gott do not

moof now!

Followed silence, broken only by the impatient shuffling of feet. Once Chaus caught a glimpse of a nose trying to peer in over the head, but it

could see nothing.

As for Baby-Face, the sweat was beginning to trickle and trickle all down his back, and he felt his hair sit up and creep all under his soft tweed He knew this mad position could not endure much longer. It was enough to make him shout out, if only to break the intolerable agony of the tense strain. Yet for the life of him he could not see how to end it. He might blow the brains of the head out, and chance what followed; he might fire at one of the aeroplanes, and chance hitting a bomb and blowing the whole bag of tricks, himself included, into Tophet; or he might do a bolt for the little door leading to the subterranean passage on the other side, andprobably get nicely riddled in the process. Something must be done. They could not keep here like that for ever; besides, both he and the head would go mad in the meantime.

Then suddenly it was all over. Without warning, or preparation of any kind, there came from outside a short, sharp challenge, 'Hands

up, there!'

Followed a volley of German curses, a scuffle, the bark of a Browning pistol-shot, the butting crack of a rifle, a ghastly yell, and-silence.

Then the orderly tread of shod feet rang on the concrete without, the doors rolled back, and, 'Good perishin' 'eavens above! Look at 'ere, sir!' gasped the amazed voice of a corporal, at the head of half-a-dozen khaki-clad figures, with rifles and fixed bayonets, who dashed in, and halted, with mouths and eyes wide open, staring at the scene, with Baby-Face Chaus, his weapon still glued to the head of his bowed and livid prisoner, in the foreground.

An officer pushed through, stared, choked, and

was dumb.

'If,' begged Baby-Face Chaus wearily, 'you'll have the goodness to take over this prisoner I shall be much obliged.' Then he stepped forward and saluted, handing his orders and the card to the officer. 'I've carried out my orders, sir,' said he, 'and should like to report to name on card, as requested.'

'And that's me,' laughed the officer. 'We heard the firing, and I received telephonic instructions to give you support if necessary. But what

about the tigers?'

'I've got them too, sir.'

'How many?' 'Only three.'

'Only three! Good Lord, man, you speak as if you shot wild beasts every day before breakfast for a pastime!'

'Not a pastime, sir,' corrected Baby-Face ietly. 'For a living.'

quietly.

'Yus,' echoed the corporal in a stage whisper, 'an' give 'im little white wings, an' a bow an' arrer, an' strip 'im, an' 'e 'd fly away as a bloomin' Cupid. 'Eaven 'elp us judge our fellow-men, says I.'

THE END.

OLD SCOTTISH PROPHECIES.

By JAMES FERGUSON, K.C.

PART I.

THE history of Scotland owes not a little of its charm to the graphic and picturesque sayings, often embodied in an easily remembered rhyme or couplet, associated with national events, prominent families, and particular localities. The most remarkable of these are the predictions known to have been fulfilled in some cases soon after they were uttered, and in others hundreds of years afterwards, which, whether they be in all cases truly prophetic or not, nevertheless remain as a romantic and arresting record of the facts to which they relate. The most famous of the seers into futurity was Thomas the Rhymer, the Knight of Ercildoune, near where the Leader joins the Tweed, who lived shortly before the outbreak of the troubles caused by a disputed succession and the attempted enforcement of English supremacy. Gifted alike with the vision of a poet and the judgment of a reflecting statesman, he foresaw only too clearly the evils

threatening his country, and was fortunate in receiving the mysterious summons to another world when 'the white hart and hind paced side by side,' before they actually came to pass. So great was his fame that it is probable that as many a Covenanting parish of the west country would be indignant at the suggestion that 'the occupant of the grave under its gray stone fell by any meaner hand than that of Claverhouse himself,' so the anticipations of lesser and later prophets have been attributed to the outstanding name of 'the Rhymer.' In the far north a similar pre-eminence belongs to 'the Brahan seer;' but there were minor prophets and wise women such as the Witch of Glengairn and the Lady of Lawers.

The Border country from which the Rhymer came was also the region which had some seven centuries before produced the great poet and prophet of the Britons of Strathclyde, the famous

Merlin, who after the death of his friends fled deranged from the slaughter of Ardderydd into the depths of the Caledonian forest. mediæval writers confused the Welsh Merlin or Myrddin Emrys with the northern Myrddin Wilt or Merlinus Sylvestris; but both were historical characters, and both gifted with 'the vision and the faculty divine' of the prophet and the poet. As Professor Veitch observes, 'Of the prophecies attributed to Merlin one at least may be regarded as having a certain and never-failing fulfilment. Speaking of the wild scenery amid which his later days were passed, "Lady," said the bard, "the flesh upon me shall be rotten before a month shall have passed, but my spirit will not be wanting to all those who shall come here." A long and numerous following have drawn their inspiration from the Scottish Borderland, and it is no mean succession of poesy which counts as its most conspicuous names Merlin of the Woods, True Thomas of Ercildoune, and the Wizard of the North, Sir Walter Scott.

Of the national predictions the first and most famous is that relating to the Lia Fail or Stone of Destiny, on which the old Scottish monarchs were crowned at Scone, which was carried off by Edward the First of England, and which rests to-day under the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey. Tradition affirms it to have been the stone on which Jacob slept at Bethel; to have been taken on the captivity of the Jews, by the prophet Jeremiah, with a princess of the Royal House of Judea, to Egypt, and thence to Ireland, where the refugee princess married an Irish monarch; and to have been brought over by Fergus, her descendant, the first of the Scottish kings:

Ne fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

The national triumph of Bannockburn was darkly foretold by the Rhymer in the lines:

The burn o' breid Sall rin fu' reid;

and the disaster which heralded the procession of woes was predicted by his statement to the Earl of March in 1285, that 'before next day at noon such a tempest should blow as Scotland had not felt for many years before.' This proved too true when the news came that Alexander the Third, the last of 'the Kings of Peace,' lay dead with his charger under Kinghorn cliff.

An Englishman who accompanied the Duke of Somerset's army to Scotland in 1548 records the prediction fulfilled two centuries later when the Highlanders under Prince Charles broke the battalions of Sir John Cope at Prestonpans:

Between Seton and the sea. Mony a man that day shall dee.

Another prophecy is said to have foretold the fatal field of Flodden; though there is some reason for the opinion that it rather represented

the belief of the Scots that their king was not slain, but would return:

Our Scottish king shall come full keen,
The red lion beareth he;
A feddered arrow sharp I ween
Shall make him wink and war to see.
Out of the field he shall be led
When he is bloody, and wo for blood;
Yet to his men then shall he say,
'For Goddis love turn you again,
And give yon Southern folks a fray.
Why should I live, the right is mine,
My dule is not to die this day?'

The fall of the eldest son of the Earl of Angus and his brother, Sir William Douglas of Glenbervie, in the same battle was also foretold, the stars and heart being the arms of the House of Douglas:

The sternes three that day shall die, That bears the harte in silver sheen.

And another almost as disastrous a day for Scotland, when 'in the fallow fields of Inveresk the dead bodies lay as thick as a man may note cattle grazing in a full plenished pasture:'

At Pinkie Cleuch there shall be spilt Much gentle blood that day; There shall the bear lose the gylte, And the eagle bear it away.

The Regent Morton is himself said to have quoted a prediction attributed to Merlin, when committed to the custody of Stewart, Earl of Arran, before his execution:

In the mouth of Arran a seleouth [wonder] shall fall, Two bloody hearts shall be taken with a false traine, And derfly dung down without any dome.

The Union of the Crowns was trebly prophesied:

When Tweed and Powsail meet at Merlin's grave, Scotland and England shall one monarch have.

In the year of James's accession to the English throne there was an unusually high flood, and the waters of the two streams did join at the traditionary grave of Merlin. Another prediction seems to have been originally directed to the return of the Regent Albany from France, who landed at Aberlady 'with hempen bridle and horse of tree;' but it was most gratifying to Scottish pride:

However it happen for to fall
The lion shall be lord of all,
The French wife shall bear the son
Shall wield all Britain to the sea;
And of the Bruce's blood shall come
As near as in the ninth degree.

The third, attributed to the Rhymer, ran:

On the waterfa' and the watershed,
When is seen the nest of the ring-tailed gled,
The lands of the north sall a' be free,
And ae king rule owre kingdoms three.

Of prophecies associated with particular families there are many instances, mostly attributed to Thomas the Rhymer. From his own district come the sad reflection on his own race:

The hare shall kittle on my hearthstane, And there never will be a Laird o' Learmont again;

the weird on a neighbouring family:

Vengeance, vengeance, when and where, Upon the house of Cowdenknowes now and evermair:

and the comforting assurance, which still holds

Tide, tide, whate'er betyde, There'll aye be Haigs o' Bemersyde.

But, strangely enough, distant Aberdeenshire provides a remarkable number of the Rhymer's soothsayings.' Looking down on the gray ruins of the Abbey of Deer, founded by a Comyn, Earl of Buchan, in 1216, is the slope of Aikey Brae, where Edward Bruce inflicted the last defeat on the mighty house which at one time numbered three earls and thirty belted knights, and on which there was a cairn called 'Cummin's Craig,' where an Earl of Buchan is said to have lost his life by a fall from his horse when hunting. 'The prediction goes,' says an old local chronicler, that this earl, quho lived under King Alexander the Third, had called Thomas the Rhymer by the name of Thomas the Lyar, to show how much he slighted his predictions, whereupon that famous fortune-teller denounced his impending fate to him in these words,' which, it is added, were all fulfilled literally:

Though Thomas the Lyar thou callest me, A sooth tale I shall tell to thee. By Aiky side thy horse shall ride, He shall stumble and thou shalt fa', Thy neckbane shall break in twa, And manure all thy kin and thee And, maugre all thy kin and thee, Thy own belt thy bier shall be.

It is said that in some excavations in the ruins of the abbey a skeleton was found, with the remains of a belt, lying in the most honoured

place of sepulture.

At Fyvie, where there was a castle in the Rhymer's days—for Edward the First slept there in 1296—the tradition is that True Thomas was kept waiting outside the castle yett in cold and rain, and pronounced the malediction:

Fyvyin's riggs and towers Hapless shall your mesdames be, When ye shall ha'e within your methes Frae harryit kirklands stanes three, Ane in Preston's tower, Ane in my lady's bower, And ane beneath the water yett, And it ye shall never get.

The potency of the spell has been indicated by the rarity of a direct descent from father to son, and the succession of families who have held the magnifica et amæna arx of Fyvie.

A similar prediction is associated with the old castle of Towie, where for generations the owner never saw his eldest son come of age:

Towie-Barclay o' the glen, Happy to the maids but never to the men.

Near the mouth of the river Ugie is the site

of an old castle probably existing in the Rhymer's time, and a little farther up the river are the remains of the lordly residence of the Keiths, Earls-Marischal. To either the prophecy is applicable:

Inverugie by the sea, Lordless shall thy lands be; And underneath thy ha' hearthstane The tod shall bring her bairnies hame.

It is said that a picnic-party once started a vixen from the ruins of the later castle. On a field near by there stood for long a stone called 'Tammas Stane,' which was removed in 1763. The weird ran:

As lang's this stane stands on this craft The name of Keith shall be alaft; But when this stane begins to fa The name o' Keith shall wear awa'.

The removal succeeded by a few years the death of Field-Marshal Keith on the field of Hochkirchen, and shortly preceded that of his brother, the last Earl-Marischal.

Another prediction, said to have been fulfilled in the year of Prestonpans, attached to the old castle of the Turings of Foveran near the mouth of the Ythan:

When Turing's tower falls to the land, Gladsmuir then is near at hand; When Turing's tower falls to the sea, Gladsmuir next year shall be.

Gight, the seat of that turbulent branch of the Gordons whose heiress was the mother of Lord Byron, has three predictions, all realised in comparatively recent times:

When the heron leaves the tree The Laird o' Gight shall landless be.

On the marriage of Catherine Gordon to the poet's father, the occupants of a heronry close to the castle migrated in a body to the woods of Haddo House, and the 'rigs soon followed.' 'Unrivalled in its quaint obliquity' is the second:

Twa men sat down on Ythan brae, The ane did to the ither say, 'An' what sic men may the Gordons o' Gight ha'e been?

The third is still more remarkable for its literal verification:

At Gight three men a violent death shall dee, An' then the lands o' Gight shall lie in lea.

In 1791 Lord Haddo, who resided there, was killed by a fall from his horse on 'the Green of Gight.' Shortly after a servant on the home farm met his death in a similar manner; and when the buildings were being unroofed prior to the whole land being laid down in grass, one of those engaged in the work commented on the failure of the prediction, but in a few hours an accident occurred, and the scoffer himself made up the fatal tale.

To the old seat of the Bairds of Auchmedden

at Pennan attached the saying :

While there is a Baird in Auchmedden There shall be an eagle in the crags of Pennan.

On the sale by the original owners to the Earl of Aberdeen the eagles disappeared. On the marriage of Lord Haddo to Miss Baird they returned, but again disappeared on the succession of the Honourable William Gordon. In 1854 the estate was purchased by Mr Robert Baird of the Lanarkshire family, when one eagle returned to the rocks, but was killed or driven away by the men of the coastguard.

More encouraging is the couplet upon the family of Lord Saltoun, which has two versions:

When there's ne'er a Cock o' the North, You'll find a Fraser in Philorth,

and

While a cock craws in the North, There'll be a Fraser in Philorth.

In one sense the prediction may be said to have been fulfilled when the last Duke of Gordon died in 1836, in another it stands good as long as an heir remains to inherit the honours of the Marquisate of Huntly, and in a third it promises practical immortality to a race.

Perhaps the most beautiful of all is the prophecy associated with the Hays, Earls of Erroll, whether relating to Slains in Buchan or to

their ancient seat in Perthshire:

When the mistletoe bats on Erroll's aik,
And the aik stands fast,
The Hays shall flourish and their good gray hawk
Shall nocht flinch before the blast.
But when the root of the aik decays,

And the mistletoe dwines on its withered branch, The grass shall grow on Erroll's hearthstane, And the corbie roup in the falcon's nest.

The falcon which flew round the lands of Erroll after the fierce fight of Luncarty is the crest, and the mistletoe the badge, of the gallant Hays.

The fortunes of the lands and fine ruins of Tolquhon in Formartine, were indicated in:

Granton, Granton, or Tolquhon, When one ill's aff, anither's on; And peace to ye will never be Till the hands of the Gordons get ye.

The county of Ayr has its own saying illustrative of the vicissitudes of families:

Sundrum shall sink, Auchincruive shall fa', And the name of Cathcart Shall in time wear awa'.

The fame of the Rhymer extended beyond the Highland line. If Border tradition maintains that he waits with Arthur in Eildon Hill the summons to reappear, the West Highland tradition asserts that he is still in Dunbuck Hill (near Dumbarton, a spot within the territory of the Britons of Strathclyde), and that of the Hebrides affirms that he rests in Tom-na-heurich Hill, near Inverness:

When the hosts of Tom-na-heurich come, Who should rise first but Thomas?

True Thomas is believed to be as a spirit regularly attending markets on the search for horses possessing certain characteristics. When his complement is made up he will become visible, and terrible events will occur:

When Thomas comes with his horses, The day of spoils will be on the Clyde; Nine thousand good men will be slain, And a new king will be set on the throne.

Other anticipations also ascribed to the Rhymer are: 'The South Sea will come upon the North Sea;' 'Scotland will be in white bands, and a lump of gold will be at the bottom of every glen.' The first was fulfilled by the construction of the Caledonian Canal, and the second by the making of roads and the increase in the number of good houses.

(Continued on page 811.)

THE ALARUM.

CHAPTER IV.

PAUL had been about a month in Fotherdale, where he had found a lonely lodging with an old retired shepherd, Jim Walker, and his granddaughter Agnes. He had been down the valley to the village of Gargill to buy postage-stamps and tobacco, and he was now tramping slowly up the dale on this hot June afternoon.

The day was perfect, and the wild fell road wound its leisurely lime-white way ever gently upward toward the head of the dale.

At first the valley was wide, and on each side of the unfenced road there stretched grassy wastes, vivid with gorse and sunlit bracken, or strewn with black boulders, lichen-patterned.

Down by the beck to his left the sun-dew lurked in the cozy bottom, and the cotton-grass hung motionless amongst the reeds; while now and again cropping geese added a quaint touch to the scene.

Above, on the higher ground, brilliant patches of sentinel foxgloves swept the dale with broad colour, and wild roses tangled themselves amongst the hazels and junipers; while, as the dale narrowed and the fells heightened, the early bell-heather adorned the crags in bold, conspicuous tufts.

To his right a reedy ditch skirted the way, gently beautiful with forget-me-nots, crisp ferns, and many a tender little plant which loved to dwell in secret; while, above and beyond, the magnificent blue of a festival heaven framed the whole prospect adorably.

The head of Fotherdale was but four miles from the village, yet Paul walked wearily.

Why had he come on this fool's quest, expecting that the glamour of the north would soothe his soul? His soul refused to be soothed, and even though earth and sky cried aloud for admiration, Paul cursed the sunlight and prayed for cloudy oblivion. A blow had had the audacity to fall upon him which for once he was quite unable to parry. A burden had been forced upon him which he could not unload, shift his shoulders as he might. So he passed through successive and recurring conditions of remorse, indignation, and self-pity.

That he had loved his mother passionately was undeniably true, and now that she was gone there came times of anguish when he felt he could lay himself down and shriek aloud for the need of her. Yet it was becoming intolerably clear to him that he had accepted her life's devotion as the merest matter of right, and had refused her the one reward after which she had craved. Yet so insidious had the self-viewing of his own interesting personality become that even as he kissed the beloved face for the last time he perceived himself in action, and appreciated the moving power which such a picture might make as a study in pain.

It was only as he entered the privacy of his mother's boudoir, and went through the daily contents of the post-bag, that the knife cut so acutely that he began to forget to notice that he was bleeding. What a stupendous life of social service his delicate mother had managed to live! In the letters which showered upon him, and in the examination of her bureau, hundreds of kind acts and thoughtful schemes

for effective good lay revealed.

Reality was rising to struggle with mere chimera. One frail womanly prop had dropped, broken to earth. Was he, her son, to refuse

his shoulder?

Perhaps it was to think out this question that Paul escaped from his would-be friends and his painful surroundings, and left his address privately with his solicitor. Or it may be that he wished to realise what it meant to him that the one letter for which he craved, and which might have shot a ray of hope through the gloom, had failed to come.

He, Paul, the all-conquering boy, had been beaten back by something beyond himself, against which all his life's weapons fell blunted. 'Oh,' he murmured to the glaring heavens:

What shall I be at fifty, Should nature keep me alive, If I find the world so bitter When I am but twenty-five?'

Even if 'everything' was his own fault, surely-

surely Mary might have written!

He turned suddenly at the sound of the smart click of hoofs behind him. The dale doctor, in his shabby trap, was rounding a bend of the road. A word to his beast, and the pace dropped to a walk as he came alongside of Paul.

'Good - afternoon,' he remarked sociably. Grand weather!'

'Very,' agreed Paul. He continued his walk, as did the doctor's horse.

'I fancy you are the artist who has come to picture our beauty for the benefit of a credulous outside world,' said the doctor. 'You fellows are fond of invading us in summer, when we are sleepy and sublime.'

There was an irresistible something in Dr Brock's manner which forced Paul to throw aside mere convention. Besides, he was thankful to have some kind of interruption to his thoughts. A month of himself had been a monstrous strain.

'Too sleepy and sublime,' he answered with a short laugh. 'I can find no inspiration.'

'Ah!' commented the doctor. He had gained a full view of the artist, and noticed how young he was, also the traces of strain about the eyes, the set of the soft lips, the black tie, and the drooped shoulders.

Dr Brock was an undeveloped city specialist lost in a dale, and he knew it. 'Climb up with me for a change, and see some of that harmless drollery termed the medical profession,' he said with a certain dictatorialness, as he brought his

horse to a standstill.

'Thanks,' said Paul simply; and he climbed up beside the doctor and pulled the worn old

apron across his knees.

'Gee up, David!' remarked the doctor to his horse. 'We are a noble profession, aren't we. David? We've said it so often that at last we have been taken at our word. Keep a dog for seven-and-sixpence and a doctor for-Come up! What are you stumbling for? Tired of feeding on banana-skins and rotten turnips, and sleeping on sawdust?-Come, young man! Give me something fresh to think about. are all asleep here-no intellectual life, no go, no push, no public spirit, no one reads, nothing but snobbery and gossip. We spend two hundred pounds a year on our foxhounds, and can't afford a district nurse; so my wife does the nursing, which suits our dale "nearness" admirably.' The doctor was only letting off his chatter in order that he might find some point of contact with his guest. 'Then why do you stay?' asked Paul.

'My dear fellow, explain to me how I can get away! When once you are in general practice, in general practice you may stay until they carry you feet foremost along the nearest corpse road! Started this ambitious career on my legs, rose to a bicycle, scrapped it and bought Jerry ten years ago; and he laid his whip lightly on his horse's broad back. 'Changed his name recently to David for public reasons—honour to whom honour is due-that sort of thing, you know. And now I have a car in my stable. My wife is cleaning it up to-day. People fancy a doctor can't count their pulse-beats nowadays

unless he comes in a car. But David for a road like this;' and they swung round sharply to the right, up a steep track that led across a pass between the fells. 'David in the trap, or David between my legs—there's no car ever built that can beat David! But tell me what they are all doing in London. Remind me that some one is awake.'

Paul gave a short laugh. 'The season is drawing to a close, and they will all soon be dispersing to calm their nerves.'

'He is hit over something pretty badly,' thought the doctor. Aloud he said, 'Well, we grow nerves even here! I'm just going over into Riddingdale to see a young man who has "slipped his mind." We have a trick in the dales of "slipping our minds;" so be warned! That's generous of me, for it's one of the most paying jobs I have—a guinea down for signing the certificate. You are staying with the Walkers, aren't you?'

'Yes.'

'You've been there about a month. Oh, I know everything. No, as a matter of fact, I don't, though; and perhaps you can help me. Have you happened to come across the Dowthwaites of Dale Head Farm?'

'I know the farm-picturesque old place.'

'And there's a picturesque kind of story going about it, too,' mocked the doctor. 'Dowthwaite is a widower, and his sister housekeeps for him. He has a little girl, and it is being said that he, or more likely she, ill-treats her. Haven't been able to make an excuse to find out yet. healthy a place Dale Head. They say it takes a doctor to kill 'em up there! But if you happen to see anything or hear anything while you are "happening round" to paint your picturesque farm-well, you might just let me know. I'm a magistrate. That's all wrong, too. No doctor, squire, or parson ought to be a magistrate in the country. Prejudiced, and know too much in confidence! We want a stipendiary badly about here. Tell your great men in London when you go back.'

A grim smile crossed Paul's face, and a curious sensation of wonder gripped him. 'I must try

to remember,' he said.

'And surely Agnes talks? She never lets me get a word in edgewise when David and I call for a pail of water and a pot of tea.'

'Miss Walker certainly talks,' Paul admitted; 'but she hasn't happened to mention the Dow-

thwaites.'

'Then you just lead her up to the subject, and do a bit of private detectiving! Always get practice in anything you can—never know how useful it may come in. Oh, and I might warn you that it is said that this Dowthwaite wants Agnes for his second wife; but I doubt if she'll be such a fool. Still, women are fools!'

So the doctor conversed until at last they reached a wild, man-forsaken-looking group of

blue stone buildings, and David pulled up outside a rickety five-barred gate.

The doctor handed the reins to his companion, and jumped down into a sticky puddle, pushed open the gate, and disappeared round the corner. Paul was left alone with David and a very suspicious-looking dog.

'Well,' said the doctor on his return to his seat, 'and have you decided how soon you would "slip your mind" if you were condemned for all

your days to live up here?'

'I shouldn't fancy it,' admitted Paul.

'No; and if I were you I'd clear off home to pleasanter company than any you'll find here.' So the doctor at last struck in his forcing remark.

'I have no home,' said Paul sharply. 'My

mother is dead.'

Dr Brock made no kind of reply for a long stretch of road. Then he said quietly, 'One's mother only dies once. Then one discovers that other people's mothers also die, and that life hurts, and was meant to hurt, to show what we poor fools are made of.' He did not apparently expect any reply, for he stroked David across the back as he remarked, 'Hurry up, my dear fellow! Remember I want some supper before I go to the village concert to sing my only song.'

CHAPTER V.

WELL, and how many pictures o' thy bonny face has t'artist painted, Miss Walker?' asked Dick Dowthwaite, with an attempted gallantry, as he leaned over the little wicket-gate which shut off the shepherd's garden from the rough fell.

'And what's that to thee, Mr Dowthwaite?' asked Agnes. 'Jealous, happen?' And her blue eyes sparkled as brightly as her knitting-

needles.

He stared at her dourly, then said in a low, rough voice, 'Thoo'd best have a care, Agnes Walker! Women's tongues get going over fast for health.'

'And, begging your pardon'—and Agnes dropped a curtsy—'women's tongues don't go no faster than men's lips when there 's a pint-pot within an inch or two o''em. That hand o' thine, Mr Dowthwaite, will soon be getting that doddery, it won't be safe for thy sister to let thee out alone wi'a wood-chopper.' She smiled sublimely at her angered victim, and rested the long gray stocking on the rough stone fence.

'If thoo was a man, my lass!'

'Pity but what I was,' she mocked; 'and then there'd be no need for thee to come courtin'!'

The man's attitude might have warned Agnes that she was playing with thunder; but she was tired of this courtship, and was reckless in her ways.

'Then this is t'last chance,' he began sullenly.
'Chance! And sic a chance!' she laughed.
'As if I hadn't telt thee by t'teens o' scores that

I'll have nowt to do wi' widowers! When I wed I'll manage to get myself a fresh un! Thee don't fret thyself, Mr Dowthwaite.'

'Thoo's changed thy tune gaily since t'artist

landed!' he sneered.

'So that's t'latest!' mocked the girl; yet her cheek flushed, and she went on hurriedly, 'There's nobbut one thing as would ever have made me look aside at thee, that's if ever I'd so much as given tha a thought.'

'And that?'

'Thy daughter Janie! If ever a poor li'le lass led a dog's life, it's Janie!'

'My daughter is none o' thy business!' he snarled, still unable to tear himself away.

'No; seemingly I've lost my chance to make it my business! But think on, Mr Dowthwaite; there's a deal o' talk started in t'dale, and for t' love o' God see to it that you poor lass isn't done to death between thee and thy skinflint sister.'

The girl's face suddenly lost all its mockery, and a keen look of womanly tenderness rose in its place. For an instant the man wavered, halfcontrolled by the new influence; but she spoiled her effect, unfortunately, by allowing the sneer to come.

'Agnes Walker, this is t'last!' he shouted furiously. 'I've stood thy impudence till I'm fair sickened. Even I isn't altogether a fool, and it doesn't need a man as can look through a stone wall to see t' road thoo's going! But think on, my lass! London gentlemen don't make wives o' shepherds' granddaughters.'

An angry light flamed up in the girl's face. Fet out!' she cried fiercely. 'And if thoo shows thysel' near this fence again I'll get my grandfather to smash in thy ugly face for tha!

So think on as I've telt thoo!'

CHAPTER VI.

HERE was a delightful path tracking the bed of a fell beck, comparatively cool in the hottest sunshine, owing to the shade of straggling hazels, rowans, and birches; and on the following morning Paul took this track, with the idea of gaining the fell heights for a long tramp.

'Please, may I go with you, just a li'le bit of

t'road?'

Paul looked behind him, considerably startled at the sound of the soft, pleading voice. He saw a slightly built child of perhaps seven gazing up into his face with large, solemn black eyes.

'Why, certainly, little lass,' he said kindly, laying his hand rather heavily on her shoulder.

'Oh!' She gave so irrepressible a cry that Paul drew back.

'Why, did I hurt you?'

The child tightened her teeth over her underlip for an instant, and then said steadily, 'Naa!'

'That's a lie,' thought Paul. 'I wonder why

she told it.' His interest was aroused. must obviously be the child from the farm, about whom the doctor was anxious. He had not given the doctor's suggestion another thought, and had certainly no intention of worrying himself with dale complications; still, it was difficult to ignore the appeal of that thin, distressed face.

Indeed, the child, after looking furtively round, as though to make sure that no one was following her, took hold of his hand, and he found himself walking along beside her.

'You are lame, little one,' he said presently, as he noticed that she was trying to hide a

limp.

'Oh naa, I isn't!' she said. 'Do you like t'dale ?'

'It is very beautiful,' he replied.

'But what is t' world like outside, right away over yonder?' and she pointed to a wild mass of fell which enclosed the dale from the south and all that the south might mean. 'Folks say you come from London. Do you, sir?'

'Yes.'

'It's terr'ble bonny in London, isn't it?' she asked wistfully.

'Not nearly so bonny as it is here.'

She looked at him increduously, and shock her head. 'Will you be going back to London some day?'

'Why, yes, I suppose so.'

'Then'—he found her clinging to him with both hands—'will you take me with you?

The quick outbreak of passion was so astonishing that Paul stood silent for an instant; then he said in a low, soothing voice, 'My dear little girl, I do not even know your name.'
'Whisht!' she cried. She darted from him

like some wild thing, with naked and noiseless

feet, into the coppice to the right.

Then it was that Paul became conscious that some one was whistling a tune behind him. He looked round, and saw a man, whom he recognised as Farmer Dowthwaite, striding along. with a heavy ash stick in his hand.

'Ah, Mr Marsland, is it?' he said, with a curious mocking intonation, which Paul did not in the least understand. 'Have you happened

to see my li'le lass along this road?

'Have you a daughter, Mr Dowthwaite?'

'Ay; and she's a limb—a regular limb, if ever there was one. She's tooken herself off somewheres, and her aunt Martha worrits whenever she's out o' her sight. Janie's a thin lass, with coal-black eyes and a deal o' yellow hair.'

'I'll look out,' said Paul frankly. 'If I see her, do you wish me to tell her to go home?'

'Tell her that her aunt is waiting for her, and that the longer she bides the more worrity her aunt Martha will be. Our Janie will understand.

'Right you are,' said Paul. He was thankful

to note that the farmer plunged leftward, and crossed the beck by means of a rude plank.

'So I have broken in upon tragedy!' he thought. He pursued his walk, thinking intently, not of himself this time, but of a little child. 'Mary would have known what to do!' he ejaculated, as he gained the open fell and took in a deep breath, fragrant of sun-heated

But the only answer was the swish of a light wind across the summer-dried grasses.

CHAPTER VII.

INTIL that night Paul had not particularly noticed a handsomely bound Bible that lay on his chest of drawers in front of a case of stuffed birds.

Since the days when his mother had diligently taught him, he had almost completely neglected the Book, but to-night something induced him to open it. He knew his way about it as a blind man might be able to finger a raised chart; but of the visions and vistas of glory waiting for those who have eyes to see, he knew nothing.

'And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them: and when He had taken him in His arms, He said to them, Whosoever shall receive one of such children in My name, receiveth Me; and whosoever receiveth Me, receiveth not Me, but Him that sent Me.

That was enough. Paul remembered one sunny day in the old garden, when his mother had explained to him that the old language meant that the Master pressed the child to his breast. Yet until this moment he had never perceived that the way to God lay directly through a little child and an all-sacrificing Saviour.

Again the intolerable lonely longing after his mother overwhelmed him. Weakness was it? There are some weaknesses more honourable than strength.

He blew out the candle, and lay down with wide-open eyes, staring into the strange, moonlit room. A remembrance came to him of how, long ago, he, a passionate child, had fought with his mother all through one miserable day, and how at last she had come to him in the moonlight, and for one moment he had thought she was an angel from heaven, and in his excitement he had cried out repentantly, 'I will be good! I will be good!'

His mother had taken him in her arms and kissed him, and then laid herself down on his bed, and softly sung to him-something about a silly little lamb that had wandered from its mother's side—until he fell asleep.

'My God!' fell from the grown man's lips,

Pity my simplicity. Suffer me to come to Thee!'

Paul closed his eyes, and in the darkness the Vision came to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEXT morning Paul took a walk in the direction of Dale Head Farm, and as he drew near he was pleased to notice that Janie was just in front of him. She was carrying a heavy pail of water up from the spring. 'Let me help you,' he said kindly.
'Naa.' But her face went crimson, and she

whispered, 'When are you off to London, sir?'

'Soon,' he answered.

She gave a haunting sigh, and said quietly, 'I'll just have to bear it till then.'

The point to be discovered was what she meant by 'it.' For reply, however, Paul merely forced the pail out of her hand. She struck at him impotently, and followed, expostulating.

'Janie!' came a strident voice.

Paul saw a square-set, hard-featured woman of forty advancing across the yard.

'Here is your water, madam,' said Paul, raising his hat. 'I had quite a fight to get hold of it.'

'You shouldn't have,' sobbed the child. 'Mr Marsland from Walker's?' the woman queried.

He smiled assent.

'Then you see what a limb she is!'

'Yes, I see. Rather a delicate limb, though, I am afraid, Miss Dowthwaite,' said Paul meaningly.

Miss Dowthwaite glanced at him suspiciously.

'She ails nowt!' she snapped.

With a reassuring smile to his small friend, Paul passed on, for he had no excuse for lingering. Yet when he had gone a few hundred yards, something impelled him to retrace his He strolled back, and went up a little knoll from which he had a full view of the

upper windows of the house.

Surely that was the shrick of a child? He paused, breathless. All was still. No; a He could window was shut down violently. see a woman's face for an instant. He paused irresolutely. An Englishman hates to intermeddle, and perhaps he was altogether mistaken. His thoughts flew to a certain duchess's overheated ballroom, and words which at the time had made no impression returned to him: 'The difficulty in a case of cruelty often arises because neighbours refuse to act, even though they know that suffering is going on. The public should feel it a solemn duty to report suspicious circumstances direct to the head-office of the society. It is a crime for any grown-up person to hesitate to rescue a little child from moral danger or bodily torture.

Paul repassed the farm, and took a walk down to the village. The doctor and his wife were both out, so he telegraphed a long message to his solicitor. As he came out of the little postoffice a curious smile played about his mouth. 'After all, it is I who have applied to the secretary,' he thought.

(Continued on page 802.)

THE COST OF RADIUM.

By G. BASIL BARHAM, A.M. Inst. E.E.

THE most extensive discovery of pitchblende which has yet been made has just taken place in India, and it is certain to have a far-reaching effect on the cost of radium. Pitchblende is a mineral which is one of the most important sources of the metal uranium and its compounds, and it is from these radium is obtained.

For some time past a mica-mine has been worked in the Singar district of Gaya, India, and a short time ago a large number of tourmaline crystals were found there. Near these were traces of uranium, a metal resembling nickel in appearance, with certain compounds, principally uranium ochre, so called by reason of its pronounced yellow colour. These were associated with triplite, and as the pits were deepened nodules of pitchblende were found. Systematic working was then undertaken, and a large amount of pitchblende was found in the mine. Nodules of fair size were frequent, and it was not long before a nugget weighing thirty-six pounds was turned up.

A gentleman visiting in the district was shown a large black-and-yellow nodule of pitch-blende, and was informed as to its radio-active properties. Sceptical regarding these, he tried a number of experiments, such as photographing objects of small size by its means, and, convinced, he wrote to one of the local papers. By a curious coincidence, the report of Mr Burton, a geologist, who had been sent to inquire by the Government of India into the pitchblende working, was issued almost immediately afterwards, and one is consequently able to judge as to the extent and importance of the find.

Mr Burton's report is to the effect that the pitchblende occurs in a pegmatite which has a maximum width of forty yards, and is exposed for some three hundred and fifty yards along the side of a cliff. There are a number of muscovite schists caught up in the main body of the pegmatite, and at the juncture occurs the greatest quantity of the mineral. At the time Mr Burton's report was compiled some four hundredweight in all of pitchblende had been found, but the nodules have been come across more frequently later, and the total weight now raised is said to be almost nine hundredweight. Recently a nugget, weighing fifty-six pounds, of practically pure pitchblende was dug out, and the area on which prospecting work has been carried out has yielded several indications of the presence of more of the uranium compounds. In fact, the prospecting has now entered the commercial stage, and a syndicate has been formed to work the deposits. As an initial step, they have obtained an exclusive concession for mining over a considerable part of the country under the Rajah of Gaya. The Government of India, through the Lieutenant-General of Bihar, is watching the development with interest; and to show the extent to which the plans of the syndicate have matured, it may be mentioned that they are already making inquiries as to the suitability of pneumatic drills for the work, having learned that hand-drilling by native labour is erratic and unreliable.

The experiments carried out by the holidaymaker are of interest as showing the strong radio-activity of the ore now being found. The value of the mineral depends on its uranium, and consequently its radio-active content; and it is interesting to note that the rough tests mentioned have been supplemented by others of a more scientific character. As a result, it has been definitely proved that the Singar ore is richer in radium than that found in any other locality. Up to the present the richest has been the Joachimsthal pitchblende, which gave 55 per cent. of U_3O_8 ; but the new find contains over 83 per cent. of that valuable uranium compound. In hydrated radium bromide the Gaya ore gives, roughly speaking, the same as the Joachimsthal product-namely, about three hundred milligrams per metric ton.

As regards the effect of the new discovery on the price of radium, it may be assumed that those who at present regulate the supply of this remarkable curative agent are aware of the mining, and have taken steps to meet, so far as they are able, the competition which they probably will have to face in the near future. At any rate, it does not seem likely that there will be any immediate drop in price.

At the same time, the new field is so extensive, as well as so incredibly rich, that it does not seem possible that the present high prices can hold for long. As soon as the syndicate gets to work supplying the market there is certain to be a fall. Radium will be comparatively plentiful, and hospitals and similar institutions will in all probability be able to obtain at a cost of a few hundred pounds supplies for which they are now being asked to pay thousands.

BRIGHT STAR.

SHINE on, bright star; thy lovely radiance pour On earth that sleeps! Regardless of the store Of heavenly beauty that surrounds her way, She travels on through night to meet the day.

Shine on, thou glory of a blameless life,
To guide a pilgrim wearied with the strife
"Twixt truth and error, as he goes his way
Through sin and sorrow to celestial day.

W. M. MEREDITH.

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COAL AND WAR.

By ROLAND H. BRIGGS.

WE are convinced that coal is our only reliable source of power, and that there is no real substitute.' In these words the Royal Commission on Coal-Supplies (1905) conclude their remarks on the possibilities of sources of power, other than coal, which can be utilised now or in the future.

It is a matter of paramount importance that the nation should understand the international aspects of the coal question, since it is far too vital to be left entirely in the hands of those who are obtaining monetary profit from the coaltrade.

At the present time we are allied to one nation whose coal-supplies are likely to be exhausted during the lifetime of the present generation, and, co-operating with it, we are at war with a nation whose coal-supply was given by one authority in 1912 as sufficient for one thousand three hundred years. It is only natural, then, that at such a crisis as the present thoughtful minds should turn to the time when British coalfields will have been denuded, and Germany and Austria will be the only two European countries left with rich coalfields.

Some authorities have estimated that in one hundred and fifty years the coal available in this country will be exhausted, unless some of the very deep seams can be worked, or the operations of the miner carried on farther underneath the sea than has ever yet been attempted. Even if this estimate of one hundred and fifty to two hundred years is a very pessimistic one, it must be taken into account as a possibility; and whether the length of time which our coal will last be one century or six, it is at the present time being steadily reduced by 25 per cent. by the export of a quarter of our production every

It is reasonable to assume that the present Armageddon will end the great wars of the present generation, and perhaps of the next. But what is the position of our grandchildren and our great-grandchildren to be? Are we, for the sake of present profit, to leave to posterity the barren heritage of a coalless land? Do we care so little about the future of our great Empire that we will allow the heart of it to be

robbed, beyond the needs of present necessity, of the 'only reliable source of power'? Great masters of commerce in Hamburg have said that if Germany loses in the present war she will not recover for three generations. Are we to leave our descendants, then, to the thankless task of competing with future Teutonic hosts at a disadvantage with regard to the sinews of industry and the mainspring of war? How can we hope that they can retain their place in commerce if they have to import their coal from other parts of the Empire, or even to buy this all-important commodity from alien races? We must not close our eyes to the fact that the resurrection of Germany and her possible desire for revenge is not the only menace which the future holds for the Empire. There are problems which we cannot fathom in the future of the Slavonic race and in the awakening of the East, and it behoves us to leave our country at least as well prepared as possible for the perils of the unknown.

The question which we have to answer is: Are we to continue to allow coal to be exported from these islands without let or hindrance, or are we to hold back all, or at least that part which is destined solely for the use of foreign nations or foreign ships?

That there are strong arguments both for stopping and continuing the coal export trade cannot be doubted. The commission already referred to states in another part of the report: 'The witnesses generally were of opinion that the maintenance of a large export coal-trade is of supreme importance to the country, and essential to the prosperity of the coal-producing districts.' This is because the export trade is said to regularise the coal industry, and owing to the increased output to enable the British public to be supplied at a lower cost than would otherwise be charged. It is also claimed that, owing to the importance of coal as cargo for outward-bound ships, any diminution of our export trade in coal would result in a corresponding increase in freight charges for imported goods. Another contention of those who believe that the export of coal is of advantage to this country is that a great part of the coal sent from Britain across the seas is used for replenishing

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the bunkers of British ships on distant voyages, some of them so protracted that the vessels can carry only a fraction of the fuel necessary for the whole voyage, and must take on additional supplies two or three times on both the outward and the return journey.

It seems to be possible that on the careful examination of these three points a way might be found to modify the existing freedom allowed to exporters, and thereby lengthen the time during which coal will be available in these islands, without materially damaging the coal or shipping trades, or seriously increasing the

cost of coal to the British consumer.

In addition to the coal-trade, there are many great industries which have to arrange their supplies to suit the fluctuations of seasonable requirements, and the commodities which some of them make are just as susceptible to deterioration through long storage as coal itself. But by the adaptation of their prices to the requirements of the seasons, taking a little less when times are quiet and a little more when trade is brisk, by the perfection of their advertising and commercial systems, by the completeness of their organisation and the up-to-dateness of their plant, they are enabled to regularise their profits, their output, and the conditions Why, then, of the labour which they employ. should it be impossible for the coal-trade to do the same?

The value of cheap imports to our country is obvious; but should the contention that the reduction of the export of coal will increase the cost of import freights be passed without a challenge? The value of cheap imports to a country may be great, but surely the value to the countries from which these imports come is far greater. For instance, the seaports of north Germany took from us in 1911 no less than nine and a half million tons of coal. this great export to an enemy's country was in future entirely stopped, can we imagine for a moment that the German manufacturer would allow his valuable exports to be jeopardised by a fractional increase of freight charges? Surely we know that he would willingly pay this extra cost himself rather than permit any hindrance to the sale of his commodities in this country.

Then there is the question of the coaling of British ships abroad. The large number of British coaling stations all over the world which derive their whole supplies from Great Britain are of incalculable value to the mercantile marine

throughout the two hemispheres, and it has been pointed out with pride that no steamship from Germany or the Baltic, from the Netherlands or Belgium, or from the northern or Mediterranean ports of France can reach India or China or Japan without British coal. But is it to our national advantage that the vessels of competitive nations should be assisted on their way? Should not our unequalled network of coal-supplies be reserved rather for replenishing the bunkers of those vessels which fly the British flag, or at least the flag of a nation which is bound to us by treaty?

Reviewing the whole situation, then, from the data at our disposal, we can in imagination picture the future, and then form our conclusions as to the correct procedure for the present time. Although the authentic statistics are very insufficient, the opinions of experts very contradictory, and the deductions of geologists very speculative, it seems fairly clear that the time is not far distant when Great Britain, Germany, and Austria will be the only three European countries with any adequate home supply of coal. Seeing that the great iron and steel industries, and nearly every other branch of manufacture, depend entirely on coal, it is abundantly clear that France, whose supplies will soon be exhausted, and Russia, whose coal is very limited in amount, widely scattered, and poor in quality, will have to import largely or fall behind in the race for commercial supremacy. The East is well supplied with coal, and the West has incalculable quantities; but which nation is to remain the Centre of the World, the Hub of the Universe? Is it still to be Great Britain, as it may be if we will but husband our coal, or a new and revivified Germano-Austrian Empire, smarting under her past defeat, and determined to obtain the ascendancy, now that her most dangerous rival, Great Britain, is handicapped by the necessity of importing fuel-supplies? It is not perhaps necessary entirely to curtail the export of coal; it is not even certain that a coal export tax, such as that of 1901, is a useful measure; but it is certain that we should consider most carefully every aspect of this many-sided question before allowing the vast export trade to foreign and antagonistic countries and to their ships, or agreeing to the finding of the 1905 commission that 'there seems no present necessity to restrict artificially the export of coal in order to conserve it for our home supply.'

THE ALARUM.

CHAPTER IX.

NEXT day was Sunday, and Paul, having discovered through skilled conversation

tom to drive down to afternoon church, and then stay to tea with friends in the village, with Agnes that it was the Dowthwaites' cus- | decided that it was his artistic duty to

make a sketch of Dale Head Farm during their absence.

He worked diligently for half-an-hour, keeping a sharp lookout in case he should catch some glimpse of his small friend; but presently losing patience, he decided that a bolder plan must be ventured upon, cost what it might. He strode up to the farm-house door and knocked. was no kind of response, and he knocked again louder; then tried the door. It was locked.

'Where can the child be?' His determination grew. He wandered round the farm, followed by a slinking collie. Every window appeared to be fastened on the inside, and he appreciated that he had no right whatever to force an entrance. He paused undecidedly. What real proof had he? He listened intently as he stood toward the back of the house. At first he could hear nothing save a babbling brook behind him and the fidgeting of some cows in an outhouse. And then! Was that a moan of distress? It seemed to come from a window above him, which looked over a low outbuilding. If only he had a ladder! Again a cry-more distressful, he thought.

He dragged up a heavy chopping-block, and, gaining a foothold in the roughly mortared wall, he ascended to the ridge of the outhouse and scrambled along it to the window. It was fastened, and the blind was drawn.

He tapped at the pane. A child's shriek of

horror was the only answer.

'It is all right, Janie!' he called. 'It is only me, the artist from Mr Walker's. Can you undo the window?'

'I can't! She 's tied me.' 'All right! I'll manage.'

He examined the window, and by cutting at the woodwork and slipping his knife between the sashes he was able to thrust aside the catch. Yet all the time he was working, a terror-stricken voice was imploring him to leave things alone.

'She'll kill me! She'll kill me! You don't know what my aunt Martha will do to

me!

'Nonsense, Janie! Don't you worry. I am taking all risks,' he called out reassuringly

At last he pushed up the sash and dragged back the blind. Then he looked.

He saw an almost naked child, strapped by her hands to a high bedpost in such a position that her poor little toes alone touched the ground. Another instant, and Paul smashed in the windowframe and pushed his body into the room.

The child watched him wildly, her frame Seizing her quivering and her eyes dilating. round the waist, he raised her slightly, then slashed through the strap. Having released her, he laid her icy, shivering body on the bed. She rolled over, away from him, and moaned.

'Janie, little girl, tell me all about it!' and he

bent over her.

'Oh, go away!' she sobbed. 'Now you've

spoilt it all! Now she'll never let me see you again-never! She strapped me up today because I ran after you! Oh!' She pressed her hand to her left hip. Then she shivered violently.

He looked hastily round to find some clothes, but there were none to be seen; so he put his own warm coat about her, wrapped her in a blanket, and carried her, still protesting, down-

'Don't worry, Janie child!' he said soothingly; 'your aunt shall never have you again never!

He found his way to the kitchen, raked up the dying cinders, piled on the peats, found the bellows, and blew up the biggest fire the child had ever seen. Amazedly she watched him; yet his wilful power brought her a strange sense of rest and confidence. Her eyes closed. He searched round and found some whisky; and having diluted it, he roused her and put it to her lips. Then he proceeded to warm some milk. He had never been so domestic since his school-fagging days.

Janie sipped the milk languidly, and tried to smile at him; but her face flushed, and again her eyes closed. She gripped her hands together

and mosned restlessly.

'Fever!' he muttered. 'Now for it!'

The doors were both locked, and the windows were narrow lattices; but with the screwdriver on his knife he took off the lock. Then he raised the sleeping child in his arms, and leaving the house, he uttered a fervent, 'Thank Godwhatever comes of this!'

He carried the child about half a mile along the dale, and then turned straight up to his own lodgings. Janie would be safe with Agnes, while he went off to give information to the doctor and the police.

As Agnes was sitting with folded hands at the cottage door, thinking it was about time she dressed to go to the Primitive Methodist Chapel, she saw a sight that brought her to her feet. She was hurrying out with an exclamation, but Paul silenced her by placing his finger on his lips and pointing to his burden.

'Hush!' he said softly; 'this child has been half-murdered, and I have brought her

to you.'

'Dowthwaite's lass!' Agnes whispered, drawing aside the blanket. 'So this is t'latest! Poor li'le lamb! You did right to fetch heryou did for sure.'

Janie made an attempt to free herself from Paul's arms, and uttered some half-delirious

'I am afraid she is in a fever,' he said. Then, seeing the shepherd at his door, he added, 'I hope you don't object to my bringing this child here, Mr Walker? I've just broken into the farm, and found her strapped to a bed'-

'Object!' interrupted the shepherd. He was

in his Sunday black clothes, clean-shaven and spruce-looking, a picture of anxious benevolence. -'Agnes, my lass, thee get t'li'le un into bed, and do t' best as ever thoo can for her! Happen t' Lord Himself has delivered the child into our

'This way, Mr Marsland!' said Agnes, readily

enough.

'I believe I am hurting her all the time,' Paul said as he laid her down on Agnes's bed. 'Perhaps you would be good enough to examine her and report.'

When Agnes joined her grandfather and Paul, her whole face was quivering with emotion.

'Oh grandfather! It's like as if there couldn't be a God in heaven!'

'Nay, nay now, lass! What's t'good of

getting upset?'

'I isn't upset!' she affirmed stoutly. 'Only, if thoo'd seen her poor thin shoulders fair caked with scars, and her left hip—there's an abscess

I could get my hand into, very near!'
Paul's lips tightened. He panted to be gone.
'Thank you, Miss Walker!' he said, impul-

sively holding out his hand to her. 'We must

see this matter through.'

'Yes, sir!' said Agnes, colouring deeply.

Now all this had taken Paul longer than he expected; and as he walked rapidly down the rough path that led into the main road through the dale, the sun was colouring the sky overhead and tinting the fell-sides gloriously. He was just striking into the main road, when, looking up toward Dale Head, he saw the farmer and his sister hurrying along toward him.

Paul instinctively straightened his shoulders. If there was to be a row, he had better tackle it

at once.

Miss Dowthwaite's face was drawn and white. and perhaps his sudden appearance threw her off her guard. At any rate, she began to scream hysterically, 'Dick! Dick! He's here!'

'Yes, I am here, certainly, Miss Dowthwaite!' called Paul, advancing toward her. membered uncomfortably that he had left his walking-stick in the farmyard, when he had

climbed up to the window.

But the farmer was only too eager to share his sister's excitement. 'Ah, it's you, is it-- scoundrel! You scum of Londonyou'--- and he shot forth a torrent of language unutterable, while his sister, growing alarmed, held his arm.

'I am in a hurry, Mr Dowthwaite,' said Paul coolly; 'but if there is anything you wish to explain, I'-

'Explain! Can you explain this?' and the

farmer flourished Paul's own stick threateningly. 'Ah, that is my stick! I left it when I rescued

your daughter from a torturing death.'

'Where is she, the impudent hussy?' cried Miss Dowthwaite, still anxiously grabbing hold of her brother.

'Where your cruelty will never again reach her, Miss Dowthwaite!' said Paul solemnly.

The woman uttered a scream. dead?

'Ask the police that!' said Paul curtly. Then he turned from them and strode away, scarcely noticing the curses the farmer shouted after

For the next quarter of a mile down the dale the road was skirted on each side by copsewood. and it struck Paul that, considering he must return that day after dark, it would be as well if he cut himself a stout stick. He had secured a good one, and was just pausing to trim it, when he was startled by a sudden yell.

'Here's your cursed stick! Take it!'

He was conscious of a violent blow on the back of his head; then he knew no more.

CHAPTER X.

MARY had never written; but she had suffered intensely. It hurt her to think that the indolent, irresponsible Paul, whom she knew so well, had wholly disappeared, and had probably turned sober and unnatural through pain.

How was life really looking to Mary, now that the subtle charm of Paul's presence and admiration was withdrawn? What a rank prig

he must have thought her!

If she had meant to write, she ought to have written at once, on the occasion of his mother's death. Now it was too late. So, to solace herself, Mary had approached the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and had offered her services freely to the committee.

Therefore it happened that, late one Saturday evening, she received an urgent message from the society's secretary. He was in a difficulty, owing to the holidays of several of the staff, and wished her to go off at once to Westmorland to make certain inquiries. The informant of the case did not wish to be known at present, but full instructions were enclosed.

The message thrilled her. Certainly she would

On reaching the nearest station on the main line, she found that there were no local Sunday trains; but she managed to engage a motor with a somewhat rough mechanic as chauffeur, who knew the district well. Though she had had a full month's strenuous experience in active work. this was her first independent effort, and she found herself humiliatingly nervous. Over and over again during the journey she had marvelled that she had had the sheer cheek to push herself into such work.

'What a prig I was that night!' she groaned. 'Poor Paul! If only I knew what has happened to him!' But her nervousness made her anxious not to waste any time in making the real plunge,

and she decided that before showing herself in

Gargill she would call at the farm.

'Do I know Dale Head?' said the chauffeur. 'I know every turn of t'road up Fotherdale. Dowthwaites has lived there for a deal of generations. He's a widower. Lives with his sister, who reckons she'll get t'farm when Dick has killed himself with drink!'

The evening had already closed in, and the road was dark as they entered the copsewood. The man drew up suddenly.

'What is it?' asked Mary nervously.

'There's summut on t'road! A drunken feller likely! Stay where you are, miss. I'll soon shift him!'

But this was easier said than done.

'Foul play o' some sort!' exclaimed the chauffeur. 'He's insensible!' and he took one

of the lamps from the car.

Mary stepped from the car, determined to prove herself equal to any task, and stooped to look. She saw Paul lying there, his head resting in a pool of blood. She pressed her hand to her forehead. No lady inspector must faint at the sight of a little blood.

The chauffeur opened the man's coat and shirt, and laid a hand on his heart. 'He's alive!'

'Can't we get him into the car? Can't we get him to a doctor?' she cried.

'We must stop this bleeding.'
'Of course!' Mary was qualified in simple ambulance work, yet she had not thought of it. So now she did what she could, skilfully enough, and presently they were rewarded by a groan from their patient. 'He is coming round!' cried the girl, struggling to keep her excitement within bounds.

The chauffeur put his arm under Paul's shoulder. 'All right, my lad!' he said familiarly. 'You're all right. Try to pull yourself together. We've a car here.

'Car! Where is he?'

'Who?'

'Dowthwaite-police-doctor.'

'Whisht!' said the man. 'You keep yourself quiet now.—If you'll just lift from this side, mum, happen we can get him on his legs.'

With an effort they managed it, and Paul rose

giddily, leaning hard on both of them.

'You'd best sit aside of him, mum,' said the chauffeur. 'Folk never knows what may happen after such-like doings. And I'll mind my own job.' And away they dashed, ignoring all speedlimits.

'We want the police!' said Paul, struggling to free himself from the rug so tightly wrapped

round him.

'Hush! We are going to the police; but you must not speak,' said the girl softly yet decidedly.

Paul tried to stare round at the speaker. Then he sank back, wholly bewildered, and closed his eyes.

The car drove straight to the doctor's, and Paul was brought inside.

Luckily Dr Brock was at home, and he received his patient with a grim professional calm.

'I have been sent down by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to report on a case,' Mary explained in reply to the doctor's inquiring glance. 'Some one has sent us some information. I wonder whether this accident has anything to do with it.

'Probably enough,' said the doctor, remembering with some misgiving the hint he had given the young artist. 'Ah, here is my wife.

Now we are all right!'

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SUGAR POSITION. THE

By F. I. SCARD, F.L.C.

WHILE there is every prospect of the supply of other food products to Great Britain being maintained, the effect of the war on the import of sugar is likely to be serious. The sugar crops of the world in 1913-14 amount to about 18,570,000 tons, 9,670,000 tons of which are cane sugars and 8,900,000 tons beet sugars. Of the beet-sugar supply the continent of Europe provides 8,250,000 tons and the United States 650,000 tons. The cane-sugar supply is spread over a much greater area. Louisiana and Texas furnish 268,337 tons, Mexico and Central America 152,000 tons, Demerara 90,000 tons, Surinam 13,000 tons, Peru 225,000 tons, while the crops of Argentina and Brazil are 225,000 tons and 200,000 tons respectively. In the West Indies, the British colonies of Trinidad, Barbados, Jamaica, Antigua, St Kitts, St Lucia,

and St Vincent export 101,000 tons. Rico produces 325,000 tons. The Cuban crop has amounted to 2,550,000 tons, a big item in the world's production; the republics of San Domingo and Hayti have shipped 110,000 tons, the French islands Martinique and Guadeloupe 81,000 tons, and the Danish island of St Croix 7500 tons. In the East, the crop of British India has amounted to 2,260,000 tons, of Java to 1,345,000 tons; while the Japanese island of Formosa has contributed 190,000 tons, and the Philippines 195,000 tons. Sugar is manufactured in China; but no figures are available, and that country imports instead of exporting sugar. The Australian production of cane sugar has reached 225,000 tons, while the Fijian Islands export 100,000 tons. The Hawaiian Islands have produced 525,000 tons.

does not grow much sugar, the crops of Natal and of Mozambique having been 146,000 tons, whilst those of the neighbouring islands of Mauritius and Réunion are credited with 290,000 tons. Spain contributes the small quantity of 13,000 tons.

Under normal circumstances the direction of the supplies of sugar is fixed by the geographical and tariff considerations. Thus, by reason of its tariff-which protects Hawaiian, Porto Rican, and Philippine 'sugar, as well as its own cane and beet production, at the same time giving preferential treatment to Cuban sugar-the sugar of all these islands is attracted to the United States. Java, Mauritius, and Fiji naturally supply Eastern and Antipodean markets, notably India (which requires about 800,000 tons of sugar over and above its own production), China, Malaya, Queensland, and the Cape, where the home production is also insufficient in amount to meet the internal requirements. Tariff as well as geographical considerations cause Mozambique sugars to go to the Transvaal and Portugal, while the sugar of the French sugar colonies, Réunion, Guadeloupe, and Martinique go to the protected markets of France. In like manner, the Formosan sugar is ear-marked for Japan. Canada gives preferential treatment to British-produced sugar, and thus attracts the sugar from the British West Indies on the one side of the North American continent, and from Fiji and Mauritius on the other; the balance of its requirements being mostly derived from San Domingo and Cuba in the Caribbean, and Java in the Eastern seas. Brazil exports but little sugar, which comes to this country; and the same may be said of Argentina. Peruvian and Mexican sugar finds its way mostly to Britain, while the Central American states also make most of their small exports to this side.

So much for cane sugar and North American beet sugar. The balance of the world's supply is made up of 8,250,000 tons of Continental beet sugar. The bulk of the surplus, over home consumption, comes to this country, as might be expected, and amounted in 1913 to 1,596,000 tons. A certain quantity, about 50,000 tons, goes to British India. Russia exports to Finland, Persia, and overland to the East somewhere about 175,000 tons. Germany and Austria-Hungary export about 400,000 tons to the Mediterranean, Switzerland, Egypt, Italy, and other countries not mentioned, only a few thousand tons (about 3000 tons in 1913) coming to the United Kingdom.

As regards the Russian exports, there is no reason to suppose that these will not continue during the war, but they may be taken as negligible quantities. The exports of the other countries now at war will certainly cease, and the consuming countries outside of Russia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary are now confronted with a shortage of something like 2,000,000 tons per annum. To meet this shortage the cane-pro-

ducing countries will be drawn upon for supplies which, in spite of increasing production, they will be unable to furnish immediately.

Great Britain last year consumed nearly 2,000,000 tons of sugar, 80 per cent. of which came from the Continent. We are, therefore, specially hard hit as regards sugar-supply, and labour under the further disadvantage of having to obtain sugar from such countries as Cuba, which is bound to the United States by ties of tariff, or from Java, with high freight charges. If the sugar is obtained under these adverse conditions it will have to be paid for heavily. The commandeering of the whole of the British West Indian, Mauritian, and Fijian sugar would

only provide 550,000 tons.

As a means of meeting the situation, the Government has secured a quantity of sugar for immediate and prospective delivery up to the end of March to the extent, it is said, of 900,000 As the visible stocks in the United Kingdom at the time of the outbreak of the war were 100,000 tons over those of the corresponding period of last year, it may be said that from these two sources 1,000,000 tons will be available up to the end of March, dating from the time of the outbreak of the war. are also sugars from private sources which will help to swell this figure. The Government purchase consisted of sugar from British Guiana, Mauritius, Cuba, Java, and the American refiners. It may be said, therefore, that the wants of the United Kingdom are fairly, although not fully, provided for up to the end of March; with much-reduced consumption proportionately What the future will be depends upon the duration of the war. In any circumstances, however, 2,000,000 tons of the world's supply of the next six months' sugar will not be available, and this deficiency will have to be met by diminished consumption, if not here, in other consuming countries.

There is another important point in connection with the sugar-supply of the British Isles, and that is the ability of the refiners to work up the raw sugars, if it is possible to obtain them in necessary quantity. Last year the refiners provided 700,000 tons of sugar, considerably less than half the total consumption. Will they be able at once to increase their output so as to meet consumers' requirements when the raw portions of the above sugars come in in considerable quantities? If not, there will be a deficiency of grocery sugar. It fortunately happens, however, that in recent years cane-sugar plantations have been able to turn out white crystals without the sugar having to pass through a separate refining stage. These sugars, available for direct consumption, can be obtained from Java and Mauritius, while the well-known Demerara crystals of the

West Indies will still be available.

Although Great Britain has been in a tight place as regards sugar, the position might have been much worse. Had not bounty-fed sugar been countervailed in the pre-Brussels Convention days by India and the United States, and had not the Brussels Convention put an end to Continental bounties, the state of things would have been disastrous. German and Austrian beet sugar would have captured all those markets not protected by anti-bounty tariffs, the British West Indian sugar industry would have ceased to exist, Java could not have been able to develop its sugar industry to the great extent it has done, while it is certain

that the Mauritian planter could not have stood the unequalled competition. In fact, the canesugar production of the world could not have developed as it has done. Now there is cane sugar available, although in insufficient quantities, and the further stimulus given by the war to the world's cane-sugar production should, if the war lasts long enough, make up the deficiency, and thus relieve Great Britain from the peril of having to depend upon Germany and Austria for so much of its sugar-supply.

ROMANCE.

By A. J. DAWSON, Author of The Message, &c.

WALTER EDWARD PERKINS was practically brought up in the counting-house of Messrs Arncliffe, Worthington, & Sons, shipbrokers, of Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. At all events, the young Mr Worthington of 1874 took thirteen-year-old Perkins into the office more than thirty-eight years ago, to oblige his next-door neighbour in Streatham, whose brother was the clergyman of the parish in which young Perkins's father had just been buried.

Perkins—our Perkins—was born in the State of New Jersey, his father being an American citizen, and his mother English. His mother survived his father no more than three or four years.

Thirty-eight years, you know, is quite a long time. It made Walter Perkins fifty-one on his last birthday. And winter and summer, spring and autumn, all the days of all those years (with the exception of Sundays and one fortnight in August each year), were spent by Walter Perkins in Messrs Arncliffe, Worthington, & Sons' counting-house in Leadenhall Street. Just cast your mind's eye back and consider what these years, or all you can remember of them, have meant for you: the variety, the travel, the experience, the different kinds of life you have savoured. Well, Walter Perkins spent them all in Leadenhall Street.

There is quite a general impression abroad, I fancy, that twentieth-century civilisation in cities like London and New York has for ever abolished mystery; that we all know about each other nowadays; and, in short, that Romance is dead. It is a pity that Romance should have died, say the sentimental; but all agree in thinking it good that the ancient clouds of mystery, gloom, and ignorance should have been dispelled; that everything is open and above-board in our modern life; that nothing is hidden any more; and that, for better or for worse, we now know all there is to be known about each other, and that nothing can possibly escape the searchlights of our newspapers.

Rubbish! There never was a more utterly baseless illusion. Not only is Romance not dead,

but mystery remains—mystery as impenetrable as ever it was in the Middle Ages.

The levelling of slums, the opening up of broad thoroughfares, the introduction of light everywhere, universal education and improved police methods, telegraph, telephone, tape-machine, 'tuppenny' tubes, aviation—these things are all of the surface, and make no sort of difference to the eternal mysteries of human life, save, perhaps, to complicate them somewhat, and make still more marvellously intricate their subtle convolutions, their amazing coincidental interrelations.

The routine of the city worker's life may be You will be hopelessly as prosaic as you like. wrong if you assume that the man himself must necessarily be prosaic because of that. It is in the inner springs of human life that mystery survives, strong and impenetrable as ever it was in the history of mankind. And as for the glaring light of our twentieth-century civilisation, it merely serves to accentuate the hidden mystery and romance of modern life, by defining more sharply than ever the division between our mere outward appearance and the securely masked inner being which is you, which is me, which is the man or the woman sitting next us in the train. Your ignorance of me, and mine of you, is monumental—greater perhaps than it ever was in what we foolishly call the age of romance, because men and women were so much less subtle then, and the hours of what might be called psychological deshabille, when the mask was lowered, or half-lowered, were so much more frequent.

Here, at all events, in this matter of Walter Edward Perkins, is a statement of fact about a City man who has been regarded by his intimates as one of the most prosaic and commonplace persons living, a creature of whom it would be said that any sort of connection between himself and mystery or romance would be merely unthinkable. As well think of mystery in relation to the postman who delivers your letters in the morning, or the clerk who takes down your replies in shorthand. Well, all-unknown to

you, there is probably a deal of mystery in the lives of each of those seemingly commonplace functionaries.

From the beginning of 1892 onward Walter Perkins made his home in Alma Terrace, Balaclava Street, which is a small, mean side-street off Stamford Hill. That is 'N.,' you know, though merging into South Tottenham. may conceivably have passed the superior end of Balaclava Street, if you have ever happened to motor out north-eastward, making for Epping, the Cambridge Road, and the country beyond. Even Walter Perkins had motored past it, if

you come to that—in a bus. It was rather a weak move, that settling in Alma Terrace. (Perhaps you know some of these Alma terraces and villas. They were mostly built round about 1854-56.) Mrs Pocock. who acquired the tenement there which subsequently sheltered Walter Perkins, was some sort of a connection by marriage through the family of Perkins's dead mother. When he accepted her proposal that he should become her lodger, he regarded her as the nearest approach to a relative he would ever be likely to know; and so he became her lodger partly from a sort of sense of duty. Had he not done so, it is possible that he might one day have married, and been—cured, shall we say? But, as Mrs Pocock's lodger in Alma Terrace, he retired very much within his own shell during the hours he spent outside Leadenhall Street, and that, of course, meant the very antithesis of a cure.

The impression one formed of Walter Perkins in Leadenhall Street, in the train between Stamford Hill and Liverpool Street, in the ABC shop where he was wont to take his exiguous midday meal, and other such-like places-was that he was a singularly colourless person. You never could have said what colour his eyes or hair were, or what sort of clothes he wore. He was very much all of a piece; office furniture, you might have said, in cynical mood; or, in another mood, 'Just a very ordinary and typical member of the pale battalions.' You never heard him raise his voice; and it was merely inconceivable that he should swear. How little one knows!

Walter Perkins's everyday expression had that mild, gentle kind of amiability which one associates with sheep and rabbits. His nutriment might have been foolscap, his tipple some emasculated form of skim-milk and soda, you had guessed. Men never apologised, and women but seldom, when they trod on Perkins's toes in the crowded suburban trains; and he had a way of taking up less room in a bus than any ordinary mortal, and of conveying the suggestion that he rather owed the public an apology for requiring any space at all.

You must figure him, then, in his monotonous little treadmill of a life, apologetically tripping from Stamford Hill to Leadenhall Street and back each day; a kindly, unobtrusive, little man, verging upon baldness, hard to identify, impossible really to describe, completely submerged in the complex machinery of commercial London; never seen at all in the London that you know, west of Trafalgar Square; and one who, both in the counting-house and in Alma Terrace, was invariably 'put upon,' just so often as ever his rights might happen to stand in the way of anybody else's convenience.

There were youngsters in Messrs Arncliffe, Worthington, & Sons' office who had not been born when Perkins entered the service, and who now were drawing double his pay. There was not enough ego in his cosmos, and barely enough aggressiveness for the mere maintenance of life in the twentieth century, you would have said. And if you had been told that Walter Perkins carried within him the soul of a Viking, that his heart swelled at times, on his mill round between Alma Terrace and Leadenhall Street, till it was as large as that of the bravest man in London town-as large as Frobisher's, Drake's, Raleigh's, Nelson's-you would have said, 'What a quaint idea! What! that queer, little man? Why, he never heard of a Viking, and the sound of a sword rattling in its scabbard would make his knees knock together!

'Queer thing about you, Perk,' said one of the oldest among his juniors at the office not long since; 'but I don't believe you've ever had a hobby of any sort. Never even look at the football news, do you, Perk?'

'Well, no, now you mention it; I don't much think I ever do,' admitted Perkins, in his self-

deprecatory little way.

'Mistake that, you know, Perk. 'Tisn't good for a man, you know. I mean to say, you ought to take an interest in something, you know, for the sake of your health. Now, I'm a member of the debating society and the Southern Union Cycling Club. Then there's my stamp collection, and the garden, and the dog; and, of course, I follow the sport of the day, and-er-politics, you know; and-Oh, there's lots of things, you know. You ought to do something, Perk. If a man is a man, he needs hobbies of some sort nowadays to keep him fit and robust-fighting trim, you know, and—er—all that sorter thing. Whereas you—well, you rather let yourself go, don't you? Tend to get rather old-maidish, don't you think! You know what I mean?'

And Perkins mildly admitted, as much by the movement of his bent shoulders and barely visible eyebrows as by anything he said, that he feared there might be a good deal in what his young friend suggested. Not even under the spur of such provocation was it conceivable that Walter Perkins should, for an instant, lift one little corner of his mask, or give the smallest hint of the nature and preoccupations of the real

man within him. And so, in more or less kindly and wholly contemptuous fashion, all his associates had naturally dropped into the habit of labelling Perkins in their minds as belonging to the human door-mat sub-species. And they never doubted that they knew him. There was so little to know, they would have told you, in poor old Perk.

As a fact, he stood alone among the staff of Messrs Arncliffe, Worthington, & Sons; quite alone. He belonged to the elect. He stood as much apart from them as though he had been President of the United States of America; differentiated from them by the fundamental fact that his life was dominated by a passion—had always been dominated by a master-passion. The round men saw him meekly tread was not his life at all, but a tiresome, incidental feature of it to which he never grew accustomed, of which he never for one single day became even moderately tolerant. He loathed and despised it, utterly and always. He hated every detail of his daily round in the city with a hatred which was violent and integral. But mere negative hatred was not the passion that dominated his life. That was intensely active. The passion of the clerk's life was his love of adventure.

Remember, he had spent the whole of those thirty-eight years, bar Sundays and the annual holiday, in Leadenhall Street and his mean lodging. The farthest point he had ever reached—one never-to-be-forgotten holiday—was Boulogne. He knew Epping Forest rather well; and in copses there, when nobody was within sight or hearing, on Saturday nights and early Sabbath mornings, odd sounds and spoken words had issued from his thin lips. Once, greatly daring, he had passed an entire summer night among the bracken there, and, as a consequence, had spent many days in bed with a devastating feverish cold.

But his real life was lived in his dingy bedsitting-room in Alma Terrace, when the key had been turned in the lock of its flimsy, Swedish-made door. Here the real Walter Perkins had quite a little library of several hundred volumes, nearly all good, and quite all, without exception, records of adventurous travel, of harrowing escapes, bloody fighting, piracy, exploration, and deeds of daring in remote places. Authentic records, mark you. Perkins never stooped to mere highly coloured, blood-and-thunder makebelieve. His knowledge of the Spanish Main was sound and far-reaching. He was something of an authority—though no man guessed it upon the Californian and Australian gold-rushes. His collection was specially good as touching African, South American, and Australian exploration, and piracy, both east and west. He was curiously familiar with the names of mountains, rivers, and trails in Arctic and sub-Arctic Mexico and Peru were favourite America. hunting-grounds of his.

In his whole collection there was but one work of fiction, and that was modern. It was The Wrecker, by Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. There was one passage in this volume which had never failed to furnish him with the same thrill as that he had experienced when reading it for the first time. It follows Carthew's discovery of the nature of the charge, the murder charge, against his new friend Wicks, the cabman who had driven him to 'The Currency Lass.' Here is the simple passage which so thrilled Walter Perkins: 'Carthew breathed long; he had a strange, half-pleasurable sense of wading deeper in the tide of life. "Well," said he, "you were going on to say?"'

'Ah!' Perkins would sigh, as he read it for the hundredth time. . . . "Half-pleasurable sense of wading deeper . . . wading deeper." . . . Yes. "Half-pleasurable!" Yes.

And back The Wrecker would go to its place on his shelves, while Perkins opened for perusal the particular book of the day, whatever that might be—say The Adventures and Discoveries of Captain John Smith, 1579-1631, or Morgan's History of Algiers, or Hakluyt, or Prescott, or The Adventures of Thomas Pellow of Penryn.

It was a pity he had no hobby, said his well-meaning critic at the office. How it would have startled the man to see Perkins bending, enthralled, over his maps and books; to guess how his fellow-clerk thought, and moved, and dreamed, and had his real being among the thunder of big seas; upon white, sun-scorched beaches fringed by palms; in the midst of track-less prairies, deep jungles, rugged mountains, remote cafions, with explorers, filibusters, half-savage pirates for his sole companions!

I suppose the true pity was that Perkins had no real life in the workaday world; that it was only the tyrannous annoyance of daily interruption that made him conscious of any existence outside the shadowy confines of his despotic passion. A pity that he had no hobby! Stampcollecting, or the debating society, belike! Lovers have been known to go without food for their mistress's sake. Walter Perkins went without life itself, for thirty-eight long years, out of singlehearted devotion to the passionate interest which absorbed him, and had absorbed him, mind you, from his twelfth year. He lived largely in Leadenhall Street, or spent his days there, anyhow. Yes. But the only thing he was really conscious of in the City of London was London Bridge, where you may sniff authentic odours from oversea ports, and see cargo handled that has come direct from sun-washed wharves on the far side of

You must not suppose, however, that Perkins's life was without hope or plan; on the contrary, he had had one definite master-aim before him throughout each one of those thirty-eight years. This fixed aim was to win clear of the cramped routine of his City life and all that went with it,

and to plunge waist-deep into the life of oversea adventure; to experience in his own person that 'half-pleasurable sense of wading deeper,' mention of which in Stevenson's book stirred him so profoundly. For this he lived and suffered the daily round which he so infinitely loathed.

Long ago, in the dim 'seventies or the scarcely less remote 'eighties, he had made up his mind that the essential key to his ultimate goal was the sum of five hundred pounds. The figure became fixed by the merest accident—the mention of that sum in a musty, old calf-bound record of early nineteenth-century adventure, which Perkins had picked up for fourpence on a bookstell

But once fixed, the idea never varied in his mind. At one period he had mildly gambled for it in Hamburg lotteries and the like, seeking, desperately, to hasten the day of his release. Later he grew more methodical, and his progress, however slow, was sure. But obstacles and interruptions were numerous. The death of Mrs Pocock's daughter added a full year to Perkins's sentence. Furtive indulgences in his sole form of dissipation—the purchase of travel books and such incidents as his illness after a wild night in Epping Forest years ago, had tacked on a considerable number of months. But Fate was kindly to him in one matter; he was never conscious of his own personal appearance, and recked nothing of his middle-aged baldness. his own mind, he was rather a coarse, gross-living, swashbuckling type of person; heavy-handed, brawny, and robust as an ox. His language, too, was often truculent to the verge of obscenity; only it never was spoken aloud. As he minced between station and office he often felt the chafe of heavy sea-boots between his knees.

The finger of destiny moved for Walter Perkins on the 7th day of August 1912. On that day the order for his release was presented to him across the polished counter of a City bank. He walked out into the street on that damp August morning a freed man, the key to the whole world of adventure, in the shape of a paper token representing five hundred pounds, in his pocket.

And then came eight mortal weeks of agonising indecision, of humiliating vacillation, of racking doubts and aguish fits of alternate tropic heats and lamentable gray chills, in which his fifty-first birthday, like a crooked little finger of warning, kept pertinaciously asserting itself among the storm-rent clouds, the heroic background of this little clerk's mind.

A score of times he left Alma Terrace in the morning bent upon finally cutting the painter in Leadenhall Street that very day; his little speech to the manager was letter-perfect in his mind; his very words and gestures of farewell all arranged; his exit covered down to the last brave nod of his gray-fringed head to the messenger-boy in the vestibule. As he thought it out, among his books and maps, he had always to

face surprise and a hint of mild reproach from those to whom his ultimatum was delivered. But they all understood, in the end; and he, the adventurer, passed out grandly to the business of

preparing his kit for far travel.

And then came the all-too-familiar atmosphere of the office itself, and the precise detail of ordered routine would take him by the throat as his thin arms were passed into the sleeves of his office-coat, and shake him remorselessly into acquiescence for the moment in that daily round by the light of which his real life's project melted away into cloudy nothingness—a thing whose quivering, shrinking nakedness it was impossible to discover there in Leadenhall Street. The fifty-first birthday, and the cruelly long succession of years behind it, with menacing severity, bade him remember the conditions of his servitude and be Perhaps the most painful feature of this painful period of indecision was the fact that, for the first time in almost four decades, the clerk found himself cut off from his books and maps. Their spell was broken. He could not even open them, so shaken was he.

On the morning of the 8th of October—a Tuesday—Perkins was missing from his accustomed place at the counting-house in Leadenhall Street. All day his stool remained unoccupied. That night Mrs Pocock left the front-door at Alma Terrace unbolted till half-past twelve, then bolted it and went to bed, greatly wondering

over the absence of her lodger.

You may recall something of the Balkan troubles of 1912. During the last week of During the last week of October a private letter reached the editor of a London journal from a correspondent then in Adrianople. The last paragraph of that letter read as follows: 'A rum thing happened yesterday, but of course nobody took any notice of it in the general scramble. A Bulgarian officer told me about it, and gave me the scrap of paper enclosed herewith. It appears that among a batch of dead and dying Turks they found a man who was apparently English, and certainly a civilian. Whether or not he had any valuables on him I can't say. None were handed over by the fellows who found him. He was dying when they came upon him-shot through the lungsand couldn't speak. But he had a pencil and this scrap of paper, and apparently he scribbled on it just these two words: "Wading deeper." Queer, wasn't it? They brought me also a piece cut from the neck of his shirt with the name W. E. Perkins on it in marking-ink. might be a romance behind this. One never knows. But as for the two words on the paper, I suppose that was simply delirium—just a question of temperature. But who was Perkins, and how came he there with those Turks?'

Tuesday the 8th of October was the day upon which Montenegro declared war against Turkey. True enough, 'one never knows.' And so, at the

last of it, Walter Perkins did experience that 'half-pleasurable sense of wading deeper.' But how much did any living creature guess of the terrific struggle going on in that little clerk's mind between the 7th of August and the 8th of October? What of his pilgrimage across Europe?

And people talk about all the mystery and romance having been crowded out of life by our twentieth - century civilisation! Mystery and romance! Why, you can't get away from them. Your next-door neighbour's household is compact of them.

OLD SCOTTISH PROPHECIES.

PART II.

TO the Lady of Lawers are credited the prediction, made at a time when the House of Taymouth was rich in sons, that an old white horse will yet take the last Breadalbane Campbells across Tyndrum Cairn; the prophecy that when the red cairn on Ben Lawers fell the Church of Lawers would split, fulfilled by the cairn erected by the sappers falling in the year of the Disruption; and the foretelling:

A mill will be on every streamlet,
A plough in every hand,
The two sides of Loch Tay in kail gardens;
The sheep's skull will make the plough useless,
And the goose's feathers drive their memories from

The most famous of the seers of the Northern Highlands was Coinneach Odhar (Dun Kenneth), the Brahan seer. He was born in the early years of the seventeenth century, and tradition says that he fell a victim after the Restoration to the rage of a jealous woman, being burnt as a wizard at Chanonry Point by order of the Countess of Seaforth, to whose importunities he had foolishly yielded, and revealed how the earl was at the time employed at Paris. The earl arrived at home on the day of the execution; but, though his horse fell dead under him, he reached Chanonry just too late to avert the tragedy. The prophecies attributed to him related to all sorts and conditions of people, and the foresight and the fulfilment of many of them have been most remarkable. The following may be given as among the most interesting:

'The day will come when English mares with hempen bridles [full-rigged ships] shall be led round the back of Tom-na-heurich'—fulfilled in the making of the Caledonian Canal. 'The day will come when there will be a road through the hills of Ross-shire from sea to sea, and a bridge upon every stream.' 'When two poor teachers shall come across the seas, who will revolutionise the religion of the land, and nine bridges shall span the river Ness, the Highlands will be overrun by ministers without grace and women without shame.' Curiously enough, it was observed that the ninth bridge over the Ness was commenced in the year in which Scotland was visited by the American revivalists, Moody and Sankey; but the militant suffragette did not appear till a generation later. 'The ancient proprietors of the soil shall give place to strange merchant proprietors, and the whole Highlands will become one huge deer-forest.'

'The day will come when the Mackenzies will lose all their possessions in Lochalsh, after which they will fall into the hands of an Englishman who shall be distinguished by great liberality to his people and lavish expenditure of money. He will have one son and two daughters, and after his death the property will revert to the Mathesons, its original possessors, who will build a castle at Dunoin-a-Dubh at Balmacara.' This has been absolutely fulfilled except, as yet, as to the site of the castle.

'Oh Drummossie! thy bleak moor shall, ere many generations have passed away, be stained with the best blood of the Highlands. Glad am I that I shall not see that day, for it will be a fearful period. Heads will be lopped off by the score, and no mercy will be shown or quarter given on either side.' The prediction was only too faithfully fulfilled in the battle of Culloden.

'The day will come when the Lewsmen shall go forth with their boats to battle, but they will be turned back by the jaw-bone of an animal smaller than an ass.' Fulfilled in 1745, when the Lewsmen came over to join Prince Charles, but were turned back by Lord Seaforth, who signalled from the shore with a sheep's jaw-bone in his hand.

Remarkable is the prediction as to the mineralwells of Strathpeffer. 'Uninviting and disagreeable as it now is, with its thick crusted surface and unpleasant smell, the day will come when it shall be under lock and key, and crowds of pleasure and health seekers shall be seen thronging its portals.'

'The day will come when fire and water shall run in streams through all the streets and lanes of Inverness.' 'The day will come when long strings of carriages without horses shall run between Dingwall and Inverness, and, more wonderful still, between Dingwall and the Isle of Skye.'

Most remarkable of all was the prophecy as to the fate of the House of Seaforth. The seer after his sentence predicted that ere many generations had passed the line would end in sorrow; that there would be a chief, the last of his House, both deaf and dumb, the father of four fair sons, all of whom he should follow to the

grave; that the remains of his possessions should be inherited by a white-headed lassie from the East, who would kill her sister; and that, as a sign that these things were coming to pass, there should be four great lairds in the days of the last deaf-and-dumb Seaforth—Gairloch, Chisholm, Grant, and Raasay—of whom one shall be bucktoothed, another hare-lipped, another half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer. The last Earl of Seaforth lost his four sons, he was deaf and dumb in his later years, his elder daughter returned to succeed him as a young widow from India, and a carriage accident at Brahan Castle, when she was driving, resulted in the death of her younger sister.

Among other Highland prophecies is the one that 'the Farquharsons shall flourish to the tenth generation,' said to correspond curiously with the curse invoked upon the name by the mother of Lamont of Inverey, hanged by them on a large pine near Mar Lodge bridge for siding with the Clan Chattan of Badenoch in their raids upon Huntly's lands in Mar, when she predicted in a Gaelic verse that that pine should flourish when there was not a Farquharson left

in Strathdee.

The prophecies relating to particular localities are numerous and interesting. The oldest are perhaps those relating to Iona, attributed to Columba himself:

In Iona of my heart, Iona of my love,
Instead of the voice of monks shall be lowing of
cattle;
But ere the world come to an end
Iona shall be as it was.

Another ran: 'Till Argyll be king, Iona will be as she was.'

With the remains of the old church and kirkyard of Deer in Buchan, said to be older than the Cistercian Abbey of 1216, is associated the tradition that the church was originally being erected on the slope of Biffie, but that each morning the builders found their work cast down; and, a watch being kept, a supernatural voice was heard repeating:

> It is not here, it is not here, That ye sall big the Kirk o' Deer; But on Tap Tillerie, Where many a corp shall after lie.

To the Rhymer is ascribed the darksome 'freit' hanging over a place in Berwickshire:

At Three-burn Grange in after day
There shall be a lang and bloody fray;
When a three-thumbed wight by the reins shall
hald
Three kings' horses baith stout an' bauld;

And the three burns three days will rin Wi' the blude o' the slain that fa' therein.

The general melancholy character of his anticipations is maintained by:

> Atween Craik Cross and Eildon Tree Is a' the safety there shall be;

and the rhyme about the old bridge of Dee which so impressed the youthful mind of Lord Byron that he would never ride over it on horseback:

Brig o' Balgownie, though heich be your wa', With a wife's ae son and a mear's ae foal Doun shall ye fa.

More cheerful is the commendation of a spring in Cruden on the site of the last conflict with the Danes, near to the modern resort of Cruden Bay:

> St Olave's well low by the sea, Where pest or plague shall never be.

Still unfulfilled and uninterpreted is the distich about the bare hill of Mormond:

When Mormond Hill is clad in reid Den Callie burn shall rin wi' bleed, An' gin the saut rise 'been the meal Believe nae mair in Tammas' tale.

The operations of nature are recorded in reference to Locharmoss, Dumfriesshire, in:

First a wudd, and syne a sea, Now a moss, and aye will be.

The good folks of the Scottish capital may plume themselves on:

York was, London is, and Edinburgh will be The biggest and the bonniest o' a' the three;

but their satisfaction is kept within chastened limits by:

Musselburgh was a burgh When Edinburgh was nane, And Musselburgh'll be a burgh When Edinburgh's gane.

The old county town of Forfar and its neighbour on the South Esk are supported against the residential burgh on the same river and the growing city on the Tay by:

Bonnie Munross will be a moss,
Dundee will be dung doun;
Forfar will be Forfar still,
And Brechin a braw burrow toun.

The inevitable fate of the kirk and kirkyard on the swift and changeable Dumfriesshire stream is affirmed in:

Let spades and shools do what they may, Dryfe shall take Dryfesdale kirk away.

A Gaelic saying predicts:

Great Tay of the waves Shall sweep Perth bare.

A Forfarshire one declares:

When the yowes o' Gowrie come to land The day o' judgment's near at hand.

And that mysterious mound the Bass of Inverurie is practically assured against destruction in the lines:

When Dee and Don shall rin in one, And Tweed shall rin in Tay, The bonnie water o' Urie Shall bear the Bass away. The sands of Forvie, on the Buchan coast, covering a buried parish, of which there was an old rental in the charter-room at Slains, witness to this day to the curse of an abducted heiress:

If ever maiden's malisoune
Did licht upon dry land,
Let nocht be found on Furvey's haughs
But thistill, bent, and sand.

Of general and more than purely local character, no prediction is more remarkable than the forecast of the run on grouse-moors and deerforests of the Cailleach Braithreach, the Thunderbolt Carline, a famous witch of Glengairn:

If the children of the Gael but knew the value Of the egg of the fowl and of the crop of the heath,

The fowl would be dearer than the cow, And the glen would be dearer than the strath.

Another saying attributed to the Rhymer has perhaps an application even to the airy visions of Welsh politicians who angle for votes with pictures of a paradise when the wilds of Dirriemore and Assynt shall blossom like the rose:

The waters sall wax, the woods sall wane, Hill and moss sall be a' ta'en in, But the bannock'll ne'er be the braider.

CASTEIL HUISTEAN.

By LADY NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

'HALLO, Hugh! Welcome back to Clubland. Where in the world have you been all these months? You don't look as if your holiday had agreed with you, old chap. By the way, I was so very sorry to see poor Darcy's death in the papers. Did you not go off somewhere together this summer?' said Jack Dampier to another member who had just come into the club.

'We did, indeed,' said the latter; 'and I only wish that I had never agreed to the accursed plan.'

'Oh,' said the first speaker, 'I am sorry. I dare say you would rather not talk about it. I know how fond you were of poor Darcy.'

'I won't talk about it here, Jack; but if you will come over to my rooms I will tell you about it. It will be rather a relief to talk to a sensible fellow like yourself; but it is not a thing I could bear to go into with most people.'

The two men adjourned to Hugh Johnstone's rooms, and settled themselves down into his shabby but comfortable arm-chairs for a talk,

and lighted their pipes.

'Well,' said Hugh, blowing an immense cloud of blue smoke, 'Darcy persuaded me to join him in a small sailing-boat this summer. We were both pretty good on the sea, he especially. He knew about navigation, tides, and so on. We were to work the boat ourselves, with a lad for odd jobs. We were to cruise about the west coast of Scotland and the Hebrides—perhaps get out to St Kilda; and we meant to have a real good time. Darcy was a bit of an antiquary, and wanted to poke about some of the old keeps and dens and earth-houses on the coast and in some of the islands. He could talk Gaelic. He had been brought up in those parts, and loved them and the people. His mother had married a small laird, en secondes noces, when Harry was a small child, you know. He had run wild all his early days, barefoot and hatless. He could swim like a seal, and knew every bird, beast, and fish, so to speak, in those parts. His stepfather was devoted to him, and his mother was one of those lazy, placid women who let everything slide that gives them trouble; and she never troubled her head about her wild little scamp of a boy.

'Their small property was very remote, only to be got at by means of an occasional steamer and the rattle-trap mail-gig. The people were very primitive and behind the times; steeped, too, in the weirdest superstitions—apparitions, warnings, fire-balls, lights, witches, and what Second-sight was common among them, and the most curious tales were told of visions. and that sort of thing. Darcy was a very bad subject for such a bringing-up. Extremely imaginative and nervous, though as brave as a lion, he was most receptive to influences from outside, and with a strange morbidity unusual in a healthy young lad. It was ruinous for him: and he was never sent to school—tutors at home. and that sort of thing. I have known him He was a most lovable always, you know. creature, quite irresponsible and flighty, but of the warmest and most generous nature. He would give you the coat off his back if you asked for it, dear old fellow.'

Johnstone paused a moment.

'He had, unfortunately, just enough money to obviate any necessity for work of any kind, and could follow up any whim or fancy that beset him for the moment. He had a most unhealthy obsession and craving for the occult and supernatural, which he indulged to the uttermost. He attended spiritualistic séances, and was positively avid about these matters; and he went to all sorts of haunted houses ghost-hunting.'

'Did he have any success?' asked Dampier.

The other man smiled incredulously. 'I don't know. He told me one or two curious tales; but I am afraid they went in at one ear and out at the other. I always tried to get him off these topics. I hate them myself, and think them poisonous; and to my mind they affected his

health. He grew to have such an odd, strained look—always as if he were listening for something; it made one quite jumpy. I was very glad when he suggested the sailing trip. I thought it would get him away from his beastly seances and the hypnotising charlatans he had got mixed up with. So, to cut a long story

short, we started off.

"We joined our little craft at Oban. It was a smart, comfortable little boat, and looked like a good sea-boat, with plenty of beam. Just ourselves and a strong lad from Skye. The weather and the scenery were too lovely for any power of description except, perhaps, William Black's. Those parts can be like a very dream of heaven; but, my word, it can be like the other thing too when it comes on to blow—and blows all round the compass! I forget if you know the west, Dampier—the "isles of the sea," and all about them?"

The other man shook his head. 'No; I go to a beastly ugly and unromantic part of Scotland, as a rule—east coast and thereabouts. One gets so groovy as one gets on, and I have a string of houses about there where I bestow my company year after year. Grouse, partridges, and then on to the haunt of the fell destroyer of the mangel-wurzel, the

wicked pheasant.'

'Well, the west, besides its beauty, is full of legendary lore; and Darcy seemed to be very happy at first, and we had a lovely time cruising about among the islands on summer seas, shooting, photographing, sea-fishing. It was an ideal life, and Darcy was beginning to look ever so much better. Unfortunately, he insisted on calling for letters at some out-of-the-way hole where there was a post-office, and then a change came over him. He grew absent-minded and distrait, and the horrid listening look came into his face again. His eyes were clouded and full of trouble.

'I thought it best to take no notice. He never said anything as to the contents of his letters. I prayed for a stiff breeze—even for half a gale—which would give us something to do, and keep his mind and body employed. Anything rather than this brooding. The breeze came, sure enough, pretty stiff; but it soon died down again. It was a perfectly marvellous summer for these parts—seas of glass and limpid turquoise skies.

'During one flat, calm day we were rolling about on the long Atlantic swell, and Darcy got out his letters again and pored over them. After a time he put them in his pocket, and appeared to be lost in thought; then he rose and came up to

me.

"Hugh," he said, "I want you to do something for me, and help me. You know I am a member of the Searchlight Association. We try to verify the supernatural occurrences that are supposed to happen in certain places. There's a ruined

keep or castle in these parts that I want to visit. The vision, or whatever you call it, recurs at intervals, and only at certain stages of the moon, when the rays penetrate and light up the room where the scene took place, the rays shining through a certain window. Strangely enough, this happens only once in every eighteen years. I suppose some astronomer could explain it; I cannot. The vision is a terrible one. The castle is locked, but I can get at the key; and the room in which the thing takes place is quite sound, the only sound room in the building-doors, ceiling, windows, all intact. To-morrow night will be the date upon which the vision recurs. Will you come with me? We will leave the boat here, and walk across the hill. The castle stands on a promontory, and looks sheer down into the sea."

"Yes, I will come, all right," I said. "But you had much better give up all that rot, Harry; it leads to nothing, and it is doing you harm, old chap. Let us run up to Skye and join the herring-fleet in the Minch instead. There will be a spanking breeze to-morrow, or I am much

mistaken."

'He looked very much put out. "No," he said, "I will not give this thing up. It interests me desperately, and I am going. If you won't come I must go alone. The thing has been kept a dead secret by the people it concerns—the people who own the keep and the land—but of course it has leaked out in various and garbled forms. The fact remains, however, that the owners gave up living in the castle, and allowed it to fall into ruin. They never come near the place, and the ground is always let, and shot over from the little inn. Will you see me through it, Hugh? We must go to-morrow. It is a goodish walk from here. We will take sandwiches and a flask."

"Of course I will see you through it, Harry," I said. "We shall have a beastly uncomfortable

night, if we have nothing else."

"Yes, I can promise you that," he said with

a grin.

'The castle, or what remained of it, stood on a sort of promontory. It looked like a huge jagged tooth in the moonlight. It was built close to the edge of a precipice, as were so many of the old keeps and castles of those times. The seas lashed the black rocks two hundred feet below. The scene was inexpressibly wild and imposing.

¹The full moon was sailing serenely through the deep blue of the sky. The sea moaned and roared on the rocks below, a heron shrieked, and

an owl hooted hard by.

'Darcy pulled out his watch. "Come, let us get in," he said. He ran up the stone steps to the iron-clamped door and unlocked it. How he had got hold of the key I don't know. A stone stair was built into the thickness of the wall, and wound upward. Some of the steps were

missing, and there were great gaps in the masonry. "Come on," said Darcy. "There is the door of the room. The steps are all right."

'He pushed open a door that opened on to the stair. It was an immense room, long-shaped, with a vaulted ceiling. It had two windowsone at the side of the room, the other at the end at right angles with it, looking straight out to sea. It was very dark, the squares of the windows showing up blue in the surrounding gloom. Darcy struck a match. There was a catch on the door which prevented its being opened from outside, and he fastened it securely.

"We must sit on the floor," he said. "It is quite dry, and we can sit with our backs to the wall. Go to sleep, old chap; I will keep watch. Of course there may be nothing at all; but let

us keep quiet."

"By all means, let us give them every chance,"

I said sourly.

'We had had a long walk over very rough ground, and I thought regretfully of the cosy cabin in the yacht, and the bowl of good steaming broth and the glass of roaring-hot toddy

before turning in.

'A dead silence ensued. I could hear the tick of the watch in my pocket. Darcy sat close to me, with his knees drawn up, his chin resting on his clasped hands. Suddenly he put out his hand and touched me, and pointed silently. The moon's rays had caught the side of the window that looked out to sea in a faint silver line. The line slowly broadened until at length the rays poured into the room, which became flooded

with a cold, unearthly light.

'A volume of icy air, laden with a faintly fetid odour, rushed through the open doorway, the door having opened noiselessly. Darcy had closed it securely, you will remember. The form of a woman clasping a babe to her breast, her face as the face of the dead, her hair loose and streaming, rushed through the open door and came toward us. She was followed by the huge figure of a man dressed in a sort of coat of mail—a man with a face I can never forget. The hate of hell was on it, passion indescribable. He overtook the woman and grasped her shoulder. She turned. The agony of a lost soul was in her dead face, her glassy eyes. She seemed to clasp the babe closer to her bosom. The fiendish man tore it out of her grasp with iron strength, strode to the window overlooking the sea, and hurled the child into space. A shriek so fearful, so despairing, that I can never quite get it out of

my head, rent the air. Then all was still, and save for Harry Darcy and myself the room was

Johnstone wiped his forehead. 'My dear fellow,' he said, 'this thing has made a mark

on my life.'

'I believe you,' said his friend sympa-

thetically.

'Darcy was sitting as though carved in stone,' continued Johnstone. 'I shook him. For a horrid moment I thought he was dead; but at length I was able to rouse him. He began shaking like an aspen. Strong shudders ran through his frame. "Come," I said. "For Heaven's sake, pull yourself together, and let us get away from this hellish place. Dear old fellow, do try."

'I don't know how I got him back to the boat. The awful shuddering fits came over him again and again, and several times he had to sit down. We were hours on the way. At last I had him on board, and undressed, and into his bunk, where he lay like one dead. The lad and I sailed the boat back to Oban, where I got a

room for poor Darcy at an hotel.

'He never rightly recovered. The chill, or whatever it was, settled on his lungs, and he

died of pneumonia.

"We have looked into hell, Hugh," he said before he died, holding my hand. "I had better have left these things alone."

'It is all very well, Dampier, laughing at ghost stories and apparitions, and I have laughed long and loudly; but never again. Explain to me, if you can, this thing which Darcy and I both

saw. Both, mind you!'
'I cannot,' said Dampier. 'There is so much, after all, that we cannot explain. The idea occurs to one that it may be part of the man's punishment in the other world that he should be obliged to return at intervals and re-enact his wicked deed, and hear again that woman's shriek. The poor sinning woman must also bear her part. Of course, she was a sinning woman. Did you get hold of the story?'

'Yes, after an infinity of trouble. I gathered that the man-fiend was owner of the castle, and had been at what they called "the wars" in those days, returning unexpectedly, to find his fair but frail wife unfaithful to him. Something to that effect. Good-night, old chap. This is,

of course, only between ourselves.'

'Of course. Good-night.'

A PROMISING CATTLE FOOD.

SOME years ago the British farmer drew nearly the whole of his supplies of cottonnearly the whole of his supplies of cottoncake from Egypt; but as the attention of the growers in our great Eastern Empire became drawn to this state of things, Indian cotton-cake

was put on the market, and is now very largely used. Once again the East has proved a vast source of supply for cattle food; and the soya bean, which is not so well known as it might be by the home agriculturalist, is being imported into this country from Korea, China, and Japan in ever-increasing quantities. There was a conspicuous exhibit of the soya, soy, or soja bean in the Korean section of the Anglo-Japanese Exhibition some time ago; but few of those who saw the heaps of yellow grains, round like dried peas, but of a deeper colour and perfectly smooth, could imagine that in a short space of time this comparatively unknown food would be poured into this country by the hundred thousand tons.

The soya bean makes a particularly nourishing cake; and in the countries where it is so largely grown it is held in such estimation that it is used as an article of human food, being ground into a coarse flour and made into cakes or broth. The plant is indigenous to those countries, and appears to have been used for centuries as a food for cattle as well as for mankind. It is exceptionally rich in nitrogen, and is highly fattening. The finest grade is known as the Sakura, which is imported from Dalny; but this is almost equalled in fineness and richness by the Hankow bean from Shanghai and the bean grown at Harbin near Vladivostock. The soya beans which are being grown as a hay and forage as well as a seed crop in the United States are of a brown or black colour, and a green variety is far from uncommon.

As a green forage soya is admirable, and the hay formed is fragrant and nourishing. Cattle seem to prefer it to ordinary meadow hay, and eat it with avidity. It is not known with any certainty what the effect would be of feeding animals in this country entirely on soya; possibly the food might prove too fattening. But in the Far East the cattle have no other food in many districts, and that they thrive on it will be evident to any one who has seen the fine herds which are raised in the western plains of Korea.

When it is ground into meal by the farmer himself the whole of the oil content is left in the soya, and the cattle get the full benefit of its great fattening properties. Much bought meal has the whole or a part of the oil removed, and consequently forms flesh rather than fat. Soya-cake has a considerable amount of the natural oil removed; and, in view of the high prices which vegetable oils are commanding at present for soap-making and margarine-making purposes, the cost of soya cake and meal should before long be very reasonable.

It is interesting to recall the tests that were made some little time ago as to the value of soyacake as a cattle food. The tests were comparative, a number of animals being fed on soya and a number on decorticated cotton-cake. Sufficient time was allowed to make the tests of value, as they occupied twelve weeks in all. The results showed that the two cakes were equal as regards milk production, whilst from a flesh and fat forming standpoint the soya gave the better

results of the two. It is perhaps somewhat unfortunate that there was a certain diffidence existing in the minds of those who undertook the tests, as they were not certain what effect the use of soya would have on the cattle. Consequently they allowed only a very small amount, the cattle being fed principally on hay, straw, and roots. The daily supply of cake was four pounds per animal, mixed with an equal weight of good oats.

The soya beans themselves have an average albuminoid content of 40 per cent., and of oil about 18 per cent. The soya-cake sold in this country has an oil content of only about 6 per cent., which compares unfavourably with the 13 per cent. of oil in decorticated cotton-cake. In albuminoids soya-cake has the advantage, containing 44½ per cent. as against about 40 per cent.; and the carbohydrates are about equal, being 25 per cent. of the whole with the soya and 243 per cent. with the cotton cake. The woody fibre content is approximately the same in the two cakes, as also is the ash. There is more moisture in the soya than in the cotton cake, the percentage in the former being $13\frac{1}{3}$ as against 107 per cent. in the latter. At the price at which it is quoted, soya-cake should prove a cheap food; whilst soya beans themselves, ground into meal, might with advantage be employed as a fattening agent.

DEATH OR LIFE.

Is it to live—to join the quest for pleasure,

To seek each day some fresh, untried delight,

To have few calls upon our time and leisure,

To hurry here and there for some new sight?

Is it to live—to turn away from sorrow,

To have enough while others feel deep need,

To rest to-day and not to toil to-morrow,

To seek the good of self by act and deed?

Is it not rather dying hour by hour—
The slow paralysis of heart and mind,
The sure decay of talents and of power,
The deepening darkness of those growing blind?

Do they not live who spend themselves for others, Who rise up early and who late take rest; Who daily toil to aid their poorer brothers, Are they not drinking deeply of life's best?

Do they not live who fight and battle ever Against the forces of disease and pain? Can any joy compare with the keen pleasure Of those who make the blind to see again?

'Tis true such life means daily self-denial,
Not rest and peace, but toil and ceaseless strife;
But 'tis alone by conflict and by trial
Men gain the fullest and most perfect life.
FRANCES A. MANKS.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

KIND thinkers suggest that as a touch of evil may be discovered in the best of us, it is possible that something of good may be found in the worst; and, again, the benevolent have proposed that there is reason for the exercise of compassion toward those who are numbered among the extremely wicked. At the present time the Kaiser may be produced as a most interesting case for the test of these sentiments. Let us now dismiss from consideration the first couple of these propositions on the good ground that we cannot be sufficiently dispassionate to reach a fair judgment. It is easier and better to take in hand the one remaining, and consider whether in any respect whatever this strangely exalted Prussian is entitled to a particle of sympathy from those who take the broadest and most philosophical view of human affairs and the progress of the world; whether, in the simple expression, we might be 'sorry for him.' Be not too hasty with an angry answer, No. We may select as an interesting line of experiment the subject of his ideals as expressed or indicated by himself, and see to what it leads. In the long run of the world, thoughts count for more than acts. In the same way, we should judge more exactly of a man by his ideals rather than by his commissions, being careful that we perceive precisely his own view of the ideals and his action toward them. Then let us look at the Kaiser's, see what is his attitude toward them, and how he progresses toward attainment. We may learn something of interest about Wilhelm in the process, and perhaps come to a new decision regarding him. One thing certain is that he is most desperately anxious he personally should stand exalted in the eyes It is not that he wishes posterity of posterity. should admire him, feel its heart warmed toward him for the good that he had done to the world, or hold a simple admiration for what might be vaguely described as his greatness. would be satisfied, and more than that, if posterity should be awe-stricken at the contemplation of him, as he has discovered with interest and attention the people for more than fifteen hundred years have been awe-stricken at the contemplation of Attila. He has been looking through the books of history, and there No. 209.-Vol. IV.

are two characters in them that have evidently seized his erratic imagination. Distorted to his own fancy, they have been set in his mind as ideals. In each case he has misunderstood, and his own quality is too gross for the purpose that he has. All his life he has been acting, and has come to feel himself the finest imperial eagle that has ever flown, when there are many sparrows in Britain and France that are in thought and capacity much finer birds. It is in that idea of Wilhelm as a mere actor, a shameless poseur, that we get a good explanation of his ideals and his attitude toward them. I remember the first time I ever saw the Kaiser that thought impressed itself in a flash upon me. It was a cold, gray winter morning many years ago, and I had been standing with a crowd of others at a vantage-point in Hyde Park for a long time waiting for a solemn procession to come along. Presently it came, with muffled music moaning. It was the funeral procession of Queen Victoria; and not the bier of the illustrious dead, not the most remarkable gathering of kings and princes moving there in that sad line, demanded and gained the attention more than Wilhelm in a fine martial attitude on a snow-white horse that was meant to be most conspicuous. I remember the white horse in that procession when I nearly forget the personal display of the Emperor and the cold look in his eyes that, like the ends of his moustache, were faced towards the sky while the band wailed out the eerie notes of Chopin's Marche Funèbre. He said to himself at night that he had created a great impression at the greatest funeral there had ever been; we may be sure that he said

Wilhelm tired of peace manœuvres. His declared alliance with the powers of Heaven did not seem to be employed with sufficient advantage. The Hohenzollerns of the past sent their spirits to his dreams, and jangled sword music in his ears. It must have been then that he determined on the parts he would play, and made the same sad error that poor Dan Leno made when, in utter sincerity, he concluded that he had been meant for higher things than to be a jester, and particularly that he was meant to play the part of Hamlet. Poor Dan did play Hamlet once at the November 28, 1914.

end of all. Wilhelm, thinking of the Hohenzollerns, of Europe and the world, of destiny and posterity, of himself and his acting, and also of God, looked diligently around the great characters in the amazing drama of history, and he seems to have settled upon two of them as well within his scope and suited to his particular talents. They were Attila and Napoleon. These became his ideal parts. In this selection there was a horrid incongruity through misunderstanding, for Napoleon was not in the least like Attila, any more than Wilhelm was or ever could be like Napoleon, whom he did so much wish to resemble—which was a reason why he rode on a milk-white horse. Yet the two parts appealed to the Prussian for study, along with reflections of Nietzsche and Treitschke, perhaps because it seemed that in what he failed in Napoleon he could make up for by Attila. For all the devastation that he worked, there was a great grandeur in the character of Napoleon. He was a man. The ruin he caused was only an incident. He did not make its accomplishment his object; it was a necessary means to his end. He was one of the three greatest soldiers that the world has ever known. He was chivalrous, loved the campaign and the strategy, the smoke of battles, and his soldiers were as his brothers. There is no other grandeur in military history, or in the contentions of nations, than the whole-hearted fervent applause of the French soldiers for their great and glorious leader. Napoleon coveted power; his ambition soared too high. He would be a king among kings, and he wanted the cheers of his soldiers, and by might he would gain his ends, but he had no lust for mere carnage.

* * *

The Kaiser may have agreed with himself, and wisely, that there were some things in the part of Napoleon to which he could not well attain. There were those subtle touches of greatness, that loftiness of spirit, even the human gentleness that often came to the surface in Napoleon. Then, too, the times are hardly suited to the Napoleonic method. Thoughts have expanded, space has become contracted, science and machinery have made enormous multiplications; and, if not greater and finer, everything in these times must be at least bigger than it ever was before, so that, proportionately, to equal Napoleon and challenge him with posterity, which was the Prussian actor's desire, all records in war, to use the common phrase, must be broken. Waterloo was fought within the space of a few fields, and in a day. To gain the same effect of awe with the people of to-day and with posterity, it would be necessary to have a long succession of greater Waterloos, and to use countries for the battlefields instead of farms. In the development of this appalling idea of destruction the study of the character of Attila became of great service. Napoleon had a most splendid imagination. Wilhelm has none, and therein Attils suited him, because the king of the Huns had little or none either, and he too desired to devastate the world, and did it. What Attils lacked in imagination he made up in sheer barbarity. To butcher, to devastate, to horrify, to break every law of God and man—that was Attils. Wilhelm clearly liked the part.

The way in which he has attempted consciously in his acting something of the grand natural military manner of Napoleon is pathetic. We know how Napoleon rode along the line of his troops on his white horse, and how they would cheer him until they almost fainted with exhaustion of emotion; how he would go among their tents at night; with what honest fervour he would address them. There was spontaneous expression in those days. Now Wilhelm was lately present at the battle of Nancy, or rather was in a safe place near to it, with the most wonderful and enormous protections to his habitation, when he had been led to think that his troops would gain a victory, and there would be an opportunity for a fine soldierly and imperial display on his part. So he gathered ten thousand cavalry in parade dress about him, and he was astride his own white horse, intending when the victory was achieved to make a most brilliant entry as the conqueror into the capital of French Lorraine. But suddenly the Germans retreated, and Wilhelm had to turn his back on Nancy. He was disappointed of his glory. And about this time he took to appearing unawares in the barracks at night, silently watching the men in the well-known attitude of Napoleon. Once when the moon shone in a clear sky over the German camp, and the guns in the distance at Verdun were booming in the night, the Kaiser went to one of the regiments and made a long speech. The singing of the National Anthem brought the proceedings to a close. You remember how Napoleon raised his brethren; and we have lived to read how Wilhelm sent a telegram to the Crown Princess informing her that his son and her husband, magnificently assisted by God, had won a battle-which he had not-and on Sedan Day at Coblenz, a day of vast disappointment to the Germans because there was no new Sedan, Wilhelm embraced this young scoundrel, who has stolen from French castles like a common thief, as 'Invincible Hero,' and presented him to the population as 'Restorer of peace in the world.' After an action Napoleon would walk down the ranks of the regiments. He knew in what wars each one had served him, and he would stop before the oldest soldiers. To one of them, it was said, he would recall, with a word and a familiar cares. the Battle of the Pyramids, to another Marengo, and to others Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland, and the veteran, who believed he had been recognised by his emperor, glowed with pride

among his younger comrades, who envied him. But he attended to the young soldiers also, asked them questions, whether their wages had been paid, whether their captains looked after them, and would look himself into their haversacks. He would stop in the centre of a regiment, demand the names of the most worthy, and when the names were given would have them called out before him, would question them upon their careers and experiences, and would there and then promote them to the rank of officer, seeing they got their rank immediately and in his presence, and would himself instruct them in the way in which they were to receive it. And as the Comte de Sigur said, 'It is in this way that Napoleon makes them love war, glory, and himself.' He was just; he was generous; he rewarded merit. He said once, 'I raised many thousands of Italians who fought with a courage equal to that of the French, and who did not desert me in danger. the cause? I abolished flogging. Instead of the lash I introduced the stimulus of honour. Whatever debases a man cannot be serviceable. What sense of honour can a man have who is flogged before his comrades? When a soldier has been debased by stripes he cares little for his own reputation or the honour of his country.' He said to an officer, 'Write to Corporal Bernandot, of the 13th Regiment of the line, that he is not to drink any more, and behave better. It seems that the cross was given him because he is a brave man. But it must not be taken from him because he is too fond of wine. him realise, however, that he is wrong in putting himself into such a condition as to disgrace the decoration he wears.' But the stories illustrating Napoleon's fine standards and the greatness of his soul are too many for a day's thought. He was not religious, of course, but yet he could respect religion, and he was certainly spiritual. A man of his imagination could be no materialist. He said, 'In spite of all the iniquities and frauds of teachers of religion, who are eternally preaching that their kingdom is not of this world, and yet seize everything which they can lay their hands upon, from the time that I arrived at the head of their Government I did everything in my power to re-establish religion. Man has need of something supernatural. It is better for him to seek it in religion than in Mademoiselle de Normand'—this lady being a fortune-teller in Paris. You remember that one night, when he was aboard one of his ships in Egyptian waters, there was a discussion on deck among his officers after dinner as to the existence of a God, and Napoleon, joining in, held his hand toward the heavens and asked, 'Can you tell me, gentlemen, who made all these?' We recall that in 1807 designs for a new coinage in Italy were submitted to him with the motto, 'Napoleone protegge l'Italia,' and he wrote on the margin: 'This is most unsuitable;

the word proposed in place of "God protect" is most indecent.' Wilhelm would not quite understand that, or what Napoleon meant when he wrote to his Minister of Marine saying: 'I dispense you from comparing me to God. The phrase is so singular and irreverent that I wish you to believe that you did not reflect upon what you were writing.' That was Napoleon.

* * *

Let us now, with apologies to the spirit of the mighty Corsican, compare two proclamations to armies, one of Napoleon and the other of Wilhelm. Napoleon would talk to his men of valour, of courage, of the greatness of France, and of their coming conquests. Glory and hope always. Departing for Egypt, he cried to them, 'Soldiers! you have made war in mountains, plains, and cities. It remains to make it on the The Roman legions, whom you have often imitated but not yet equalled, combated Carthage by turns on the seas and on the plains of Zama. Victory never deserted their standards, because they never ceased to be brave, patient, and united. Soldiers! the eyes of Europe are upon you. You have great destinies to accomplish, battles to fight, dangers and fatigues to overcome. You are about to do more than you yet have done for the prosperity of your country, the happiness of men, and for your own glory.' And this at the present time is the proclamation to his eastern army of Wilhelm, whose soldiers are pushed on by their officers from behind, and who are described by them as just being food for the guns: 'Remember who you are. The Holy Spirit has descended upon me, because I am the Emperor of the Germans. I am the instrument of the Most High. I am His sword, His representative. Woe and death to those who resist my will! Woe and death to those who do not believe in my mission! Woe and death to cowards! Let all enemies of the Germans perish! God demands their destruction, God who through me commands you to fulfil His will.' By this time we can well understand how the Prussian felt that the part of the Napoleon was too rich for him to play before posterity. Something grosser, more barbaric, was needed. In these days we live on the past far more than we may suspect. There is scarcely such a thing as modern architecture; we copy the styles of ages gone, or leave the buildings plain. For our designs in wares, in ornaments, in everything in which the spirit of man is given to the beautifying of things, we go to the ancient models and make selections from them. All our novelties are raked up from the past. So Wilhelm, going on his great tour, dug into recesses of the history of horrors of the past, and with what delight it must have been he came upon Attila! So then he made a speech to his troops going to China: 'When you come into contact with the enemy, strike him

down. Quarter is not to be given. Prisoners are not to be made. Whoever falls into your hands is into your hands delivered. Just as, a thousand years ago, the Huns, under their king Attila, made themselves a name which still appears imposing in tradition, so may the German name be known. The blessing of the Lord be with you. Give proof of your courage, and the Divine blessing will be attached to your colours.' Even in the sickliness and ghastliness of such utterances one can begin to suspect that what Wilhelm is most in need of is a sense of humour, and that idea, once started, leaps.

* * *

Attila had it. The king of the Huns was a magnificent monster. There was not a method of barbarism he did not practise for the advantage he could gain from it. Yet even he had some human qualities. He was upon occasion a good host to ambassadors. The historians tell us that he was not inaccessible to pity, as the Germans have been in Belgium, and that his suppliant enemies might confide in the assurance of peace or pardon; while he was considered by his subjects as a just and indulgent master. And he spared Rome. In the appalling blackness of the Attilan traditions there are some specks of light. Attila declared no alliance with God. He merely admitted he was the Scourge of God. A repulsive little beast he was, exhibiting 'the deformity of a modern Calmuck, a large head, a swarthy complexion, small deepseated eyes, a flat nose, a few hairs in the place of a beard, broad shoulders, and a short square body, of nervous strength, though of a dispro-portioned form.' He had a haughty step and demeanour, expressing his consciousness of his own superiority, and he had a way of fiercely rolling his eyes, as if he wished to enjoy the terror which he inspired. When a man does this you may suspect him of a sense of humour, whatever may be his barbarities. As we inquire fully into the history of Attila, the suspicions are confirmed. Shall there be no smiles at the true story of the affair of himself and the Princess Augusta, and how the king did much use it to his advantage? Attila, coming to exercise sovereignty, had a large number of wives, scores of them, and he could have had as many more as he pleased from among his own and conquered people. But, strange to say, there was one Roman lady of supreme distinction who wanted him for a husband, and there the romance begins. Honoria was the sister of the Roman emperor Valentinian, and was educated in the palace of Ravenna. It was felt that her marriage might be a matter of danger to the State, and therefore, to secure her celibacy, she was given the title of Augusta, by which she took rank above the highest subjects and was beyond their matrimonial reach. But Honoria at sixteen was a full-blooded girl; she fretted in this state, and

presently fell in love with her chamberlain, as the result of which she was sent away to a state of seclusion at Constantinople. After many years of solitary pining she became desperate, and formed a strange plan. She had heard all about Attila and his barbarities—also his power-but had never seen him. There was everything in him to arouse feelings of abhorrence in her, but for that she did not care. She wanted freedom. So she contrived to send a messenger to Attila with a ring as the pledge of her affection, and besought him to claim her as his wife to whom he had been secretly betrothed. But at that time the Hun did not like the idea, disdained it, and collected more wives from other sources. Yet when afterwards he became more and more ambitious, an idea occurred to him. He wished to quarrel with the Romans, and he had here the excuse. He demanded his bride! The Roman Emperor was amazed at the situation revealed, sent a firm refusal, and Honoria was forcibly married to a person of no account, and then shut up for life in a prison somewhere in Italy. As the Romans would not give Attila his bride, he made war. And when this war was done and peace prevailed, and the time came when Attila desired another war, he again asked the Romans for his bride, and threatened to punish them for wronging her if they did not yield at once. They did not yield, and so Attila went to war again. He always knew they would not yield. Some time later he would be once more troubled by the grievous wrongs being borne by his beloved Honoria whom he had never seen, and, the Romans refusing again, unsheathed was the sword of Attila. And when at last, at the supplication of Pope Leo and the Roman senators, he spared Rome and consented to go away across the Alps, he said he would come back again if the wrongs of Honoria remained unredressed. Is it not impossible to doubt that the Hun was smilingeven if only inwardly and to himself—when he gave this last threat forth? With what grim but magnificent humour were those demands for poor Honoria made! Of its kind this story, so little known and told, is matchless, and he who caused it, though the uttermost barbarian, had that sense of humour which to-day is not possessed by his imperial imitator. Attila went away; he married yet another bright young girl named Ildico, and after too much freedom at the table on his wedding-night, he died before the morning broke. Is there not more good human colour in the character of Attila than in that of Wilhelm? Granted that the latter equals in barbarous disposition, he fails in comparison with the Hun in this want of the sense of humour. This may seem a strange fault to find with Wilhelm, for in war there is little enough indeed of humour; but a sense of it, a realisation of the grotesque, might have saved an emperor of sensitive mind. If Wilhelm

could realise the pitifulness of his failures in the characters of both Napoleon and Attila! He can approach distantly to neither. His ideals elude him. He has misunderstood. One who

should know he made mistakes, and that he failed; but shrinks from the judgment of posterity that he was a fool—anything but that. It gives the uttermost terror to his death. And plays in public might not fear that posterity | for that some may be sorry for the Kaiser now.

THE ALARUM.

CHAPTER XI.

IF the child lives through the night, we may get her round,' said the doctor as he stood by the bedside.

'I have told Miss Walker that I will stay the night,' said Mary. 'I know something of

'That's right! That's all to the good! shocking case; and some of us have been horribly to blame to let such a thing go on under our very noses! It's a bad business all ways. That young artist is a bit delirious, and my wife has her hands full with him, so I must get back. But he'll get round all right.'

'You think so?' Mary controlled her voice

admirably.

'Yes, I think so. But as for those scoun-Now I have seen the child, I'll have a word with the constable downstairs.

So the doctor and magistrate signed a warrant for the arrest of Dick Dowthwaite and his sister

without further delay.

All that long night Mary and Agnes watched for the life of the child, and the old grandfather kept up the fire below, and smoked hard to keep himself awake.

In such a watch it was impossible but that the women should be drawn to one another. intervals Agnes poured out her anxiety, and incidentally revealed her admiration for the injured 'He's such a gentleman!' she said. 'Oh! I can't abide not to know how he is.'

'He is having the best of care,' said Mary

soothingly.

'Ay, happen! But what if Dick Dowthwaite had murdered him?' Agnes whispered excitedly.

'Hush, hush!' said Mary. 'We have no

right to accuse until we know.

'Oh, we're not so particular in t'dale. Besides, I do know. And it's all along of me! Dick's that spiteful; and, you see, he wanted to marry me, and he thought that—that Mr Marsland had cut him out.'

'Oh, and has he?' asked Mary slowly.

Agnes went rosy-red, then gave a pathetic 'He has, and he hasn't. Since I little smile. set eyes on Mr Marsland I could never bring myself to a fellow like Dick. Of course I would have him in a minute if I could get him; but I'm not a fool, and I know well enough that he means nothing by his pleasant words. Still, pleasant words is pleasant words, and when they stop-you miss 'em.'

Yes,' said Mary.

'But, of course, he'll wed his princess yet,'

added Agnes with a brave resignation.

Then the little patient needed attention, and Mary was glad that the whispered conversation

As the morning brightened, the hard-pressed doctor was again walking up the steep path to the cottage.

'A strong cup of tea, Agnes, there's a good

And how is she?

'Miss Duncan thinks she's mending, sir.'

'Hope she's right. If she is, it will be a mercy for some people which they don't deserve.' 'You've got 'em fast?' asked the shepherd.

The doctor gave a rueful laugh. 'Given us the slip so far. Cleared out last night with nothing but their skins and their money-bags. But we'll get 'em yet, the old scoundrels!'

'And Mr Marsland?' asked the shepherd.

'Oh'—and the doctor gave Agnes a familiar nod-'he's only a youngster, with a head as hard as a bit of your own bluestone, Walker. he'll obey orders, he'll do. But these lads get pig-headed at times. But, for heaven's sake! see to that kettle before I go upstairs. Even a doctor is only flesh and blood; my second night out of bed, and forty-eight solid hours since I took a deep breath.'

CHAPTER XII.

PAUL was having a dull time; for, save for one visit from a police-officer, Mrs Brock wouldn't let a soul go near him. During the afternoon he lay behind drawn blinds in a curious state of languor, trying to recall the happenings of the night before. Presently, to his relief, the doctor entered, and, looking at him narrowly, Dr Brock guessed that his patient was worrying his brain over the incidents connected with the accident.

'That lady must be a rare plucked one,' he said. 'She may have saved two people's necks on two counts, so far as I can judge. A committee member of the N.S.P.C.C., if you know what that spells?'

Paul moved restlessly, but struggled after selfcontrol before the doctor. 'And her name?'

'Oh, hang me! I can't tell you. Never could remember names! They call me "What's-hisname George" about here. Saves waste of brain energy. Anyhow, Miss What's-her-name saved you, my man, from a night in the open, and probably an eternity underground; and as for the child, she has nursed her all through one night, and seems as gay as ninepence for another, though I ordered her a six-hours' rest to-day.'

'And how is the kid?'

'She'll do. Don't you worry about her. And as for Miss What's-her-name, you will have to thank her nicely when you get going again. Too good for her job, of course. Ought to be a society miss, waiting for Mr What's-his-name to turn up, But girls don't fancy cushions nowadays. Mad, mad, the lot of 'em! Myself, when I come across a young lady taking to sport of this kind, I always think that there's a brute of a man somewhere in the background.'

'George,' exclaimed Mrs Brock as she entered the room, 'come out of here this instant! When will you learn sense?' and she domineer-

ingly dragged him from the room.

It was on the following day that Mary discovered that the doctor's gay, active little wife was one of the women whom the world needs.

Janie had been taken off to a hospital, and Dr Brock insisted that Mary should come home with him. It was not long before Mrs Brock, discovering that her visitor had an appalling nervous headache, packed her off to bed.

But neither the lady nor the damaged man

passed restful nights.

It had scarcely needed Mrs Brock's innocent mention of Miss Duncan's name to assure Paul of the truth of his surmise. There was only one woman in all the world who spoke with just that

tone and just that Highland lilt.

With Mary, the thought grew intolerable that Paul might think she had deliberately tracked him down to his retreat. At all costs, she must face the dictatorial doctor, and escape without further explanation. Yet soberer thoughts pulled her up. She was here on business. She had already written her report, and she was in honour bound to await instructions.

'Our great difficulty in accepting your kind offer of help, Miss Duncan, is that we find that voluntary workers are apt to be amateurish,' so she had been told at headquarters. Here was her first real opportunity, and she was keenly

anxious to prove herself professional.

After tossing restlessly until the small hours, she decided that she would inflict herself on the Brocks for a couple of days longer. For this length of time she would be safe, as the artist would certainly not be allowed to leave his room.

CHAPTER XIII.

'MY dear child, it is quite preposterous that you should leave us,' said Mrs Brock two days later, 'merely because the police-court proceedings are put off until Mr Marsland is well enough to appear. What is a week? The

Dowthwaites will certainly be committed to the Assizes. Take a northern holiday until then. Your committee won't expect you back until the case is through.'

'Oh no; only'-

'And such a gloriously clear case for action!' went on Mrs Brock enthusiastically. 'Aren't

you proud of yourself?'

As Mary did not immediately answer, Mrs Brock plunged on: 'Come, what is the hurry? At least you might help me to entertain the artist. One grows rusty in this dale; indeed, I can see that I am boring him already. He doesn't quite get on as we could wish, and we are letting him crawl along to our upstairs den, hoping that a little change may help him to sleep better.'

A merciless crimson swept over Mary, and Mrs Brock suddenly realised that her guest was

genuinely agitated.

'I am sorry if I have suggested anything I shouldn't,' she apologised. 'Only, it struck me that the poor man will certainly want to thank you for what you did for him; and I confess I also wondered whether you would care to read aloud to him, or talk a little. But if you would rather not'——

'Oh,' Mary burst forth, 'I can't imagine what you must think of me for being so unwilling to do a simple kindness! If only I knew what to

do!

'My dear child, I would not force a confidence; but may I not understand?'

'Don't you see, Mrs Brock, I knew him before!'

'Ah!'

'And it's worse than that,' the girl went on. 'He once asked me to marry him, and—and I was horrid!'

'Then,' said Mrs Brock deliberately, 'the

sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.'

Now she understood the reason of her patient's restlessness, his alertness in listening to sounds, his desire to have a mirror placed so that he could see who passed in and out of the house. The circumstances appealed to her mightily.

'Come,' she continued in a business-like tone, 'you are no coward. I'll give you five minutes' respite, and afterwards you must do as you like.'

The five minutes were used by Mrs Brock in getting her patient across the landing to the doctor's sanctum. Having settled him in an easy-chair and arranged his pillows expertly, she said, 'And now, Mr Marsland, I am sending a lady up to see you. It is quite time you met.'

Somehow her manner told him all.

'What children they are!' she thought indulgently, as she saw the same kind of shy heat rise to the man's cheeks as had risen to the girl's.

'I am not respectable,' he said sensitively.

'You won't be that for weeks.'

'But-does she mind coming?'

'I told her she must come.-Miss Duncan!'

So the doctor's wife called. 'We are quite

ready.

There were a few seconds of feverish heartbeatings, and Mary was at the door. She paused there for a moment, and Mrs Brock passed her and escaped. Then she came hurriedly forward.

'Oh Paul! Poor you!'

He held out his hand, and she took it simply.

'That it should be you!' he said.

'But you don't mind that I am I?'

'Mary!'

But I want so to tell you how sorry I am

that I never wrote to you.'

'And I am sorry that I never heard.' He tightened his grasp of the soft hand. 'But I did not deserve a letter.'

'That is not true,' she said, struggling to keep controlled; 'and I cannot endure to think of all

the priggish things I said to you.'

'They were right—utterly right! And it is good of you to have come to me now. You need not fear that I shall ask you what I asked you then; at least, not now.'

He loosened her hand, and she stepped back

ever so little.

He paused, and there was an anxious silence between them. 'You see, the alarum has sounded in my ears at last; and, God helping me, I don't intend to sleep again.'

Still she did not speak.

'I, too, have seen the Vision, Mary; but just now I must walk alone on the new path, in case I fall.'

'But,' she faltered, 'may we not help each other?'

'No. My mother's last fear was that I might spoil your life; and that, at least, I refuse to do.'

In spite of his wrecked appearance, there was a quiet strength in his manner wholly new.

But'—she clasped and unclasped her hands, then spoke in her quick, impetuous way—'this is nonsense. How are we to help the children? I thought that we might have done so much together!'

Their eyes met—he was kissing her hand passionately. 'Now I shall win through!' he cried. 'Only, Mary, you are sure—sure I shall not harm you?'

'Sure,' she said recklessly.

'Then perhaps you might be merciful.'

'How?

'By coming just a little closer,' he said yearningly.

'I don't see why I should begin by spoiling

you.'

'Great Scott! Sorry!'

'Come in! Come in, doctor!' called Paul boisterously.

'Miss Duncan,' said Dr Brock gravely, 'I understood that you were a good nurse.'

'So I am,' she retorted happily.

'And have you thanked her, young man, for saving your life?'

'Oh!' gasped Paul, 'I forgot.'

GERMANY IN PEACE AND WAR (1900-14).

SINCE my return to England on August 4th the words 'German' and 'Germany' seem to be on the lips of every man, woman, and child; yet if one speaks to these people about this country that interests them so deeply, one is really appalled by their absolute want of real knowledge and grasp of the subject.

I went to live in Germany in January 1900, and resided there continuously until I was driven out, with but three hours' notice (and only allowed to take hand luggage), on August 3rd. I should like, if possible, to do my little toward bringing to the great mass of the British people a true knowledge of Germany as she is, and of the life, aims, ambitions, and unscrupulousness of the German people.

I think the first thing that strikes an Englishman resident in Germany is the thoroughness with which everything is undertaken and completed. I will not attempt to speak here of the German system of educating the children, as time and space forbid; be it sufficient to say that it is the highest perfection of thoroughness, and in every school patriotism and the desire for martial glory and colonial expansion are incul-

cated. Classes, even of the youngest children, male and female, are frequently conducted by their teachers to one of the many monuments, war and other, where they are drawn up and lectured on the subject of the monument; after which, they, singing patriotic songs, are marched to the next monument en routs.

The Kaiser is undoubtedly the hardest-worked man in Germany; even his enemies have to acknowledge this; and no greater example of his foresightedness and determination of character can be given than the way in which he, against great odds, carried through his naval scheme. will be remembered that in the latter days of the 'nineties his great Naval Bill was rejected. Later, when addressing recruits at Kiel, he said something to this effect: 'I look forward to a time, not far hence, when we shall be second to no Power on the seas, as we are second to none on the land.' Then, understanding the nature of his people, and the way to inflame their ambition, he in June 1900 sent a torpedo-boat flotilla up the Rhine; every town, large or small, upon its banks was visited, and by his orders the municipal bodies gave the crews a right royal

welcome. We, who live by the sea and are intimately acquainted with warships, can hardly realise the effect of such a sight upon the farinland population, many of whom had never seen the sea, much less a warship. All went mad with the desire for naval power; all schoolboys were wild to become sailors; the people thirsted for supremacy on the sea. Naval leagues and societies were founded all over the Empire, and when next the Kaiser presented his naval scheme to Parliament it was carried with acclamation. The great scheme, however, was not yet complete. Junior Naval Leagues were formed in conjunction with schools, and the upper classes of boys were, and are, taken every year by their masters on visits, lasting about a week, to all the naval and mercantile harbours, arsenals, and shipbuilding yards, where scientific lectures are given to them by experts. The result of all this is that Young Germany cries with one voice, 'Our future lies on the sea,' and 'We must, and will, have colonial expansion.' I might here mention the general dissatisfaction which prevailed over the peaceful settlement of the Morocco and Balkan questions. A large party, headed by the Crown Prince and the military authorities, cried aloud for war, and throughout the whole land there was always a strong spirit of unrest. The Kaiser, although ambitious, is a far-seeing and clever man; he knew the financial condition of his country, and foresaw the absolute ruin that war would bring upon his teeming millions. This can only be clearly understood when it is known that nearly all businesses in Germany are financed by banks; there are but few manufacturers who are able to carry on their business with their own or their family's capital; hence in war banks withdraw their 'foreign capital,' and wholesale bankruptcy is the result. On the declaration of war with Russia large numbers of factories were immediately closed, and in one town on the Rhine, in one day, I heard of no less than thirty firms becoming bankrupt.

Since the war of 1870 taxation has not been reduced, but has been steadily on the increase, so that in peace we may say the country has been living on a war-taxation level. Naturally there was very much dissatisfaction expressed at this state of things; nevertheless, when they were asked how they would manage to meet expenditure in their next war, the general reply was, 'Oh, we should get a war loan, which our enemy would have to repay with heavy interest, not only with gold, but by territory.' Such a thing as their failure in war never enters their calculation. I once asked an officer, when in friendly conversation with him, what they would do in the event of war with France. 'Oh,' was his reply, 'we should march through Belgium into France.' 'But what about Belgium?' He laughed. 'She could not resist us, but of course would let us go through in a friendly way.' 'If the war were with Britain?' 'Oh, then we should seize

Antwerp or Rotterdam, or both, and use them as a naval base. Nothing would be easier. Failure does not enter the calculations of the War Office staff; we have our orders to "Do," and do we must at all costs.' The present war seems to have proved the military authorities in Berlin not to be infallible.

In peace the German people are the nicest and most kind-hearted that one can imagine; but on the outbreak of war, sad to say, their kindness, civilisation, and culture seem to have been put aside with their civilian clothes, and brutality seems to have come to them with the putting on of their uniforms. On one of the last days of July the Kaiser addressed the crowd from his palace balcony with words to this effect: 'Mv people! I have striven hard in the cause of peace, but it has been to no avail. Now with honour we must draw our swords, with honour we fight, and with honour after victory we will sheathe our swords again, and thus we may expect God's blessing to be with us. And now I ask you, my people, to go to the churches and pray that God may rest with us and ours.' words and sentiments are beautiful, and had a magical effect upon the populace. I often heard in the provinces such expressions as these: 'I have never before loved our Kaiser as now. His speech is grand, and has stirred all Germany. We are as one man; even the Socialists are awakened to a true spirit of enthusiastic patriotism. Our victory is sure; our cause is just. Were these truly the Kaiser's sentiments? That question we must leave with God. I, however, must admit that personally I believe during the Kaiser's absence in Norway things progressed more quickly than he anticipated, and that during this time the warparty got the upper hand to such an extent that the Kaiser, on his return, could no longer keep that peace for which he always maintained he worked with all his soul.

On the proclamation of martial law all foreign newspapers and postal communications were stopped. Thus the country has been kept in absolute ignorance of outside events. Of this I will cite an example. On Monday morning, August 3, 'official' telegrams were posted and circulated in the towns that (1) the Japs had destroyed the whole of the Russian fleet in Eastern waters; (2) the Germans had gained a great victory over the Russians on the Russian frontiers, and had killed or captured over eighty thousand men, and taken many guns, horses, &c. Mark, this was official news. The people were wild in their enthusiasm; towns were decorated, church bells were rung, and people paraded the streets singing patriotic songs. So absolutely are the people kept in ignorance of the real state The only explanation that I can suggest for this wilful perversion of facts is the wish to send the troops off in high spirits, and in this the authorities were very successful; for when waiting for my train in different stations I saw

train after train—composed chiefly of from sixty to seventy large cattle-trucks—of poor men singing lustily, packed like sardines in a box, all going to the front—by the way, many towards Belgium. So warm was it for them in their close confinement that many were stripped to the waist in their vain endeavour to keep cool. People in this country can hardly realise what the great military control of Germany means, and how marvellously the whole male population obeys its summons. The organisation is really wonderful, and far beyond all praise.

Much has been said in our newspapers about the treatment of all foreigners, and from my own experience I may confidently say nothing has been exaggerated. One poor little harmless French art-student I knew was taken from his bedroom on Saturday, August 1, at 5.30 A.M., and told that he was wanted to report himself at the police station, and nothing has been seen or heard of him since. I called several times at the Criminal Bureau to make inquiries about my friend; but all I could get was a shrug of the shoulders, and finally the information, 'He has not been put over the frontier.' Every foreigner is suspected of spying; even I, after my peaceful residence of fourteen years in one town, was not exempt. I saw four French tourists on Monday morning, August 3, on their way to the station. One carried a small portmanteau under his overcoat. The soldiers, with fixed bayonets, who lined the streets called on them to stop. Instead, they very unwisely began to run. A second after four shots rang out; people began to sing patriotic songs; and later I heard that three of the young men had been killed, and one had escaped. An American whom I met on the steamer told me that the day before, as he was looking at the spires of Cologne Cathedral, he had been arrested by two sentries, who, with bayonets against his chest, shouted to him, 'Hands up!' Fortunately for him he could produce his passport. I could give dozens of instances of such, and even worse, brutalities.

I think perhaps this will be a fitting place to compare German treatment of aliens with the way in which they are being treated in Britain. Here they have, in the last days, been under a certain amount of control, but I fear me this is far too mild treatment. It has often been said to me, when speaking of war possibilities, 'We have already a large army of over fifty thousand trained Germans resident in England; they only need a gun to make them a force to be reckoned with. They would of course unite with a landing army.' I fear our authorities have hardly recognised this danger to the full.

Before closing, a word about our consular service. Much has been said in the reports from refugees about the kindness and efficacious assistance they received at the hands of the American consuls in Germany; but until now I have not heard a word about our own consuls' work. Why? For the simple reason that the majority of our consuls in Germany are Germans, with German sympathies and German hatred and jealousy of Britain. Truly, blood is thicker than water; so what could we expect? While acknowledging the American kindness with gratitude, it should not have been necessary. We British aliens should have been able to turn with confidence to one of our own countrymen for protection and assistance.

'OLD MUSTARD-POT.'

By R. W. BURGESS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS indeed! Bah! All the thieves and vagabonds that ought to be in jail or the workhouse showing off their filthy rags in the public streets! By gad! the country's going to the dogs. If I had my way I'd— Eh, what's that! Spare a copper for a night's lodging! Nowhere to sleep to-night! What the deuce has that to do with me, I should like to know? Christmas? Of course it's Christmas, the time when ragged scoundrels like you think you may accost any decent citizen with a pack of whining lies. No offence? I tell you you are offensive, beastly offensive, standing shivering there with half a coat, and no shirt to your back, and your feet sticking out of your boots. No, it's no use walking away; and if you don't stop scowling and muttering I shall call a policeman.

Eh, what? Hitting a man when he's down, am I? I'll teach you to impose on respectable

members of society with your grizzling nonsense. Here's half-a-crown; go and drink yourself into the police court. I warrant the magistrate will see about Christmas lodging for you. None of that, now. Snivelling hypocrisy! Clear out before that policeman gets here, or I shall give you in charge. No, it's not a good night, and I'm not your governor; and what has a Merry Christmas to—

Thank Heaven, he's gone! I should have lost my temper in a minute. Rogues and vagabonds! What are the police about, to let them roam the streets molesting— Eh, what d'ye say, constable? Begging? Now, do I look the sort of man that a beggar would tackle? D'ye think I want a policeman for a nursemaid, after twenty years of border wars in India? 'Old Mustard-Pot' my men called me; and if any lazy sweep of a beggar— Eh, what? Can't stop to talk? Got to regulate the traffic,

have you? Then I wish you'd attend to your duty, instead of poking your long nose into my private concerns.

Here have I been trying to get over to that shop for the last ten minutes; but what with these hooting, stinking man-killers and roaring juggernauts of motor-buses, 'pon my word I don't know what London's coming to. Eh, think I'm a doddering old cripple that wants the traffic stopped, do you? Oh, I see, the old lady wants to get over! Steady, ma'am; give me that parcel. No need to scurry like a frightened hen. Well! I'm—— No manners in these days of Suffragettes. I wasn't going to bite her head off.

This the shop, is it? What's all this stuff doing in a toy-shop? The world's gone crazy! Christmas presents indeed! Think I'm going to buy a safety-razor with seven blades to put in Harry's stocking, I suppose, and a gimcrack coal-scuttle with silver tongs for the girl, instead of a doll's cradle. Perhaps a gold fountain pen with a diamond nib will do for the baby to play with instead of a rattle, eh? Oh, toys upstairs in the 'Bazaar,' are they? How was I to know?

Whew! Thank goodness, that's over! When I was young a toy-shop was a toy-shop, not a 'Bazaar'—an infernal pandemonium on the third floor of a Tower of Babel. Lost my way looking for it, and had to run the gauntlet through an indecent exhibition of women's frills and flummery, with a regiment of shameless hussies grinning at me all the time! 'Bazaar' indeed! A sweltering crowd of redfaced women pushing and shoving and trampling on one's corns, and glaring like insulted Queens of Sheba if one objects to having one's ribs broken by their bony elbows. Crowds of yelling brats all over the place watching blithering idiots working a lot of silly skipjacks and flipperjams, and all the wretched girls driven off their legs trying to serve ten people at once, and keep their temper.

What the children are coming to nowadays Idon't know. When I was in the nursery I got a tin trumpet and a drum and a sword for Christmas—and quite enough, too; and Nancy had a decent, respectable doll, properly dressed, that shut its eyes. Look at the dolls now! Stark models of leering, goggle-eyed lunatics with homicidal mania, that have torn up all their clothes! 'Character' dolls, indeed! Dbad characters! And the prices! It's robbery with violence. Two guineas they charged me for a model engine and rails for the boy, and ten shillings for the depraved monstrosity of a doll that it seems to be the fashion to frighten children with now. Even the fur cat with rolling eyes, that looks as if it had just swallowed the canary, cost five shillings.

Now I suppose I must go and buy something expensive, that they don't want, for Nephew

Henry and his wife. Wonder what she's like? A howling Suffragette, that dresses in green and violet, and walks in procession, assaulting policemen and smashing windows, most likely. That seems the fashionable pastime of young women to-day. Wonder why I was fool enough to promise to spend Christmas with them! Just because my sister must needs get married to an impecunious rat of a curate thirty years ago, and leave a boy unprovided for, whose wife and children I have never seen, why should I spend two miserable days in a poky little villa in a back-street in Brighton?

Children in the house, too; noisy, sticky little brats, I expect. And a baby! What have I to do with babies? Howling, slobbering little nuisances! Young jackanapes! what business had he to get married, I should like to know, earning about enough to keep himself in matches, shovelling money out of a drawer behind a bank

counter? Disgraceful!

Here you are, cabby! What are you fumbling after? Change? I don't want your filthy shilling smeared all over with engine-oil. Take your stinking rattle-trap away before I'm poisoned by the petrol-smoke.—Here, Parsons, take these parcels, and see that a cab is here to-morrow morning in time to catch the eleven o'clock train at Victoria.

What's that? Am I going to see Master Henry? Mind your own business. I suppose you think because I took you on as my servant, instead of having you court-martialled for your devilment twenty years ago, you can pry into my private affairs, and I must satisfy your impertinent curiosity. Eh? Remember him a jolly little chap in knickerbockers? Of course you do. Think my nephew should have been dressed in a ballet-skirt and a string of shells? Yes, yes, I'll give him your message. Not another word.

Eh, who's this? Yes, sir, I am Colonel Peppercorn. My nephew Henry, are you? Surprised you remember me after twenty years. Oh indeed! Knew me at once, did you, when I abused the porter and gave him a shilling! I'd have you know, sir, that I abuse no man; and let me tell you, sir, your meaners have not

improved since I saw you last, an impudent little ten-year-old pirate in knickerbockers, although your father was a parson. What are those porters grinning at —Drive on, cabby.

Now, sir, I want to know why you threw up the army when your mother died? No money? What's that got to do with it? Why wasn't I consulted, as head of the family? But no, you young men nowadays have no respect for your elders, and go your own blundering, headstrong way, and think of nothing but money, money all the time. Caught by some baby-faced minx, all fluffy hair and frills. All right, all right! No need to glare and screw up your fists like

This where you live, is it? Desirable semidetached villa, with six feet of garden in front and lawn twenty feet square behind, a threefoot wide path to the back-door, and thirty-seven other houses just like it in a row. Pretty place

for a nephew of mine to be living in! What's all that racket overhead? Children playing in the nursery, is it? Take these parcels up to them. Perhaps there'll be a little peace and quietness then, until the toys are smashed; and send your wife down to me .-How d'ye do? How d'ye do? So you are the girl that spoilt a good soldier, are you? Headstrong young idiots! Love in a cottage -fantastic sentimental foolery of that sort, I suppose. What right had he to get married without my permission, on nothing a year, and ruin all his prospects? If he had not been a headstrong, quixotic, brainless young fool— Eh, what? Of course he's your husband, but I'd have you know he's also my nephew -my only relation-and you will listen to just whatever I have to say about him. Proud of him, are you? Worked hard, has he? Of course he has, madam. Think a nephew of mine would turn out a hulking, lazy vagabond, sponging on his friends? Marry a dainty little brown-eyed girl, and let her work her fingers to the bone while he hangs around stage doors and billiard saloons, eh?

What's this! What the—— There, there, my dear, that's enough. First time I have been kissed for forty years. Shows pluck, anyhow. Let's have a look at those children of yours now they are quiet. Tell Henry to bring them down.

Hallo! what's this? Soldier boy, eh? Salute with the other hand. That's right. 'Shun! Shoulder arms! Right turn! Quick march! Good man!—Henry, that boy is to be entered for Sandhurst the minute he is old enough. No, sir, there are no 'ifs' about it. What's money got to do with it? Think I'm a pauper, do you? Think I'm going to leave my money to a cats' orphanage? Just because you happen to be my nephew you think you can dictate to me how I am to dispose of my own property,

I suppose. Independent young jackanapes! Where's the girl? Hiding behind her mother's skirts, is she? Afraid to face the guns, eh? Not a bit of it, by Jove! Charged right up to the battery! Want to be kissed, do you? Just like her mother. All right, climb on to my knee if you want to. What's she tugging at my sleeve for! Oh, put my arm round you like that, eh? Designing little minx! That right? Any more orders! Eh, what? Story of the three bears! What theknow any stories. Eh! make haste and begin? Well, well! must do something to stop her fidgeting, I suppose. Let's see. A little boy soldier bear and a little girl bear with blue eyes and brown hair lived in a bear-garden, and a big grizzly bear came in, and the girl bear jumped on him and hugged him—and—and— That's all wrong, is it? Humph! Some silly nonsense her mother has been teaching her in the nursery, I suppose. Children nowadays-What's she squirming after now? Want to get down and fetch your dollies? Off you go, then. Dinner early to-day for the children, is it? Where's the baby? Isn't he coming down to dinner? What's Mary laughing at now? Oh, I see! Nothing to laugh at. What should I know about the feeding of infants?

Usual stodgy mass of food for dinner. I suppose—dry turkey, greasy sausages, bilious pudding, and mince-pie with a nightmare in every bite. No cooks in England nowadays. Why, what's this? Curry! Mary thought I might like it? Some sense in the girl, after all. Well made, too; the rice-grains dry and tender, not glued up into a sticky mass. Wish your cook would give mine a lesson. Made it yourself, did you? Where did you learn to do it? What! born in India? Who was your father? Eh, not Dick Carruthers of the 'Bengal Tigers'? Why, then you are the daughter of Mary Somers! Well, well! I remember—— Sentimental young fool I must have been in those days. Moonlight, snow, and the scent of the Simla pines. Exchanged into the 'Fighting Fifth' when she married your father. Chasing Afridis on the border soon knocked the sentiment out of me and hammered me tough. Died when her baby was born, I recollect, and poor old Dick was invalided home when he lost his

Only sensible thing you ever did, my boy, when you married her daughter! By gad, sir! if you had left Mary in the clutches of that old harridan, governessing her brood of unlicked cubs, I'd—I'd have horsewhipped you. I'd—damn it, sir, I'd have married her myself! What's there to laugh at! I mean it, sir.—Eh, my dear! No, the big grizzly bear did not eat the little brown bear. You finish your dinner, and don't ask questions.—Wish I had the appetite these kiddies have! More turkey, Harry! Where's the pudding going then?

Oh! think you'll get down and jump before it comes in, do you? Young barbarian! You will do exactly as your mother tells you, my lad. Never make a good soldier unless you obey orders. Eh? Yes, you shall be a real soldier one day, go to India, and ride on elephants and shoot tigers if you want to. No more questions. Here comes the pudding, blue flames and crackling holly-leaves.

Wine? Not for me, Henry. Sweet sticky stuff that settles in your joints, and—— Eh, well, just a small glass, Mary—and hang the gout—to drink to the memory of your mother. Might have been mistress of Peppercorn Hall if she hadn't preferred a brainless, penniless subaltern. Yes, yes. I remember he was your father—good soldier, too. Well, here's to your mother and father, my dear, and yours too, Henry, though I never could get on with that parson fellow.

Well, well! bygones are bygones. We'll have the Hall opened again; been shut up these ten years, going to rack and ruin, and the rascally agent swindling me out of half the rents of the farms. Old lace and brocade of your grandmother's to set off Mary's pretty face and figure. Eh, what? And the kiddies. No, sir, I will consider nothing. Who are you, to be raising objections? I say it can be settled at once. It's settled now. You will take your proper place in the county as my heir. Think I want

the family disgraced by a well-set-up young fellow like you, who ought to be riding to hounds and shooting his own pheasants, counting up the greasy coppers from the fried-fish shop and tallow-chandler's in a country bank? Want Mary to grow old and haggard before her time, grubbing along, cooking your dinner and doing housemaid's work, I suppose. No consideration for any one but yourself!

Eh? Generosity be hanged, sir! Nothing to do with it. Think I want all the bother and work of managing a large estate at my time of life, while you shirk all your responsibilities until after I am dead? No, sir. Rather see it let to that jumped-up son of an American pigsticker, perhaps, than trouble yourself with the management of your own future property? There, there, that's enough. No more to be said. You will bring Mary up to town next week, and turn her loose in the dress-shops, while we fix up details with that leather-faced old solicitor.

That suit you, Mary? Eh, what? Tears? Well, well! Queer creatures, women. member when her mother gave me my marching orders. Steady, my dear; steady! That firebrand of a husband of yours will be getting jealous in a minute. Never knew such a girl. That's right, smiling again. No wonder they twist the men round their little fingers. Run along now, and bring the baby down.

SCIENCE AND THE MONTH: ARTS.

THE GUNTHORPE 'HELPLESS' SHIRT.

AS modern artillery is capable of inflicting very severe wounds, any improvement which enables the movement of the sufferer, when lying in bed, to be reduced to the absolute minimum possesses an immense humanitarian value. Such an improvement is the Gunthorpe 'helpless' shirt, which is designed upon commonsense and yet scientific lines. The shirt is modelled in one piece; but, instead of the sides, sleeves, &c. being sewn together, they are secured by tapes. The garment is laid out quite flat, the neck coming in the centre, and the patient is laid upon one half, with his neck in the curve. The other half is then brought over to form the front of the garment, and is held in position around the arms and to the sides of the body by tapes which may be quickly tied. During the whole operation there is no need for the wounded man to move a limb or a muscle. This is the simplest form of utilising this shirt, but it can be applied to any requirement. For instance, there are certain abdominal operations where it is advisable to eliminate the lower half of the back of the shirt; otherwise frequent changing of the garment is necessary. In this

instance, instead of the patient being laid upon the shirt it is laid upon the patient, and the back, which extends beyond the head, may be either folded under the pillow or slipped gently under the shoulders. The extreme end, which is left, can if desired be utilised as a hood, a slot and draw-string being provided for this. The garment is made on liberal lines, so that it may suit either a big or a small man. About three yards of flannel, thirty-six inches wide, are required. The efficiency and advantages of this design of garment have created a favourable impression on surgeons, since it reduces the labour of the nurses and spares the sufferer all exertion and exhaustion.

GERMANY'S HUGE HOWITZERS.

Considerable interest has been aroused by the mammoth engines of destruction which are being employed by the German armies. Terrible tales have been told of the eleven and seventeen inch Krupp weapons; but it may be said, without depreciating the powers of the enemy, that these stories are considerably exaggerated. The existence of these weapons has been known to military experts since the day the first of them appeared on the testing-range of its creators. A

friend of the writer, who has been responsible for many important developments in artillery weapons, and who saw these guns under test upon the Krupp ranges, maintains that neither of these terrible howitzers has yet been used, but that the ten and a half centimètre—four and a quarter inch—howitzers, with which the German army is well equipped, have been mis-The former were employed taken for them. against the Liége, Namur, and Antwerp fortifications with deadly effect. No occasion has yet arisen for the use of the larger weapons, although the eleven-inch gun was being dragged southward, and was to be used for the reduction of the fortifications of Paris. Fortunately, however, the transport proved too difficult, and the guns became stranded in the country along the When the Germans retreated they river Aisne. retired until they reached the lines where these guns had been stalled, and where they had been placed upon emplacements when it was recognised that a German retreat was inevitable. These are the 'Jack Johnsons,' as they are facetiously dubbed by the British soldiers. The heavy siege-gun of such a calibre is too expensive an equipment to be used except in extreme cases. The forty-two centimètre howitzer, which the same informant also saw under trial at the testing-ranges, has a life of only about thirty rounds. The shell weighs nearly a ton, while the firing of a round represents an expenditure of twelve hundred pounds. The weight of the weapon precludes its movement by ordinary systems of haulage, and it can be moved only over a railway. The shell, when fired at a vertical angle of sixty-five degrees, has a range of between eight and ten miles, attains an altitude of about three miles, and travels at a speed of one thousand feet per second upon leaving the muzzle. Its flight may be followed with ease even by the naked eye, while with glasses the action of turning turtle, which occurs when the missile has reached the highest point of its trajectory, is plainly visible. Expert artillerists, who are fully cognisant of the Krupp trend in gun evolution, evince slight regard for this weapon, and emphatically state that 'its bark is worse than its The forty-two centimetre weapon is claimed as the modern wonder of the artillery world; but as a matter of fact the British force is just as powerfully equipped; and when the time arrives for bombarding the fortresses guarding the German frontier, it will be the Germans, as well as other nations, who will be surprised in turn. The field artillery of the British army, taken on the whole, is the most powerful in the world, and it will be found that our siege weapons will fully maintain our claim to pre-eminence in this particular field of human endeavour.

METAL JOINTING.

A new system of metal jointing was brought before the Institute of Marine Engineers recently.

The outstanding feature of the process is that a complete fusion is thereby effected between the metallic surfaces to be joined. So far as its marine applications are concerned, the principal uses are the flanging of pipes, seaming of lead used in refrigerating chambers, and sanitary work generally. The process has been tested severely, and has proved completely satisfactory. In fact, it has been adopted on the Clyde, Tyne, Tees, and Wear. The process is not restricted to small pipes, but is utilised in the ordinary way on pipes up to nine inches in diameter. It is an autogenous process, with the difference that, instead of the fusion being brought about by an intense local heat, it is effected by the action of the amalgaline, as it is called, on the surfaces treated therewith forming an amalgamation between the lead of the flange and of the pipe. The material is used in the form of a metallic ribbon, the five hundredth part of an inch in thickness, virtually made from pure metal. When this is placed between the surfaces of the lead pipe and the flange, and subjected to heat, it fuses. The point of actual fusing is about one hundred and sixty degrees, which is lower than the actual fusing-point of lead; and in fusing, the lead surfaces run together at a lower melting-point than that of the body of the lead. This running together has an autogenous effect, and by intermolecular absorption the minute particles of amalgaline are dissipated into the body of the lead, which by reason of the absorption becomes stronger at the junction than elsewhere.

THE BEET SUGAR INDUSTRY.

The European war has brought home with astonishing vividness the dependence of Great Britain on the Continent for supplies of beet sugar. For many years past strenuous efforts have been made to establish this industry in these islands, but with no tangible results. Now that the Continental sources of supply—Germany and Austria—are cut off the price has risen, and a keen demand for the cane product has The demand, however, is greatly in excess of the supply. The absence of an adequate supply of beet sugar affects certain industries very acutely, especially the jam, cheap confectionery, and inexpensive table delicacy trades, since cheap sugar is essential if these trades are to hold their own. Additional efforts are now being made to establish the beet sugar industry upon a comprehensive basis, and certainly the outlook is attractive. Assuming the sugar content of beet to vary from 17 to 20 per cent., it is estimated that about half-a-million acres of land would be necessary to yield a round million tons of beet sugar per annum. obtain this result would necessitate the raising of about six million tons of beet. no valid reason why this country should not produce every ounce of beet sugar which it

requires; in fact, if the scheme was taken up with sufficient energy and upon the correct lines, Great Britain might become an exporter of this commodity. The raising of beet would not only stimulate agricultural interests, but would influence other callings very materially, such as engineering, which would be called upon to design and manufacture the requisite plant. Further, a new field for employment would be opened. The interests engaged in this campaign reveal another aspect of the industry which is not generally appreciated. Among the many things for which we have relied upon Germany is potash, and the scarcity of this is being felt very acutely at the moment. Sugar beet contains about one-half per cent. of potash, and if 80 per cent. of this were recovered, as is the case in Germany, these islands would be able to supply about twenty-five thousand tons of potash in addition to the six million tons of sugar per annum. Another factor which would arise would be the supply of industrial alcohol, the need of which is also being experienced somewhat keenly at the present moment. If the authorities would lend a sympathetic ear to the calls of commerce, and remove many of the serious restrictions which at present exist, especially in connection with alcohol for industrial purposes, beet sugar production would doubtless be taken up vigorously, the present opportunity to make up leeway being exceptionally favourable to the project.

AN IMPROVED FILE.

A file which has been devised by two British inventors, and is now manufactured by a Midland firm, represents an ingenious attempt to accomplish two operations simultaneously, since it is a combination of the ordinary file and the milling file. The former, as is well known, has an abrasive action on the metal to which it is applied, reduces it in the form of dust, and produces a comparatively smooth surface. But the ordinary file clogs readily, and removes only a small quantity of metal; while the milling file removes the metal in the form of curled shavings, recalling the application of the lathe, by removing a considerable quantity of metal, and, though not clogging readily, leaves the metal with a rough surface. With the combined file both these requirements are met in one operation, and without any of the disadvantages of either tool, while it has a longer life and is easier to manipulate. The tool comprises an ordinary single or double cut file, but on its faces it is grooved in such a manner as to present a series of small triangles. Thus three sets of grooves are formed, one at right angles to the length of the file and two inclined and intersecting, one of these grooves being parallel with the cuts of the file. While these grooves reduce the area of the file coming into contact with the work by 25 per cent., there is this great advantage that during the forward or cutting stroke the filings become lodged in the larger grooves, which are cleared on the return stroke. The grooves may be described as enlarged file-cuts, so that they not only act as a cleaner, but participate in the cutting action, the coarse surface which they leave being smoothed down by the ordinary file-cuts. From experience this tool is found to stand well up to its duty, and works rapidly.

THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF KIESELGUHR.

Hitherto the value of infusorial earth has been mainly in connection with the manufacture of dynamite and as a medium for filtering water. The former application of this diatomaceous absorbent was discovered by Mr Alfred Nobel, the founder of the modern explosives industry, and of the Nobel Peace Prize Fund. It was brought to his notice at the time he was searching sedulously for a means of rendering nitro-glycerine safe, the subsequent experiments with which resulted in the evolution of the above-mentioned explosive agent. At a later date it was found that when this earth was compressed it became an ideal water-filtering agent, because pressure did not destroy its porous properties, which are so minute as to prevent the passage of the deleterious substances suspended in water. It is a somewhat curious anomaly that while kieselguhr is used in one direction to bring about the destruction of life in the form of a propellant and for shells, in another it is employed for the preservation of existence by protecting us from the insidious attacks of microbic disease conveyed through water. Upon the battlefield both applications are brought into quaint juxtaposition. During recent years, however, this earth has entered into a variety of other industrial operations, thereby enhancing its economic value. It is a first-class non-conductor of heat, and accordingly it is employed as an insulating packing material, being preferred in many instances to asbestos. In the United States it is combined with shell-lac, and the resultant product is found to be an excellent substitute for vulcanite in the making of talking-machine records. In Europe it enters largely into the manufacture of fertilisers, those in a liquid form especially, into the manufacture of water-glass and artificial stone, and into pigments. Among its other spheres of utility may be mentioned the aniline dye industry, paper, sealing-wax, fireworks, Swedish matches, polishing-powders, soaps, papier-mâché, &c. The result is that the demand for this earth is increasing rapidly. Hitherto the greater proportion of the raw material has come from Scandinavia and Germany; but as deposits have been discovered in the United States, particularly in Nevada and California, it is being mined energetically in these two states, the annual output of which is now about five thousand five

hundred tons, representing a market value of nearly eleven thousand pounds.

A RAILWAY KEY.

As is well known, the rails on the British permanent way are partially held in position by the wooden blocks which are wedged between the rail and the chair bolted to the sleeper. These blocks must be kept well driven home; otherwise the line is liable to spring or fly out While the wooden key is so effective. it is subject to the effects of climatic variations; therefore constant vigilance is necessary to keep the line strictly to gauge to prevent derail-Many efforts have been made to prevent these keys working loose, as must ensue under heavy and rapid traffic; but little success has been achieved. The ganger's hammer and persistent patrolling are the most effective means. Recently, however, an engineer has contrived an improvement which is arousing considerable interest among permanent way engineers, who alone probably realise the difficulties of the problem. In this latest invention, while the ordinary wooden key is used, a steel stamping, shaped somewhat like the prongs of a carvingfork, is attached to the key at the side where it bears against the surface of the chair. These two prongs are quite flat and parallel with one another, while they reach from one end of the block to within an inch or so of the opposite end. At one end the prongs merge into a web piece of metal which is attached to the end of Further, rigidity between the key and the steel stamping is obtained by a screw passing through the web piece upon the flat side of the block. The ordinary chair cannot be used with this type of block and key. The chair must have two grooves to receive the prongs of the key. These may be varied in form, the one having a figure in the face of the chair somewhat like a dumb-bell, while in another pattern it is a simple curved grooved path. The block is inserted between the rail and the chair in the usual way, and then is driven home by the ganger's hammer. In so doing the prongs of the keys are forced to follow the path of the grooves on the face of the chair, and in this way are compelled to grip it firmly. In fact, this grip is so tight that the block cannot possibly work loose under the strains and stresses set up by passing traffic, or even those of climatic One might think that driving home the block by means of a hammer, and thereby causing the prongs of the steel key to assume somewhat difficult paths as represented by the grooves in the chair, would cause the prongs to break, but such is not the case. Two leading British railways are subjecting the improvement to rigorous trials, sections of lines at some of the busiest points being so keyed. Six months' experience has served to establish the value of the invention; and, seeing that the improvement does not materially increase the cost of the block, while the grooving of the chair is a simple matter in casting the latter, being previded for in the mould, greater security may be obtained at an insignificant expense. As the average cost of ganging the railways of this country approximates three pounds per mile of track per annum, and the invention offers a means of reducing this expenditure, it is obvious that the utilisation of this locking key is certain to effect a decisive economy in the maintenance of the permanent way.

'ANNIHILITE' EXPLOSIVE SHELLS.

The old saving that 'necessity is the mother of invention' has once more been proved to be true; the urgent need of the British, French, Russian, and allied nations, in their struggle with powerful and unscrupulous foes, has called to their assistance the brightest intellects of their people, in addition to the valour of their fighting-Hitherto unheard-of forces of applied chemical science are making their power felt in a new and terrible manner. The invention of the great French chemist, M. Turpin, has attracted considerable notice, and his 'turpinite' is spoken of with bated breath in the streets of Paris. Utilising, as he has done, a discovery, made some years ago, of the fearful effect of a certain compound of arsenic, his 'turpinite' shells, on exploding, emit a gas which, if the smallest quantity is breathed, produces instant death, causing a stoppage of the heart's functions; no living being in the vicinity of the explosion can escape. use of shells emitting poisonous gases is, however, forbidden by the terms of the Hague Convention, although the German army is ignoring the agreement, since a London illustrated daily paper, at the start of the war, published a picture of the 'poison bomb' used by the Germans. Terrible, however, as the effects of 'turpinite' are, they are eclipsed by the action of the new 'annihilite' shells, which have been, as the Paris paper Le Figaro is aware, placed at the disposal of the French Government by a distinguished English chemist, whose name we are not at liberty to mention at present, and which will be in due course adopted by the British War Office. This new explosive well deserves its name 'annihilite,' as the effects produced by the bursting of these shells are rightly described as anni-In the open field of battle, against dense masses of troops, in a fortress, or on a warship, the explosion of one of these 'annihilite' shells forms a fierce blast of flame some two thousand yards long and from one hundred to two hundred yards in width, which, passing over men, animals, or material, leaves nothing but a scorched and charred mass behind; trenches, fortifications, and other means of defence are of no avail. The atmosphere within the radius of its explosion is all burnt up, owing to its chemical action on the oxygen of the air, which is changed into a consuming fire. It is perhaps too much to hope that the invention of 'annihilite' will mean the stoppage of all wars in the future; but it will undoubtedly help in that direction, and form a bulwark of civilisation against those who would break the peace of the world. But as regards the present war, this fearful and powerful weapon in the hands of the British and French forces will certainly assist them to bring it to a speedy conclusion, as no human being can stand against the terrible effects of 'annihilite.'

RADIUMISING THE SOIL.

The paragraph under this heading in our October issue has elicited hundreds of inquiries for the low-priced radium-bearing substance lignaite, the recent discovery for stimulating the output of fruits, vegetables, and cereals. All inquirers for this substance are asked to write direct to Professor Scammell, M.S.C.I., Mason House, Castle Lane, Hadleigh, Essex. Correspondents must send a stamped and addressed envelope with the inquiry, as in many cases signatures are not distinct.

A HAND-DRYING MACHINE.

An interesting and novel innovation has been introduced into the American Government offices at Washington. Owing to the size of the clerical staff the laundry bill assumed huge dimensions. Linen towels were superseded, from motives of hygiene, by paper towels in the lavatories of the staff; but the consumption of these articles reached enormous proportions, the expense in

time exceeding that of providing and laundrying the textile article. Thereupon the official engineers to the department devised an electrical hand-drying apparatus. This is a cabinet of convenient height provided with a space into which the hands are thrust. After rinsing, the switch of the machine is turned on, and the hands are placed within the cabinet, when a powerful current of warm air plays upon them, and in a few seconds they are quite dry. The hand-drying machine is not only more speedy and cheaper than the linen and paper towels, but the skin undergoes no irritation such as may arise from rubbing.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

A SHEAF OF MEMORIES.

I HAD a golden sheaf of memories, Harvested in the year of love's delight; I clasped it close on many a shadowed night, A fragrant pillow for my sleepless ease.

I buried it at last deep in soft mould,
When Time's rude plough furrowed the world
for me;
Now I may chant my Benedicite.

Now I may chant my Benedicite. Such golden grain immortal seed must hold.

The scent of summer dawns, strange ecstasies
Of youth's vague hopes gather about me yet.
Waking from sleep, sometimes my eyes are wet;
In dreams I hold my sheaf of memories!
C. FARMAR.

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ENTITLED

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END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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CHRISTMAS 1914.

JONAH'S GHOST.

A TALE OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

BY THE REV. ALFRED PENNY.

THE great island of Ysabel—one of the largest in the Solomon Group-lay basking in tropical sunshine; but the noontide glare had passed westward, and shadows were beginning to lengthen. A ship was approaching the shore, and from her foreyard could be seen great tracts of forest rising up from the line of the coast, and spreading over a mountain range which, so far as sight could reach, traversed the island as the backbone divides a herring. Spurs and gullies dropped laterally toward the sea from this ridge, the one becoming a promontory, the other a creek or bay; and some of these inlets had beaches of white sand fringed with coconutpalms, and streams of water flowing out to sea. They appeared to be ideal sites for native villages, and yet they showed no sign of human habitation.

As the ship held on her course, and the distance to the land grew less, dwellings came into sight. Some were clustered on the points of the promontories, and a deep dike had been cut through the capes for the tide to flow between the huts and the land; others could be seen far away among the mountains, clinging to crags or perched on the brink of a precipice; others, again—but these were along the shore—were built in the tops of the highest trees.

Precautions such as these against an enemy's attack were common in the Solomon Islands forty years ago, when every native chief aspiring to distinction was a head-hunter, and lived in constant dread of being hunted.

At the time of the happenings of this story the most famous of these bullying and bullied potentates was the chief of Ysabel—Bera by name. He owned a vast collection of skulls acquired by hunting, and a large number of an even more coveted trophy which he called by a name meaning in English 'live-heads.' were prisoners he had taken in raiding expeditions, and allowed to live till they were required for some special purpose, such as the inaugurating ceremony of a new house, or for his funeral obsequies, or to buy off the attack of a rival head-hunter. For it was a common custom for a raider, if he were strong, to send word to the chief that he was going to attack, saying that the contemplated enterprise would be abandoned if a certain number of captives were given up; and the threatened chief, if he could comply with this condition, usually accepted the offer. The 'live-heads'—the price of peace—were then carried away to serve as ransom when it was their new master's turn to be raided, or for any other purpose for which he might require

their services; but if he just wanted to add to his collection of skulls he only carried away their heads.

At this epoch in Solomon Islands history no portion of the group was protected by the Union-Jack, and not even the first migrant of the flock of planters who have followed the flag had alighted upon these shores. Barring a few beach-combers, who preferred a lazy life among the natives, with the risk of being eaten by their hosts, to working for a living in some civilised country, there was not a white settler on these islands, and the only visitors whose ships approached their shores were men-of-war's men, missionaries, and traders.

CHAPTER I.

THE vessel that was nearing Ysabel belonged to the merchant class. She was a big top-sail schooner called the Dancing Wave; the commodity in which she dealt was 'labour,' the trade name for men and women shipped in the Solomon Islands and carried to the neighbouring colonies to work there; and her skipper was known to the islanders as Captain Jack.

It was soon evident that the Dancing Wave was expected at Ysabel. A canoe paddled out from the shore and posted itself at an opening in a reef that stretched across the mouth of a deep bay, and as the evening closed in and the short twilight began to fall a fire was lighted on the beach. Any skipper bringing his ship into harbour would have been grateful for beacons such as these; but to Captain Jack they had an inner meaning that was doubly welcome. They assured him that the coast was clear of his enemy—a foe he dreaded more than coral-reefs or shipwreck, cannibal chiefs or head-hunters—a British man-of-war.

The moon—a day or two past the full—had risen above the mountains as Captain Jack sculled himself on shore. Natives were fishing from the beach or squatting round fires before their huts, for on moonlit nights they did not trouble to climb to their fastnesses; darkness was essential to a surprise visit from headhunters. A white man was waiting at the landing-place. He was 'on the beach' at Ysabel, a copra trader, and paying a heavy license in trade goods for the chief's protection. He was called Nat, which was probably part of his name, and as he had picked up a smattering of the language of the people, he acted as interpreter to Captain Jack.

'Bera's aloft,' he informed his patron.

'What for?' the skipper growled. He disliked climbing to the cerie places in which the islanders took refuge from their enemies on dark nights; and, knowing their custom, he thought to find Bera in his house on the shore.

Nat did not answer; but he mumbled something as he helped to haul the boat out of reach of the rising tide, and then he led the way toward the bush which grew almost down to high-water mark. The men quickly came to a clearing, in the centre of which a huge tree was standing. The branches had been lopped off for fully a hundred feet from the ground, and the trunk was as big, as bare, and nearly as vertical as a factory chimney. At the top of the tree there were boughs and foliage in abundance, and among this canopy some large structure was visible from below. A ladder hung down from it and reached to the ground.

'Up you go,' said the skipper resignedly, and

Nat led the way.

The ladder, which hung clear of the tree, was made in sections, each about twenty feet long. They were formed of stout poles, across which rungs were lashed at their centres like the bars on a telegraph-post. The sections were joined together partly by ropes of twisted creepers, into which the extremities of the rungs were worked, and which extended the whole length of the ladder, and partly by lashings between the top rung of one section and the bottom rung of the next; but these tie-bands were loose enough to act as hinges, so that the whole structure could be folded section over section and hauled up from above. The ladder did not convey a sense of security to the unaccustomed climber; but Captain Jack's experience on a ship's rigging stood him in good stead. He arrived safely at the top, and after squeezing his way between the beams of a strong scaffolding, he found himself on a long platform fronting a good-size: house. The floor of this veranda was made of bamboos split and woven into a neat pattern, and a pile of stones for hurling down on besiegers was stacked at each end of it; there was also an abundant store of food-coconuts, yams, breadfruit, and a hollowed-out tree-trunk, big as a canoe, filled with water in readiness for a siege. The door of the house opened on to the veranda and a couple of stalwart natives squatted before it. A fire, laid upon a layer of sand, fenced round by a circle of stones, was burning within; and the flame showed the size of the house, big enough to hold a score of men without crowding, and its careful construction. The light also shone upon the bulky figure of an old man, nude but for a loincloth, and squatting upon s raised bedplace. He was chewing betel-nut, and as his jaws munched his eyes stared nervously about him, roving round the house; and sometimes he looked over his shoulder as if the thing he expected to see were behind his

'Tell him I've brought ten heads,' the skipper said to Nat, after waiting in vain for the chief to break silence. 'How many live uns will he give me?'

Nat passed on this question, and Bera answered [Christmas Number.

it himself by holding up one hand with the

fingers and thumb extended.

'I must have six live uns,' the skipper grumbled; but Bera, when he understood the amendment, remained for a time silent. Presently he beckoned to Nat, and the interpreter approached and listened to what he had to say.

'He'll give you five live uns and Yona,' Nat

translated.

'Who's Jonah?' the skipper asked. 'A man or a woman? I'll take any one good for labour.'

'You'll have to get him on board by cunning,'

Nat went on, ignoring the question.

'Ain't Jonah a live un?' Captain Jack asked. 'Them live uns are always jolly glad to go and

keep their heads on.

When Bera had been made to understand what the skipper wanted to know, he had much to say. He spoke rapidly and eagerly, and the interpreter appeared to have some difficulty in understanding his meaning. At length the whispering ceased, and Nat crossed the floor of the house and came to where the skipper was

'It's like this,' he began, while Bera eyed him intently, as though he doubted his honesty or his ability to explain what he had been told to say. 'Yona is what you'd call a medicine-man or a devil-doctor. He sacrifices to ghosts, and they give him power to do all sorts of things—bewitch people, and kill them. Yona's ghost '-

'Jonah's ghost!' cried the skipper, interrupting. 'You ain't such a fool as to hoist in that rot, are you, Nat? Jonah's ghost indeed! Why, I thought Jonah belonged to the mission station, and that was the reason why we had to nab him.

I shouldn't have minded doing that.'

'What's the mission station to do with it?'

Nat asked sulkily.

'I thought they called him Jonah after the chap who was chucked overboard. But you never mean to tell me you're fool enough to

believe that devil talk?'

'It ain't the Bible name Jonah, though it sounds like it,' Nat replied. 'I heard that yarn when I was a kid. The medicine-man is called Yona. E-yo-nah; and Nat mouthed the syllables.

'That be hanged!' said the skipper. 'Jonah's

his name if he comes aboard my ship.'

'There ain't much mission about him,' Nat went on grumbling. 'He's up to every move on the board in ghost tricks, say what you like.'

'You'll make me burst my sides with laughing, Nat,' the skipper said, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand. 'But tell us some more about Jonah.

'Hang me if I would for your fooling,' Nat answered; 'but that old bloke's eye is on me, and he'll want to know why I don't tell you what he said. This devil-doctor you call Jonah has come to the front all at once. Nobody knew he could vélé'-

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'What's that?' the skipper asked. 'None

of your native talk to me.'

Blest if I know what to call it in English,' Nat answered. 'Not one in fifty devil-doctors can do it proper.'

'Do what?

'Kill a man and leave no mark on him.'

'Rot!'

'It ain't rot; they do it.'

'How?'

'The devil-doctor, so the people say, makes the chap he's going to kill follow him to some quiet place, and when he's got him there he makes him lie down. The chap can't help doing what he's told; the devil-doctor draws him with his eyes like a snake draws the rabbit he's going to swallow. Then, when he's got him down, he bites his throat; but first he puts a pad of native cloth on the chap's neck, and no teethmarks are left on the skin.' And Nat pinched his own windpipe and gurgled in his throat.

'Tst!' the skipper hissed suddenly.

Bera had risen to his feet and was advancing toward the two men across the house. came slowly, staring with a new expression in his eyes, and he stretched out his arms as he approached, opening and closing his hands.

Captain Jack stood up and swore spasmodically; but his voice suddenly ceased, and, covering his face with his hands, he dropped back on

the bedplace.

'Look at him now,' Nat whispered, touching the skipper. And whether it was the voice or the hand, or some other cause, a drowsy feeling that had begun to steal over Captain Jack vanished, and he dropped his hands. Bera lay on his back on the floor, and the firelight showed his coarse face rigid and expressionless as that of a dead man, and his eyes staring aimlessly at the roof.

'He's in a fit,' cried the skipper.

'He's only showing you how the vélé is done,' said Nat; and at this moment Bera got up and went back to his bedplace.

'I'll make him sweat for this,' Captain Jack muttered, wiping his forehead. 'But has Jonah

been trying to vélé him?'

'No; but Bera is afraid he will. You see, Bera killed Yona's father when Yona was a boy, and as soon as Yona grew up he tried to put the evil eye on Bera. Then Bera sent men to bring him Yona's head; but they were found dead, and people say Yona véléd them. That's why Bera stops up here. He says Yona is trying to get at him all the time. His ghost power, he believes, is humming round him now.'

'There's business sticking out of this bunkum,' muttered the skipper. 'You tell Bera this, Nat. I'll have the five live uns he promised in exchange for the ten heads I've got on board; and while Nat translated, Captain Jack held up one hand as Bera had done. 'Then

I'll take Jonah,' the skipper went on, holding up a forefinger. 'And for taking Jonah away,' he continued, 'I'll be paid five more live une,'

and he held up both hands.

Bera paid no attention to his interpreter; the skipper's sign language explained itself. A look of relief spread over his fat face, and he grinned and nodded his head. He only uttered a word, the English of which Nat said was 'dead,' and he explained that it meant 'done'—that the bargain was struck, and that there was no more to be said.

'What a fool I was not to ask for more!' Captain Jack grumbled as he followed Nat down

the ladder.

CHAPTER II.

'WE'LL nab him,' the skipper remarked confidently as he walked to his boat.

'The niggers won't help you,' said Nat.
'Can't you help us?' the skipper asked.

'Give him a drink of grog, and hocus it?'
'He wouldn't touch it,' said Nat positively.

'He always says he doesn't know how to drink

'He hasn't been to Queensland yet!' said the skipper.

'I couldn't offer any one a drink now,' Nat said regretfully. 'I haven't a spot left.'

'Come on board and have a glass,' was the

hospitable rejoinder.

'I'll just run to my store and tell 'em where I'm going,' Nat said eagerly. 'We watch on clear nights, or the niggers would steal my copra and sell it me again. It's past midnight,' he

added, looking up at the moon.

'I'm no good at the blarney game,' the skipper said when Nat came back. 'Wrackman does that. He's my new mate, and he's up to all manner of dodges for getting labour on board. You'd laugh to see him got up as the bishopblack coat, full square hat, and all the rest of the rig; and, my word! he's like him. He's a bit of a swell himself, you know—not like us. The niggers run to him like ducks to a decoy. All we can we catch alive, and them we can't'--- and the skipper finished the sentence by drawing his finger across his throat.

'I didn't know that,' said Nat hurriedly.
'Then you know it now,' said the skipper defiantly. 'But, say, Nat,' he went on in a more conciliatory tone, 'don't let on about Jonah's ghost and Bera's play-acting. man's as scared of spooks as any old woman.

'I'm awake,' said Nat, and he helped the skipper to launch the boat and row to the

schooner.

'I suppose this man Jonah, even if he won't drink grog, chews betel-nut?' Wrackman said when the skipper had told his story. The three men were in the cabin, seated round the

'What native don't?' Nat answered, as he refilled his glass.

'Would Jonah take a betel-nut from you and

chew it?' Wrackman asked.

'He'd want it whole, just as it came off the tree, husk and all, and he'd peel it himself, and burn the husk lest some one should make Mind that, mister,' Nat a charm with it. answered.

'You think no one knows these natives but

yourself,' said Wrackman.

'Your game's plain enough,' said Nat crossly, for Wrackman's superior manner annoyed him. 'You want to hocus a kernel for him same as skipper wanted to hocus his grog; but you can't do it through the husk, for all your cocksureness.'

Wrackman made no reply, but he went to his bunk, and, having opened a locker, he took out of it a small tin box and emptied the contents into his hand. 'Here,' he said, showing two betel-nuts to Nat, 'would Jonah take one oi these, peel off the husk, and chew the kernel?'

Nat fingered the nuts carefully. 'They're all right,' he said at length. 'There's a bit of a scratch on this un, but no one would trouble

about that.'

'I should trouble very much,' Wrackman said. 'That's for me if I must eat one to show they are all right, and that-without the scratch

-is for the man I want to hocus.'

'Wrackman, you're a winner!' cried the skipper approvingly. He had been listening to the foregoing dialogue, not knowing what the mate had in his mind; but now a light broke in upon him. 'That's how you broke one of the needles of our morphia-syringe,' he cried. laughing loudly.

'It comes to this, Nat,' the mate said when order had been restored to the cabin: 'will you give Jonah that betel-nut? And if he wants you to chew the other yourself it won't

hurt you.'

'What'll it do for him?' Nat asked. 'I daren't poison him—not even to please Bera He's got a lot of friends.'

'Send him to sleep.'

'How do you know that?'

'I tried it on one of our labour hands.'

'It'll work, you bet,' said the skipper confidently. 'Will you do it, Nat?'

'What am I going to get?' Nat asked

huskily.

'What are you going to get?' the skipper repeated. 'My favour with Bera-to keep your blooming head on,' he added loudly.

'What price Jonah?' Nat asked. 'Five niggers at forty quid apiece at Maryborough. That's your whack. What's mine?'

For a moment Captain Jack was struck dumb with surprise at what he considered sheer

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effrontery. Hitherto Nat had not dared to speak to him other than as one dependent upon his favour.

'Don't you know,' he shouted, 'that at a word from me Bera would have your head?'

'Stow that,' said Nat. 'You'll give me fifty quid, or I don't give that betel-nut to Jonalı.'

'Fifty quid!'cried the skipper, beside himself with rage. 'Not much!'

Nat deliberately finished his glass, and then he filled it again from the bottle on the table. 'A man-of-war was here yesterday,' he said slowly. 'Bera tried to tell you this to-night, but I wasn't such a fool as to pass on what he said. The ship is after you, and she's gone to the other side of the island to look for you The captain told me he would anchor off the mission station for a day or two, and that if you came here I was to send word across the island to him. Give me my price, skipper, or the man-of-war shall know you're here. And I won't know for nothing how Wrackman dresses up as a sham bishop; how you kidnap all you can, and kill all you can't; and how you sell their heads '-

'I'll chuck you overboard if you don't belay

your jaw,' the skipper shouted.

'Will you?' said Nat, and he laughed contemptuously. 'I knew all about Jonah afore you did, and what was sticking out of the job for me. And afore I came on board to-night I wrote a letter-that's why I went to my store -and I gave it to a chap I can trust. If I don't land by sun-up he'll start across the island, and the man-of-war will get what I've writtenonly five words-"Dancing Wave anchored in Bera's bay"—and they'll nab you like a rat in a trap. You chuck me overboard, you murdering ruffian; not much!' and Nat snapped his fingers in the skipper's face.

Captain Jack stormed like a madman, but he could not change the situation or make Nat

lower his terms.

'It's no lie about the man-of-war,' Wrackman whispered. 'A native came off to the schooner while you were on shore, and told me that he had seen the ship.

'I'll settle with you when I get Jonah on board,' the skipper said, gulping down his rage.

'You'll be off then,' said Nat. 'We'll settle

'I'll give you an order on my owners,'

Captain Jack agreed.

'I'll have spot cash,' Nat replied. 'You've got the gold in the ship. You give a sovereign for a recruit to his chief if he wants a quid to hang round his neck.'

'Give it him,' said Wrackman; and the skipper, with much growling, unlocked the

ship's cash-box.

With the first light of dawn Nat went on shore. He carried Wrackman's betel-nuts with him, and the money he had undertaken to earn. 1914.]

CHAPTER III.

THE Dancing Wave was slipping through the water with a light, fair breeze, and the hills and valleys of Ysabel were growing each moment more and more indistinct. A motley throng was on deck, and good temper prevailed among them. The skipper was triumphant at his successful bargain with Bera, and the recruits he had enlisted were equally satisfied with the They were watching the well-known landmarks of their prison-house disappear astern of the ship, and congratulating themselves that their heads were now their own property. The other labourers were discussing the pleasant prospect that lay before them—liberal pay, light work, and a quick return home, with boxes filled with what Captain Jack had glibly called 'all same something everything.' There was, however, one exception to this cheerful rule—a man squatting on deck with his back to the foremast, his eyes glaring to right and left, with an expression that suggested a wild animal caught in a trap. He had been brought on board during the past night, lashed to a stout pole and carried by two men after the manner of a Solomon Islands pig going to a feast; and when his bands were unloosed he had lain on the deck motionless, but breathing heavily. He was just fully awake and conscious of his surroundings. His fellow-passengers paid him no attention; to the greater number he was a stranger, while to those who knew him as a dangerous wizard he was no longer terrible. Ghostly power was limited to the land of the ancestor who had bestowed it upon a descendant, and once on board the Dancing Wave, Jonah was supposed to be cut off from such family influence. Only one man on board showed sympathy with him, and this was It may have been a doctor's interest, watching the effect of a drug upon a patient, or concern for the safety of a valuable passenger lest he should jump overboard; but Wrackman appeared unwilling to let Jonah out of his sight, and when he went down to dinner in the cabin he kept looking up at the skylight as though there were something more attractive on deck than the corned beef and plum-duff on the

At first the skipper did not notice this preoccupation, and talked glibly of his success, and of what he meant to do next; but presently he noticed that the mate remained silent.

'What's up with you?' Captain Jack cried suddenly. 'You haven't been at your old game, have you?' he asked suspiciously.

Wrackman shook his head. 'I broke that

needle,' he said gloomily.

'When you did the The skipper grinned. 'When you did the trick so neatly,' he said. 'A drop for yourself and a drop for Jonah, eh?'

'I never thought of that!' Wrackman cried with a start. 'Before I filled that kernel I'd taken the drug myself. It was in us both, and Nat let him have the husk to make a charm. He's bewitched me, skipper!' he ended with a look of horror.

'Pull yourself together,' the skipper said.
'It's all gammon. What nigger was bedevilled by eating or drinking what some one else had taken? Bera never drinks anything till some one's tasted it to show him it ain't doctored.'

'Then why was Bera afraid of Jonah?'

'He feared he'd vélé him.

'Vele! You never told me this! That's just hypnotism. I've heard about it,' Wrackman exclaimed.

'What if it is?' growled the skipper. 'It's

all humbug.'

'You don't understand,' cried Wrackman wildly. 'Jonah is a mesmerist. I'm afraid of him.'

The skipper laid his great hand on the mate's shoulder and shook him roughly. 'Look here,' he said, 'that drugging is a damnable habit. I didn't know you did it, or I wouldn't have had you as mate; but if you must have a hair of the dog that's bitten you before you go on watch, why, you must;' and Captain Jack went to his locker. 'There,' he said, 'that's what you want. I took the spare needle out of the medicine-chest to balk you, but I won't risk my ship and cargo because you can't get what'll make you a man.'

Wrackman eagerly took what the skipper offered him, and there was a new light in his

eyes.

'There!' said the skipper triumphantly; 'now you're fixed, and you can go on deck and take charge. I'm dead-tired after my night on shore. I'll have a snooze.'

CHAPTER IV.

'THERE'S wind behind this jabble,' Captain Jack growled as he came up the

companion.

The light breeze that was blowing when the skipper went below had died into a calm; but the swell that had been sweeping across the sea all day continued to roll on. The schooner was tossing and tumbling to it, her sails crumpling themselves into strange writhing shapes and flapping loudly, her main boom swinging athwartships, and recovering itself with a shock when the sheet drew taut.

'Wrackman!' the skipper hailed, 'get in that mains'l;' but there was no answer, and no one moved to obey the order. The sun had set, but there was sufficient daylight to distinguish the men on deck—groups of recruits, but no sailors; and the captain shouted again, 'Wrackman! d'you hear me?' but the only

answer was a terrified cry from the Chinese cook.

'Matey stop b'low,' he sobbed from his galley, which was in a deckhouse. 'He makee fine piecey joss all same black boy. Sailor man no like him—me no savee joss. Me Clistian.'

'For God's sake, skipper, bear a hand!' cried a sailor, raising his head above the fo'c'sle hatch. 'There's been a lot of devilry on deck. A nigger's gone overboard, and they'll all be in

the sea if you don't tackle that chap.'

The skipper snatched the cook's lantern and sprang down the main hatch. Every sleepingplace in the recruits' quarters was tenantless; but as he peered into the gloom at the end of the hold he saw a red glow, and noticed a smell of burning. There is no danger that a sailor dreads more than fire; and, fearful of this, Captain Jack rushed toward the light As he held his lantern above his head he saw two figures squatting on the floor opposite to each other. One was white and the other black; they were both naked. The cook's iron bowl was between them—a pair of black feet keeping it from rolling with the motion of the ship-and it contained fire. One of the men, indifferent to the skipper's presence, was blowing the glowing embers with his breath, and deftly fingering the husk of a betel-nut that the fire was consuming; the other stared helplessly at the lantern.

For a moment the skipper stood aghast, and then he yelled, 'Wrackman! Wrackman! are you mad?' But the mate did not answer, and his face was as expressionless as a mask; while the other, raising his head at the shout, showed that he was Jonah, and that he saw he was being watched. The fire glinted on his eyes—two narrow slits of yellow light gleaming between half-closed eyelids. Their expression was inhuman, loathsome, and yet fascinating.

With a hoarse cry, Captain Jack flung up his hands as though to ward off a blow, and his lantern fell with a crash of breaking glass on the iron bowl. As the oil from the shattered lamp flooded the fire a great column of spluttering flame shot up from the sacrifice, and with shriek of agony Jonah leapt to his feet, wildly scratching and tearing at the burning liquid that had splashed his breast and legs. The skipper, swearing roundly, sprang backward, with his beard and hands singed; but he was himself again. Whatever mesmeric influence Jonah had gained over him was gone. One quick glance, and he saw that the fire would burn itself out, that his ship was not in danger, and then he turned like a dog on a rat to the man whom he now knew to be more deadly than fire. Grinding an oath through his clenched teeth, he seized Jonah by his mop of fuzzy hair, and, swinging him to right and left, dragged him, struggling and screaming, up the ladder and across the deck to the bulwark; then, gripping him with both hands, he lifted him above his [Christmas Number.

head and hurled him into the sea, and a great roller, over which the schooner had just climbed -yawing and lurching-carried him with it into the gathering darkness of the night.

CHAPTER V.

THE expected wind came from the old quarter, but it soon began to back and work ahead. Then it freshened, and at length it blew so hard that the skipper had to stow the canvas and bring his schooner bows on to the gale. her main boom lashed amidships, keeping her head to wind, the Dancing Wave rode safely to the heavy sea; but she drifted rapidly astern.

'She's going to leeward like an empty box,' the skipper growled as he looked over the side, trying to judge how fast the vessel was being driven before the storm.

'What about a sea-anchor?' a voice suggested, and, to Captain Jack's amazement, he saw Wrackman, clothed and apparently in his right mind, standing by his side.

'Try it,' he answered gruffly, 'and call the

watch to bear a hand.'

There was a spare boom on deck, and the sailors weighted it with a few fathoms of chain cable, and nailed a topsail along it, having first made fast some iron shackles to the clews. Then they bent guy-ropes to the spar, the ends of which they secured to the foremast, and heaved the whole structure overboard. The power of this sea-anchor was at once apparent, the halfsubmerged boom and trailing canvas checking the drift of the ship and breaking the crests of the waves that would have swept her deck.

'She ain't making more than two knots leeway now,' the skipper said in a relieved

'Where are we?' Wrackman asked vaguely.

'Let's have a look,' the skipper answered,

and he led the way to the cabin.

A chart lay on the table, and the men studied it. 'I sighted the north cape of Mala at sundown,' said Captain Jack. 'It bore north and by east about twenty miles.'

'How far's that from Ysabel?' Wrackman

'Hang it, man! you should know that,' the skipper retorted. 'You were on watch while I was having a snooze.

But Wrackman didn't try to excuse his ignorance; he only stared at the skipper in

'The schooner was doing about four knots when we went down for dinner,' Captain Jack continued, 'and when I came on deck she'd barely steerage-way. When did the breeze drop? That's what I want to know.'

And again the mate did not answer, and the

same astounded look was in his eyes.

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'What were you doing?' the skipper demanded.

'I don't know,' Wrackman said helplessly.

Captain Jack swore roundly, and struck the table with his fist, as was his wont when he was angry; but then, suddenly, he appeared to change his mind. 'You've taken too much of that cursed drug,' he muttered.

'How far has she drifted?' Wrackman asked,

without noticing the remark.

'She was going to leeward like old blazes before we got that sea-anchor out; but now she can drift till daylight, with plenty of searoom.'

'What then?'

'I shall run for safety if the gale hasn't blown itself out by dawn.'

'Not to Bera's bay?' Wrackman cried.

'Don't be a fool,' said the skipper. 'I know of plenty of snug creeks along that coast; but I'm going to have a drink before I go on deck. Sit down, can't you? The ship's safe enough now.

As they drank their grog Captain Jack set himself to find out what Jonah had done to frighten the sailors and the cook, approaching the subject cautiously by saying that Jonah had gone overboard; but Wrackman could throw no light upon the question, and was indifferent to what he evidently thought was an accident. His memory of his watch on deck was a blank, and he had forgotten his anxiety concerning Jonah's hypnotic power and what he had said about this during dinner. At length Captain Jack gave up the attempt to satisfy his curiosity, and, looking at the cabin clock, he said, 'I shall go on deck now, for I've had a good sleep. You turn in, and you shall relieve me at midnight.'

The boat had been swung inboard on the davits for safety, and the skipper got some shelter from the storm by crouching behind it. From time to time he made his way through the wind and flying foam to the schooner's bows to assure himself that the sea-anchor was secure and that the guy-ropes held, and each time he came back satisfied; the cables were taut as steel bars, holding the ship stubbornly against the gale, and only letting her yield to its fury inch by inch.

As the skipper went back to his shelter after one of these inspections he noticed a luminous

patch on the skylight.

'Wrackman has lighted the lamp to look at the clock,' he muttered, and he lifted the sky-light to ask the time of night. No answer was returned, and the skipper looked down into the cabin. Wrackman was standing on the floor, leaning across his bunk toward the port in the ship's side, and was grasping a marline-spike, which was passed through the ring of the bolt that secured the deadlight, striving with all his might to twist the bolt home.

What the devil are you up to?' the skipper

shouted; and, getting no answer, he ran down

the companion.

The cabin door was fast, and he thundered on it with his fists; but not for some moments did the bolt slide back from its socket and Wrackman appear. He looked as though he

had just awakened from sleep.

'I've had such a rummy dream!' he said, and he began to laugh. 'It was your telling me that Jonah had fallen overboard. I saw his face at the port; it was close to mine as I lay in my bunk. Then the bolt of the deadlight began to turn, and I thought he was coming into the cabin. I suppose I jumped out of the berth, lit the lamp, and got that marline-spike; but I don't remember what I did. Your hammering on the door awoke me, and I found myself heaving at that screw bolt. What rummy things dreams are!'

'Are you awake now?' the skipper asked.

'Awake! You bet I am,' cried Wrackman, 'and ready to go on deck.'

'You ain't afraid of him?' the skipper asked

suspiciously.

'Afraid of him?' Wrackman answered. 'D' ye mean Jonah? Afraid of him now he's dead? Not much! I'm all right,' he added confidently. 'It's twelve o'clock, and my watch on deck.'

'Well, then, I'll turn in for an hour or two,' said the skipper. 'Keep an eye on that seaanchor. It's the ship's life. If the guy-ropes get slack, or shift, call me. D'ye hear?

'Didn't I give you the word to try it?' retorted Wrackman. 'Ain't it my sea-anchor? D'ye think I won't watch it?' and he slipped on his oiled jacket and overalls, and left the cabin.

CHAPTER VI.

A CRY of 'Breakers!' roused Captain Jack from sleep and brought him rushing on There was a flicker of dawn in the sky, but the wind blew as fiercely as ever, and the skipper could make out a jagged line of foam beyond a turmoil of heaving waters astern, and toward this the ship was rapidly drifting. had no time or sea-room to hoist a sail for a desperate effort to claw off a lee-shore; he could only slue his ship's bows on to the reef, to give all hands a better chance of life than if the schooner struck it stern first. Shouting to a sailor to let go the lashings of the main boom, to get the ship's head off the wind, and to another to put the wheel over, he ran forward to cast adrift the sea-anchor and allow the schooner to answer her helm; but, to his fury and amazement, it was gone, and the ends of the guy-ropes, cut through, were lying on the deck.

The Dancing Wave came round to her helm and began to gather way; but huge rollers, hurrying to break up a reef ahead, caught her up and carried her along with them. Now on an even keel, now yawing to port or starboard as her rudder was lifted clear of the water, now heeling over till her yardarm touched the sea, she was swept along. Then came a sudden shock, the crash of breaking timbers, the thud of water falling on deck, and when the wave that had carried the ship to her doom drew back to the sea the schooner was left upon the reef. Roller followed roller, lifting the wreck and throwing her farther shoreward, and carrying away some of those who were clinging to any

handhold they could get on deck.

Captain Jack was the first to go overboard. He was shouting orders till the ship grounded; but a huge wave swept the deck, carrying all before it into the boiling surf upon the reef, and his voice was heard no more. After the wreck had been battered and buffeted till there was hardly a sound plank sticking to her ribs, these onslaughts grew less heavy and less frequent, and hope began to spring up in the hearts of the survivors that the worst was over, and that the tide had turned. When they were sure that this was so, and that the schooner was on an upright keel-hard and fast between coral rocks—they reckoned up their losses by the muster-roll. They were soon certain that the skipper had gone, and then they found that the mate was missing, while some dozen of the recruits did not answer to their names. There were those also who had cuts and bruises and broken bones; but in the joy of finding themselves alive such minor casualties were momentarily forgotten.

Meanwhile the neutral tints of dawn had changed to an amber glow, and each moment the colouring grew more and more intense. Some big land, looming large through the stormwrack that covered it, lay shoreward of the reef. and a mountain-top appeared above a bank of cloud. A wreath of mist like a gossamer veil stretched along the coast and hid the shere.

Suddenly one of the recruits recognised a headland and called it by its name; then some of Bera's 'live-heads' cried out that they saw an object they knew well—a house in a tree on the shore; and then, as the sun rose and broke up the mist, the unlucky castaways knew too well that the reef on which their ship lay wrecked was that at the mouth of Bera's bay.

But impending danger could not keep the exhausted men from longing for their morning coffee; and, finding the galley closed, one of them put his shoulder against the door and burst it open. A figure sprang up from inside the house and rushed on deck; it was the Chinaman, beside himself with terror.

'Plenty devil aboard this ship,' he cried in his shrill voice, beating the air with his hands as though he would fend off something horrible. 'Me go ashore right away.'

[Christmas Number.

'What's up now, Chinky?' a sailor asked.

'Me see him, all same spirit-devil,' said the cook, whispering the words.

'Who?' voices asked.

'Jonah!' the cook gasped.

'Garn!' said a sailor; ''e's overboard. 'E's

dead.

'Me tell no lie,' the Chinaman replied. 'Me see him there!' and he pointed to the deck where Jonah had squatted after he had recovered from his drugged sleep. 'Night no velly dark,' he went on; 'plenty moon behind clouds. look out through galley port'-and one of the restless hands indicated the window in the deckhouse—'and me see him, all same spook. see through him—see ship—see mast. Bimeby matey come on deck. He look this way, he look that;' and the action was imitated. 'He see Jonah! My word! he jump. He draw back. He hold boom—so. He plenty try not to get to Jonah; but no bally fear, he had to go. Then Jonah point, and then he do so '-and the cook began to take off his shirt—'and matey pull off oilers, jumper, everything, and he caper and dance—all same yesterday. Bimeby Jonah speak-me no hear-too much wind; but matey go forward and chop, chop, chop, chop. he come back and try my door; but him fast, and he look through window-eyes all shining all same big dog-and he stretch out his arms to grab me; but me jump back so, till me feel galley fire—see me fingers. Then me see nothing more till—bump, bump, bump—me know the ship was ashore.' And the Chinaman stopped speaking from sheer exhaustion; he had acted every word he had spoken, and the sweat was streaming down his face; but no one broke silence.

'Me look out again,' he continued. 'Skipper stand there; he hold rigging—so. Matey sit here;' and the witness crouched under the bulwarks. 'Big fellow wave curl over ship, and matey spring into it. Me see him naked body through the water, and he seize skipper so '—and the Chinaman gripped his own throat—' both go overboard. Me see them in the white surf—two black head, then one '——

'There's a row on shore,' a sailor interrupted,

pointing to the beach.

A crowd of natives was collected, and they were becoming every moment more excited. Presently they made a rush in the direction of Nat's store, and Nat himself appeared. He was evidently trying to pacify the people; but he did not succeed, for one of them let drive his spear, which, fortunately for Nat, missed its mark. Then the sailors saw a flash, a man fall, and the crowd turn tail and run; and, shooting right and left, Nat came running down to the beach, jumped into a canoe, and began to paddle toward the wreck. The enemy, who had turned, pursued him with stones; but, fearing his pistol, did not venture to follow him.

1914.7

'Where's the skipper?' he gasped as he came alongside the wreck.

'Washed overboard,' several voices answered.

Nat sprang on deck.

'Why did the niggers go for you?' some one asked.

'Jonah's friends want to kill me.'

'Can't Bera help you?'

'He's dead.'

'Dead! Who killed him?'

'Wrackman.'

'Never! He was washed overboard and

drowned, same as skipper.'

'Stow your jaw,' cried Nat, 'and I'll tell you all I know. I was roused this morning by a shout that a ship was on the reef. It was too dark to see what it was; but when it got a bit lighter we made out the Dancing Wave, and I ran to tell Bera that Jonah had come back. Bera was in his tree-house, and just as I got to the ladder I stumbled over something on the ground; it was a man. There was light enough in the clearing to see that his body was white, and that he hadn't a rag on him; and I could feel that he was still warm, and that broken bones were sticking through his skin; but I couldn't see his face. So I struck a match, and I tell you I was scared. It was Wrackman—your mate! D'ye hear me?' and Nat shouted, though the sailors had not uttered a word.

'He was dead,' Nat went on, 'smashed to a pulp. He must have fallen from the tree-house; but what had he been up to there? I climbed the ladder. The two chaps who watch were snoring in front of the house, and there was a snoring sound inside. Bera was lying on his back asleep, I thought; but the fire flickered up, and I saw something glittering at his neck. It was blood; his throat was torn as though a wolf had bitten it, and his breath came through the wound. Then the sound stopped, his body gave a tremble, and he was dead. If I didn't clear out quick this meant death to me,' Nat went on. 'I saw that quick enough. Jonah's friends wanted to kill me yesterday when they found he'd gone, and now Bera's tribe think I've killed him; but, by George! I nearly killed myself. As I stepped off the veranda my foot slipped, and I was all but head-first down the ladder. I had trodden on a bloody footstep, and I saw where Wrackman had slipped.

'They'll hack us to chips if we go ashore,' a

sailor said.

'That's what I've come to tell you,' Nat answered.

'Will they attack us here?' a sailor asked.

'Not in daylight. They won't face our guns,' Nat replied. 'When the tide's up they'll be round us if help don't come.'

'What help?' some one asked.

'There's a man-of-war anchored on the other side of the island,' Nat answered, 'and I've sent to tell 'em what's happened. I'd have gone

myself, you bet; but I had to come and warn you chaps.'

'Let's have a drink,' one of the sailors shouted.

-'Get out the grog, Chinky!'

The sun had mounted into the sky, and the sea was calm. Rollers still broke on the reef, but they were lifting their crests and tumbling over in a slow, deliberate fashion, and their thunder grew less and less as the tide went down.

The wrecked schooner lay on the rocks, clear of the breaking seas, and surrounded by water smooth as glass and blue as the sky. But lumps of coral had begun to appear above the surface of this lagoon, showing that at low-water it would be dry, and the reef bare.

CHAPTER VII.

THE rising tide had almost covered the stranded wreck, and the canoes that had kept out of range all day—while the reef was dry and the ship could be used as a fort—were creeping up to her under cover of the night, waiting to attack their enemies when they had to swim for their lives; but at this critical moment the lights of the cruiser were seen rounding the horn of Bera's bay, and bringing safety to the castaways.

The captain of the man-of-war then turned his attention to making peace between the rival factions on shore—Bera's subjects and Jonah's friends, who Nat declared would certainly fight out their differences if left to themselves. As a Deputy Commissioner of the Pacific—the civil representative of law and order in the Solomon Islands at this time—it was the captain's duty to do this. He expected difficulties, but, to his surprise, he found none. Each day that the

palaver lasted Bera's following melted away, while Jonah's increased by leaps and bounds. And the reason—which no one thought it necessary to explain to the Deputy Commissionerwas this: When the events that had happened on board the Dancing Wave became known, the fame of Jonah's Tindalo, which in English means Jonah's Ghost, was spread far and wide. He was a spirit of extraordinary power and resourcefulness, every one was profoundly convinced, for he had got level, the people said, with all his enemies, and his methods showed exceptional cunning and ability. He had taken possession of a white man and used him as an instrument to kill Bera and avenge his father's murder; and when Captain Jack's body was found, with marks on the throat corresponding to Wrackman's fingers, it was plain that Jonah had employed the same tool to avenge his own death. That he should serve Wrackman out for doctoring his betel-nut, when he no longer required his services, was only to be expected, and it completed the triumph. Of course he had made the storm, every one agreed; but this was a mere bagatelle to him-hardly worth men-Jonah's votaries, who were prepared tioning. henceforth to swear only by his name and trust to his power to rid them of their enemies, soon comprised the whole population of the district. They were willing enough to fight, but there was no one to fight with, and a new chief was chosen -with the Deputy Commissioner's approval from their own party.

The captain of the man-of-war took the credit of this peaceable and satisfactory result in his despatch to the authorities, and he praised Nat, who kept his own counsel, for the satisfactory manner in which he had acted as interpreter; but the real peacemaker was Jonah's Ghost.

THE LAMPLIT HOUR.

Dusk! and the lights of home Smile through the rain; A thousand smiles for those that come Homeward again.

What though the night be drear With gloom and cold, So that there be one voice to hear, One hand to hold?

Here, by the winter fire, Life is our own; Here, out of murk and mire, Here is our throne.

Then let the wild world throng
To pomp and power,
And let us fill with love and song
The lamplit hour.

THOMAS BURKE.

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.

(From L'Hôte de Noël of Selma Lagerlof.)

By BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.

YEARS ago a band of Bohemians and artists took refuge in an old manor house in the Swedish province of Vermland, and, adopting the title of the Cavaliers of Ekebu, passed their days and nights in a succession of pleasures and adventures that shocked the better-conducted inhabitants of the countryside.

One of the cavaliers was little Ruster, he who could transpose musical airs from one key to another, and in addition was an excellent flute-player. He was of humble birth, poor, and without hearth or home, so that when the hour arrived that dispersed his gay companions his lot was a hard one. No longer for him the chance of a ride or drive, a warm coat, and tempting food. It was now his fate to wander on foot from house to house, his few possessions tied up in a blue-checked handkerchief, his coat buttoned to the chin, so as, if possible, to hide the state of his waistcoat and shirt.

All his wealth he easily carried in his pocket—a flute in pieces, a small bottle of brandy, and a pen. If time would only stand still, and things remain as he remembered them, his talent for copying music would have saved him from disaster; but, alas! day by day the inhabitants of Vermland were less and less interested in the old melodies and beautiful songs of bygone times. In the lofts guitars with faded ribbons and worn-out pegs, hunting-horns with unravelled tassels and tufts, were hidden away, while the dust lay thick on the coffins of violins. As there was less and less demand for the flute and pen of little Ruster, he made greater calls on the bottle, and became a confirmed drunkard.

Though he was received in familiar houses as an old friend, his arrival caused dismay and his departure joy. He brought with him unpleasant memories and a strong smell of brandy; and after a second glass of grog his eyes grew dull, and he began to relate disagreeable stories. He had become a constant dread to the hospitably inclined.

Some days before Christmas he went to Jofdalen, where lived Liliécrona, the celebrated violinist. Liliécrona had also been one of the Cavaliers of Ekebu, and one of those most infatuated by the life of excitement and amusement. But he had settled down, and

since his return to his family had not stirred abroad.

When Ruster arrived in the midst of the preparations for the approaching feast, and asked for work, Liliécrona gave him some music to copy.

'You would have done better,' his wife said, 'to let him go; he will spin it out as long as possible, and it will end in our being obliged to keep him over Christmas.'

'He has got to be somewhere,' Liliécrona retorted. He offered him drinks, and sat with him, going over again stories of the old Bohemian days. In reality, Ruster bored and rather saddened him; but he would not say so, because the memory of their old friendship and his duty as a host were in his eyes equally sacred.

For three weeks the Liliécronas had been making preparations to celebrate Christmas. and the whole family had lived in a feverish All were tired, state of furniture-moving. and their eyes red enough to light candles They had been frozen brewing beer in the malt-house, and in the store-houses salting meat and chopping sausages. But the servants, as well as the mistress, bore the additional work without a murmur, for they knew that when it was done, and the holy night come, a species of soft enchantment would descend on them; that jokes and lively words would pass their lips, and their feet be winged for the dance; and that the old airs and forgotten music would rise up from obscure corners of their memory. And everything would seem delightful!

But little Ruster had come, and mistress, servants, and children alike all felt that their Christmas was spoilt. Ruster's presence weighed on every heart. They feared that Liliécrona, his memories stirred, would find his love of wandering reawakened, and that the great violinist, who at one time could never stay long in one place, would once again be lost to his family. And how he had made himself adored in those two years that they had known the happiness of his presence among them! He was everything, always the soul of the whole house, above all at Christmas.

On that day it was not on a sofa or in his big arm-chair that he sat by the fireside, but on a great platform shining with polish.

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And there, before his attentive and ravished household, he was by turns musician and storyteller, racing from one adventure to another, galloping across the world and up to the stars. Under his influence all life became great and beautiful and rich, just from the rays of his soul. So they all loved him, as they loved Christmas, the sunshine, and the

But little Ruster had come, and everything was threatened with disaster. All their work would prove useless if the master's mind was wandering from his own hearth. Also, how was it possible to contemplate calmly this drunkard installed at the Christmas table with the pious and honest family whose joy he had

destroyed?

On the morning of Christmas Eve little Ruster, having finished copying his music, spoke vaguely of leaving, although his intention was to remain.

Acting under the influence of the general ill-feeling, Liliccrona replied, also vaguely, that perhaps Ruster would do better to stay where he

was till after Christmas.

But little Ruster was proud and sullen. He twisted his moustache, and pulled at the tuft of hair, like a cockscomb, that rose black as a cloud on the top of his head. What did Liliécrona mean? Did he think that he, Ruster, was in difficulties? Well, Liliécrona was mistaken. He was expected, longed for; in every smithy in the country his bed was ready, his glass already full. He did not know where to begin, so many were the invitations, so much the work awaiting him.

'All right,' said Liliécrona; 'don't let me keep

you.'

After lunch little Ruster borrowed a fur coat and rug, a sleigh was ordered, and the driver advised to whip up his horse, for a snowstorm No one seriously believed that threatened. Ruster would find a welcome under any one's roof; but they chased the unpleasant thought away, so happy were they at their own deliver-

away, so happy were they at their own deliverance. 'He wanted to go,' they said; 'it was he himself who wished it. Now let us be merry.'

But when, towards five o'clock, every one assembled round the tree, prepared to dance, Liliécrona, glum and taciturn, did not seat himself on the platform or take a glass from the punch-bowl. He could not remember a single dance-tune, and his violin was not tuned. They had to dance and sing without him.

Noting this, his wife grew uneasy, and the children began to sulk. Everything was going Christmas Eve was one great failure. The rice stuck to the bottom of the saucepans, the candles flickered and guttered instead of burning, the logs smoked, and puffs of freezing wind made their way into the rooms.

The man who had driven Ruster had not returned. The cook was in tears, and the servants quarrelling.

All of a sudden Liliécrona noticed that the sheaf of corn for the birds had not been put for them in the courtyard, and he complained bitterly of the heartless women who forget the old traditions. But every one knew quite well that it was not of the birds he was thinking, but of little Ruster, and that he was repenting having let him go on Christmas Eve.

Very soon he retired to his own room and shut the door, and they could hear him playing strange airs on his violin, as he used to do long ago when his home became too narrow for him, provocative music full of raillery and stormy

Listening, his wife said, 'To-morrow he will go, if God does not work a miracle to-night. I see that our inhospitality has brought about the very misfortune that we wished to prevent.'

Meanwhile little Ruster hurried through the storm from door to door, asking for work, but nowhere was he required. He was not even asked to get out of the sleigh. Some had their houses filled with guests; others were going away to spend Christmas with friends. It was only with some stretch of politeness his presence could be endured for a day or two in ordinary weeks, but it was impossible on Christmas Eve. The year only gives one, and in the autumn the children begin their preparations to enjoy it. How was it possible to ask such a man to sit at table with their children? And now that he had made himself a slave to drink, they did not know where to put him; the servants' quarters were not good enough, and the visitors' rooms too good.

So little Ruster went on his way, blinded by the snowstorm, his moustaches sorrowfully drooping, his bloodshot eyes scarcely able to distinguish anything. Little by little the fumes of brandy he had drunk disappeared, and he began to be astonished, and ask himself the reason that all this was happening to him. Was it possible that no one wished to receive him? All of a sudden he saw himself as he was-degraded, ruined, a wretched creature that no man was willing to receive under his

'That's the end of me,' he reflected. 'No more music to copy, or flute-playing. No one in the world has the least need of little Ruster,

or the least pity for him.'

The gusts of wind raised columns of snow that whirled in the fields in a giddy dance. Then the wind dropped, and the whirling columns vanished into the hollows of the ditches.

[Christmas Number.

'Just like life,' Ruster said—'a dance, and, directly the dance is over, a fall. And we are nothing then but a wretched snowflake, with lots of other snowflakes on the top of us. But when that moment comes complaints and tears are useless. It's my turn now.

He ceased to feel interest as to where the driver was taking him; it could only be to his death. He did not curse his flute, or those joyous Bohemian days now over and done with; he did not say that it would have been better if he had worked in the fields or mended boots and shoes; he only regretted that he had become a ruined instrument from which joy never again would produce a He accused no one. melody. When the horn is rusty and the guitar cracked they are thrown away.

He felt very small, very lonely, very useless and lost! Cold and hunger were going to kill him on Christmas Eve.

The sleigh stopped; he saw lights; he heard soft voices.

Some one helped him into a very warm room, and gave him boiling-hot tea to drink; while others took off his fur coat and rubbed his frozen fingers; and all the time welcoming words hummed in his ears.

The sound so astonished him that it took him a good quarter of an hour to realise that he was at the Liliécronas'. The driver, tired of rushing from one farm to another in such a storm, had decided that the best thing to be done was to return to the house.

But less than all the rest, Ruster failed to understand the warm welcome that he was receiving. He did not grasp that his hostess, moved with compassion at the thought of his sad drive, and of all the doors that had been closed against him on the afternoon of this great festival, had forgotten her own cares; for Liliécrona, ignorant of Ruster's return, was still shut up in his own room, playing mad, barbaric music on his violin.

Ruster was in the dining-room with the The servants, who generally came children. there on Christmas Eve, had taken refuge in the kitchen against the dullness which had descended on their masters.

Approaching him, 'My husband will play all the evening,' said Liliécrona's wife, 'and I must keep an eye on the supper; the children, therefore, are quite alone. Won't you look after the two youngest?'

Children were a species of the human race to which Ruster was quite unaccustomed. were not to be found under tents or in inns, or at wild drinking debauches, or, indeed, on any of the roads in Bohemia.

He felt very timid, and could think of nothing to say to them. He produced his flute, and 1914.]

allowed them to tap the keys and poke their fingers into the holes. The younger, who was four years old, and the elder, who was six, took a first lesson in flute-playing, and showed themselves greatly interested.

'Here is C,' Ruster said, 'and here is D;' and seizing a sheet of paper, he drew the

musical notes for them.

'No, no,' they cried, 'C is not written like that.' And they ran to fetch their spellingbook.

Then Ruster questioned them about the alphabet.

Some letters they knew; some they didn't. Their acquaintance with them was not very extensive.

Ruster, excited by the game, seated them on his knee, and proceeded to continue their education. The mother, coming and going between the kitchen and the dining-room, listened with

The children laughed, and repeated willingly

their abc.

But little by little Ruster's attention relaxed, his gaiety faded, and the thoughts that had agitated him abroad in the storm returned to his mind. Yes, it was all very nice and delightful, but it would not last. None the less, he was condemned and done with. All of a sudden he covered his face with his hands and began to cry.

Liliécrona's wife advanced quickly. she said, 'I understand. You think that there's nothing more for you to do on earth. Your music brings in nothing, and brandy is ruining you. But all is not lost yet.'

'Oh, but it is!' sobbed the little flute-

player.

'Listen. To teach children to read and write, to sit with them as you have done this evening, is not that something? And who could undertake such a task and not be welcome everywhere? Children are musical instruments, and not less important than flutes and violins. Look at them, Ruster!'

'I dare not,' Ruster murmured, for it really seemed sad to him to look through their lovely

eyes and see their pure souls.

Liliécrona's wife laughed aloud, a good laugh, happy and clear. 'You'll soon get accustomed to it, Ruster. Stay with us this year as schoolmaster.'

Liliécrona, who had heard the laugh, came out of his room. 'What has happened?'

It's only,' his wife replied, 'that Ruster has returned, and I have engaged him to teach the children to read and write.

'You have done that,' he said in a low voice—'really done that? But has he, then, promised?'

'No, he has promised nothing; but he will see for himself that he must avoid certain things, when every day he has to look into the eyes of the children. If it had not been Christmas-time I should have hesitated, or perhaps refused. But if the good God was not afraid to send His little child, His own Son, among us sinners, I think that I also should be able to give my little ones the chance of saving a soul.

Liliécrona made no reply, but all the lines in his face wrinkled and trembled. He leant over his wife, took her hand, and kissed it piously. Then he cried, 'Let all the children come here and kiss their mother's hand.'

And after that there was a very joyous Christmas in the Liliécronas' house.

THE CAVE-PICTURE OF DAVAAR.

Down by where the flowing Clyde Mingles with the ocean wide, And the Island of Davaar Looms beyond the harbour bar, In his home an artist lay Sleeping at the close of day.

As he slept, throughout the night He beheld a wondrous sight: Figures of a motley throng Standing in a cavern long, And above them, raised on high, What attracted every eye.

Twas the form, so marred with woe More than sons of men can know, Of the Saviour on a rood Yielding up His precious blood For a world whose love He sought, Yet a world that loved Him not.

Erelong, when the morning broke, And from sleep the artist woke, He, remembering clearly all, Vowed that on the cavern-wall Painted should the vision be Of Christ's awful agony.

For what formed the scene that night Of the weird, impressive sight Was a place to him well known, Whither ofttimes he had gone, And a place not far away, But out yonder on the bay.

Therefore now within that cave Close beside the ocean wave, Where is heard the fitful cry Of the sea-bird passing by, In that hollow 'cool and deep Where the winds are all asleep,'

On the surface of its wall,
Just as in some frescoed hall,
Painted with an artist's care,
And with colours rich and fair,
Lighted by the sunshine's gleam
Is the picture of the dream.

JOHN OLIVER, M.A., V.D.

SISTERS.

By J. MORTON LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE heat was oppressive even in the clubroom; outside it rose from the ground like a hot sheet thrust into one's face. A mist was gathering from the swamps to the north of Huan Ho.

A group of coolies passed the windows, forgetting even to sing their song of toil, the one which has been handed down from generation to generation. From the native quarters in the distance sounded the tinkle of a bell.

Merrilees turned from the window and took a long pull at an iced drink. 'Phew!' he said; 'if it keeps on like this we shall have trouble.'

His companion nodded. He was a stout little man, whose face was coloured like an old parchment from many years spent in various Chinese stations. It was Gordon who had described Huan Ho as the Creator's first attempt at Hell.

'Seen the new arrival yet?'

Merrilees assumed a sudden interest. 'No. What is he like?'

'Nice chap, I should say—Chalmers. Fresh from England. He'll be along presently with Sanders.'

'Poor devil!' ejaculated Merrilees. 'I wonder how long he'll stand this inferno.'

Gordon grunted and walked directly under the punkah. 'No use grumbling. Remember it's ladies' night. Must put aside personal feelings.'

As he spoke there came the sound of feminine voices. The door opened, and a trio of ladies entered. They were Mrs Marwood and her two daughters. They were all dressed in white.

'Are we first?' said Mrs Marwood as she sank into a cane lounge. 'Well, what have you gentlemen arranged as a surprise for us tonight?'

Gordon bowed towards them on the couch. 'Ah!' he said, 'something new—something from the Old Country.'

The elder of the two girls looked up, a light of interest in her eyes. 'Has the new arrival come? What is he like? What is his name?'

'His name,' said Gordon, 'is Chalmers, and he will be here in a few minutes, so that you may judge for yourself.'

may judge for yourself.'
'Chalmers!' The girl's face flushed faintly, and the look of interest in her eyes deepened.
'Not Dick Chalmers of Barnet?'

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'I do not know where he comes from, except that he landed in a sampan from the *Nairoca*. If you ladies take so much interest in him I shall feel jealous. I deserve better at your hands.'

Mrs Marwood laughed and touched him lightly on the arm with her fan. 'We were just as interested in you when you came, Mr Gordon.'

'But I am a back-number now, one of the regular sights of Huan Ho, and I must take a rear seat,' Gordon sighed.

Singly and in couples the other Europeans entered. They were not many, considered against the vast hordes of natives gathered in the Chinese quarter and the villages around.

Chalmers was amongst the last to arrive, with Sanders. The elder of the two girls seated on the couch rose at his entry. Her eyes fixed his as he crossed the room to her side. Mentally he was comparing the two sisters—Sibyl, the elder, gay, inclined to taste the best that life had to offer, light and ephemeral compared with the younger, Madge. They had both altered since he had last seen them, but the difference was still evident.

'Mr Chalmers,' said Sibyl, 'we were wondering if it could be you.'

Chalmers bowed over her hand. Acting with the impulsiveness of her nature, she seized his arm. 'Let me introduce you round.'

'Thanks! One moment, though.—Yes, you are Madge, but you have altered. I left when you had only just put up your hair.'

The younger girl smiled. Not strictly beautiful, especially when in comparison with her sister, her face looked wonderfully sweet. 'And you have altered. You are thinner.'

'Hard work, Miss Madge.'

'Then this is not your first post?' said the elder girl, as she led him across the room to introduce him to a group of ladies.

introduce him to a group of ladies.

A few minutes' conversation, a hearty greeting from every one, and the concert commenced. It was the one weekly social function—something to which to look forward, though the songs were old, and had been sung a hundred times, and the piano sadly out of tune.

'You sing ?' said Merrilees.

'A little.' Chalmers realised what would be expected of him—new songs fresh from home, to relieve the jaded minds of those who had spent a long sojourn. China exerts a strange

influence on those who dwell within its shores; Chalmers realised how much as he stood there

that night.

He sat down at the piano and commenced to play. 'You will have to pick the notes,' said a warning voice; 'many have gone home.' Chalmers possessed a moderate voice; but he knew what his audience required, and he gave it to them with an enthusiasm which made up for any technical defects. For an hour he played and sang.

'Bravo!' said one lady enthusiastically as he

rose.

Sanders clapped him on the shoulder. 'You've made friends of all of us for life. And for an hour you brought back England—London—its lights and wonders. Wait till you've been here for five years; you'll know what that means.'

Next day it was Sanders who initiated him into the ways and byways of Huan Ho. He showed him the office where swung the sign of the firm he represented, and the house in which he was to live. 'I'll send a couple of "boys" to set it to rights for you; until you've chosen your own you'll chow with me.' On through a labyrinth they wound their way to the native town. 'Better know it,' said Sanders. The road was a mire. As they left the European quarters farther behind a confusion of sweet odours struck their nostrils. They passed through a maze of narrow streets, with high stone walls, giving access here and there to the fields beyond.

What a myriad of people!' said Chalmers. It was the first thought which had struck him. The hundreds of coolies bearing their loads and singing their eternal song; old women bent double beneath their burdens; young children naked as the day they were born playing amidst the heaped-up garbage, their shrill voices breaking the stillness. Occasionally came the sharp ting-ting of some metal-worker in his hovel, or the harsh, monotonous cry of a hawker vending

his wares.

'Yes,' replied Sanders, 'there are myriads of them. It doesn't do to think how many. How little would turn them!'

The faces of all seemed alike to Chalmers the vacant expression, the narrow slits of shifty

eyes with which they surveyed him.

He came back from the town with mingled feelings. He knew China, but had learned of it only in a large town. Here he seemed transported to the Middle Ages; everything about him spoke of barbarism, of cruelty almost. He commented on the fact to Sanders.

commented on the fact to Sanders.

Sanders nodded. 'It is barbarism. They have the superstitions of ten thousand years ago. Nothing will ever expel it from their minds. You saw Evinson last night—tall man, gray-haired, stooping shoulders? He's got a church down here. Got a few converts; but one day

he'll be murdered. They call him the Jesus man.'

Later Chalmers was to remember that speech.

Sanders jumped from one topic to another with the utmost sparsity of words. 'Met the Marwoods before?'

'Yes, in England, five years ago.'

Sanders nodded. 'They've been here three years.' He looked closely at his companion, as though about to ask him some question. Instead he rose and flung himself down in a deep chair before the open window. The heat was almost unbearable. It hung in a blue vaporous mist over Huan Ho. Of wind there was none, not enough to stir the water on the river, far less inflate the sails of the sampans. From his window came an uninterrupted view of the fields, and through a break in the trees the river itself. Sanders watched it closely. 'We've endured this for over a fortnight. If there isn't rain soon there'll be trouble.'

'Trouble?'

'Yes—plague.'
'It's bad here?'

Sanders laughed. 'The seven plagues of Egypt were deposited at Huan Ho. Going to the picnic this afternoon?'

'Yes.'

'With the Marwoods?'

'They 've asked me.'

Sanders nodded, and again his eyes were inscrutably fixed on those of his companion. It was later, in a conversation with Merrilees, that he allowed himself free speech. 'Yes, he knew them over in England. I suppose she'll play with him as she's done with every man here.' His face darkened. 'I mean to stop it if I can. He's too good to be fooled by that girl.'

Merrilees laughed. 'My friend, "fools rush

in where angels fear to tread."'

A couple of hours later the two men were standing by the Lake of the Sacred Stars. Through a break in the trees the limpid blue of the waters gleamed like a living turquoise. The sound of laughter came to them, and it contrasted harshly with the words they themselves had just spoken. 'Yes,' Merrilees had said, 'two cases, down in the valley.' He paused.

'And the murmur of discontent has risen.'

Merrilees kicked at a loose stone. 'Of course it is all those foreign devils. I was down by Ah Sing's this morning, and a stone struck me on the arm—a sign of the times.'

'And here we are junketing!' Sanders made

a comprehensive sweep with his arm.

'We must keep it up until the end. Outward folly, silent preparations. All that sort of thing.'

'You think it must come?'

'Sooner or later. I have been in Huan Ho [Christmas Number.

ten years; it's been brewing all the time. It's coming now.'

Merrilees trampled the end of his cheroot

underfoot. 'Shall we join the others?'

On the banks of the lake stood Chalmers and the two Marwood girls. A fourth member had just joined them. Reginald Dingley was one of those men who are enigmas to women. Men read them more easily; consequently most of their friends are amongst the opposite sex. He possessed a manner that irritated or carried by storm

'Ah, Miss Sibyl,' he said, 'lost in admiration? Charming, but it palls. Have you ever seen the ruined pagoda?' He pointed to where, in the midst of a clump of trees, showed a brilliant red-and-blue tower. The sun pouring upon it lent a heightened colour, rendering it more florid and barbaric. 'No? Then let me act as cicerone.' The two walked away

together.

For a moment Madge followed them with her cyes; then they travelled to the man at her side. Remembering what had happened in England, she was wondering what he thought—if he was hurt. 'Do you think Sibyl has changed much?' she said, to break the silence.

'In ways, no. She is as young'—he chose his words carefully—' and as irresponsible as ever. What a glorious colour this water is! A fellow was telling me' about it while coming

round in the boat.'

'Isn't it?' She gazed at the reflection of themselves, and coloured as she saw that Chalmers's eyes were fixed upon her. 'Do you know the legend concerning it?'

'No; tell it me.'

'I am rather bad at telling stories. Sibyl would do it better. Once there was a princess, very beautiful and very rich. She had everything that heart could wish save one. She was blind. And she used to pray that eyes might be given to her, that she should be like other women. Her prayer was granted by a voice which bade her go and seek sight. She travelled far until she came to this lake. Being blind, she could not see it, and walked into it, and in her fear she screamed out. Her screams were so loud that a myriad of stars fell from the heavens. A couple rested upon her face, and entered her eyelids, so that she could see like other people; the others fell into the water and changed it to the blue you see it now.' The girl laughed. 'That is all. I have told it very badly.'

'What a beautiful piece of imagery! No nation can be wholly cruel at heart which possesses such beautiful legends as the

Chinese.'

The girl shuddered. 'I do not know. One hears such terrible things. Shall we join Sibyl and Mr Dingley at the pagoda?'

and Mr Dingley at the pagoda?'
'If you like.' Chalmers fell into step beside
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her. 'I was thinking of that legend. How true to life! How we all pray for something we have not got! How far we go to seek it!'

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'And we are not all so fortunate.' A note in the girl's voice made Chalmers glance quickly

at her

By the time they reached the pagoda voices came to them. A small party stood within. 'Ah!' said Mrs Marwood, 'you have not been here before, Mr Chalmers. To me it is an old pilgrimage—one I always make when I visit the Lake of the Sacred Stars.'

Chalmers looked around him. The pagoda was small and in ruin. The damp had spoiled much of its barbaric beauty. A green lichen almost covered what had once been a gorgeous piece of pottery. As he stood looking, Sibyl left her escort and came and stood on the other side of him. 'Isn't it weird and funny?' she

Sanders, standing a few feet from them, watched the trio. In after days he remembered the scene. At the time he saw only the two sisters, so different in every respect, and between them the figure of Chalmers.

Whilst they were riding home in the cool of the evening he cantered up to Chalmers's

side. 'Busy to-night?' he said.

'Nothing doing.

'Good! Come round to the club. We've got a chin on—Marwood, Merrilees, and a few of us—and we'd like you to be there.'

'I'd like to. Some new entertainment in

the air?'

Sanders looked around to see that no one was within earshot. 'No,' he said; 'a council of war.'

CHAPTER II.

MANY things happened that evening, some which at the time appeared insignificant trifles, yet when counted in relation to that entity called 'life' were of no small measure; for it is of the little things that life is composed.

Chalmers was late in entering the compound of the club. He had found the business affairs

of his firm in a somewhat chaotic state.

At precisely that same moment the two Marwood girls were seated in the drawing-room of their bungalow. 'Dick has improved,' said the elder. She was reclining on a lounge in full range of a mirror which gave her a complete and satisfactory reflection of herself.

Madge put down her book. She had been expecting this moment all the evening, and now that it had come was not sorry. 'Yes.' She chose her words carefully. 'Are you going

to pick up the threads where you dropped them?'

'Then don't play with him as you did

before.'

A glint of anger lit up the other's face.

'What do you mean?'

'You know what I mean. When you met at Barnet he was serious. You amused yourself at his expense. It hurt then. It would hurt more now. And he is too good a man. Some would pass on and forget, but it would alter his whole life.'

Sibyl laughed. 'My dear, what a sermon! One would imagine you were in love with him

yourself.

Madge flushed. For a brief second her eyes rested on her sister's face, and there was that in them which the elder girl did not understand. 'It is not that,' she said; 'but his ideals are so high. He is old-fashioned almost in his admiration for women.'

'You have discovered that?'

'Have not you?'

'My dear child, instinct or something told me years ago when we were all at Barnet.'

'And yet you treated him so badly!'

The hot retort which rose to the elder girl's lips was checked by the entrance of one of the 'boys,' who announced the arrival of Dingley.

'Show him in,' said the elder girl. She spoke languidly, and neglected the vernacular with which the Europeans generally address the natives for their better mutual understanding.

Dingley followed close upon the words. He held the elder girl's hand longer than was absolutely necessary. 'Miss Sibyl, I picked up something of yours on the way back this afternoon. I should have returned it before, but unfortunately it slipped my memory.' He placed a small lace handkerchief on her lap.

lap.
'How good of you to trouble about such a trifle! Sit down, now you are here, and help us to pass away a dull evening. Sing, talk to us;

only do something.

Though the invitation was made a joint one by the elder sister, Madge had said nothing. She was silently watching the two, wondering how it would all end. With unfailing judgment she had taken a full and just measure of the man who had gracefully seated himself. She compared him with Chalmers, who in her girlhood's days had been her idol, one she had never displaced.

'I'm afraid I can't stop long.' Dingley leant

forward in a confidential attitude. 'They 've got a council of war or something up at the club, and they 've asked me to go.'

and they 've asked me to go.'

'That is the worst of being so universally popular, Mr Dingley.' Madge broke silence for

the first time.

The sarcasm was not lost upon her sister. She frowned. 'Then that makes it doubly good of you to come out of your way to bring that trifle back.'

Dingley smiled, disclosing two rows of even white teeth. 'I am more than recompensed.'

Chalmers found some half-a-dozen men seated round the club table when he entered. Mr Marwood was speaking. His eyes were flashing, and his tones wrathful. Sanders softly pulled forward a chair next to his, and Chalmers sat down.

'Confounded impertinence I consider it,' thundered Mr Marwood. 'More than that, revolting, beastly. The bare idea makes me sick. That a child of mine should marry a Chinaman? What have we English done that we should be subjected to such an insult? Li Hang may be fairly civilised so far as natives go, but he's a treacherous hound, a'—— Mr Marwood choked for want of words.

'What did you say?'

'I told him I would rather see Madge dead

at my feet than married to him.'

The gist of the conversation had forced itself upon Chalmers with sickening force. Before him there rose the figure of the tall, almost ascetic-looking girl, one to whom tenderness, civilisation, meant everything. The bare idea was revolting, and it showed itself upon his face, though his speech was calm, dangerously so. 'Then it was Madge he wanted to marry?'

Mr Marwood grunted savagely.

'What did he say when you refused?' It was Sanders who spoke.

'The usual flowery Oriental platitudes, with

many bows.'

'Well, it is over and done with.' Sanders spoke with an assurance he was far from feeling. Five years in China had taught him to read signs which were invisible to other men, and Li Hang was a great man in the neighbourhood of Huan Ho, one who possessed paramount influence over the natives for miles; he was, in fact, little short of a king without the title. Sanders drummed thoughtfully on the table for a moment. 'I expect you've heard,' he said at last, 'that the plague has broken out. I sent one of my boys, Ah Sing, down into the village before I came along. There have been twelve deaths to-day. It's spreading like a fire.'

'That means a full hospital,' said Merrilees.
'Perhaps!' Sanders rapped out the word so sharply that every one looked up at him.

'What do you mean?' a little, thin-voiced man, who had hitherto taken no part in the discussion, chimed in.

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'That we are getting the blame for the visita-You know how superstitious the natives They live in the midst of dirt and superstition. To-night their priests are making a bonfire to burn out the evil spirit.

Outside his own particular business Marwood was a slow-thinking man. 'I don't see' ---- he

'It means riot. We are pitched here amongst God knows how many thousand Chinese.'

'And we must be prepared,' said Chalmers quietly.

Sanders nodded approval.

Dingley had entered during the last few words. There was a smile on his lips, ridicule in the manner in which he spoke. And show

the beggars we are afraid!'

Sanders ignored the tone of the interruption. 'Certainly not. Openly we will go about as usual, but we must be ready. The fact that we have women here demands it. If there is an attack, it will come suddenly, when it is least expected. And if we are scattered in our various houses it will all be over in a few hours. We ought to fortify and provision one house, so that if necessary we can all retreat there. Mind, not a word to the women.'

Dingley yawned. 'All this is very unneces-

sary.'
'You think so?' Sanders spoke sharply. quarter to-day.' He paused. 'They were all converts. And if you go down to the gate of the Eastern Sun you will see the head of one impaled on a pole. I will not go into further details; but you understand Chinese, Dingley, so go down after nightfall and read the notice that is underneath.

It was from Marwood that the first direct 'And which house do you propose help came.

to fortify?'

'My own.'

A chorus of disapproval greeted Sanders's choice.

'For obvious reasons. It is the best strategically. Exposed only on one side. trust my coolies, and as I am single there are no women to disturb by fears which, after all, may prove groundless.'

'And you propose'-

Instinctively Sanders felt that his greatest help would come from the new-comer Chalmers. There was a grateful look on his face as he addressed his reply to him personally. 'To collect quietly all the arms and provisions that we can, without arousing undue suspicion. I will have the defences of the house strengthened. It is fortunate it has a flat roof. That will be a tremendous help to us if the worst comes.'

As he finished speaking the sound of singing came to them from the native quarter. It was borne on the still evening air. Acting on a common impulse, the men crossed to the window.

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A lurid red light flamed in the sky, and, as though keeping time with the ever-increasing flames, the voices rose higher and higher.

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'What a fiendish row!' said Dingley. traordinary the natives have no idea of tune. They are charming away evil spirits now, I

suppose?'

Sanders listened intently. There was a pucker on his brow. Of all those present, he was perhaps the one who best understood the ways of the Chinese. As far as was possible to a Western mind, he was in sympathy with them. 'No,' he said quietly, 'that is not a song of intercession. That is a song of vengeance.' intercession.

An hour later he and Chalmers stood in the dining-room of his bungalow. Sanders had left the room for a few moments. When he returned Chalmers looked up. 'I have come to Huan Ho in stirring times,' he said.

Sanders nodded. He was dressed just the same as when at the club, save that he had dis-

carded his coat for a thicker one.

Are you going out?'

'Yes; I am going down to the village. I want to see what is going on. Forewarned, &c.'

'Then I will come with you.'

'It's a bit risky. The natives are in a nasty mood to-night.'

Chalmers gave a little laugh, one which the other understood perfectly.
'I'll be glad of your help,' he continued; 'as

glad as I was at the club to-night.'

'Right! I won't keep you a minute.' Chalmers vanished.

Thus it was that Madge Marwood, sitting at the window, unable to sleep, saw a couple of white-clad figures walk quickly past the com-pound. The figures of both were familiar, and one was the man who was in her thoughts at the moment. She leant farther out of the window to make certain she was not mistaken. 'I wonder why Dick and Mr Sanders are going down to the native quarter,' she said.

The sound of the singing was borne to her on the breeze, and instinctively she connected it with the two men who had passed beneath her window and were now vanishing into the

darkness.

CHAPTER III.

THE two men walked in comparative silence until they left the broader thoroughfare for the narrower roads which led like a maze through the native village. With each step the sound of the singing grew, and once a vivid shriek rent the air. Sanders ground his teeth. 'God knows what devilry they are up to !' he said. The roads were almost deserted. Occasionally they saw some coolie bound in the same direction, and shrank into the shadows until he had passed.

Lights were burning in some of the houses.

A heavy, almost fetid smell filled the air. From one of the hovels they passed came the sound of singing, a man's voice raised in some monotonous chant.

Sanders led the way with the sureness of one who knew it well. He avoided the pitfalls which would have tripped the unwary and made their presence known. Taking his companion's arm, he guided him past the heaps of refuse piled up in all and sundry corners. From one of the windows a dark, cunning face watched them, a smile on its features.

'I hope we are not recognised,' said Sanders. 'Round here to the right. Careful! The road is nothing but mud.'

The sound of singing had increased in volume; so close was it that he could almost distinguish the words. The flames illumined the scene until it was as light as day. Every now and then they caught sight of hurrying figures at the end of the road.

'We shall have to be careful here. A false move, and we are caught like rats in a trap.'

Slowly they crept under the shadow of a house and watched the scene now spread open before them like a panorama. Before a huge bonfire was gathered a vast concourse of natives—men of all ages and grades, from the humble coolie to the priest. In the very centre stood a couple of men dressed in the vestments of priests, and by their side another man unknown to Chalmers.

Sanders nudged him. 'Do you see that tall fellow dressed in purple?'

Chalmers nodded.

'That is Li Hang, the one man we thought we could trust.'

Then it was that the attention of Chalmers was drawn to something else. Impaled on long bamboos were nearly a dozen heads; the firelight shone full upon them, showing their eyeless lids. There was a look of horror frozen on the features of each. 'Look!' he whispered, shuddering.

Sanders followed the direction of his gaze. 'Ah!' he said. He looked closely at the heads.

Suddenly the singing stopped; there was a moment's silence, broken by the confused chattering of many tongues; then Li Hang stepped forward and addressed the crowd. To Chalmers, whose knowledge of the language was not very proficient, the words were meaningless; though he saw that the remarks were greeted with loud tokens of approval, while the look upon the faces of those present grew more fiendish each second.

It was a weird scene, and he was fascinated as he watched it, lost to all remembrance of his companion, until he felt a hand clutch his arm, and heard Sanders whisper, 'We must get away from here while we can.'

The two men hurried back along the shadows. 'What did he say?' asked Chalmers when they had left the noisome road behind them.

'He said what I half-expected, and feared: that the plague was the work of the white men, who had willed that it should come; that it was useless for them to attempt to burn out the fiend of evil by fire until they had first driven out the white men who had caused it to come.'

Chalmers understood thoroughly. 'And those

heads?' he asked.

'They were the heads of the converts, who died with the words of faith upon their lips, most probably. Once a Chinaman has turned Christian, he is even stauncher than before.'

'Then the rising may come any time now?'

'There is no knowing the working of the Oriental mind. It may be postponed for a month; but we must be prepared as soon as possible, for it may come to-morrow—to-night even.'

They hurried back in silence, meeting no one. Those who were not at rest had joined the fanatical crowd in the square. It was not until they were in his house that Sanders broke silence again. 'Thank you for coming.' He gripped the other's hand, and with the grip cemented a friendship that was to last through the years. 'Do you know, each moment of the time we have been out we have carried our lives in our hands.'

The flare was still lighting up the sky when Chalmers looked out of his window; but the voices had died down, and everywhere was only silence. He wondered when it would be broken, when the raucous cries of lust for murder and pillage would commence. The memory of Li Hang as he had seen him came back to him, and in connection the thought of that clean, sweet English girl whom he wished to make his wife.

Chalmers clenched his fists at the bare idea. It filled him with a horrible nausea; with a wild desire to protect the girl, until he felt he could go and mount guard outside her house lest any malevolent hands should be laid upon her during the hours of darkness. The thought passed. He turned away with a smile. Madge was safe for that night at least. Li Hang had other week to do.

A drizzling rain fell during the night, but was succeeded next day by a recurrence of over-powering heat, which did little to check the

ravages of plague.

There was a serious expression on Dr Scott's face when he met Chalmers. 'Very grave,' he said; 'a hundred fresh cases in the last twenty-four hours. It will spread like a scourge. We can do so little to stop it; they will not let us. I was nearly stoned in the native quarter this morning. The women came to their doors and cursed me.' He spoke dispassionately, without anger or reproach. Years spent in China had taught him that disease was not the worst enemy he had to combat. 'There are twenty cases in hospital, and we shall save them, I hope. If they die'—— He shrugged his shoulders.

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'I know a little about medicine. If I can help'----

'Thanks! You're very good; but you'll be wanted elsewhere. We're in for a bad time.' The doctor held out his hand. 'And we're tied here, so it's all hands to the pumps—I at the hospital, you behind a gun.' He passed on, pursuing his way to the long, straggling, whitewashed building to which he had given ten years of his life.

Chalmers was passing the Marwoods' bungalow a few minutes later, when a voice called him. Above the cluster of flowering shrubs appeared the head and shoulders of Sibyl. 'Do come in for a few minutes!' she said. 'I am all alone.'

He walked up the path, half-wondering why he did so. Sibyl Marwood was stretched on a bamboo deck-chair. She held a shady hat in her hand by a long ribbon. 'Sit down for a few minutes and chat to me,' she said. 'I heard somebody go by, and wondered who it was.'

She did not excuse the lie to herself, since it came naturally. She wanted to speak to Chalmers, to ask him several questions, and, knowing the hour at which he passed the bungalow, had purposely waited in the garden so that she might not miss him.

For a few moments she carried on a light conversation, fencing for position—the kind of conversation that pleased many men she knew. That might have pleased Chalmers in years gone by, though she realised more and more each moment how he had changed in the five that had elapsed since their last encounter.

'It is strange our meeting here,' she said. Her eyes were fixed upon him, a half-smouldering light in them. Chalmers was good to look upon—not, perhaps, strictly handsome; but he was well and cleanly built, and his face was that of a man to trust. Honest, straightforward purpose shone on it.

'Yes, considering I might have gone to any Chinese town. It was only a cable at the last moment that directed my steps to Huan Ho.

'Perhaps it was Providence?'

'Perhaps.'

It annoyed her that he did not glance in her direction as he made the confession. She was not to know that it was of her sister he was thinking.

'It is nice to meet old friends when least expected.' The girl was studying the point of her shoe. Although she prided herself upon her powers, she felt, somehow, at a loss. This man had in some strange manner passed beyond her understanding. Five years before she had read him as a book, or fancied she had, which is much the same thing. Now his personality seemed hidden. 'Dear old Barnet!' she murmured. 'Dick, I treated you shamefully then.'

For the first time Chalmers glanced in her direction. 'Surely not,' he said. 'If so, I have forgotten. I know I parted without any feeling

of resentment.'

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The remark angered her, since it was uttered in so casual a tone. A woman hates a man she

cannot rouse from apathy.

Crushing words rose to her lips, but they were stifled without utterance. From somewhere—it seemed the stillness of the air—there sounded a tinkling bell. That was all; but, acting as it did upon the current of Chalmers's thoughts, it startled him. He made a quick step forward as if to peer over the shrubs into that vast expanse of treeland and field, to read that secret which every man wanted to know—what was happening, what was going to happen, amongst those thousands of semi-civilised men.

Sibyl Marwood saw the look which crossed his face, and leapt to her feet. 'Mr Chalmers,' she said, 'why are you all so quiet? What is the matter? Is anything going to happen? Mr Sanders is so busy repairing his house; there is an army of coolies there. I asked Mr Merrilees, and he laughed at me, and said I was fanciful. What is the matter?' There was a look of fear upon her face. She knew enough of China to guess what might happen.

Chalmers pitied her at that moment, in view of what might occur in the future. 'Nothing,' he replied. 'There is nothing to fear. Plague has broken out, and the natives are a bit restless,

that is all.'

'That is what Mr Dingley told me. I asked him, and he said you men were making a lot of fuss about nothing.'

'Indeed we are making no fuss. Everything

is going on as usual, is it not?'

'Yes; but there is something in the air. I don't know what it is, but you are all different.'

Chalmers laughed. 'The heat,' he replied. 'How is Miss Madge?'

Sibyl Marwood possessed the ability to pass from one subject to another like a butterfly. 'Haven't you heard? She's gone to the hospital. She went yesterday.'

'Hospital! She's not ill?'

'Good gracious, no! She's given her services to Dr Scott, nursing the Chinese.' Sibyl Marwood gave a gesture of disgust. 'Ugh! can you imagine it? Horrible, I call it.'

'It's jolly plucky of her,' said Chalmers

enthusiastically. 'She's living there?'

'Yes. She'll come home occasionally for a few days' rest. How she can do it—those dirty, horrible men and women!'

Chalmers had learned much in a few days, and he understood to the fullest extent what had prompted the deed. He was saved from replying by the appearance of Dingley.

Dingley came forward, every action studied as usual. Sibyl Marwood ran to meet him. She did not know whether the man fascinated her, or whether she disliked him; but at that moment she wanted to use him as a foil against Chalmers. 'It is good of you to keep your promise!' she said.

'But I am afraid I am disturbing you.' He looked at Chalmers.

'No,' replied Chalmers; 'I was just going to make my adieus. Mail-day, you know.'

'I never allow that to worry me,' responded Dingley. He seated himself in the vacant chair.

That conversation gave Chalmers food for much reflection as he walked toward his office. His way lay past the hospital. He looked at it, a feeling of admiration for the girl who had voluntarily given her services surging through his mind. A couple of hundred yards farther he saw the figure of a native coming toward him, clad in the most costly of silken garments, rustling as he walked. The two men exchanged a quick glance as they passed. When he had gone by a momentary smile lit up the features of the Chinaman, rendering them, if anything, more crafty and cruel. His eyes narrowed until they became mere slits. 'White devil!' he muttered as he turned in at the gate which gave access to the hospital.

Continuing on his way, Chalmers wondered where he had seen the man before. He had not been long in Huan Ho, but that face was indelibly marked upon his mind. Though it bore the stamp of the Chinese, yet there was something which separated it from the faces he met everywhere. It was as cruel, as cunning—if anything both characteristics were more clearly definedyet it was distinct, a face to be remembered, to be feared. Suddenly recollection came to him. Before his eyes there appeared the scene he had witnessed a few nights ago with Sanders; the singing, shouting crowd, and the leader who had harangued them to such a wild pitch of enthusiasm. It was Li Hang whom he had just passed. He looked back. The road stretched like a ribbon straight and even for nearly a mile, but there was no one in sight. Li Hang had vanished.

The smile was still upon the Chinaman's face as he walked through the hospital grounds. He beckened a Chinese 'boy' to his side.

The youth came, and bowed low before him. Li Hang was a great man. With all the inherent cunning of his race, he possessed the advantage of a European education, having spent many years at Oxford, Heidelberg, and Berne. They had taught him many things, and he enjoyed the confidence of the Europeans, save two men, as well as being revered by his fellowcountrymen to an extent that could not have been much greater had he been a holy man. Long intercourse with the people of the West had taught him to speak three European languages perfectly, as well as to hide his real passions beneath a mask of immobility. Therefore it was with perfect English that he greeted Madge Marwood when she stood before him clad in her nurse's costume. His manner was courtly and gracious; he had learned his part well; nevertheless before he opened his lips his presence had filled the girl with a horrible, unspeakable dread, one which was not entirely resultant upon the wild tales she had heard.

'Miss Marwood,' he said, 'you will honour me by a walk round the grounds. I have much I want to say to you.' His eyes were fixed upon her coolly clad, graceful figure as he spoke. They drank in the rarities of her face.

He fell into step beside her as they walked slowly along the neatly kept paths. The tale he had to tell was much what he had told to Mr Marwood. He spoke of the great wealth he had to offer her, of the position, of all he could do for her, and would. But now it was spoken with a carefully hidden passion, one which filled the girl with horror as she listened.

A dozen times she tried to stop him. At last he gave her opportunity to speak. 'I am sorry,' she said, 'but I cannot marry you.'

It was the answer Li Hang expected. 'I shall ask you again,' he said, speaking quietly; 'perhaps next time you will say "Yes." A man of your country once told me that ladies often change their minds.'

'I shall never change mine.'

Li Hang smiled inscrutably. 'Let me at least hope you will,' he said.

The next moment the girl was alone. Standing transfixed on the spot where he had left her, she watched him walk back. Some dim foreboding of the part she was to play forced itself upon her mind, and her lips moved silently, fearfully, as though asking help of some unknown person.

Late the same afternoon Sanders called at the office, where Chalmers was busy studying a big ledger. Sanders looked worried and careworn.

'Bad news?' asked Chalmers.

'Bad and good. I have heard that some more converts have been killed. Don't know if it's true.'

'And the house?'

'Is nearly ready. I have had all the windows barricaded, and a stockade put round the roof. Thank Heaven the well is all right! Food is being drawn in as fast as possible.'

'I saw Li Hang this morning.'

'That is the man who is at the bottom of all the trouble. A Chinaman who has had a European education is a fiend. Without him we might have averted trouble.'

Chalmers looked out of the window. It all seemed so quiet and peaceful. A sense of rest was over the whole landscape, the idea of bloodshed and riot so far removed. 'I suppose it must come?'

'Yes,' said Sanders. 'It is only a question of when.'

'I was talking to Sibyl Marwood to-day,' Chalmers said, and detailed the conversation.

Sanders's mouth set hard. 'We shall have to be careful of Dingley. He means well, but he's a self-satisfied ass, the sort of fellow who'd [Christmas Number.

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fiddle while Rome was burning. I do not believe in meeting trouble half-way.' He paused and looked quickly out of the window. Where a moment before it had been so peaceful, a huge column of smoke was now rising. wonder what that is,' he said. Chalmers rose. 'Where is it?'

Sanders judged the distance. 'I should say it was the square where all the native roads meet. There are a number of houses there, and the church.' He spoke the last words slowly.

The two men looked sharply at one another.

'That is the first building they will attack.' Sanders's eye had caught sight of a rapidly approaching figure. 'The padre!' he said.

The gray-haired figure of Evinson came into The next moment he was standing before His clothes were torn, and blood trickled down his face from a nasty cut. 'They have burned my church,' he said. Though his eyes were dry, there were tears in his voice. He did not think of the wound upon his face, and what had caused it. He thought of nothing save that his church was gone. For nearly a score of years he had worked, growing old in the service. The building, poor though it was, had been built largely at his own expense. It was a monument to a lifetime of hard work and selfdenial; and now it was gone. It flamed skyhigh as a beacon of his failure. 'I did not know whether I should find you here.' His eves were fixed upon Sanders.

Sanders nodded. 'How did you get that cut

on your face?'

'A stone,' said Evinson simply. 'I stood on the steps and spoke to them, and they tried to drive me into the flames with stones.'

'The fiends!' broke in Chalmers.

'It is too late to save the church?' Sanders looked at the old man.

The padre nodded. Now that the danger was past and he stood in the presence of the two younger men, his strength seemed to have snapped. His lip trembled.

'Can you leave these books?' Sanders

pointed to the ledgers.

Chalmers threw them into the safe and locked the door with a snap. He knew what Sanders

'We must get every one into my house. The storm has come.—Padre, are you ready?

The three men emerged into the road and hurried toward Sanders's house. From the native quarter came mingled shouts, voices raised in loud derision.

'While they yell like that we are safe. It is when a Chinaman is quiet that he is dangerous,' said Sanders.

'Have you everything ready?'

Sanders nodded. 'Yes; we can stand a month, I think, if they do not overwhelm us by numbers.'

They stopped at each house on the way, 1914.]

spreading the tidings. 'Will you go to the Marwoods'? You know them?' said Sanders.

Chalmers nodded. It was not a task he liked, since he expected trouble. He entered the garden to find Sibyl idly reading a book in a deck-chair. 'Oh Dick!' she said, then stopped, 'What is the seeing the grim look on his face. matter? What has happened?'

'Is your father inside?'

The girl went white to the lips. She clutched the chair for support. 'Yes. What does that shouting mean?'

'There has been a disturbance amongst the natives. I do not think it is anything serious, but we are all going to Sanders's house.

'They are not going to kill us?' The girl looked terror-stricken. 'You'll save me, won't you, Dick?' In previous days it would have made Chalmers happy that she had appealed to him. Now he saw only a frightened woman, and each moment was precious. There were others to get within the four walls.

'You need have no fear,' he said sharply; 'but please hurry. Every moment is precious.'
Sibyl Marwood fled indoors. He heard her

voice, through the open windows, calling upon her parents.

In a few moments Mr Marwood appeared. 'What is it, Chalmers?' he said. 'Do you mean to say those natives have dared to attack us?'

'They may do so at any moment. Mr Marwood, do please get your wife and daughter to hurry. We must have every one in Sanders's house in a couple of hours.'

For a moment Mr Marwood hesitated. He disliked the authoritative tone in which Chalmers His lips opened to make reply, but instead he turned sharply upon his heel and walked indoors. His voice was plainly audible from the upper floor.

For another half-hour Chalmers paced up and down the garden. The voices had died away in the native quarter, and he remembered Sanders's words. Then the three Marwoods appeared. Each of the women carried a large bundle, obviously containing treasures hastily collected.

Chalmers hurried them out of the gate into the road. Sibyl looked up and down. 'Are we quite safe?' she asked.

'Yes,' said Chalmers, 'if we make haste.' Nevertheless he looked anxiously around more

When they reached Sanders's house they found most of the Europeans already collected there. Smiles of welcome greeted them. 'You can't guess how nicely Mr Sanders has got the house ready for us,' said one young lady, who had come to Huan Ho as a bride not a year before. Gaiety is infectious, and none knew it better than Sanders. Moreover, no one knew better than he what might, within the next few hours, be in store for all those who jested now.

Chalmers felt a sudden rush of pride as he joined the gathering. It was composed mostly of Englishmen and their womenfolk. He laughed and chatted with the rest, keeping the sense of irresponsibility at highest pitch. Sanders nodded approval across a crowded room.

Suddenly Mrs Marwood came to Chalmers's side. 'Mr Chalmers,' she said, 'where is Madge?'

'Hasn't she come in from the hospital?' Mrs Marwood looked almost tearful. My poor child! what will become of her with those awful Chinamen about?' The words were spoken in a high key, and they fell in a moment of silence. Moreover, they increased the silence. All eyes were turned upon the two. A frown crossed Sanders's face. A jarring note had been struck.

'I will go and fetch her,' said Chalmers.

The road was deserted as he left the grounds of Sanders's house. A few minutes' brisk walk

brought him to the hospital.

Madge came toward him clad in the white costume she had worn earlier in the morning, when she had interviewed Li Hang. The result of that rencontre was still visible in the pallidness of her face.

'Miss Madge, you have been doing too much; you look tired. But I am going to take you away from it for a little while.

'Take me away! What do you mean?'

Briefly Chalmers explained.

The girl shook her head. His solicitations pleased her. 'I am sorry,' she said, 'but my place is here.'

In vain Chalmers expostulated and pleaded. A personal appeal which made her eyes shine and brought the colour to her cheeks still left her firm. She laid a hand caressingly on his arm. 'Mr Chalmers, you would be the last to advise me to leave my post of duty. You know it.'

He looked at her admiringly, and the idea came to him. 'Yes, Madge, I should. your post of duty lies at the house, not here. Before many days, hours perhaps, we shall need nurses there. Fighting may start at any moment, and we shall want some one to look after the women, as well as after the men who are wounded. I think your place lies there.'

For a moment she hesitated. Her eyes rested upon his face, as though trying to read his thoughts. Chalmers stood before her, apparently stern and grim. In those few moments he had learned many things, but he could not speak of

them at such a time.

'Do you mean it?' she said.

'With all my heart. May I trust you with something? We haven't told the other women, but we are in for a bad time, and we shall want all the help we can get.'

'Very well, then, I will come. I won't keep

you long.

With mixed feelings, Chalmers waited, pacing

up and down the path, a prey to thoughts that as yet had hardly taken definite shape. He was thankful that Madge was coming to shelter, that she would be under his personal protection. Though they still floated nimbus-like in his mind, greater thoughts, hopes, ambitions had not tormented him. He had suffered by one woman, this girl's sister, and his heart had been dead, his belief in women shaken, until it was to be reawakened, blossoming into the one love of his life by circumstances of which he had not had the remotest idea. It is so love comes to a man, not by a slow, delicate growth, but by a sudden bursting forth into flower. A sudden danger-who knows what ?- may bring to life that which has lain dormant, unknown, in the soul.

She reappeared, still clad in white, but her little nursing-cap was replaced by a large Panamá hat, adorned with a single light-blue ribbon.

'I have not kept you long?' she said.

She cast one longing glance at the whitewashed building before she stepped into the road.

It was hot-overpoweringly hot-with hardly a breath of wind, not even enough to set the bamboos swaying. The buzz of insect life was everywhere, the air heavy with the scent of flowers. Over all was peace, not the quietness of an English village, but the magical quiet of a Chinese town.

She looked around. 'I can hardly believe there is trouble,' she said, 'it is so calm.'

Chalmers nodded. His eyes wandered to the fields which stretched away on their right hand, and they were deserted; no longer were they dotted with the wide brown hats, each of which betokened some coolie hard at work, but empty and silent save for the drone of insect life.

The hospital lay over a mile from Sanders's They had covered half the distance, chatting together with the freedom of old On their left stretched a camphorgrove, and, beyond, delicate green fields and hillocks broken by a network of pink paths. Chalmers's eyes were fixed on the camphorgrove. He fancied he saw something movesomething white. He crossed quickly, so that he stood between the girl and that side of the road.

'Why did you do that?' she asked.

The answer came, not from Chalmers, but from amidst the camphor-grove. A volley of stones assailed them, and a chorus of voices. 'Foreign devil!' they shouted; 'white man big devil!' The stones fell around them. Some struck Chalmers; one cut his cheek nearly to the bone. He laid his hand on the girl's arm for a second. 'Don't hurry,' he said warningly.
'All right.' She felt no fear, only exhilaration

that he and she were facing this danger together and alone. She glanced up at his face; it was

set firm. The grip had gone from her arm, and she saw the blue gleam of a revolver in his hand.

He raised the weapon and a sudden volley rang out. It spat viciously once, twice, three times. There was the sound of scurrying feet, a scream of pain, then silence.

'Stay a moment!' It was all the work of a second. He had leaped the narrow hedge, and she saw him bending beside a figure.

'Is he badly hurt?' she asked when he came

back.
'Shot through the leg. He will do all right

when they come back for him.'

'As a nurse' ---- she began.

'As a woman you will come on with me.' He took her arm and led her for a couple of hundred yards. Then it was she noticed he was wounded.

'You are hurt!' she said anxiously.

His one worry was to get her back safely. Anything might happen now. 'A mere scratch.' He smiled whimsically. 'It is so big wars are started.'

'You could not help it. It was that poor man or you.'

'Yes; they had a couple of hundredweight of

stones ready.'

Chalmers found the little garrison in a different mood from when he had left it little over an hour before. The first sense of gaiety was gone as they realised for what purpose they were there. Sanders made an efficient chief. To each he allotted some small duty, so that they might have something to do. The men took it in turn to keep a continual watch upon the roof. Arms and ammunition lay ready stacked.

Mrs Marwood hurried forward as they entered, a cup of tea in her hand. 'Thank goodness you are safe, child!' she said. She saw the wound on Chalmers's face, and nearly dropped the cup. Her sympathy was overpowering. 'This comes of your joining that horrid hospital.'

'I am sorry!' said the girl simply. 'Let me

dress it for you.'

Chalmers demurred. 'You will want some rest after our excitement. I will go and bathe it.'

The girl watched him walk away. There was a strange light in her eyes; admiration glowed in them, and much else. She was just beginning to realise that fact which forces itself upon women with varying depth according to their nature.

A few yards and Chalmers encountered Sanders. Briefly he told what had occurred. 'I am sorry, but I had to fire, or they would have beaten us down.'

'It will make no difference.' Sanders looked around. 'I think we are prepared for them. It will be a bad time, though.'

No one realised that better than Chalmers. 'Is there anything we can do to get help?'

'Nothing. I have sent a "boy" off—one I 1914.]

can trust as much as we can trust any of them now—and told him to be ready to give news to the first ship that passes. He is to cruise around in a sampan. But there isn't a boat due for ten days.'

Later that afternoon Chalmers found himself alone with Sibyl Marwood. Moments of danger bring out the true character of people. Though she had dressed herself carefully to please the many men around her, Chalmers saw the look almost of fear on her face. He would have hurried by to perform some duty, but she laid a hand on his arm. 'Dick, I want to thank you for saving Madge's life to-day.' Her eyes were eloquent. Be it to her credit, she cared for him more at that moment than she had ever done before.

Chalmers felt embarrassed. 'I did nothing,' he said hastily; 'any man here would have done as much.'

'You risked your life for hers.' The girl spoke feelingly, and there was a tremor in her voice. 'It was awfully brave. I can't tell you how I admire you for it.' Neither noticed the white-clad figure which had paused at the door for a moment, and then hurried on, a look of pain in her eyes.

Madge went straight up to the room she shared with her mother and sister. It was empty. She walked to the window and looked out across to where the waters of the river were flowing by, a dark bronze in the sunset; past the lush green paddy-fields, the clusters of majestic bamboo, and the small disused pagoda. There was a look of pain on her face. She had seen that which had broken rudely upon her dream; truly one which had been of her own making, but the shattering was none the less painful.

It was Chalmers who first noted the absence of the padre. He drew Sanders aside.

A worried look crossed the elder man's face. 'He was here early this afternoon, because I spoke to him. I will see where he is.'

Inquiries proved he had talked of going into the village. He had spoken on the subject to both Merrilees and Dingley.

'Didn't you try to stop him?' said Sanders irritably.

Dingley made a gesture. 'What was the use, my dear fellow, once the padre had made up his mind?'

'Didn't you realise it was sending a man to his death?' Sanders walked away sharply, afraid to trust himself to say more.

Dingley watched him with an amused smile. 'The responsibility of looking after us is telling upon Sanders,' he said banteringly 'to Sibyl Marwood a few minutes later.

She shrugged her shoulders. She hated Sanders; moreover, she feared him. His presence always acted upon her as a restraint. 'He is much as usual, is he not?' she replied.

Dingley laughed. 'Neatly put, Miss Sibyl. I suppose you cannot change the spots on a leopard.'

'You were right,' said Sanders a little later.
'He has gone down to the village, to the ruins

of his church.'

Chalmers looked quickly at him. 'He is in danger, of course. Some one will have to go down.'

Sanders nodded. 'I am going in a few minutes.'

Chalmers had been sitting down. He had just come in from a couple of hours' sentry duty on the roof, but he rose. 'I'll go,' he said quietly. 'You're wanted here more than I. Besides, I saw a photo of a girl in your room one day; she is waiting for you. Well, there's no one waiting for me.'

'I can't let you do it,' said Sanders.

Chalmers possessed a quiet, insistent way. 'Got another revolver?' he asked. 'I'll take a couple—automatic if possible. They're so effective.'

Five minutes, and he had quietly slipped out. Sibyl Marwood, standing upon the roof talking to the man on sentry, saw him. 'Is that Mr Chalmers?' she asked.

Her companion, Graham, a young Englishman, looked over the sandbags. Chalmers was swinging out of the gate on to the high-road. 'I believe it is,' he said.

The white-clad figure left his side abruptly, rushed down the flight of wooden stairs, and sought out Sanders. 'Was that Mr Chalmers who left the house just now?' she asked.

who left the house just now?' she asked.
'It was,' said Sanders. The meeting, the excitement of the girl, surprised him, and he felt at a loss for words.

'Where is he going?'

'To the native village. Mr Evinson is down there somewhere, and he has gone to find him.'

'You let him go!' The girl looked at him passionately. She regarded Chalmers with a sense almost of ownership, as she had done once before, when she had sent him away, his faith in womenkind destroyed.

'He wished to take the risk. Some one had to; we shall all have to take risks during the next few days.'

next lew days,

Sanders was perplexed as to the cause of the sudden feeling. What had prompted it? Had

he misjudged her, after all?

Sanders was a man who worshipped women. He placed them upon pedestals as the Maker's best creation. Sibyl Marwood rose high in his estimation at that moment, to fall still deeper a second later. A step sounded, and Dingley appeared, nattily dressed, and with his usual air of refined boredom. 'Are you coming on the roof, Miss Sibyl? It's a glorious evening for a stroll.'

The girl flashed him a glance from her eyes,

one which did not escape Sanders. 'Yes,' she said, 'I should love to.'

'It will be your turn to do sentry,' said

Sanders sharply.

Dingley nodded sulkily. He would have liked to refuse, but he feared Sanders with a fear as great as that of the girl at his side, although of a different nature, since it was physical.

It was nearly midnight before Chalmers and the padre returned, footsore and weary. A wave of relief ran through the house when it was known they were both safe. The padre was loved for his simple, kindly nature, and Chalmers had won his way into the affection of all in a short time.

Both men were reticent. To the many questions poured upon them they returned evasive answers—the padre with a deprecatory smile, Chalmers with a quiet reticence which refused further questioning.

Dingley smiled. 'A lot of fuss about nothing,' he confided to Sibyl. 'The way in which they have returned shows there is nothing to fear.'

Had he known what was passing between Sanders and the two men at that moment he would not have felt so easy in his mind. Perhaps, also, he would have kept silent.

The three men were seated in a small room, barely furnished, Sanders with his legs dangling

from a table.

'Yes,' he said, 'I have heard of the Brother-hood of the Sacred Lily. What do you know about it?'

'They held a meeting to-night.' Chalmers paused. 'From what I understood—I'm not much good at Chinese—they're going to attack us. The men passed beneath an arch of swords, and bowed before some fellow dressed in purple velvet. I saw afterwards who he was.'

'Li Hang?' said the padre.

'Yes.'

The padre nodded. 'I am not a man of wrath, or I would kill that man.'

'You saw all this! How?' Sanders's eyes were fixed upon Chalmers.

'I bribed a coolie to show me where they met. It is a building right in the centre of the village. There is a smaller place next to it, a joss-house. I climbed on to the roof, and lay beneath a window which opened right on to the chamber of ceremonies.'

A brave man himself, Sanders admired bravery in others. He looked upon the stern-faced Englishman before him, admiration plainly written on his face. 'Do you know what it would have meant if they had caught you?'

'A revolver-shot. I'd choose that before any of their little entertainments. They are coming to attack us'——

'Yes!' interposed Sanders.

'At midnight, when the waters shall have reached the bridge, whatever that may mean.'

Sanders thought for a moment. Then he [Christmas Number.

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leapt to his feet. 'It means to-night,' he said sharply. 'When the river reaches the bridge means high-tide. They're flood-tides now. You know the bridge by the ruined pagoda?'

Both men nodded.

'No boat could pass under it to-night.' He drew out his watch. 'It's nine o'clock.'

Chalmers had not been back an hour before the tale had got abroad. Sanders had meant that it should.

'And you did all that—for us!' Sibyl Marwood spoke enthusiastically, and her eyes shone.

'I have done what any man here would have done.—Coming, Sanders.—Excuse me, Sibyl.'

He was stopped for a moment by the younger sister. 'Is it true?' she asked. 'I wish I were a man, so that I could do as much.'

Chalmers smiled. He would rather have had those few words than all the other congratulations together. 'Your turn will come soon, Madge,' he said.

Sanders was already busy upon his preparations. 'I shall take ten men on to the roof,' he said; 'the other five I shall leave below, under your charge, in case the natives break into the grounds. Are you willing?'

'Of course.'

'Then you'd better take a little rest. You've done enough for three men already to-day.'

Chalmers shook his head. 'I shall go back and help the men to keep the social ball rolling. Mustn't let the women get nervous.'

Rumours had already preceded him. Questions poured upon him. Instinctively the women turned to him, more perhaps than to any of the other men.

'We may have a little trouble to-night; so we are preparing, that is all. Half the battle, you know.'

He watched how the women received the news. With very few exceptions they heard it in a manner which made him proud that he was of their race.

From Sibyl there came a low sound, one which grated on his ear; half-sigh, half-exclamation, it spoke in a way which no one could fail to understand. Here was a woman who was afraid. She crossed to Chalmers and clutched his coatsleeve. 'Dick,' she said, 'you won't let them hurt me?'

A few feet away stood Madge. She bit her lip as the words fell from her sister. Then came another thought, driving out all else. She had called him 'Dick.' She had looked into his eyes as only she could look into the one man's. Madge turned away; there was bitterness in her heart. Then she remembered; it had only been a dream, one of her own weaving. She could not expect he would have chosen her, when the more brilliant and vivacious Sibyl was near.

She was aroused by the sound of breaking glass; the scream of a woman, her sister; then Chalmers's voice: 'Help me, you fellows! We must draw those shutters.'

1914.]

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW minutes before midnight the rioters came—a vast, mighty horde. No one would have thought that the native village could harbour so many. They came in silence, until the stillness was broken by a gunshot.

Chalmers was on the roof at the time. It was he who had first noticed the vast, silent, white-clad army. He pointed it out to Sanders. 'I must go below,' he said. He marshalled the women into a room upon the first floor, chatting and laughing the while.

Madge was the last to enter. It seemed as though she hung back. 'God keep you safe—for'—she paused—'for Sibyl.'

Chalmers's reply was drowned in a volley from the roof, and the next second she had gone and the door was shut. Then he found the men clustered in a group in the hall.

'The fun's started, Chalmers,' said one. As they stood in their white ducks, with coats off and shirt-sleeves rolled above their elbows, they looked a determined little band.

From without came the hoarse cries of the natives, punctuated by volleys from the roof. It was a hard task those six men had, inasmuch as they had to wait, unable even to see the course events were taking, guided only by the firing and the shouts of the howling mob. For half-an-hour they stood it, resting impatiently on their guns. No message had come to them from those on the roof.

Then Chalmers took them into the diningroom and swung aside the shutters. The sight reduced them to silence, even as it dumbfounded Before the house there was a sight that would have done justice to any masked ball. Save for the firing and the angry shouts, it looked a mad carousal of folly. The whole scene was brilliant with the lights from hundreds of flares. Before the walls stood a mob of white-robed figures, lust and hatred on the face of each. They had run up scaling-ladders, and the strenuous efforts of all those on the roof were needed to prevent an entry. From those behind the storming-party came a strange variety of missiles -shot from guns (some modern, others so antique that they were a source of danger to those who fired them), stones, spears, naphthaflares slung on to the roof and against the walls from the ends of long bamboo poles.

Suddenly Chalmers threw open the windows. He saw a mob, and each moment it was getting more and more beyond the control of those upon the roof, and behind him were half-a-dozen men spoiling for a fight. A dozen natives had scaled the walls simultaneously; when the rifles barked out there were a few screams, and the men vanished.

Chalmers would have made a splendid soldier. He was one of those born for the service. In a second he had realised the position; and, leaving minute instructions with those behind him, he

disappeared.

Knowing that each moment was precious and might bring defeat, he rushed to the back of the house. There, in a small room, were a couple of dozen or more small kegs. He lifted one, swung it on to his shoulder, unlocked and opened a door which led into the grounds at the back of the house, and in a second he had vanished into the night. He walked quickly through the grounds, laboriously climbed the wall, and dropped on to the ground on the other side. There for a moment he reconnoitred. The night was dark, and a thick sulphurous smoke hung like a cloud in the air. Through it he could faintly see the white figures hurrying to and fro. The light from their flares showed only faintly until he approached nearer. He crossed the road and climbed the low hedge on the other side. Then, crouching low, he hurried along with his precious burden. Nearer he came, until the scene was brilliant again, and he was directly behind the mob. He could see their Their voices rose in one mingled shout. He bent still lower as he set about his work.

Care was necessary, and speed also. Each second might bring detection, and detection spelt a horrible death, at the thought of which he shuddered. Added to this was another The bullets from the roof spat angrily about him. One whistled past his ear with a vicious note. He smiled as he heard it. It was

at least merciful.

After prising the lid off the cask he pushed it through the hedge, so that it pointed directly upon the back of the mob. Taking a fuse from his pocket, he laid it deep into the contents of the keg, and lighted it. Then he hurried away on all-fours.

To Sanders upon the roof the minutes dragged slowly. The fire from his small party was horribly insufficient to stop the mob beneath. Even aided by the shots from the men in the rooms below, it did little save add to the fury of those outside the walls.

The rifles were hot in the hands of those who held them; and though a Union-Jack, relic of some past festivity, floated on the roof to spur them on, it needed little to show him that unless something unexpected happened it would not be an hour before the defence was broken down. He shuddered as he thought of the women in his care, and his face grew white and drawn.

Up on the roof were a couple of native 'boys,' faithful though their elders had deserted. Sanders beckoned to one. 'Ask Mr Chalmers to step up here for a moment, he said in Cantonese. He felt the necessity for advice, for some one to turn to at such a moment. So he paced up and down until the 'boy' returned with his message. Mr Chalmers had vanished, disappeared, gone like a wraith of blue

'Where the devil can he have gone?' muttered Sanders angrily, as he looked down upon the mob beneath.

As if in answer to his question there was a blinding flash, and a cloud of flame rushed up to meet him; a dull, heavy roar; a wild chorus of shrieks from those below, like the cries of tormented souls; then a chorus which slowly died

away in faint moans.

He staggered back beneath the shock. When he had recovered sufficiently to look over the barricade again, a strange sight met his gaze. The smoke still hung heavy; the air was poisonous with fumes; but the Chinese had gone, though he could dimly see a few white-clad figures flying terror-stricken down the road; those who remained lay still and silent.

He rushed forward and seized the hand of the nearest person. No matter that it was Dingley. 'Man,' he cried, 'we're saved!'

'Who could have done it?' asked Dingley. Rapidly Sanders put two and two together. 'Chalmers is missing,' he said.

CHAPTER V.

THEY had gathered the women together again in the long dining-room. Tongues were busy. Danger was past for that night, and every one chattered from very relief. They made a strange company — the women white and tidy; the men in their shirt-sleeves, just as they had come from the roof, powder and dirt on their hands and faces. And there was one question upon every one's lips: 'Who had done it?'

The door opened, and there entered a man dirtier than the others. His face was grimy with the marks of powder, and his coat torn. He stopped apologetically on the threshold, and would have retreated had not Sanders rushed forward and seized him by the arm. 'This is the man!' he said.

In a moment they had clustered round Chalmers, while he stood in their midst flushing like a child detected in some misdeed.

'Dick, I am so proud of you!' said the girl. They stood alone in a corner of the room. From somewhere that seemed far away, though it was only a few feet, came the voices of the others. Chalmers felt fear at that moment as he had not felt it a couple of hours before.

'I am glad I knew you in the old days,' she went on. 'It makes me feel that you are more to me than to the others.' Sibyl Marwood was not one who could analyse her own feelings. Had she been able to do so she would have said at that moment that she loved this man whom she had sent out of her life five years

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Still Chalmers made no reply. He was wondering many things. He was a man of implicit honour, and he wondered whether the foolish boyish vows, born all in the passion of a moment, which he had made so long ago, still held him bound to the girl at his side. The thought worried him. If they did, he was prepared to fulfil them now, though it was she who had broken them at the time. He did not see what might have decided him.

In the shadow of a curtain stood another girl, sister of the one who was by his side. Her eyes were fixed upon the couple, and there was a look of utter weariness in them; for the third time she had received the answer to her dreams. Of course he cared for Sibyl. It was natural. He had cared for Sibyl in the old days, and what was she in comparison that she could hope to win him from her more brilliant sister? She turned away to utter a commonplace reply to some remark of Sanders.

It was not for another hour that Chalmers had an opportunity to speak to her. 'Do you remember what you said to me at the door?' he asked.

The girl fought down the reply that rose to her lips. 'Some foolish words, I expect,' she answered. 'I am as excitable as a child. And it has been an exciting night, hasn't it?'

Chalmers looked at her as though hardly understanding what she said. 'It has been exciting in many ways,' he replied slowly.

She felt his eyes upon her, and steadfastly thrust behind her out of the way in a corner of her mind the words she would have liked to speak.

That night, tired out though he was physically, Chalmers lay on the outside of his bed. His mind was restless and worried. He thought of Sibyl Marwood, and what her every action implied; whether he should take up the threads where she had dropped them five years ago. From her his thoughts wandered to the younger sister; and, though he did not know it, the look in his sleepless eyes changed. They grew softer. She perplexed him even more. as he would he could not reconcile the words she had spoken earlier in the evening with those which had dropped from her lips not a couple of hours before. The first had spurred him to the deed which men called great; the others filled him with regret. Why had she spoken them? Had he unintentionally offended her? He sighed as he thought of the strange tangle that life presented. Presently his eyes closed; utter physical exhaustion overcame the restlessness of his mind and forced him to sleep. was a smile upon his lips. 'Madge!' he murmured once. His arms stirred. 'Madge!'

In another room, where the two girls slept with their mother, Madge lay, her eyes as open as his had been. She saw a red morning dawn, 1914]

and listened to the regular breathing of her sister with thoughts that were rebellious. She could sleep so peacefully because she was happy in the love of the one man. Her heart ached, not so much at her own loss—she had grown to realise that that must be—but at the thought whether or not her sister was worthy of the man. Madge prayed that she might be; that Sibyl would love and tend him, as she herself would have done had she been chosen. So it was that she, like Chalmers, learned that night of the strange tangle life could be.

CHAPTER VI.

WITHIN a week Madge found other things to occupy her thoughts. Though Chalmers's ruse had been temporarily successful, in less than twenty-four hours the natives had returned in redoubled force. For seven days the little garrison had fought unceasingly through the hours of darkness, snatching what rest they could in the daytime. In those nights they learned what no book could have taught them of the cunning of the Eastern mind. Li Hang and his followers had tried a dozen plans, all clever, mostly diabolical, to bring them to submission. They had even tried to undermine the house and blow it up with gunpowder. They had flung naphtha-soaked bombs against the walls in the hope of burning it. Under cover of heavy firing, a few of their number had entered the grounds, even to the house itself, in an endeavour to poison the well with the bodies of plague-stricken rats. One morning the garrison had awakened, after a strenuous night's fighting, to find four sightless heads upon bamboo poles peering over the walls. They were the heads of four of Sanders's servants, one little more than a boy. How they had fallen into Li Hang's hands no one knew, though the manner of their death was too horrible to bear thought.

It was Sanders and Chalmers who saw them first. The two men rushed into the grounds, regardless that there might be an ambush, knowing only that the women must not see them. They took them down and buried them, sick with the sight. That was on the eighth morning. Two of the largest rooms had been converted into wards, and half the small garrison were wounded. Sanders himself had a fleshwound in his left arm. The padre had been knocked senseless. He recovered to babble of his little church, and preach sermons to those in the beds around him.

Madge had been on duty all night, and it had been a strenuous one for all. The walls had been scaled, and only a sudden onslaught by the gallant little handful of men had saved the house. She was walking in the garden. At

her feet flowed the river. She was lost to sight bushes. It was a glorious morning. The air from a dozen flowers mingled in her nostrils.

Suddenly the bushes parted, and a white-clad figure stood before her. She started back in

fright.

'You need have no fear,' said a reassuring voice. There was a smile upon Li Hang's face.

'You!' she said. 'What are you doing here?'

'I came to speak with you.'

'Don't you understand you will be killed if

you are seen?'

Though the passion shone in his eyes with a force that made the girl feel faint, Li Hang's voice was modulated. 'I would take that risk for you,' he said.

'But you did not know I should be here.'

'I willed that you should come, since I wanted

you.'

The girl was afraid of him. Strong-minded though she was, she felt he exerted some tremendous influence over her. What it exactly was she could not have explained, but the thought of it made her afraid. 'Why do you want to speak to me?' she forced herself to say.

'You remember what I said to you when you

were so good nursing the sick at the hospital?'
'I told you "No" then; do you think I shall say "Yes" now'—she pointed towards the house—'when I think of those who have been wounded because of you, of the vile deeds, the horrors of the past week?'

'They might have been worse-far worse.' Li Hang made a gesture indicative of many things. 'The house would have fallen but for

'But for you?'

'Do you think we could not take it? A double attack by water and land, and it could not stand for a couple of hours. You have much to thank me for.' He came a step nearer. 'And now I have come for my reward. I ask you again. If you say "Yes" I will take my men away; the English people, your friends, shall be safe. If not?

'If not?' said the girl. Her lips were dry.
'It will fall to-night. And your friends I cannot save.'

'You mean I am to be the price of their lives? If I give myself to you they will be saved?'

Li Hang bowed. 'To celebrate the honour you have done me.' For the first time passion vibrated in his voice. 'You shall have everything you want, my beautiful flower. Your life shall be one long dream of happiness.'

'How do I know you will keep your promise?' 'I swear it by my ancestors, by my hope of

joining them.'

'When do you want your answer?'

'Now.' Li Hang came near.

But she waved him back. 'Listen. To-night, if I agree, I will wave a handkerchief from the roof. You will see it because I will wave it at the full moon. If it is "Yes" I will be here at this spot an hour later.'

She turned sharply on her heel and walked away. Her step was steady until she reached the house. Then she tottered up to her room, thankful that it was empty. Flinging herself down on the bed, she gave way to a misery too deep for tears. She rocked her whole body in an agony of horror. Her soul revolted against the enormity, the degradation, of the idea, until she felt physically sick. A dozen times she went through it all in her mind. If she agreed, Dick would be saved. He could go away with Sibyl, and they could live their life of happiness together. Of what lay before herself she would not, could not, think. On the other hand, if she refused, Dick and all of them must die. She shuddered as she thought of the death that would be theirs. 'God,' she murmured once, 'kill me. Take the choice out of my hands that way.'

She remained in her room until late in the morning, and when she arose it was to write a long letter. It was one which filled many sheets, and cost her much to write. When she had fastened down the envelope she placed it in the bosom of her dress.

With a strength of purpose at which she would have marvelled in others, she flung all thoughts behind her for the rest of the day. Until nightfall the hours were hers, and she had her patients to look after.

It was whilst she was in the sickroom that Dingley found time to have a few words with Sibyl. There was a smile of self-satisfaction on his face. He felt he had done something brilliant. 'If it is to be "Yes," he said, 'let me know. I have arranged with a bootman. These johnnies would do anything for money, if only Sanders and a few of the others had the sense to know it. He will have a sampan here at midnight. We can get away to the open water, and stay until a boat picks us up. It Will you? He will only be for a few hours. was standing close to the girl; his arms went round her, and he rained hot, passionate kisses upon her face. 'You know how I want you!'

Like her sister, Sibyl Marwood was tom between two decisions: whether she should remain and share death with the man she fancied she loved, or seek life and freedom with the man who fascinated her. It spoke eloquently of her character that now she was with Dingley, his arms about her, his kisses still warm upon her lips, the image of the other man gradually

faded from her mind.

'I cannot tell you now,' she said; 'but you will have the sampan there ready?

'Then it will be "Yes"?' There was passionate eagerness in the man's voice.

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To temporise, the girl answered in the affirmative.

Regularly each night an attack was waged against the house. By eleven o'clock the fighting had commenced. The little garrison had taken up its position on the roof, in their frantic endeavours to ward off the fanatical mob without.

It was nearly midnight, a clear brilliant night. Madge shuddered as she saw how brilliant was the moon. There was no doubt Li Hang would see.

Chalmers, kneeling against the rampart, rifle in hand, was suddenly aware she was standing by his side. 'Madge,' he said, 'you mustn't stop here. Go below. It's no place for women.'

Don't send me away,' she pleaded. 'I couldn't stop indoors. I've had a tiring day, and it's so hot in there. Let me stop with you.'

'Poor little girl! you're overdoing it.' There was a note of tenderness in Chalmers's voice.

'You'll let me stay? I could help you to load the guns.'

'Then you must lie down where you can't be seen.' Chalmers drew her down to his side. She quivered at the touch of his hand upon her arm.

'Is this where you are every night?' she said when she had steadied her voice. It had become hallowed ground to her.

Chalmers laughed. 'Unless the general has other orders for me.' His rifle spat out, and a man in the act of scaling the wall fell back with

Madge watched it all with fascinated eyes. Though horror had frozen her heart and numbed her senses, she felt a temporary happiness; she was near the man she loved—she realised how much now. And the remembrance of those brief moments would be a help in the awful days that lay before her.

'How do you think it will all end?' she sked once.

'Oh, they will get sick of this game in time, and then we shall make a sortie, and the fun will be over.' Chalmers lied fluently, cheerfully, so that she might not know the horrible truth—that the food was running short, and each hour might bring defeat and death.

You really mean it?' She clutched his arm, and her eyes looked searchingly into his face.

'Of course I do,' he responded cheerfully. She might have believed him. She was even fighting out in her own mind whether, after all, the handkerchief should fly, whether Li Hang had not lied, and she should take her chance with the rest near the man she loved, when

with the rest near the man she loved, when Sanders came behind them. He did not see the girl.

'Chalmers,' he said in a low voice, so that no

one else might hear, 'another hour of this and it will all be over. We've lost three men. Foster's dead, and Clarkson and Granby wounded. A dozen of the fiends got into the grounds and 1914.]

tried to fire the house. I discovered it only in time. They're dead now.'

It was then he saw the girl. 'Miss Marwood,' he said, 'what are you doing here?'

'I would come. It's cooler than indoors, and I've been helping Dick.'

She knew the truth now. The moment had come for her choice, and she made it willingly, since she had had that half-hour alone with Chalmers. She rose and took out her handkerchief. For a moment it fluttered above the rampart. The next she had wiped her forehead with it. Just for a second she felt faint. 'I think I'll go below now.'

'You should,' said Chalmers.

She hesitated. His face was upturned toward her. It didn't matter; she was going from him; he would not see her again—Li Hang would see to that. She stooped down and kissed him passionately on the lips. 'Good-bye, dear,' she said.

The next moment she had vanished.

Chalmers watched her, the blood coursing through his veins. There was a glad look in his eyes. He made a movement as if to follow her, and then remembered every rifle was wanted now. His absence for a few moments might make all the difference. And if they were saved they had all their lives in which he could tell her of his love. If he had only known! He murmured her name as he fired his next shot, and a bullet winging on its way to a man's death carried with it a man's pæan of love.

CHAPTER VII.

SANDERS had moved away, leaving Chalmers alone with the girl. He had seen her hurry down the staircase, and still he kept aloof. The little he had seen told him his friend would wish to be alone. Suddenly he crossed to the side of Chalmers. As if by magic the firing had ceased, the mob before the house was melting away, and already many of them were only dark shadows. Wondering, he drew Chalmers's attention to the fact. 'What can it mean?' he asked. 'Another hour and they had us beaten. Surely it is not some infernal trick of theirs—a piece of cunning to draw us from our stronghold.'

'We won't be drawn,' said Chalmers shortly. There was another person who had watched the dissolution of the attacking force. The girl turned away from the window. For a moment she stood in the middle of the room. It had become hallowed ground since she had met Chalmers there every day, and to a certain extent had shared the routine of daily life. With a shudder she remembered. Li Hang had kept his part of the bargain; now had come the time for her to fulfil hers.

Her face was set and white as she walked through the grounds. There, on the outskirts, where the water showed a pale blue in the moonlight, stood Li Hang. Moored against the bank was a large sampan. To Madge, as she stepped aboard, it seemed that the blue eyes painted on the prow smiled upon her cruelly, lustfully.

'You have come,' said Li Hang. He could barely disguise his passion. He had played for high stakes—the soul of a woman—and he

had won.

He gave a sharp command to the twelve coolies. The oars dipped in the water, the wavelets lapped against the prow of the sampan, and the shore receded.

Madge took a last look at the house. The windows twinkled friendly eyes upon her, until a bend in the river hid them from sight. could not have analysed her feelings at that moment. Her power of reasoning was gone; her very heart was dead, turned to stone. was a mist, out of which there sounded the creaking of the long sweeps, which took upon themselves fantastic notes; now it was a voice of mockery, now one soft and low, voicing the name of the man she loved-'Dick! Dick!'until she thought she should go mad.

Li Hang sat silent beside her in the stern of the sampan. Presently he touched her arm. 'See,' he said—'if you had not kept your word.' The river had broadened; its banks were hung with trees to the water's edge. Lining the shore on either side was a fleet of black war-junks, their red-and-white eyes gleaming balefully upon

the girl.

They had gone another mile, when the rowers ceased work; the creaking of the sweeps stopped also, and the sampan glided toward the shore.

Looking up, the girl saw a scintillation of lights sparkling through the trees. The thrumthrum of a banjo came out to them.

Li Hang rose, and, stepping ashore, offered in his hand. Welcome to the house where her his hand. you will reign as queen!'

Madge followed him like one in a dream. They passed beneath flowering shrubs, up a winding path, across a small arched bridge, beneath which tinkled a clear stream, into the

The room was furnished in true Chinese fashion, and opened direct on the grounds. Hang pointed to a low couch in a corner of the 'You will rest,' he said. 'I have other work to see to now.' With the entry into his house his tone changed. He was the master, she there to do his bidding. An awful feeling of revulsion seized her. The price was too much to pay. She looked around like a caged animal, feeling one, and that she must escape—anywhere -even to the river, since it spelt peace.

Li Hang was watching her. 'It is useless to attempt to escape,' he said. 'Your friends shall be safe, I swear to you. And you could not go a dozen yards before you would be stopped.'

She heard the door close behind him, and sank on to the couch he had indicated. buried her face in her hands, and her whole frame shook convulsively.

The letter Madge had written in farewell reached her sister's hands a few minutes after she had left the house. Sibyl tore open the Astonishment grew as she read on. Once her face hardened. It was when she read her sister's confession of her love for Chalmers. She laughed harshly. Those few words had told her more plainly than all that had gone before the state of her own feelings toward him. A woman is not kind when she is fighting for the man she wants. So Sibyl Marwood hid the letter in the bosom of her dress when she had finished reading it.

It was midnight when she read it. another sampan glided up to take the place of the one which had borne her sister away.

Dingley came upon her suddenly. He was beside her before she was aware of his presence.

'Are you ready?' he asked. He spoke passionately, his arms outstretched.

'Not yet,' she pleaded; 'not yet. Give me a little while. The sampan can wait?'

'Until you are ready. But the longer it is the more danger of our not getting away. The dawn rises early, and we must be in open water before it is daylight.'

'Very well,' replied Sibyl, 'I will let you know soon.' She hurried away to find Chalmers. Now that she realised, she wanted to be near him, to make sure of him. No thought of the part her sister had played—of the sacrifice she had made that they might be spared to come together-entered her mind. Yet she would have waxed indignant had any one asserted in her presence that she was selfish.

She sought Chalmers in vain. There was still much the little garrison had to do. The Chinese had retired, but for what purpose! The men were not to know the price to be paid for their freedom. So, from past experience, they judged it to be only a forerunner of another more desperate, perhaps more cunning, attack.

An hour was to elapse before she saw him again, and then she was to stand before him in all the nakedness of her soul.

She wandered from room to room; the chatter, even the very presence, of the other women irritated her. She hated those who were married inasmuch as they were possessed by the men of their choice. She even wandered in the grounds. so as to be alone with her thoughts.

Suddenly she came face to face with her father. His face was white and worried. 'Have you seen Madge?' he asked.

For a moment she hesitated. A voice prompted her to deny all knowledge, to destroy the letter; [Christmas Number.

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but fear held her. On a wild impulse she tore the letter from her dress. 'Read that,' she said. Her voice was high-pitched and strained.

Mr Marwood took it. His eyes dilated as he ad. His hand shook. 'My God!' he cried. 'My poor Madge! what have you done !-Sibyl, you have not told your mother?'

'No.'

She must know nothing of this. Madge loved

Chalmers! Where is he?'
'I do not know.' Sibyl Marwood could have ecreamed aloud.

Mr Marwood left her hurriedly. In a couple of minutes the two men returned. Chalmers was reading the letter. He read it through in The girl studied his face, but could silence. glean nothing.

'And she cared for me all along!' he said when he had finished. The quietness of his

tones surprised them both.

'Have you spoken to her?' asked Mr Marwood. His voice was stern; his eyes searched Chalmers's face as intently as his daughter's, though for a different reason. Everything was a mystery to him, and, manlike, he misjudged the cause.

'No,' said Chalmers; 'I did not know until to-night that she cared for me, when she came on to the roof to say good-bye. She must have meant it for that. I thought at the time it was only good-night.' His face, his manner, had been quiet only because the blow had stunned him. Now his eyes shone. 'But I love her so much that I am going to her. I will either bring her back or else we shall die together.'

Mr Marwood was reduced to silence.

For a moment the girl stood like a stone. felt frozen. Then she blazed forth. 'You love her!' she cried. 'Dick, you shall not go to her. It is too late.' She rushed forward and flung her arms around his neck. She was oblivious of everything save that she loved him, that he was going from her, and she must make a last appeal to hold him. 'You will be killed if you go to her! It is too late. Stay with me in

The men stood abashed. Chalmers gently disengaged her arms. Truth was forcing itself upon him, a hideous truth. He would have spared the girl, but he must know. 'When did

you get this letter?' he asked.

She shrank from him. 'Why do you ask?' 'Because I must know. When did you get

'An hour ago; perhaps a couple.' She passed her hand across her forehead. 'I do not know. I have lost knowledge of time.'

'A couple of hours ago! Oh my God!' For a moment Chalmers gave way to grief. He covered his face with his hands.

It was only for a moment; but when he released them the girl was gone. Now that her secret was known, now that she had played her last card and lost, she wanted to get away from his 1914.]

searching eyes, from the contempt she read in them, from the knowledge that she had lost him. She ran into the arms of Dingley.

me away!' she gasped.

'In the sampan? Come, dearest; it is ready.' 'Anywhere! I do not mind where, so long as it is away from here.'

In a state akin to madness she rushed upstairs and packed a few clothes, leaving behind her a couple of hastily scribbled lines. They hurried through the gardens, and if anything it was she who was the more impetuous. She wanted to get away from it all.

The sampan glided from the shore, as had glided the one which bore Madge. Thus it was the two sisters left the house that night from causes as diverse as the course which they chose.

Leaving Mr Marwood, Chalmers sought out Sanders. As briefly as possible he detailed what had occurred. He spoke quietly but hurriedly, since there was not a moment to lose.

There was a mist in Sanders's eyes when he had finished.

d finished. 'I shall come with you,' he said. Chalmers shook his head. 'I must go alone. It is useless to sacrifice a life. Besides'—his voice broke for a second-'I do not know what I shall find.' He held out his hand. 'Good-bye. I shall be back in a couple of hours with Madge, or not at all.'

Sanders took his hand in silence. The next moment he was alone.

Chalmers hurried along the road. He took advantage of no shelter; he needed none. That night he was invincible. He was going to save the woman he loved. He realised now how much he loved her. The thought of those awful hours when he had delayed through ignorance made him mad. It drove him to greater speed. He must get to Li Hang's house and know the worst. He drew a revolver as the thoughts flashed through his mind.

Now walking, now running, he hurried along, past lush, green paddy-fields; past camphor-groves and groves of tall and stately bamboos bowing majestically in the wind; through the native village, with its lights and voices; past the ruins of the padre's church. Now the river shone by his side in the moonlight, and he was walking on the shore; now it was lost to sight amidst the foliage. Once a native voice chanting some song broke the silence. The sound maddened him. He could have throttled the man, stamped the life out of him, since he was of the fiendish, accursed race. Instinct guided his feet along paths where in daylight he would have faltered. Her name broke from his lips in agonised tones as he rushed onward.

At the entrance to Li Hang's house he paused. There were lights in several of the rooms. One in a window on the upper floor maddened him. He raised his revolver to fire at it, to put it out, so that there might be darkness. Then he remembered.

He crept round to where he fancied he heard voices. A servant stepped out of the shadows

and stood in his path, spear in hand.

Chalmers leapt upon him. Before the man could utter a sound he had felled him to the ground with the butt-end of his revolver. He left the man senseless, and sped onward to where a light beckoned him, and the sound of voices. His heart leapt as he heard Madge's voice. There was a note of pleading in it.

He had come to the long open windows. For a moment he crouched in the shadow in the shelter of a creeper. It hid him from view, but the light pouring out of an open window fell

full upon his face.

He saw the two figures in the room—the woman he loved and Li Hang. There was a look of fear upon her face. She was speaking rapidly, pleadingly, a note of terror in her voice. The look upon the Chinaman's face turned him dizzy, even as it made him mad with anger. He saw Li Hang advance upon Madge, saw her shrink from him against the wall, overturning a small table as she crouched.

Li Hang's hands had almost despoiled her by their touch, when Chalmers rushed into the room.

The look of terror upon the girl's face turned to one of unutterable joy as she called upon him

by name, her arms outstretched.

Li Hang wheeled round sharply. He was too late. A cry rose to his lips, but it was stifled by a pair of hands which held his throat in an iron grasp. He beat the air impotently; his tongue lolled out. Then he sank on his knees, the vicelike grip still at his throat. His face blackened, he gave a last gasp, then there was silence.

Chalmers rose to his feet. 'Madge,' he said;

'my dear Madge!'

No other word was needed. She came to him with a little sigh of joy, of unutterable happiness. For a moment Chalmers held her at arm's-

length. His gaze wandered from her face to the dead man and back again.

'No, no; you were in time,' she said, and

hid her face again on his shoulder.

For a few moments he let it stay there. Then he gently disengaged her. 'Are you strong enough to come back now? We must get away before he is discovered.' His voice was wonderfully gentle. The wisdom of the ages is granted to some men in a few hours.

'I am ready to go anywhere with you, Dick.' She shuddered. 'Take me away from this.'

He led her through the gardens, along the mud-dried roads, now as fragrant as 'the precious garden,' to where their friends awaited them, wondering what had happened, how it had all ended. Tears of joy were coursing down the faces of some of the men when they entered—a joy too deep for words. It was best expressed in the hands which Sanders silently held out, one to each.

The golden-red dawn of a Chinese morning was streaming in when Sanders and Chalmers sat together chatting in the former's little study.

'There will be trouble over this,' said Chalmers.
'I am afraid I have come as a stormy petrel.'

'Pooh!' Sanders blew a cloud of cigar-smoke. 'We have beaten them off before, and they have lost the master-mind now.'

As he spoke there came the faint reverberation of a gun. He leapt to his feet. 'Listen! We're saved! There's a warship in the bay. Heaven knows what nationality; but that boy I sent down has told them, and we're saved.'

Within a couple of hours they came—two score of English blue jackets, led by an officer, young and enthusiastic.

Chalmers and the girl together watched them arrive. 'Sec,' said Chalmers, 'our trouble has gone with the darkness of the night. There only remains the day—our day.'

TO US WHO KNOW THE END.

To us who know the End, life's long road lies
Winding for ever upward to the light!
And though black mists ereep up to blur the sight
Of that celestial glory, though our eyes—
Poor, foolish, tear-dimmed eyes—scarce see God's skies,
And weary feet, slow stepping through the night,
Hold on so hardly to the road of Right
Which climbs unto the land where e'en Death dies;
Yet there is joy upon the toilsome way,
And words of cheer and comfort from one Friend,
And bubbling springs of water when the day
Has drained our hearts of courage. Love can send
Such strange, sweet strengthenings to us who say
Unto our fainting souls, 'I know the End!'

KATE MELLERSH.

REMORSE.

T was a hot July day in northern Switzerland, one of those days which redden the cheeks of apples and melt the hard hearts of pears, and not infrequently incline elderly people to an afterdinner siesta. This had been the effect upon both Herr Schwarzmeier and his wife, one of whom was nodding in his arm-chair, while the other, scorning pretence, had frankly stretched

herself upon a sofa.

Both Grete and her guest Gusti agreed that the inside of the house, with its lowered venetian blinds and its drowsily buzzing flies, was extremely dull. Outside it would no doubt be hotter, but could scarcely help being more amusing; having come to which conclusion, Gusti, being the leading spirit, took her hostess by the hand, and, tiptoeing past the arm-chair in which snored Grete's grandfather, they both gained the open air with a gasp of deliverance.

Not that there was very much to do even out here, since to race up and down the veranda would have been to call down upon one's own head angry protestations from abruptly awakened slumberers, and before the shadeless stretch of gravelled courtyard even eight-year-old enterprise somewhat faltered. To be sure, from beyond that sun-baked desert there smiled green-tinted shade, showing invitingly from between the curiously wrought iron bars of an ancient gateway; but that was alien ground, the garden entrance of neighbours who were 'summering' in the mountains, very much to the disgust of Grete, who only last week had regretfully watched the departure of a small troop of playfellows. She looked wistfully across, pleasant experience having taught her that it was not only leaves that grew upon the branches behind that iron gate. Grandmamma had very strict ideas on the subject of trespassing even on acquaintances' ground; but then she was so fast asleep.

'I wonder if the gate is locked,' she specu-

lated aloud.

'Supposing we try!' suggested the practical

A minute later they stood at the entrance of

the forbidden paradise.

'Not locked! They must have forgotten!' exulted Gusti, as the heavy handle yielded to

the pressure of small fingers.

'I am sure they would not mind!' said Grete, by way of a sop thrown to conscience, as the threshold was crossed.

It was more of a miniature orchard than a garden, an ill-kept but luxurious tangle of fruittrees, around whose feet dishevelled-looking strawberry-plants crawled; while against the high 1914.]

enclosing walls raspberries flung their arms, as though in the endeavour to scale it. There was not much to look for on either of these, which, before the exit of the Sellheim family, had been exhaustively and conscientiously plundered, and with no too squeamish regard to the exact state of maturity; but some late cherries still dangled overhead, and some early peaches looked almost

'Supposing we try!' said Gusti again; and Grete dumbly acquiesced, though not without another brief wrestle with conscience. But, after all, one has to do something for the enter-

tainment of one's guests.

'I'm sure they would not mind,' she repeated as she held down a branch for Gusti to reach a promising-looking peach. From between the leaves she looked up somewhat awe-stricken at the green-shuttered windows in the tall yellow house that towered above, dead and silent in the summer sunshine, against a background of snowcapped mountains; then cast a glance around her as though half-expecting to see the astral bodies of Lina and Fanny, or of the tiny yellowhaired Mizzi, lurking in the green shadows.

'Peaches don't keep, nor cherries either,' she remarked. 'We won't touch the apples or the pears, because these will still be good when they

all come home.'

'And, besides, they're not ripe,' completed

'How about the plums?'

The plums, alas! were as green as the lizards sunning themselves on the top of the wall, with scarcely a bluish blush here and there to distinguish them from their own leaves, and hard as the pebbles under foot.

'Tiresome things!' said Gusti, having ad-

ministered divers ineffectual pinches.

'They'll be ripe when Lina and Fanny come back,' calculated Grete; 'and then I know they'll give me some.'

'Greedy thing, to think only of yourself! They won't give me any, because I'll be away

at school by that time.'

'I'll send you those they give me-really I will-or at least half of them. One can send

plums by post, can't one?'

'You might try, at any rate,' said Gusti, true to her usual method of solving difficulties. 'And you needn't make the parcel too small when you're about it. I once heard some one say that to send five kilos doesn't cost more than to send one, so it would be a waste to send less than five. And of course it's only the really good ones that are worth the carriage—good, fat plums like that one up there on the tip of the branch. Isn't it just going to be a beauty? Oh Grete, I've got such a splendid idea!'

'About the plums?'

'Yes, about just that plum in particular. Let's make a mark upon it; and when the plums are ripe you must manage to be present at the gathering, and must get hold of that plum. You know what tree it is, and it's on that big branch that grows toward the wall, quite at the tip. You can't miss it if we make a proper mark; and then you'll send it to me, wrapped up in silver paper, so that I'll know it from the others. It will be so exciting to see it again when I'm in that horrid school.'

'Oh Gusti, you are clever!' exclaimed the admiring Grete, to whose tender imagination so far-fetched and complicated an idea could, of

course, not fail to appeal.

'Promise that you'll do it!'

'Of course I promise. But how are we to make a mark? The rain would wash away pencil.'

'No, pencil won't do, of course; nor ink either. It must be something more solid. Let's think.'
For a full minute they both did so intensely.

'A piece of twine tied round the stalk?' suggested Grete.

'That might be noticed.'

'Or a cross cut into it with a penknife?'

'I fancy that might spoil the plum. Oh Grete, I think I've got it! A pin run into it quite deep, with only the head looking out. Nobody will notice that, and it will stand the rain. I've got a pin in my sash.'

'Gusti, you are really too clever!' breathed Grete, while already her resourceful friend was

searching for the pin.

'I'm a year older,' said Gusti modestly.

'There!' she presently pronounced, when with firm little fingers she had pushed the pin into the hard flesh of the plum up to its tiny glass head, while once more Grete held down the branch. 'If any one sees it he'll think it's a dewdrop. Mind you remember the exact place! Hadn't we better make a chart of it?'

'What's a chart?'

'A sort of plan they make of hidden treasures. They always do it in books.'

'But we haven't got any paper.'

'I've got a pocket-book. I got one on my birthday, and I don't mind tearing out a page. Yes, I think that's best.'

The consultation over the chart was somewhat ardent, and evolved such results as: 'Plum 26 on branch 7 (counting from top) of tree 2 (countink from wall), one-half yard higher than Grete's head.' This was supplemented by a rough drawing of something which purported to be a tree, but which an unprejudiced observer would have been more likely to take for a discarded broom, besides a rich trimming of arrows pointing about in various directions.

'There! that will do!' decided Gusti, as she

straightened herself from her squatting position. 'You can't miss it now. It will be so exciting to see what happens to the pin; and of course it's a dead secret; otherwise it's no fun.'

it's a dead secret; otherwise it's no fun.'
'Of course!' echoed Grete with another
furtive glance at the shuttered windows. Was
there really nobody spying upon this secret
pact?

'But now let's get back quickly before

grandmamma awakes!"

In the first days of September the green shutters in the tall yellow house opened once more to let in sunlight and let out the voices and laughter of children. Every moment of Grete's leisure was now spent in the walled garden, not so much enjoying the society of Lina and Fanny and that of their two boisterous brothers, as anxiously watching the tree on which hung the marked plum. Since that surreptitious visit in Gusti's company she had not again set foot within the orchard, whose gate had been locked by some busybody. It had, therefore, been impossible to watch the progress of the plum, or judge of how the pin agreed with its constitution. Even now the issue remained dark, since the unwatched moment necessary for an investigation had not yet presented itself. Grete had to content herself with knowing that no wholesale gathering of plums had yet begun, though it was impending, for already the branches were beginning to bend under their purple load. Frau Sellheim was famous for her jams, and the particularly sweet plums of this tree were yearly destined to garnish the store-room. All depended upon Grete's being on the spot at the critical moment and taking possession of the branch in question, which tactfully offered assistance should make quite feasible. Yet the thing was not quite so simple as it had appeared in July. The nearer the great moment approached the more feverishly did Grete study the carefully treasured 'chart, without, however, seeing her way out of the difficulties starting up on all sides. For, in the first place, owing to new shoots and denser foliage, the mere look of the tree had changed considerably during the last eight weeks, so that branch No. 7 had become more difficult to identify, particularly as branches which, on the day of the pact, had been half a yard above Grete's head had now sunk by their own weight to almost the level of her shoulders. And the plums in ripening had grown so dreadfully like each other; and there were some on the ground, dropped before their time. Supposing the plum was among these! Perhaps one of the worm-eaten ones being pecked at by the hens! What a disastrous end to the beautiful secret! What a disappointment for Gusti-poor Gusti!-who had already started for her distant school!

But it was on the day itself that bewilderment reached its height. Lina had indeed faithfully kept her promise of summoning Grete; but amid the joyful pillaging of branches, from which the

boys pulled the plums in handfuls, while even little Mizzi insisted on holding one of the baskets into which they rained, how was she to keep the chart in her head, and act accordingly? In vain did Grete's finger surreptitiously feel along the skin of each plum that seemed likely; no round little point met her touch. Had it perhaps grown so deep into the ;plum as no longer to protrude? Here was a new and unforeseen contingency with which Grete's brain did not feel able to grapple; or was this, after all, not the right branch?

'I think that's all,' cut in Frau Sellheim's cheerful voice to these anguished reflections.

The baskets were full and the branches stripped. The marked plum had escaped her for ever. The moment of realisation was so poignant that before the eyes of her astonished friends Grete burst into tears.

'Dear me, child, have you hurt yourself?' asked Frau Sellheim, while Fanny and Lina put affectionate arms around her.

'No, no; only I—I've lost something,' sobbed Grete.

'Lost what?' came in chorus.

But Grete had recovered herself in time to salve the pact. The name of the object lost was not to be extracted from her.

'Don't bother her,' said good-natured Frau Sellheim. 'I know another way of drying tears. Here's a basket of plums to take home, Grete. Tell your grandmother that that's my thanks for your diligent help.'

Grete quickly dried her eyes. Might not a kind Providence have arranged that the plum should be among these? Before handing them over to her grandmother she resolved to submit each to an exhaustive examination.

The result of the examination, which took place in a retired spot, was another blank. There now remained no doubt. The marked plum was lost, traceless in an ocean of its own kind.

And yet the pin could not have vanished. What had happened to it? Grete uttered a sudden, sharp exclamation. She had pictured to herself some one biting into that plum and pricking his or her lip, or gashing the tongue upon the pin. Or, worse still, not pricking the lip, but actually swallowing the pin!

That night Grete had bad dreams; and next day, during the siesta hour, she wrote a letter to her friend:

'Dearest Gusti,—I don't know how to begin, because I'm so unhappy. I know you'll say it's all my fault, and perhaps it is; but what could I do? The plums are all gathered, and I couldn't find the one with the pin, though I found the branch again—at least I think it was the right branch. And, oh Gusti! I'm so wretched! It is dreadful not to be able to send you the plum; and there's another thing that frightens me; for just supposing that Lina or Fanny or Conrad ate the plum and swallowed 1914.]

the pin! What would happen? Would they die? And would we be murderers, and be hanged? Please write quickly and tell me.—Your miserable GRETE.'

To which in due time there came answer:

'Dear Grete,—Don't be a goose. Of course it's a pity about the plum, and I can't understand how you couldn't find it out, since you have the chart. But it's stupid to be unhappy about things that can't be helped. Besides, I don't mind it as much as I thought I should, because school is really a much nicer place than I expected, and I've made a lot of nice friends already, some of them bigger than I, and it makes one feel quite grown-up. I'm beginning to think that that affair with the pin was very stupid and childish, and I can almost laugh at it now. Of course we're not murderers. You always exaggerate things. You told me yourself that Frau Sellheim makes jam of the plums, and of course she has to cut them open for that-I've seen mother do it-and she'd be sure to find the pin; and what does it matter if she wonders how it came there? And if she doesn't find it, that just means that it was in one of the fallen plums, and that a hen has eaten it, which wouldn't matter, as all hens get killed in time. At any rate, whatever you do, be sure to hold your tongue. I shouldn't like any one to know how childish I was only two months ago, and things do get round so funnily sometimes. And it would be very provoking if it got to Irma Fekete's or Mella Weisshappel's ears. We sometimes have great fun together.'

(Two pages of rapture over the novelty of

school life, followed by a P.S.)

'P.S.—Of course even though you can't send the plum with the pin, that's no reason why you shouldn't send other plums. Mella gave me some excellent apples lately which she got from home, and Irma some grapes; the plums would do beautifully to give in return.'

This letter, by suggesting a favourable solution, had a relatively soothing effect upon Grete's mind, particularly as a week had now passed since the gathering, and all the inmates of the tall yellow house seemed to be enjoying their normal health.

'Do you eat many plums?' she had asked once or twice.

'Oh, a fair number,' answered Conrad, to whom one of these questions was addressed. 'Yesterday I think it was forty.'

'And you feel quite well?' asked Grete with a spasm of terror at her heart.

Conrad stared. 'Of course I do. What are forty plums? I've eaten as many as sixty at a go.'

'Has your mother made all the jams yet?' Grete questioned Lina on the day she got Gusti's letter. 'Very nearly all.'

'And-and has she said nothing?'

'Yes. She said that there are fewer worms in the plums this year than last.'

'Then she does cut them open?'

'Yes, to take out the stones; but only those for the jam; those for the compôte are cooked whole.'

Grete retired into a corner in order to think this over. The hopes attaching to the treatment of jam plums were annihilated by this revelation concerning the compôtes, since in one of these whole plums the murderous pin might at this moment be still sticking. The old terror had

risen again full-grown.

Of course there was one way out of it: to confide in her grandparents, and get them to warn Frau Sellheim of the danger lurking in her household. But to do this implied having to confess the raid performed in July; and Frau Schwarzmeier was far too forbidding an old lady to make confession easy, and grandpapa far too much in awe of her to be of any use in such a matter. Besides, there was that solemn pledge of secrecy given to Gusti. No, clearly there was nothing for it but to bear the load of one's black secret in silence, and put one's hope in Providence or in guardian angels. It was now that Grete's prayers took on a complexion of fervour hitherto lacking. To each separate guardian angel of each single individual did she personally address herself. 'Please, dear angel, keep Lina from eating compôte!' 'Dear angel of Fanny, don't let her swallow the pin!' Such was the tenor of the petitions which rose daily from the side of a small white bed. And it would almost seem that they had found a hearing, for week after week passed without anything dreadful happening-in fact, without anything happening at all.

Already the prayers were growing more mechanical and Grete's flagging appetite returning, when one morning Frau Schwarzmeier appeared late at breakfast, and said to her grandchild in an even sharper tone than usual, 'Mind you don't go across to the Sellheims' to-day.

One of the children is ill.'

With a clatter Grete's spoon dropped on to her plate, as, wide-eyed, she stared at her grandmother. 'Ill?' she repeated stupidly.

'Yes, ill! Is that a reason to stare like a new-born calf? I'm sure those children run wild enough to catch anything agoing.'

'Who is it?' Grete managed to ask with dry

lips.

'The little one-Mizzi.'

'And what is the matter with her, granny?'
Frau Schwarzmeier reflected for a moment.
'She has got a sore throat.'

'And how'-

'That's enough questions,'came tartly. 'It's time you were at your scales. Finish your breakfast and run off.'

'I've finished my breakfast, please, granny;

I'm not hungry to-day.'

'Bless the child! is it Mizzi's illness that has taken away her appetite? I always said she was a mere bundle of nerves—the new sort they make nowadays. Well, well, get off to your scales, but mind not a step across the yard, and not a word exchanged with any of the Sellheims!'

Grete walked out of the room, feeling rather like a drunken man; and, sinking down upon the music-stool, she covered her face with her hands. A sore throat! That meant, of course, that the pin had stuck there. Would they get it out in time, or would it choke her? And little Mizzi, too; the smallest and most delicate of them all! Oh, what had her guardian angel been about?

That day another letter was written:

'Dearest Gusti,—It has happened, after all, and it is little Mizzi who has got the pin in her throat. She is very ill. The doctor has been here twice to-day, and I am not allowed to go over. Oh Gusti, what are we to do? If she dies I think I shall die too. Oh, please write soon, and say your prayers hard!'

To Grete the four or five days that followed were one long nightmare. It would have been difficult to decide which was more unbearable, lesson-time or play-time. Perhaps the lessons were almost preferable, since they forced her thoughts at least temporarily to desist from the one subject which obsessed them; while playtime consisted now in watching the tall yellow house across the courtyard, and glueing her eyes to the window behind which she knew little Mizzi to be tossing in fever. The most agonising moment of the day was that of the doctor's arrival. During the interval between his appearance and disappearance it became quite impossible to think of anything else, even in presence of the music-master. If circumstances allowed it she would study the doctor's face as he came out of the house opposite, and endeavour to draw conclusions from his expression.

'Whoever would have thought that the child would take it so much to heart?' commented Frau Schwarzmeier to her husband. 'She has quite gone off her food.'

On the sixth of these agonising days, and before an answer had come from Gusti, another much-blotted little note was despatched:

'It is all over, Gusti; Mizzi is dead, and it is our fault. I heard the cook say to the postman that she had choked. Of course that was the pin. Oh, what are we to do? Ought we to go to the police ourselves? I think people sometimes do that, and I would rather tell the police than granny. Tell me quickly what to do.

Your unhappy Grette.'

This time the answer came by return, and the handwriting alone was enough to show that even Gusti's robust optimism had received a severe shock:

DEAREST GRETE'—said the straggling lines, penned surreptitiously in the shelter of a desklid-'your letter has made me quite ill. I did not want to believe it at first, but I suppose it must have been the pin, after all. Dear darling little Mizzi! like a live wax doll, and now she is a dead one. But it is all my fault, not yours; it was my idea, you know; you only agreed. If I could make her alive again by being hanged I swear to you I would; but since it would be no use I don't see the object. I've been thinking about it, and I've come to the conclusion that there is no sense now in telling the police or your grandmother or anybody. It seems to me that the only thing to do is to do penance somehow. I don't quite know how, but I shall think about it and write again. I must stop now, because the class mistress is coming.'

The correspondence between the two who shared the guilty secret was not the only one occasioned by the vagrant pin. Here are some specimens:

From Frau Schwarzmeier (Wyl) to Frau Brunner (Zurich).

'My DEAR AGNES,—Aware as I am of the kindly interest which you take in your goddaughter's welfare, I think it best to tell you that Grete is giving cause for anxiety. Ever since the death of one of our neighbours' children she has been in a state of mind which completely baffles me. She always was an impressionable little thing; but the cause here does not seem to me to be in proportion to the effect, Mizzi Sellheim having been far too young to be a real playfellow. At the news of her death Grete was seized with such a convulsion of weeping that she had to be put to bed; and on the day of the funeral she was in such a state that I sent for Dr Braun, though he couldn't discover anything wrong. But the strangest part of all is the persistence of the impression. She neither eats nor sleeps as she ought, and is visibly losing flesh. Dr Braun is of opinion that a thorough change of surroundings is the only thing to dispel this morbid state of mind. That is why I am writing to-day. If you could arrange to have her for a few weeks, I fancy that a dose of town sights might effect a cure by chasing off whatever fancies may be possessing her.'

'IDEAREST GRETE,—I have been thinking about it hard, and also reading up things, and I find that the real old penitents used to wear sack-cloth and ashes, which I'm afraid won't do for us. The next best thing to that is hair shirts 1914.]

and scourging one's self. Dry peas in one's shoes are said to be an excellent way of working The hair shirt and the scourges off one's sins. would also be very difficult to manage, as they would be found out; and, besides, I don't know what sort of shops one gets them at; but I think the peas are quite possible, and also I think we ought to do something with a pin; that would be so appropriate. Supposing we each always carry a pin about with us and prick ourselves with it at least once a day at a given hour-for instance, the hour at which little Mizzi died; only, I hope it wasn't in the night, because I don't think I could keep awake. But I think that's a splendid idea. Write to me at once about the hour.'

From Mademoiselle Loti, Principal of the Ladies' School at Lucerne, to Frau Mannstein, St Gall.

'Honoured Madame,-In answer to your inquiries regarding the progress made by your daughter Gusti, as well as her conduct generally, I am somewhat at a loss what to say. She began by taking to school life most kindly, as well as to her studies, though her great liveliness of temperament made her somewhat difficult of control. Lately, however, and quite abruptly, her character seems to have undergone a complete transformation. Her gaiety has vanished, making her indeed much more easy of management, but with it, unfortunately, the interest in her studies seems to have evaporated. I hesitate to say so, but certain symptoms seem almost to point to an access of religious fanaticism. Not content with the usual devotions practised, she has been seen to steal off to the chapel during the recreation hours, and has been surprised dragging herself along upon her knees, after the fashion of medieval penitents. Also, one of the servants tells me that repeatedly while she was cleaning her shoes dry peas have fallen out of them. Apparently they did not get there by mere chance, for when questioned, Gusti seemed confused and could give no clear

'Of course all this may mean nothing more than a passing fancy, such as I have frequently observed in children of that age, yet I feel it my duty to mention the matter.'

'Auntie,' said Grete one day, after she had been for about a week in her godmother's house, 'why did you say this morning that granny ought to have sent me to you sooner, before little Mizzi died?'

That she was able to pronounce the name without bursting into tears might be taken as the first symptom of improvement, wrought by the Zurich atmosphere.

Frau Brunner, who was an ideal representative of the 'fair, fat, and forty' type, in which the Swiss city abounds, looked up from the cup of coffee in which she was luxuriously dipping a slice of toast.

'Because diphtheria is dreadfully catching, my dear, and you were living next door to the Sellheims.

'What is diphtheria?'

'It is a-well, it's something you get in your throat, a sort of skin that grows there, and that ends by choking you.'

'But it doesn't grow there of itself, does

it?'

'Not unless you get the infection.'

'Or if you swallow something? I thought perhaps,' added Grete quickly, meeting her godmother's astonished eyes, 'that you might get it if you swallowed something by mistake—something hard, I mean; for instance, a needle or a pin. You might die of that, mightn't you?'

'I suppose you might; but that has nothing to do with diphtheria.'

'And did Mizzi really die of diphtheria?'

'Yes, certainly. Didn't you know that?'

'And of nothing else—really?'

'There was nothing else wanted. Diphtheria kills hundreds of children yearly, though they do make a vast fuss about that new serum.

For a minute Grete sat quite still, then said, with a deep catch in her breath, 'Why didn't granny tell me that?'

'Did you ever ask her?'

'No, I didn't. I didn't dare to,' added Grete

'Funny brat!' laughed Frau Brunner as she finished her toast.

Grete slept badly again that night; but it was not remorse that kept her awake; it was It could not yet be called certainty, since 'diphtheria' was far too vague a conception to give concrete impressions. People who did not know about the pin might easily make mistakes. Still, this new idea opened a door to the prospect of finding that perhaps, after all, one was not a murderess. Grete resolved at once to do two things: firstly, to write to Gusti to-morrow; and, secondly, to lose no opportunity for gaining information concerning this mysterious illness that choked you.

The letter went off next day, and produced

an even greater effect than had been intended. In the reply that promptly came, Gusti literally jumped at the chance of escape thus offered.

'Of course, if it was diphtheria, then it's all right,' she wrote. 'I mean that it is not our fault, though it is just as sad for poor Mizzi.'

That same day the penitential peas were shaken out of Gusti's shoes, and the expiatory pin was discarded for good and all. It was only a week later that Mademoiselle Loti had the satisfaction of reporting to Frau Mannstein that her daughter had recovered both her gaiety and her interest in study.

Grete did not get off so easily as that. was very slowly indeed that the hope in her mind became a certainty, while the surviving doubt gave to her budding mind a certain colouring of gravity which was to remain through

'You cannot have shed so many tears over your little sister as I did!' It was Grete who said it to Lina Sellheim one autumn day when they were eating plums together in the walled

garden.

The skirts of both girls were down to their ankles now, and their hair on the tops of their They had begun by eyeing each other mistrustfully; for, in the ten years past, circumstances—her grandmother's death among them -had drifted Grete away from this provincial nook, making strangers of the old playfellows. But, little by little, the atmosphere worked; for, although the fruit-trees staggered against each other like so many crippled veterans, and had grown beards of lichen, neither the tall yellow house, nor the green shutters, nor, least of all, the snow-crowned mountains of the background, had changed in the interval.

Presently Grete and Lina were laughing together over the story of the pin, which had never been told before, but which to-day had

grown ripe for the telling.

'Though I hope I shall never commit a real crime,' said Grete as she furtively wiped her eyes-for it was not laughter alone which the reminiscence provoked—'I shall not go to my grave without knowing the taste of remorse.'

A POWER ABOVE.

THE rose-flush'd morn, the evening's tender gray, The foam of blossom on a thorny spray,
The singing wind whose every breath is sweet,
The humble daisy curtsying at my feet,
The wonder of a bird's swift, tireless wings, The charm and mystery of growing things, All prove to me there is a Power above Whose grace is infinite, whose name is Love. E. MATHESON.

THE PROFESSOR'S DIAMONDS.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

T was Professor Van Hoogen's eightieth birthday, and the one day of the year on which he dined at the, to him, preposterous hour of seven o'clock. On all other days dinner at Hill Crest was served at noon, as had been the custom when he was a Leyden student sixty years before, and he had never seen any valid reason for changing it. It was to serve the convenience of his brother Anton, who made a point of dining and sleeping at the Crest on the Professor's birthday, that the dinner-hour was thus postponed.

For the last half-dozen years the Professor's home had been at the metropolitan suburb of Highgate. He had fallen in love with, and had bought the lease of, Hill Crest, a two-storied, red brick domicile of the Georgian era, containing about a dozen rooms, standing secluded in its own grounds, and thus securing to its owner the absolute quietude lacking which he found

it impossible to prosecute his researches.

Professor Van Hoogen's name was a familiar and esteemed one in scientific circles both at home and abroad. He had devoted his life to researches and experiments in mineralogy, and in a lesser degree to geology; and in his younger days he had travelled extensively in the prosecution of his studies. He was a little wisp of a man, somewhat frail-looking, but on the whole carrying his fourscore years lightly. There was nothing austere about him. He was always cheerful and sweet-tempered, with a certain engaging, almost boyish, simplicity of manner which he had brought with him from his native village on the Scheldt, and which the world, with its many elbows and its rude rubs, had left unimpaired.

With the Professor, who had never married, lived his great-niece, Anna Vosmer, who had been born and brought up in England. Anna, who was now twenty years old, had lost both her parents while still a schoolgirl, since when her home had been at Hill Crest. With her uncle's cordial consent, she had just become engaged to a young electrical engineer, Roger Denaby by name, and to-day's birthday-dinner was to be regarded in the light of a formal

recognition of their betrothal.

A chill and threatening October evening closed in. The curtains were drawn, the electric bulbs flashed out, and a cheerful fire burned in the grate of the cosy drawing-room at Hill Crest. Roger Denaby arrived in good time, having walked over from his lodgings half a mile away. 1914.]

After greetings were over, the Professor, with fine consideration, left him and Anna together. He was nearly sure that he heard the sound of a kiss as he was shutting the door. He chuckled softly to himself. 'Oh the happy time!' he murmured.

Anna Vosmer was a tall, fair, slender girl, with hazel eyes which beamed with vivacity and good humour, and with a charming smile that came and went on the slightest provocation. She was dressed in white, and her only ornament was a necklace of pearls with a sapphire clasp. She crossed to the hearth when her uncle had left the room, and sank into an easychair. Denaby promptly followed, and stood looking down at her, an elbow resting on the chimneypiece. The love-light shone in his eyes; for him she was the fairest being on earth.

'I wonder how soon I may venture to speak to your uncle about our marriage?' he said. 'I know of no reason why our courtship need be a

protracted one.'

The girl looked up with startled eyes. 'I hope you won't think of doing anything of the kind for a long time to come.'

Why not, pray?'

'Because, Mr Audacious, I shall never agree to leave uncle, and I hope he will live for many

Denaby twisted the ends of his moustache. 'With all my heart I hope the same as you do. He's a dear old boy, and I'm afraid that having to part from you would be a severe wrench to him.'

'It is one which I have no intention of inflicting upon him.'

'I am the last man to wish you to do so. For all that, our courtship need not be a very long one.'

'What do you mean?'

'As you know, this house is larger than your uncle's requirements. Several of its rooms, I've heard you say, are unoccupied and have never been used. What, then, more simple, when you and I are made one, than for me to shift my few belongings over here and become your uncle's tenant? There's plenty of room, and I should incommode nobody. What say you, Miss Anna Vosmer?' He was regarding her with the utmost placidity.

Anna sprang to her feet, a fine rush of colour in her cheeks. 'Who ever heard of such a preposterous and impudent suggestion?' she exclaimed. Then, as her eyes met his, her lips

curved into a smile. 'But you are only trying to tease me. How silly of you!'

'No; I'm quite serious—honour bright!'

But at this moment the Professor entered. 'Five minutes past seven,' he said as he glanced at his watch. 'But punctuality is a virtue never cultivated by Anton.' Hardly had he spoken before there was a knock and a ring at the front-door. 'Ah, here he is!' he exclaimed; and with that he went out into the hall, where greetings were exchanged between the brothers which lacked nothing of cordiality on the Professor's part. Then they entered the drawing-room together.

Anton Van Hoogen, who was his brother's junior by fifteen years, was a short, podgy man, who looked as if he were over-addicted to the pleasures of the table. He had fairly good features; but their expression was at once mean and crafty, and his small greenish-gray eyes had the frosty glint of one whose interests never radiated beyond himself and his own petty concerns. If you had chanced to inquire what his profession or business was, you would have been told that he called himself a 'general dealer,' whatever that term might imply. He wore his evening clothes as if unused to them, and there was a pervading air of shabbiness, almost of mustiness, about him. To Anna it was a standing wonder how the same parents could have brought into the world two sons so widely dissimilar in every respect. To her seeming there was an unfathomable gulf between the brothers. Needless to say, Anton Van Hoogen was profoundly antipathetic to her fresh and glowing sympathies.

'My brother, Mr Anton Van Hoogen—Mr Roger Denaby,' said the Professor by way of introducing them. The two men bowed. Each on the instant conceived an aversion for the other. 'When you and Mr Denaby meet next, brother,' continued the Professor, 'he will probably have become a member of the family, seeing that he and my dear niece have just

become engaged.'

'Is that so?' said Anton, as his eyes met Denaby's with a malevolent gleam in them. 'Permit me to congratulate you, sir. You are a very fortunate young man.'

'My own opinion exactly, sir,' was the cool

rejoinder.

'I suppose I ought to congratulate my niece, but marriage is such a lottery!—How do you do, my dear? It's upwards of four months since I was last at the Crest, and, 'pon my word, in the interval you have blossomed like one of my brother's pet roses.' He spoke smilingly, but his voice had a covert sneer in it. It was a very limp hand that his fingers clasped for a moment.

Dinner was announced a minute later.

The talk at table was chiefly between the Professor and Denaby, both of whom were

interested in the ever-changing problems of aviation. Anton was too intent on his food either to listen or talk. It was evident to both the young folk that he was restless and nervously ill at ease. But his venomous thoughts were busy. To-day, more clearly than ever before, the conviction forced itself upon him that when Felix should die-and he couldn't in reason expect to live much longer—he would bequeath everything he possessed, and he must be worth several thousands, to his chit of a niece. It was outrageous; more, it was positively wicked. Was his brotherly affection, then, a thing of the past and clean dead? There had been a time when—but that was long ago. Since then something had occurred which he preferred not That Felix had forgiven him was to recall. what few brothers would have done. How he hated that girl!

By this time the weather had changed for the worse. Heavy rain was falling, and while they sat at the table the lightning began to flash and quiver, and the thunder to roll its great chariots across the sky. Before long the Professor said to Denaby, 'You cannot go home, my friend, through weather like this. We must put you up for the night, and you can leave as early as you like after breakfast. Occasionally a friend or two drop in upon me from the outside world from which I have so long been a deserter, and we always keep a couple of beda in readiness for such birds of passage.' He looked inquiringly at Anna.

'The rooms are in readiness, as they always

are,' she said.

Denaby's objections were easily overruled.

On the table were two kinds of wine, both of which Anton did not fail to sample liberally; and within his reach was a bottle of champagne, which he deftly uncorked when dessert had been brought in and the servant was gone 'Charge your glass, sir, and then charge my niece's,' he said to Denaby as he passed him the bottle. Then he filled his own glass and rose to his feet.

Anna guessed what was coming; nor was she mistaken. It was the same little speech, almost word for word, that she had listened to or several anniversaries. It abounded with sentimental platitudes, and wound up with the timeworn tag, 'Let brotherly love prevail!'

Then he nodded meaningly to Anna and

Denaby, who stood up, glass in hand.

'I drink to the health of the best of brother and the best of men. That he may live to enjoy many happy and prosperous years is, I feel sure, the heartfelt wish of all of us,' Anton concluded, and emptied his glass at a gulp.

'Dear uncle, my love and all good wishes,'

said Anna, with brimming eyes.

'Your health, sir,' said Denaby simply as he bowed and drank.

The Professor replied in a few appropriate

words not untinged with emotion.

Presently they returned to the drawing-room, where, on the centre table, more wine had been placed, together with an assortment of glasses, a squat earthenware bottle of spirits, lemons, sugar, and a box of cigars.

'I have still a few bottles of the old Schiedam left that you have sampled before,' said the Professor to Anton, 'so help yourself, and I'll join you presently. But first I'll ring for hot water. As for our brace of lunatics, they can doubtless amuse themselves at the piano.'

The 'lunatics' asked for nothing better. They would be virtually alone, and to be in such close propinquity, and able, unheard, to whisper sweet nothings to each other, was felicity enough for

the time being.

So the two elders settled themselves comfortably with their toddy before them, the Professor smoking a mild tobacco in his big china pipe, and Anton a cigar. The latter's first tumbler did not last him long, and presently he helped himself to another. By now his nervous restlessness was no longer so noticeable. The Professor was in a garrulous mood, and inclined to be reminiscent, recalling to his brother's recollection scenes and incidents of their boyhood's days in their humble home in a village on the banks of the Scheldt—how he, Felix, used to carry his little brother on his back to and from school, how he taught him to skate, and so on.

Anton—who cared nothing for such senile prattle, but felt constrained to humour the old man, listening with one ear, and now and then giving vent to a short, rasping laugh—had other matters to occupy his mind. It was his intention in the morning to ask his brother for a loan—that was what he termed it—of a hundred pounds; but, with the recollection of a certain unpleasant episode of a dozen years before still fresh in his memory, he was doubtful how Felix would receive his request.

At length the Professor paused while he charged and lighted his pipe afresh, and Anton seized the opportunity to divert the talk into another channel. 'By the way,' he began, 'do you still continue to shut yourself up for as many hours a day in that mouldy laboratory

as you used to do?'

'Mouldy, do you call it! Well, well! How many happy hours have I not spent there! But I really think that before long I may perhaps feel inclined to shorten my working hours a little—just a little.'

'Oh, I shall be so glad!' It was Anna who spoke. She had turned on the music-stool, and

was facing her uncle.

The Professor laughed in his gentle way. 'I know, my dear, that you would fain make an idle man of me, but at my time of life it is no easy task to break through the fixed habits of years.' His face suddenly became grave. 'Some 1914.]

six or eight months ago I received from my friend Professor Magson a tiny package, the contents of which consisted of a very minute sample of a lately discovered substance which, in his accompanying note, he described as being an emanation of certain black oxide deposits at present found only in a few widely scattered It was my friend's firm belief that places. the substance in question possessed most uncommon powers of radio-energy; and, his health having broken down, he was desirous that I should experiment on it with that end in view; but he omitted to state the particular line of research to which he was wishful that my experiments should be directed. He promised to write me more fully in the course of a few days, but in less than a week he was dead. Since then I have been like a man groping in a twilit cavern for something, without knowing exactly what, which I failed to find, but which I had an intuitive assurance was there. At length a ray of light pierced the obscurity, and now at last, after months of close application, my search after a dimly guessed at truth has been crowned with success. Yesterday morning witnessed my final experiment. The result was all, and more than all, I had hoped for.' A faint colour tinged his faded cheeks for a few moments when he ceased speaking.

'You will have heaps of leisure now, uncle dear,' said Anna; 'we shall be able to take our long-deferred holiday on the Continent.' She

was radiant.

'My child! fancy me at my age gallivanting about the Continent! But come, all of you, into the laboratory. I have something to show you.'

CHAPTER IL

THE three followed the Professor across the hall into the laboratory, a sacred place never invaded by any of the household save Anna, who lighted the big Dutch stove in cold weather, and was occasionally allowed to indulge in a little sweeping and dusting under her uncle's supervision.

The Professor, having shut the door, switched on the light and indicated with a gesture the only two chairs in the room. Without heeding him, his brother advanced a few steps, halted, and stared around. Never had he been in any place even remotely resembling it, so crowded was it with a jumble of queer-looking objects, among which no sort of order seemed to exist. Here were retorts, siphons, blowpipes, and Leyden jars, together with flasks and bottles of sundry shapes and sizes, to specify but some of the unfamiliar objects over which Anton's gaze wandered curiously. In one corner was a gal-

vanic battery, and in another a small furnace,

at present dead and cold.

Meanwhile the Professor had crossed to a tall cabinet, and, opening one of the drawers in which were arranged a varied assortment of duly labelled mineralogical specimens, he took something out of it, and going back to his brother, he held out his right hand, on the palm of which rested two small objects, in size somewhat larger than an ordinary coffee-bean. 'Take these,' he said, 'examine them, and then oblige me with your opinion of them.'

Anton took them on his own palm, peered at them, turned them over and over, and held them up to the light. 'To me they seem nothing more than two bits of clouded glass of no

possible value to anybody.'

'For all that, they are real diamonds, but of a very inferior water, and, as you may observe, only partly cut. They came to me from South Africa.' Then taking back the two stones, he opened his left hand and displayed two others nearly similar in size to the first two. 'Now examine these, and tell me what you make of them.'

His brother took the second pair, but no examination was needed to convince him that he held on his palm a couple of superb gems, such as, it seemed to him, might well have graced a royal diadem. When he held them up to the light, turning them this way and that, they flashed and scintillated with a myriad rainbow tints, and seemed to hold within themselves a spark of some magic fire struck out by gnomes in the bowels of the earth. 'They are simply magnificent,' he said, with an indrawing of his breath, as he gave them back. 'No less a word is applicable to them.' He could not help wondering to what all this was the prelude.

The Professor chuckled. 'And yet only a little while ago this second pair were in all respects counterparts of the first pair. Not even an expert could have detected the slightest difference between them.' He handed the stones

to Denaby to examine.

'Is that indeed so?' said Anton with an inflection of satire in his voice. To himself he added, 'What a nincompoop he must take me for!'

'It is as I say. By means of the secret process, on the details of which I have been experimenting for the last six months, I have been enabled to effect the transformation. The main factor in the process consists of a powerful radio-active current, an emanation of the mineral substance of which I have already spoken, which has only recently been brought within the range of practical physics, but in my humble opinion is destined to be the means of achieving far more amazing results than any of us gropers after truth have yet more than vaguely adumbrated, some of them, one may hope, tending to the alleviation of sundry of the bodily ills with

which our poor humanity is afflicted. Mine has been merely the idle experiment of a curious man. But I have reason to know that there are younger and far more capable brains than mine at work day after day, basing their researches on the as yet only partially developed properties of the mysterious substance which in my case has been productive of so singular a result.'

Anton was regarding him with puzzled eyes; he could make neither head nor tail of his

brother's rigmarole.

Denaby had drunk in every word; the subject was one that appealed to both his imagination and his intelligence. 'Three hundred years ago, sir, such a discovery would have led to your being burnt as a wizard,' he said as he gave back the diamonds, which Anna had examined with wondering interest.

'May I ask, brother, whether you have taken any steps towards ascertaining the value of your wonderful gems?' Anton spoke with a covert

sneer. He was still incredulous.

'Yes; as a matter of simple curiosity I caused them to be submitted to an expert in such baubles.'

'And the result?'

'Was an offer of four hundred pounds each for them.'

Anton was conscious of a sudden rush of blood to his head. 'Then they are worth another hundred each at the very least,' was his first thought. Aloud, after a pause, he said, 'But is it not your intention to dispose of them?'

'Certainly not. I have never dreamed of

such a thing.'

His brother stared at him as though he doubted the evidence of his ears.

'No, my dear Anton,' continued the Professor, 'I have no intention of perpetrating a fraud on a gullible public.'

'A fraud, Felix! I fail to follow you.'

'What but a fraud would it be to offer for sale as diamonds of the first water stones of an altogether inferior quality, which, although the process they have been submitted to by me may lend them a fictitious value, are intrinsically unchanged from what they were before?'

Anton's expression betrayed the disgust he felt. 'It is a point of view which I'm afraid few persons except yourself would care to adopt,' he said with a note of contempt in his voice.

The Professor laughed. 'No, no, Anton, you take too low a view of poor human nature. I decline to believe that plain commonplace honesty is such a rare commodity as apparently you would make it out to be.'

Anton felt as though he could shake the life out of his brother. 'From what you say am I to infer that you intend to submit no more

stones to your secret process?'

'There is no reason why I should do so. I have proved to my own satisfaction that my [Christmas Number.

theory—developed through what a long series of experiments only myself knows—has achieved the issue for which I was all along aiming. It is an issue of no particular value to anybody, and as soon as I have proved to my old friend Professor Manders—whom I expect on a visit about a fortnight hence, and who scouted my experiments as those of a visionary—that my convictions with reference to some of the possibilities of radio-activity were more than the baseless speculations of a dreamer—as soon as I have done this I shall destroy the two "faked" diamonds by grinding them into powder.'

'Oh the old imbecile!' Anton groaned under his breath.

'From what you have stated, sir, I gather that you have no intention of giving your discovery to the world, say in the shape of a paper to the Royal Society or some other learned body?' It was Denaby who spoke.

The Professor shook his head. 'Most assuredly I have no such intention. My secret will die with me. Cannot you conceive that in the hands of unscrupulous men it might work untold harm, while, unfortunately, it would open up no channel of usefulness or benefit to others? No, there must be no heir to it. To me it has been merely a scientific discovery, the prosecution of which from one progressive experiment to another has afforded me infinite gratification. Now that it has fulfilled the purpose I set before myself, I have no further use for it.'

CHAPTER III.

IT was close upon midnight when the Professor's housekeeper showed Denaby to his room. 'At what hour, sir, would you like breakfast?' she asked, as she switched on the electric light.

'Will eight o'clock be too early for you?'

'Not at all, sir. It will be ready for you to the minute.' Then she bade him good-night, and went.

Denaby felt in no humour for bed. His brain was too excited for sleep to woo him yet awhile. He stripped off his coat, necktie, and collar, changed his boots for a pair of slippers, and sank into an easy-chair. How should he occupy himself for the next hour or two? He glanced around, but there were no books in the room. Presently he bethought himself that he would write an overdue letter to his sister, who lived in the country, and was his senior by a dozen years. She knew already about his love affair, and now he would tell her the glad news that his engagement was an accomplished fact. He could depend upon a response from her by return of post, brimming over with sympathy and good wishes. He had his fountain pen with him, so he tore a couple of leaves out of 1914.]

his pocket-book, moved the little table nearer the lamp, and began to write. He heard the hall clock strike one before he had come to an end.

He rose, stretched himself, and drew up the venetian blind. The storm had passed over, there was a clear sky, and a three-quarter moon was shining full into the room. Sleep seemed still far from him. He turned out the lamp, found a comfortable position on the cushioned window-seat, and ventured to light a cigarette. The hour, the moonlight, the brooding silence that seemed as if it must be listening for something, so intense was it, all conduced to a meditative mood. As he sat and smoked, his thoughts were a lover's thoughts; they fluttered round Anna as if they were birds drawn thither by her beauty and unable to keep away from her. Was she asleep and perchance dreaming of him? he wondered. Or was she lying in her little bed with eyes as wide open as his own? If he could but have wafted a kiss to her lips! What a fortunate fellow he was, he told himself once more, and a happy one to boot!

In another room which opened out of the same corridor Anton Van Hoogen was presumably sleeping the sleep of the just. When he had locked the door he flung himself, just as he was, on the bed, and in less than two minutes The mixture of drinks he had was fast asleep. imbibed was enough to bemuse his faculties for the time being, but not enough to intoxicate him, for he was a seasoned vessel. At the end of an hour he awoke suddenly and sat up. For half-a-minute he stared about him like a dazed man, lost to a sense both of time and place. Then in a flash he recognised the room as being one he had slept in on previous visits to the Crest, and at once his memory took up its dropped threads, and all the evening's happenings came freshly to him. He rolled off the bed, shook himself, and sat down to think.

At once his thoughts reverted to the question of the likelihood or otherwise of his brother advancing the hundred pounds he had made up his mind to ask for, and he wanted it very badly indeed. It was true that to-night Felix had been even more effusive and brotherly than he ordinarily was when they met; still, he had doubts, grave doubts, how his application would be received. He hoped, and had made his arrangements accordingly, to be well on his way to the Continent in less than twenty-four hours, there to meet a confederate, and to make, by the Bremen or Hamburg route, a hurried exodus for New York.

It had been Anton's fate to become mixed up with a gang of long firm swindlers, not as one of the more active spirits, but merely as receiver and vehicle for the disposal of the fraudulently acquired property; but that fact would make no difference in the eyes of the police. News had reached him from a secret source that the

authorities were on the track of the gang, and that most likely there would be several arrests within the next few hours; so he had turned all his possessions available at so scant a notice into ready money, and had a thin wad of bank-notes in his breast-pocket. None the less, he hungered for his brother's hundred pounds.

Before long his thoughts veered round to the amazing story told by his brother about the sophisticated diamonds. Had any one other than Felix been the author of it he would have set him down as at once a liar and a cheat, but he knew Felix too well to think that of him for a moment. Whatever he stated to be a fact was a fact. Besides, had not he, Anton, both seen and handled the stones! However inconceivable such a transformation might seem, he could not discredit the evidence of his own senses.

It was a train of thought which insensibly urged him on to more personal considerations such as at first had not appealed to him. He was under the same roof as the diamonds! The recollection that such was the case flashed suddenly upon him; and, following close upon it, came the darkly tempting thought, 'If I had but one of these magic stones I should be a richer man by five hundred pounds. If it would sell for that sum in England, it would fetch no less in New York.' His brain was in a turmoil. He sprang to his feet and began to pace the room with feverish strides. 'And, after all, it would not be like an ordinary robbery,' he told himself; 'in point of fact, it would be no robbery at all. Did not Felix—the old imbecile! -say that in the course of a few weeks he purposed grinding the diamonds to powder? I should merely be appropriating what is neither of use nor value to him, but is of infinite importance to me. I can get clear away while the house still sleeps, and whether I take one of the stones or leave it, Felix and I will never meet after to-night.' He sat down again, his brain by now clear and collected. His purpose stared him in the face, and he did not shrink from it. His mind was definitely made up.

He sat without stirring till the hall clock struck two. Then he rose and exchanged his boots for a pair of slippers. Opening the door noiselessly, he stood listening for fully a minute; but the silence was profound. Then he lightly crossed the corridor, and, after pausing for a few seconds at the stairhead, descended step by step into the hall, where a ray of moonlight shining through the oriel window filtered the darkness. With nerves aquiver and heart that hammered in his ears, he crossed the hall swiftly to the laboratory door and turned the handle. A moment later he was inside and the door pushed to behind him. It was something of a shock to him to find one of the electric bulbs over the Professor's writing-table still alight, but he con-

cluded that it had inadvertently been left burning. He was unaware that the Professor, being troubled with insomnia, not infrequently came down in the middle of the night and pottered about among his chemicals and specimens till the desire for sleep lured him back to bed. Anton need not have brought his match-box.

It was not a pleasant place to be in at that time of night, with its weird paraphernalia; and as Anton glanced around a shiver ran down his spine. But he was there for a desperate purpose, and the sooner it was over and done with the better. He had not failed to notice where Felix deposited the diamonds after they were given back to him by Denaby—to wit, in one of a nest of drawers in a tall cabinet devoted to mineral specimens from all quarters of the world. 'And the silly old josser doesn't even take the precaution of locking them up!' he said to himself contemptuously.

After a last glance round he crossed to the cabinet and pulled open the third drawer from the bottom, where, among an assortment of labelled specimens, the two faked diamonds scintillated in their nest of cotton-wool. His intention had been to purloin one only, but as his eyes gloated upon the stones the lust of acquisition gripped him. For the space of some seconds he hesitated; then he drew a deep breath, and, plunging his hand into the drawer, he withdrew it an instant later with both

diamonds in his grasp.

Denaby's alert ears, as he reclined at ease on the window seat, were suddenly startled by the faint sound of stealthy footsteps in the corridor outside his door. He put down his legs off the seat, sat up, and listened more intently. But the sound was gone almost as soon as heard. Still, that his ears had not deceived him he felt positive. It was now two o'clock. Who could be wandering about the house at that untimely hour? There had been several burglaries of late in various London suburbs. It seemed to him almost a duty owing to his host that he should strive to penetrate the mystery. Had anything by ill-fortune happened to the Professor?

He hesitated no longer, but opened the door noiselessly and stepped outside. A moment later he was standing at the stairhead and peering down into the moonlit hall. He was just in time to discern a figure, which he recognised as that of Anton Van Hoogen, cross the hall, and, after hesitating for some seconds, open the laboratory door and vanish inside. At once Denaby decided that it was his duty to inform the Professor of what he had seen.

He judged that his host's room was the one next his own, because earlier in the night he had heard him coughing. Going up to it, he tapped lightly on one of the panels, but there was no response. Then he opened the door and stepped softly into the room. The lamp had been turned down, but there was enough light

to reveal the Professor lying asleep on the bed. Denaby had not made a sound, but the old man was a light sleeper, and the mere fact of there being another presence than his own in the room sufficed to awake him. He opened his eyes and fixed them on Denaby, but without evincing the slightest surprise at finding him there.

I have taken the liberty of disturbing you, sir,' said the young man in a guarded voice, 'because Mr Anton Van Hoogen has just now gone downstairs and shut himself in the laboratory, and it seems to me only right that you

should be told.'

The Professor sat up in bed. 'Is that so? Anton in the laboratory! What can he be doing there at this hour? I must satisfy myself. Possibly he is walking in his sleep, as I rememper he used to do when a boy. Yes, I must satisfy myself.'

Denaby slipped out of the room.

Two minutes later the Professor emerged, clad in a gray dressing-gown, and with slippered feet.

Denaby's first impulse had been to return to his own room, but he felt uneasy, being doubtful as to what might happen next; so he followed in the Professor's wake as the latter went downstairs, apparently oblivious of his presence.

As Anton, grasping the diamonds, withdrew his hand from the drawer, a slight noise caused him to turn his head with a start. in the open doorway, stood his brother, gazing fixedly at him. So confounded and taken aback was the intruder by the apparition that his knees seemed to give way under him, and in the effort to save himself from falling he strove to clutch the open drawer, but missed it; instead, his fingers came in contact with an exposed live wire that supplied the house with electricity. On the instant his frame stiffened, and with outflung arms, without a cry or a sound of any kind, he fell to the floor as if shot through the brain.

The Professor—who in his youth had taken a medical degree—with a cry of horror went quickly forward and bent over the fallen man, and a brief examination sufficed to convince him that his brother was not past hope of resuscitation, as he had at first feared. 'I don't think the shock was a very severe one, and he will probably come round before long,' he said to Denaby, who, after lingering in the background, had now come forward. 'Give me that decanter of water off the table, and then fetch the bottle of spirits and a teaspoon from the other room.

Ten minutes later Anton Van Hoogen opened his eyes, raised himself into a sitting posture, and stared vaguely about him. Then his brother helped him to his feet, and Denaby brought up a chair. He was still in a half-dazed condition.

'Open your hand,' said the Professor to him in an imperative tone, and mechanically he obeyed. There lay the diamonds. As his brother took them he said, 'So you were bent on becoming a common thief! I did not imagine you had sunk

so low as that.' He spoke with a mixture of sorrow and contempt.

But by now Anton was himself again. deprivation of the diamonds had acted on him like a reflex shock. His teeth came together with a vicious snap, and he glared at his brother as if about to spring at his throat. 'A common thief, eh?' he snarled. 'I was merely about to help myself to something on which you set no value, and the loss of which you wouldn't feel. To call such an action that of a common thief is the rankest rot. But you were always a crackbrained fool, Felix, and old age has brought you no common-sense.' His fingers were working spasmodically; his chest rose and fell visibly. If Felix had not been his brother he would have felled him to the earth.

But Felix dismissed what he had said with a wave of his hand. 'Several years ago, when you forged my name to an acceptance for two hundred pounds, to save you from prison I met the bill and forgave you. But this attempt of yours to-night I will not forgive. This is not a roof for such as you. Within the next few minutes you and I will have parted for ever. have no wish ever to see your face again.' He spoke in cold, passionless tones. The expression of his features had so hardened and changed that he seemed almost like another man.

Denaby looked and marvelled.

'With all my heart, my admirable brother, I reciprocate your wish. My bag and boots are upstairs. With your permission I will go and fetch them.'

While Anton was gone the Professor put back the diamonds into the drawer. 'Their lustre is beginning to fade,' he murmured, 'as I half-expected it would do before long.' Then, at his request, Denaby unlocked and unbolted the front-

When Anton came back he seemed to have quite recovered his equanimity. While putting on his boots a certain suggestion had come to him which changed the whole current of his thoughts. Felix was waiting in the hall, where the light had been turned on. As Anton passed him he stared at the stern, impassive face with a mocking smile and a flick of his thumb and finger. Then, as he took his overcoat and hat off the stand, he said, 'So long, Felix; and may you live to repent your to-night's treatment of your only brother!'

Denaby held open the door for him. They heard his jeering laugh as he paused outside to put on his overcoat. In the eastern sky the

dawn was lifting a tardy eyelid.

When Denaby turned after fastening the door the Professor laid a hand on each of his shoulders. 'My boy,' he said, 'I think it will be as well to say nothing to Anna, at any rate for the present, of to-night's happenings.'

'I quite agree with you, sir, and you may rely

upon my silence.'

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As the old man went slowly upstairs his eyes were heavy with tears.

Denaby did not leave the Crest as early as he had intended, but stayed and breakfasted with the Professor and Anna. When the housekeeper brought in the tea, addressing her master with the familiarity of an old servant, she said, 'Mr Anton, sir, quite startled Charlotte the kitchenmaid early this morning when he knocked at the back-door five minutes after she had got downstairs, and, telling her he had left his watch

behind in his bedroom, pushed past her into the house. He was back in two minutes, leaving by the way he had come. It seemed to me as well, sir, that you should be told.'

The Professor and Denaby glanced at each other. 'You are quite right, Mrs Merla, to tell me. My brother was always of a forgetful

turn.'

When the housekeeper had left the room the Professor got up from the table, and, without a word, proceeded to the laboratory.

The two diamonds were gone!

LIFE'S LOVELINESS.

THINK lovely thoughts, that every day be blest;
Look thou for God, nor fancy Him concealed;
Along earth's common way the flowers and grass
Will breathe His name to thee when thou shalt pass.
To thy divinest self He stands revealed,
His conquering power through love made manifest.

Speak lovely words, to fall like sunlight rays,
That youth may be so long, and age but brief,
To add to joy in life a little more,
And take some misery out of earth's vast store.
So shalt thou walk with gladness and not grief,
Planting a hope in all the thorny ways.

Do lovely deeds, of brotherhood the bond;
Each burden nobly lifted, and each task,
Each day's plain duty, teaches thee to bless
The friendless lives brave in their loneliness,
Ere yet they near the Shadows and the Mask,
And those untrodden paths that stretch beyond.

Thoughts, words, and deeds! To stand for truth in all!
This is the creed that counts. Unflinching toil,
Staunch fortitude, and strength of patience born;
Securely treading though the way be worn,
Fronting the light, nor fearing to recoil,
Facing the right, nor looking back to fall.

HARRIET KENDALL

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